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THE
WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

43729

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

DRAYTON,

WARNER.



LONDON:

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THE
POEMS
OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE DEDICATION.

To you, those noblest of gentlemen of these renowned kingdoms of Great Britain, who in these declining times have yet in your brave bosoms the sparks of that sprightly fire of your courageous ancestors, and to this hour retain the seeds of their magnanimity and greatness; who, out of the virtue of your minds, love and cherish neglected poesy, the delight of blessed souls, and the language of angels: to you are these my poems dedicated,

by your truly affectioned servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE

LIFE OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS once eminent poet was of an ancient family which derived its name from the town of Drayton in Leicestershire; but his parents having removed into Warwickshire, he was born in the village of Harshul or Hartshill, in the parish of Atherston¹ in that county, near the river Anker, about the year 1563. In what situation or circumstances his parents were² is not recorded; but they were probably not opulent, as we find him very soon indebted to patronage for the benefits of education. His early discovery of talents, and sweetness of disposition and manners, recommended him to some person of distinction, whom he served in quality of page, and who bestowed what was needful for the cultivation of his mind.

In his youth he discovered a propensity to read poetry, and was anxious to know "what kind of creatures poets were." To gratify this curiosity, the works of Virgil, and other classics, were put into his hands, which inspired him with a taste superior to his years, and made him dislike vulgar ditties, especially the ballads of one Elderton, a drunken poet, at that time in much fame among common readers. Whether sir Henry Godere of Polesworth was his first patron, is uncertain; but that gentleman is said to have maintained him for sometime at Oxford, where, however, his name does not occur among the scholars of any college or hall. From his description of the Spanish invasion in 1568, it has been supposed that he was an eye-witness of the defeat of the armada, and held some commission in the army; and this, however doubtful, is the only intimation we have of his having applied to any regular profession.

Besides sir Henry Godere, he found a liberal patron and friend in sir Walter Aston of Tixhall in Staffordshire, to whom he gratefully dedicates many of his poems; and sir Henry Godere, sometime before his death, recommended him to the countess of Bedford. By means of sir Walter Aston and sir Roger Aston, gentlemen of the bed-chamber to king James in his minority, he is said to have been employed as a confidential agent in a correspondence between the young king of Scotland and queen Elizabeth: but this part of his history rests on no very solid foundation. It is more certain that

¹ Fuller, mistaking this for Atherston on the Avon, says, that "he was born within few miles of William Shakspeare, his countryman and fellow-poet, and buried within fewer paces of Jeffrey Chaucer, and Edward Spencer." Worthies. C.

² Aubrey says that his father was a butcher, "which is probably false." Philips's Theatrum, new edit. C.

he rendered the services and homage of a poet to king James, among the first who congratulated him on his accession to the British throne, and even condescended to praise his majesty's poetical talents in a sonnet of which he was afterwards ashamed³. On the same happy occasion, he appeared as one of the squires who attended sir Walter Aston, when he was created a knight of the Bath. His duty to his king, however, was so ill repaid, that he gave up all hopes of rising at court, and his fable of *The Owl*, published a year after the coronation, is supposed to glance at persons and incidents connected with his disappointment. He adverts to the same subject, but so obscurely as to convey no information, in the preface to his *Poly-olbion*, nor from this time have we any account of his personal history; and can only conjecture from certain hints in his dedications and prefaces, that although he obtained the additional patronage of the justly celebrated Thomas Sackville, lord Buckhurst, earl of Dorset, and retained the esteem and kind offices of many private friends, he rose to no situation of wealth or eminence, and did not always derive much advantage from his numerous publications⁴. He died Dec. 23, 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey under the north wall, near a door which then opened to one of the prebendal houses. His monument, a tablet of blue marble, with a bust, and some lines by Ben Jonson, was erected at the expense of the countess of Dorset in the south aisle. Aubrey, from whose MSS. this information was obtained, attributes the verses, not to Jonson, but to F. Quarles.

It is not very easy to recover the exact dates of his various pieces, as some of them were printed without that necessary appendage, and the titles of a few were changed on republication. Mr. Ritson, whose accuracy may be in general relied upon, arranges them in the following order. 1. *The Harmonie of the Church*, containing the spiritual Songs, and holy Hymnes of godly Men, Patriarches and Prophets, all sweetly sounding to the Glory of the Highest; printed by R. Jones, 1591, 4to. This, which is a very rare book, and was unknown to his editor Oldys, has not been reprinted in any edition of his works. 2. *Idea: the Shepherd's Garland*, fashioned in nine Eglogs: and Roland's Sacrifice to the nine Muses; printed for T. Woodcocke, 1593, 4to. From the title of this last performance Drayton was sometimes called *Rowland* by his contemporaries. The *Shepherd's Garland* was afterwards reprinted by the author under the title of *Pastorals*, containing Eglogues, with the *Man in the Moon*. In subsequent editions we find a tenth Eglogue added. 3. *Matilda, the fair and chaste Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwalter*; 4to. one of his heroical epistles. 4. *Mortimeriados*; the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barons; printed by J. R. for Matthew Lownes, 1596, 4to. and published afterwards under the title of *The Barons Wars*. 5. *England's Heroical Epistles*; 1598, 8vo. 6. *A gratulatorie Poem to the Majestie of K. James*; 1603, 4to. not reprinted in any edition of his works. 7. *The Owle*; 1604, 4to. 8. *Moses in a Map of his Miracles*; 1604, 4to. 9. *A Pæan triumphall, composed for the Society of Goldsmiths of London, on king James's entering the city*; 1604, 4to. not reprinted. 10. *Poems*; 1605, 8vo. 11. *The Legend of Great Cromwell*; 1607, 4to. added afterwards to his other Legends. 12. *Poly-olbion: the first eighteen books*⁵, 1612; and the whole thirty books in 1622, fol. 13. *Poems, viz. The Barons Warres, England's Heroical Epistles,*

³ See Addenda. C.

⁴ In a Letter to his friend Drummond, he informs him of his having made further progress in the *Poly-olbion*, but adds, "it lyeth by me; for the booksellers and I are not in terms of it. We are a company of base knaves, whom I both scorn and kick at." Drummond.

⁵ Ritson says the first "twelve," and the whole "twenty-two books."

Idea, The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy, of Matilda, and Pierce Gaveston; 1613, 8vo⁶. Poems, 1619, folio, and without date, 8vo. 14. The Battle of Agincourt; 1627, fol. 15. The Muses Elizium, lately discovered, by a new Way over Parnassus; 1630, 4to.

In addition to these, Mr. Ritson mentions some poems inserted in England's Helicon, 1600; and a poem signed M. D. before Marley's Ballets, 1600, probably by Drayton, who has also commendatory verses before Middleton's Legend of D. Humphrey, 1600; Murray's Sophonisba, 1611; Davies's Holy Rood, 1609; Chapman's Hesiod, 1618; Vicars's Menuduction, 1622; sir John Beaumont's poems, 1629; in Annalia Dubrensis, 1636; and before Holland's Posthume, 1626. The supposition that he wrote a play called The Merry Devil of Edmonton has been satisfactorily refuted by the editor of the Biographia Dramatica; but in the Censura Literaria the following is attributed to his pen, *Ideas Mirrour Amours in quatorzains, che suve e tace assair domanda*, 4to. 1594. These stanzas are dedicated, in a poetical address, to "the deare chyld of the Muses, and his ever kind Mæcenas, Antony Cooke, esq."—A collection of his principal works was printed in a folio volume in 1748, and a more complete, but still imperfect one, in 1753, in four volumes, 8vo. In 1788 the late Mr. Hurd published his Heroic Epistles with notes and illustrations, 8vo.

Few men appear to have been more highly respected by his contemporaries, and there is reason to think he associated on very familiar terms with Jonson, Shakspeare, Selden, and other men of the first eminence for literary character and personal worth. Meres, a divine and poet of considerable note in his time, informs us that Drayton, "among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people, was helde for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage, which," he adds, "is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times." And an anonymous dramatic writer introduces his name in a piece entitled The Return from Parnassus, or the Scourges of Symony, with this character: "He wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well at a tavern, or domineer in a hot-house." Mr. Warton introduces this encomium in his analysis of Hall's Satires, with the following remarks: "Our poets, too frequently the children of idleness, too naturally the lovers of pleasure, began now to be men of the world, and affect to mingle in the dissipations and debaucheries of the metropolis. To support a popularity of character, not so easily attainable in the obscurities of retirement and study, they frequented taverns, became libertines and buffoons, and exhilarated the circles of the polite and the profligate. Their way of life gave the colour to their writings: and what had been the favourite topic of conversation was sure to please, when recommended by the graces of poetry. Add to this, that poets now began to write for hire, and a rapid sale was to be obtained at the expense of the purity of the reader's mind."

Drayton's character appears to have been perfectly free from censures of this kind; but the testimonies to his merit as a poet are yet more copious, and deserve to accompany every edition of his works. If they have no other value, they serve to illustrate the history of taste, and the instability of fame. By Fitz Geoffrey, a divine and poet who flourished at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, he is styled, "the golden-mouthed poet, for the purity and preciousness of his phrase." Allot, in his England's Parnassus, is no less partial to his writings; and Robert Tofte, the translator of Ariosto's Satires, speaks of him as "the name of the chief archangel (Michael) singing after his

soul-ravishing manner." Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, asserts that he may be compared with Dante, Petrarch or Boccace, Marinella, Pignatello or Stigliano; but why, he exclaims, "should I go about to commend him, whose own works and worthiness have sufficiently extolled to the world?" Drummond of Hawthornden commends the *Poly-olbion*, as being one of the smoothest poems he had seen in English, and said he should dare to compare some pieces in it with the best transmarine poems. To these testimonies we may add the no less liberal praises of Bolton, Bodenham, sir John Beaumont, and Alexander, earl of Sterling.

Phillips, who is supposed to speak sometimes the sentiments of his illustrious relation, Milton, remarks that Drayton in his time (Drayton's) was not much inferior to Spenser and sir Philip Sydney for fame and renown in poetry: "however, he seems somewhat antiquated in the esteem of the more curious of these times, especially in his *Poly-olbion*, the old fashioned kind of verse⁷ whereof, seems somewhat to diminish that respect which was formerly paid to the subject, as being both pleasant and elaborate, and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once walking library of our nation, Selden; his England's Heroical Epistles are more generally liked; and to such as love the pretty chat of nymphs and shepherds, his Nymphals, and other things of that nature, cannot be unpleasant."

Notwithstanding this decline, an attempt was made to revive Drayton about half a century ago, by Oldys⁸, who obtained subscriptions for a folio edition of his works, and this, as already noticed, was followed by another in octavo. To each was prefixed an Historical Essay on the author's life and writings, almost a continued panegyric, but insisting chiefly on points unconnected with the character of genuine poetry. The deductions, indeed, must be many when we find that the highest praise is paid, not to the inventive powers of the poet, but to the fidelity of the historian, and the accuracy of the topographer. In these respects we are assured that Drayton may yet be consulted with advantage; we have the authority of Mr. Gough that the *Poly-olbion* contains many particulars which escaped Camden's notice; but when in this, or in his *Barons' Wars and Legends*, we look for the beauties of imagination, the search, although it does not always end in disappointment, must be allowed to be too painful for common curiosity. Drayton was certainly not destitute of genius. His Pastorals and his *Nymphidia* may be advanced in proof of a more than common share of original fancy, and his descriptions are sometimes very striking; but the pains he took to be accurate, and the historical terms of "the truth and nothing but the truth," which he imposed on his Muse, left no scope for imagination, and made invention appear almost a crime. As he wrote with such views and such a taste, it is impossible to blame the present age for not being easily reconciled to go through his works, unless as a task.

Mr. Headley labours, with more than usual effort, to convince us that the neglect into which Drayton has fallen is owing to the discouragement which his "voluminousness" presents, and which induces most readers to skim his works superficially, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence. But when this amiable critic descends to particulars, he affords, perhaps, a better apology for those superficial readers. After giving all the merit due to the *Poly-olbion*, which entirely resolves itself into the use

⁷ This old-fashioned kind of verse is very ably defended by an anonymous critic in *Gent. Mag.* Vol. LVI. p. 1059. C.

⁸ I know not on what authority this is asserted. Oldys certainly wrote his *Life* in the *Biog. Brit.* C.

that may be made of it by antiquaries, he is compelled to allow, "that his continual personifications of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious; and, on the whole, we must be satisfied to read rather for information than pleasure. In the *Legends and Heroical Epistles*, both the time and events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. In the *Barons' Wars* too extensive a subject is opened, and the province of the historian too far trespassed upon. In order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, we must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the development of uncertain primary causes, and at last, perhaps, are obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes." Mr. Headley, however, has proved that while Drayton's works were sinking into oblivion, his poetical successors availed themselves of many of his thoughts and expressions. Milton, Rochester, and Pope, are supposed to have been considerably indebted to him.

The learned and elegant editor of Phillips's *Theatrum* appears to me to have appreciated the poetry of Drayton at its full value, when, at the same time that he thinks his taste less correct and his ear less harmonious than Daniel's, he asserts that "his genius was more poetical, though it seems to have fitted him only for the didactic, and not for the bolder walks of poetry. The *Poly-olbion* is a work of amazing ingenuity; and a very large proportion exhibits a variety of beauties, which partake very strongly of the poetical character; but the perpetual personification is tedious, and more is attempted than is within the compass of poetry. The admiration in which the *Heroical Epistles* were once held, raises the astonishment of a more refined age. They exhibit some elegant images, and some musical lines. But in general they want passion and nature, are strangely flat and prosaic, and are intermixed with the coarsest vulgarities of ideas, sentiment, and expression. His *Barons' Wars* and other historical pieces are dull creeping narratives, with a great deal of the same faults, and none of the excellencies which ought to distinguish such compositions. His *Nymphidia* is light and airy, and possesses the features of true poetry."

ADDENDA:

OF

PREFACES, DEDICATIONS, AND SONNETS,

FROM THE OCTAVO EDITION OF HIS POEMS, 1613.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

TO THE

HEROICAL EPISTLES,

WHICH WAS AFTERWARDS ABRIDGED.

TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the world made publique, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my priuate meaning, chiefly for mine owne charge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust and vniuersall reprehension, for,

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; then, why I obserue not the persons dignitie in the dedication: lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein, were English, or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) be properly vnderstood of demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose parents were said to be, the one cœlestiall, the other mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of minde come neere to gods. For to be borne of a cœlestiall incubus, is nothing else but to haue a great and mightie spirit, farre above the earthly weakenesse of men; in which sense Ouid (whose imitator I partly professesse to be) doth also vse hericall. For the se-

cond, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two epistles, but haue their states ouermatched by them, who are made to speake in the epistles, how euer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my deuotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complexion of the epistles to the character of their iudgements, to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnessse of the persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt euery one of them, where, or howsoever they be marshalled, how can I be iustly appeached of vnaduisement. For the third, because the worke might in truth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue inter-woven matters historicall, which vnexplained, might defraud the mind of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites Epistle to William de-la-Poole:

My daizie flower, which once perfum'd the aire.

Margarite in French signifies a daizie, which for the allusion to her name, this queene did giue for her deuise; and this & others more, haue seemed to me not worthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt, I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouer-passe to eschew tedious recital, or to speake as malicious enuie may, for that in truth I ouersee them. If they be as harmelesly taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue onely touched the cause of the title of the dedications, and of the notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions relishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraid to beleene and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. D.

DEDICATIONS.

DEDICATION OF
THE EPISTLE OF ROSAMOND.

TO THE EXCELLENT LADY, LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM, after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the sad complaints of faire and vnfortunate Rosamond, and by the excellency of inuention, haue sounded the depth of her sundry passions, I present to your ladiship this epistle of hers to king Henry, whom I may rather call her louer, then beloued. Heere must your ladiship behold variablenesse in resolution; woes constantly groundred, laments abruptly broken off, much confidence, no certaintie, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers, and many deformed cares, in one vniformed epistle. I strue not to affect singularity, yet would faine flic imitation, and prostrate mine owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye must modell forth what my pen hath laid together, much would she say to a king, much would I say to a countesse, but that the method of my epistle must conclude the modestie of hers, which I wish may recommend my euer vowed seruice to your honor.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF
QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.TO THE VERTUOS LADIE, THE LADIE ANNE HARRINGTON,
WIFE TO THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, SIR IOHN HARRINGTON, KNIGHT.

My singular good lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gratus fauours to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in me, which, before I knew you, I onely saw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honor seated in your breast, findes her selfe adorned as in a rich palace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne, (from thence) begetteth most precious things of this earthly world, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthy, deieted mindes want that pure fire, which should giue vigor to vertue. I referre to your great thoughts (the vnpartiall iudges of true Affection) the vnfaigned zeale I haue euer borne to your honorable seruice, and so rest your ladiships humbly to command,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF
EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.TO MY WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND, SIR WALTER ASTON,
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

Sir, though without suspition of flatterie I might in more ample and free termes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing so sensible a taste of your

generous and noble disposition, which without this habite of ceremonie can estimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it should seeme my fault, than by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion settled in your iudgement and discretion. I make you the patron of this epistle of the Blacke Prince, which I pray you accept, till more easie houres may offer vp from me some thing more worthy of your view, and my traueil.

Yours truely deuoted,
MICHAEL DRAYTON.DEDICATION OF
QUEENE ISABEL.TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MY VERY GOOD LORD,
EDWARD, EARLE OF BEDFORD.

THrice noble and my gracious lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, and to the honorable family of the Harringtons, to the which by marriage your lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honorable seruice, and my poems to the protection of my noble lady your countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished gentleman, sir Henry Goodere, (not long since deceased) whose I was, whilst he was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstayed youth. That excellent and matchlesse gentleman, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that lady, whom he so dearly loued. Vouchsafe then, my deare lord, to accept this epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witness of my loue to your honor.

Your lordships euer,
MICHAEL DRAYTON.DEDICATION OF
QUEENE KATHERINE.

TO SIR JOHN SWINERTON, KNIGHT, AND ONE OF THE ALDERMEN OF THE CITIE OF LONDON.

WORTHY sir, so much mistrust I my owne abilitie, to doe the least right to your vertues, that I could gladly wish any thing that is truely mine, were worthy to beare your name, so much (reuerend sir) I esteeme you, and so ample interest haue you in my loue: to some honorable friends haue I dedicated these poems; (with whom I ranke you: may I escape presumption.) Like not this Britaine the worse, though after some former impressions he be lastly to you consecrated; in this like an honest man that would partly approue his owne worth, before he would presume his friends patronage,

with whom you shall euer command my seruice,
and haue my best wishes

That loue you truly,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

ELINOR COBHAM.

TO MY WORTHY AND DEERELY ESTEEMED FRIEND, MASTER
JAMES HVISH.

SIR, your owne naturall inclination to vertue, and your loue to the Muses, assure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which we are now bold to assume authoritie) to bear the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as gentlemen vse to set their armes ouer their gate. Some say this vse began by the heroes and braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requittall honor the names of those braue princes. But I thinke some after put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men should say there was some thing good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you let supply the place of further complement.

Yours euer,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

WILLIAM DE LA POLE.

TO MY HONOURED MISTRESS, MISTRESS ELIZABETH TANFIELD,
THE SOLE DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF THAT FAMOUS AND
LEARNED LAWYER, LAURENCE TANFIELD, ESQUIRE.

FAIRE and vertuous mistress, since first it was my good fortune to be a witness of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue bene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch could before perswade me to by the praises of his Laura. Sweet is the French tongue, more sweet the Italian; but most sweet are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If poesie were praise-lesse, your vertues alone were a subject sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes; by how much the more your tender yeares giue scarcely warrant for your more than woman-like wisdom, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one more muse to the Muses. I rest the humble denoted seruant, to my deere and modest mistress, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

EDWARD THE FOURTH TO SHORE'S WIFE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS MUNSON, KNIGHT.

SIR, amongst many which most deservedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last whose endeauours may make knowne, how highly they esteeme of your noble and kinde disposition: Let this epistle, sir, (I beseech you) which vnworthily wears the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest (though much lesse deserv- ing) which for your sake, doe honour the house of the Munsons. I know true generosity accepteth what is zealously offered, though not euer deserv- ingly excellent, yet for love of the arte, from whence it receiveth resemblance. The light Phry- gian harmonie stirreth delight, as well as the mel- ancholy Doricke moueth passion; both haue their motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet hovers in the vncertainty of the generall cen- sure.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

MARY THE FRENCH QUEENE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR HENRY GOODERE OF
FOWLSWORTH, KNIGHT.

SIR, this poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London, in May last, brought at length to perfection, (em- boldened by your wonted fauours) I adventure to make you patron of. Thus, sir, you see I haue ad- ventured to the world, with what like or dislike I know not: if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griefe, if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus vntill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happie and generous familie of the Gooderes (to which I confesse my selfe to be be- holding, for the most part of my education) I wish you all happinesse.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY TO
GERALDINE.

TO MY MOST DEERE FRIEND MASTER HENRY LYCAS, SONNE
TO EDWARD LYCAS, ESQUIRE.

SIR, to none haue I been more beholding, than to your kinde parents, farre (I must truly confesse) aboue the measure of my deserts. Many there be in England, of whom for som particularity I might iustly challenge greater merit, had I not

beene borne in so euill an hower, as to be poisoned with that gulf of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for many more courtesies than I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of so few yeares: nothing doe I more desire, than that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may proue so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome. Long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and may I euer wish you the increase of all good fortunes,
Yours euer,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

LADY JANE GRAY,

TO THE VERTUOUS LADIE, THE LADY FRANCIS GOODERE,
WIFE TO SIR HENRY GOODERE, KNIGHT.

My very gracious and good mistris, the loue and duetie I bare vnto your father whilst he liued, now after his decease is to you hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your birth hee left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoever good is mine, as deuoted to his, hee being gone, whom I honoured so much whilst he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all sawes of thankfulnessse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your cradle,

dedicate this epistle of this vertuous and godly lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisdom and learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF THE

BARONS WARS.

TO SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT OF THE HONOURABLE
ORDER OF THE BATH, AND MY MOST WORTHY PATRON.

I WILL not strue m'inuention to enforce,
With needlesse words your eies to entertaine,
T' obserue the formall ordinary course,
That euery one so vulgarly doth faine:

Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election sorted,
Than stands in censure of the common voice,
That with light humour fondly is transported:

Nor take I patterne of an others praise,
Than what my pen may constantly auow,
Nor walke more publike nor obscurer waies
Than vertue bids, and iudgement will allow:

So shall my loue and best endeauiours serue you,
And still shall study, still so to deserue you.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

ADDITIONAL SONNETS.

TO THE READER OF HIS POEMS.

SONNET I.

INTO these loues who but for passion lookes,
At this first sight heere let him lay them by,
And seeke elsewhere in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour satisfie,
No far-fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my breast.
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning sonnets drest,
(A libertine) fantastickely I sing:
My verse is the true image of my minde,
Euer in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all varietie inclin'de,
And in all humors sportiuely I range,
My actiue Muse is of the worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

THE SECOND TO THE READER.

SONNET II.

MANY there be excell'g in this kinde,
Whose wel trick'd rimes with all inuention swell;
Let each commend as best shall like his minde,
Some Sidney, Constable, some Daniel,

That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me;
My wanton-verse nere keepes one certaine stay,
But now, at hand; then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that lust, my honest merry rimes,
Nor care for criticke, nor regard the times.

SONNET I¹.

THINE eies taught me the alphabet of loue,
To kon my cros rowe ere I learn'd to spell,
For I was apt, a scholler like to proue,
Gaue me sweet looks when as I learned well,
Vowes were my vowels, when I then beguine
At my first lesson in thy sacred name,
My consonants the next when I had done,
Words consonant, and sounding to thy fame:
My liquids then, were liquide christall teares,
My cares, my mutes, so mute to crage reliefe,
My dolefull diphthongs were my lifes despair,
Redoubling sighes the accent of my griefe:
My loues schole mistresse now hath taught me so,
That I can reade a story of my woe.

¹ In the old editions, this was Sonnet I. of the Idea. C.

TO
THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE JAMES,
KING OF SCOTS.

Thy prudent counsels, nor thy subjects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottish royaltie,
Or what thy soueraigne greatnesse may approue,
Others in vain do but historie,
When thine owne glory from thy selfe doth spring:
As though thou didst all meaner praises scorne:
Of kings a poet, and the poets king,
They princes, but thou prophets doost adorne;
Whilst others by their empires are renown'd,
Thou dost enrich thy Scotland with renowe,
And kings can but with diadems be crown'd,
But with thy laurell thou dost crowne thy crowne:
That they whose pens (even) life to kings do giue,
In thee a king, shall seeke themselves to liue.

TO LVCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

GREAT lady, essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempered spirit.
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by descent true vertue dost inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'st from thy gracious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion striue,
Which most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st vpon me thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her powers,
Sweet lady then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all,
is thine.

TO THE LADY ANNE HARRINGTON.

MADAM, my words cannot expresse my minde,
My zealous kindnesse to make knowne to you
When your deserts all seuerally I finde,
In this attempt of me doe craue their due:

Your gracious kindnesse first doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each do challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne:
What should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended:
Returning this, your praises only due,
And to your selfe, say you are onely you.

TO THE LADY L. S.

BRIGHT starre of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit,
A thousand nymph-like and enamored graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which in due order take their seuerall places,
In whose deere bosom, sweet delicious Loue,
Layes downe his quier, that he once did beare
Since he that blessed Paradise did proue,
Forsooke his mothers lap to sport him there.
Let others striue to entertaime with words,
My soule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith shall not invade:
Still let my praise be honoured thus by you,
Be you most worthy, whilst I be most true.

TO SIR ANTHONY COOKE.

VOUCHSAFE to grace these rude vnpolisht rimes,
Which but for you had slept in sable night,
And come abroad now in these glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the purenesse of the light.
But sith you see their destinie is such,
That in the world their fortune they must try,
Perhaps the better shall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gracious liuery,
Yet these mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffique farther than this happy clime,
Nor filch from Portes, nor from Petrarches pen,
A fault too common in this latter time,
Diuine sir Philip, I auouch thy writ,
I am no pick-purse of anothers wit.

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

UPON THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,

WRITTEN BY HIS DEAR FRIEND

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.

HAD Henry's name been only met in prose,
Recorded by the humble wit of those,
Who write of less than kings: who victory
As calmly mention as a pedigree,
The French, alike with us, might view his name,
His actions too, and not confess a shame:
Nay, grow at length so boldly troublesome,
As to dispute if they were overcome.
But thou hast wak'd their fears: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their shame as lasting as their land.
By thee again they are compell'd to know
How much of fate is in an English foe.
They bleed afresh by thee, and think the harm
Such, they could rather wish 'twere Henry's arm;
Who thanks thy painful quill, and holds it more
To be thy subject now, than king before.
By thee he conquers yet; when every word
Yields him a fuller honour than his sword;
Strengthens his actions against time: by thee,
He victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well observ'd he is, that every thing
Speaks him not only English, but a king.
And France, in this, may boast her fortunate,
That she was worthy of so brave a hate.
Her suff'ring is her gain. How well we see
The battle labour'd worthy him and thee,
Where we may death discover with delight,
And entertain a pleasure from a fight.
Where we may see how well it doth become
The brav'ry of a prince to overcome.
What power is a poet: that can add
A life to kings, more glorious than they had!
For what of Henry is unsung by thee,
Henry doth want of his eternity.

J. VAUGHAN.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON,

UPON THESE HIS POEMS.

SONNET.

WHAT lofty trophies of eternal fame
England may vaunt thou dost erect to her,
Yet forced to confess, yea, blush for shame,
That she no honour doth on thee confer:

How it would become her, would she learn to know
Once to requite thy heaven-born art and zeal,
Or at the least herself but thankful show,
Her ancient glories that doth still reveal:
Sing thou of love, thy strains, like powerful charms,
Enrage the bosom with an amorous fire;
And when again thou lik'st to sing of arms,
The coward thou with courage dost inspire:
But when thou com'st to touch our sinful times,
Then Heaven far more than Earth speaks in thy
rhymes. JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE VISION OF BEN JONSON,

ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND M. DRAYTON.

It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse between
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols. This 's my day.
'Tis no dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voice, O Fame! that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.
I saw a beauty from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on; and that earth, all eyes!
It cast a beam as when the cheerful Sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun!
And fill'd an orb as circular as Heaven!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven.
And those so sweet and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts!
When, by thy bright Ideas standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect poesy!
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs between our swains and thee,
Which made me think thee old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come, to pipe to us!
But then, thy Epistolar Heroic songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, "Who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man!"
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian Owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the air one volary:

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
 My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
 And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,
 Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
 The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars
 I saw, and read, it was thy Barons Wars!
 O! how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
 That rebels actions are but valiant crimes!
 And carried, though with shout, and noise, confess
 A wild, and an authoris'd wickedness!
 Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
 Under one title. Thou hast made thy way
 And flight about the isle well-near by this,
 In thy admired periégesis
 Or universal circumduction
 Of all that read thy Poly-olbion.
 That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
 With every song, I swear, and so would die:
 But that I hear, again, thy drum to beat
 A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
 That ever yet did fire the English blood!
 Our right in France! if rightly understood.
 There, thou art Homer! Pray thee, use the style
 Thou hast deserv'd: and let me read the while
 Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
 Thy list of aids, and force, for so it is:
 The poet's act! and for his country's sake
 Brave are the musters, that the Muse will make.
 And when he ships them where to use their arms,
 How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!

Look! how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
 With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art
 nam'd,
 So shall our English youth urge on, and ery,
 An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
 This book! it is a catechism to fight,
 And will be bought of every lord and knight,
 That can but read! who cannot, may in prose
 Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
 The Miseries of Margaret the queen,
 Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen:
 I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
 And stop my sight, in every line I go.
 But then refreshed with thy Fairy Court,
 I look on Cynthia, and Sirena's sport,
 As on two flow'ry carpets that did rise,
 And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes,
 Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
 Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of
 mirth,
 And gossip-got acquaintance, as, to us
 Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
 Empusa, Lamia, or some monster, more
 Than Affric knew, or the full Grecian store!
 I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
 To all thy virtuous, and well-chosen friends,
 Only my loss is, that I am not there;
 And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
 I call the world, that envies me, to see
 If I can be a friend, and friend to thee,

POEMS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

CEAS'D was the thunder of those drums which wak'd
Th' affrighted French, their miseries to view,
At Edward's name, which to that hour still quak'd,
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the English courages not slak'd,
But the same bows and the same blades they drew,
With the same arms those weapons to advance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage stands not to enquire
Which way old Henry came by it; or how
At Pomfret-castle Richard should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let Bullingbrook¹ beware how he it wan,
For Monmouth² means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the Percyes (calling to their aid
The valiant Douglas, that Herculean Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewsbury they play'd,
Had quite dishearten'd every other plot,
And all those tempests quietly had lay'd
That not a cloud did to this prince appear,
No former king had seen a sky so clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full bosom of their church (whilst she
A monarchess, immeasurably spent,
Less than she was, and thought she might not be)
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foul aspersion which on her they laid,
She her strong'st wits must stir up to her aid.

When presently a parliament is call'd,
To set things steady that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poor might be enthral'd,
Should they be urg'd by those that were of might:
That in his empire equity install'd,
It should continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to Leicester³ he th' assembly draws,
There to enact those necessary laws.

¹ Henry IV. so named from a town in Lincolnshire, where he was born.

² Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

³ A parliament called at Leicester, A. D. 1413.

In which one bill, 'mongst many, there was read,
Against the general and superfluous waste
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed
Upon the houses of religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the realm in sted,
Where it most needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made those church-men generally to fear,
For all this calm, some tempest might be near.

And being right skilful, quickly they foresaw
No shallow-brains this bus'ness went about:
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flaw;
For of the king they greatly stood in doubt,
Lest him to them their opposites should draw,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out:
And to this end they wisely must provide
One, this great engine clerky that could guide.

Chichley⁴, who sat on Canterbury's see,
A man well-spoken, gravely stout and wise,
The most select (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the prelacy devise;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'ness he
Would to the utmost strain his faculties;) [prove
Him lift they up with their main strength, to
By some clean slight this libel⁵ to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The sprightly humour of this youthful king,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working soul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the strength of wit,
He found a war with France must be the way
To dash this bill, else threat'ning their decay.

Whilst vacant minds sat in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their conquests past
Upon their fancies doth so strongly seize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it cast,
Rehearsing to them those victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name should last;
That after-ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think those men had any heirs.

⁴ Henry Chichley, who succeeded Arundel, just then deceased in the see of Canterbury.

⁵ So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.

And to this point premeditating well,
A speech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatsoever the success befell,
That it no room should for a second leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceive;

And 'gainst the king in public should appear,
Thus frames his speech to the assembly there.

"Pardon my boldness, my liege sovereign
lord,
Nor your dread presence let my speech offend;
Your mild attention favourably afford,
Which such clear vigour to my spirit shall lend,
That it shall set an edge upon your sword,
To my demand and make you to attend,
Asking you, why men train'd to arms you
keep,
Your right in France yet suff'ring still to sleep.

"Can such a prince be in an island pent,
And poorly thus shut up within a sea?
When as your right includes that vast extent,
To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
Can he be English-born, and is not bent
To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
We'll wade if we want ships, the waves or climb,
In one hand hold our swords, with th' other
swim.

"What time controls your brave great grandsire's
claim
To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the fair,
Which to king Edward by his mother came,
Queen Isabel, that Philip's only heir,
Which this short intermission doth not maim?
But if it did, as he, so yours repair;
That where his right in blood prevailed not,
In spite of Hell, yet by his sword he got.

"What set that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
Those poor decrees their parliaments could
make?

He enter'd on the justness of his cause,
To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
And once in action, he stood not to pause,
But in upon them like a tempest brake,
And down their buildings with such fury bare,
That they from mists dissolved were to air.

"As those brave Edwards, father and the son,
At conquer'd Cressy with successful luck,
Where first all France (as at one game) they won,
Never two warriors such a battle struck,
That when the bloody dismal fight was done,
Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
Princes and peasants lay together mixt,
The English swords no difference knew betwixt.

"There Lewis king of Beame was overthrown,
With valiant Charles, of France the younger
brother;
A dauphin, and two dukes in pieces hewn;
To them six earls lay slain by one another;
There the grand prior of France fetcht his last
groan;
Two archbishops the boisterous crowd doth smother;
There fifteen thousand of their gentry dy'd,
With each two soldiers slaughter'd by his side.

* The archbishop of Canterbury's speech in this
and the ten following stanzas.

"Nor the Black Prince, at Poitiers battle, fought
Short of his father, and himself before,
Her king and prince, that prisoners hither brought
From forty thousand welt'ring in their gore,
That in the world's opinion it was thought,
France from that instant could subsist no more:
The marshal, and the constable, there slain
Under the standard, in that battle ta'en.

"Nor is this claim for women to succeed
(Gainst which they would your right to France
debar)

A thing so new, that it so much should need
Such opposition, as though fetcht from far.
By Pepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,
Deposing Cheldrick by a fatal war,
By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,
Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France.

"Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorian took
The crown of France, that he in peace might reign,
As heir to Lingard to her title stuck.
Who was the daughter of king Charlemain:
So holy Lewes poring on his book,
Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir again,
From Ermingard, his grandame claim'd the
crown,
Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully put down.

"Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
You could have found your title to advance,
At the full height when now the faction is,
'Twixt Burgoyne and the house of Orleans:
Your purpose you not possibly can miss,
It for my lord so luckily doth chance,
That whilst these two in opposition stand,
You may have time your army there to land.

"And if my fancy doth not overpress
My visual sense, methinks in every eye
I see such cheer, as of our good success
In France hereafter seems to prophesy.
Think not, my sovereign, my allegiance less,"
Quoth he; "my lords, nor do you misapply
My words, thus long upon this subject spent,
Who humbly here submit to your assent."

This speech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
And into France transfer'd our hostile fire;
It made the English through the world belov'd,
That daunt to those so mighty things aspire;
And gave so clear a lustre to our fame,
That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the house this rumour scarcely ran,
That war with France propounded was again,
In all th' assembly there was not a man,
But put the project on with might and main;
So great applause it generally wan,
That else no bus'ness they would entertain;
As though their honour utterly were lost,
If this design should any way be crost.

So much men's minds now upon France were set,
That every one doth with himself forecast,
What might fall out this enterprise to let,
As what again might give it wings of haste;
And for they knew the French did still abet
The Scot against us, which we us'd to taste,
It question'd was, if it were fit or no,
To conquer them e'er we to France should go.

Which Ralph, then earl of Westmorland, propos'd:
Quoth he, " With Scotland let us first begin,
By which we are upon the North enclos'd,
And lockt with us one continent within;
Then first let Scotland be by us dispos'd,
And with more ease ye spacious France may win;
Else of ourselves, e'er we our ships can clear,
To land in France, they will invade us here."

" Not so, brave Nevill," Exeter⁷ replies:
" For that of one two labours were to make,
For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
First conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
That stopt, asunder quickly ye shall shake [say I]
The French and Scots. To France then first,
" First, first to France," then all the commons cry.

And instantly an embassy is sent
To Charles of France, to will him to restore
Those territories, of whose large extent
The English kings were owners of before;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The king would set those English on his shore,
That in despite of him, and all his might,
Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

First Normandy in his demand he makes,
With Aquitain, a dutchy no less great;
Anjou and Mayne, with Gascoyne, which he takes
Clearly his own, as any English seat.
With these proud France he first of all awakes,
For their delivery giving power to treat:
For well he knew, if Charles should these restore,
No king of France was ever left so poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,
That he might see they no such matter meant,
As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
A ton of Paris tennis-balls him sent,
Better himself to make him understand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent:
And that was all the answer he could get:
Which more the king doth to this conquest whet.

That answering the ambassador, quoth he, [give,
" Thanks for my balls to Charles your sovereign
And thus assure him and his son from me;
I'll send him balls and rackets, if I live,
That they such racket shall in Paris see,
When over line with bandies I shall drive,
As that before the set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the hazard run."

So little doth luxurious France foresee,
By her disdain, what she upon her drew,
(In her most bravery seeming then to be)
The punishment that shortly should ensue:
Which so incens'd the English king, that he
For full revenge into that fury grew,
That those three horrors, famine, sword, and
Could not suffice to satisfy his ire. [fire,

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folk would ask of them arriv'd from far,
What forces were preparing whence they came?
'Gainst any business 'twas a lawful bar,
To say for France they were; and 'twas a shame
For any man to take in hand to do
Aught, but something that did belong thereto.

⁷ The duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

Old armours are drest up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of male;
This scowens an old Fox⁸, that a Bilboa blade⁹;
Now shields and targets only are for sale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-strung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he sets to show.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
E'er full wrought up, their roomthiness to try;
Windows and towers with ensigns are enrich'd,
With ruffling-banners, that do brave the sky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To see them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilsome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

Rich saddles for the light-horse and the bard,
For to be brav'd there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrols, and caparisons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms devise,
The greaves¹⁰ or guises¹¹ were the surer guard,
The vambrass¹² or the pouldron they should prize;
And where a stand of pikes plac'd close, or
large,

Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horse, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiseth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many score off he his foe can strike,
Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.
The trumpets sound the charge and the retreat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth
beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whose battery France must feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the strong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some studying are the scale which they had got,
Thereby to take the level of their shot¹².

The man in years preach'd to his youthful son
Press'd to this war, as they sate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt to work him to aspire;
And told him there how he an ensign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he struck down that
day.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Cressy field what prizes Edward play'd;
As what at Poitiers the Black Prince befell,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel;
For their old sins how they the Frenchmen paid;
How bravely Basset did behave him there;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the rear.

⁸ Blades accounted of the best temper.

⁹ Armed at all points.

¹⁰ Armings for the thigh and leg.

¹¹ Armings for arm and shoulder.

¹² Great ordnance, then but newly in use.

"And, boy," quoth he, "I've heard thy grand-
sire say,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who shooting at a French twelve score away,
Quite through the body stuck him to a tree;
Upon their strengths a king his crown might lay:
Such were the men of that brave age," quoth he,
"When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrian and scalp down to the teeth could
rive."

The scarlet judge might now set up his mule,
With neighing steeds the streets so pester'd are;
For where he went in Westminster to rule,
On his tribunal sate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'ness at the bar;
But to make wills and testaments for those
That were for France, their substance to dis-
pose.

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing discust;
And the grave clergy had with them been set,
To warrant what they undertook was just;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the king for that to them to trust:
The church to pawn would see her chalice laid,
E'er she would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the king the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his most victorious freight:
The place from whence he with the greatest speed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with success upon that lucky shore,
Where his great grandsire¹³ landed had before.

But, for he found those vessels were too few,
That into France his army should convey,
He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knew
Might now at need supply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay,
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings,
As spread the wide Sleeve¹⁴ with their canvass
wings.

But first seven ships from Rochester are sent,
The narrow seas of all the French to sweep:
All men of war with scripts of mart that went,
And had command the coast of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent;
And view what strength was in the bay of Diepe;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their best to fire it in the road.

The Bonaventure¹⁵, George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ships as e'er did cable tew;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge ruck¹⁶ from Gillingham that flew:
The Antelope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever spread a clue:
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take soldiers in.

¹³ Edward the third.

¹⁴ The sea between France and England, so called.

¹⁵ The names of the king's seven ships of war.

¹⁶ An Indian bird, so large, that she is able to
carry an elephant.

Twelve merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandise to load,
Straightly commanded by the admiral,
At the same port to settle their abode;
And each of these a pinnace at command,
To put her fraught conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ships so Bristol ready made,
Which to the king they bountifully lent,
With Spanish wines which they for ballast lade,
In happy speed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conquest should enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and spacious tent:
And as this fleet the Severn seas doth stem,
Five more from Padstow came along with them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ship well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had past,
Two wealthy Spanish merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waste;
For from her deck a pirate she had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at last:
And from Mounts-Bay six more, that still in sight
Waited with her before the isle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the Blazing Star
And fiery Dragon, to take in their freight,
With other four especial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought;
And though returning from a voyage far, [wrought.
Stem'd that rough sea, when at the high'st it
With these, of Dartmouth seven good ships there
The golden crescent in their tops that bear. [were,

So Lyme three ships into the navy sent,
Of which the Sampson scarce a month before
Had sprung a plank, and her main-mast had spent,
With extreme peril that she got to shore:
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a score:
With those that rode at pleasure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of necessary use;
The Danish pirates valiantly that beat,
Offering to sack them as they sail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to Pruce¹⁷.
Five more from Yarmouth falling them among,
That had for fishing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muscovia bound;
Of the same port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days' still-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themselves aground;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do
Six ships of Sandwich, up the fleet to make. [take

Nine ships for the nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterprise to aid,
Which to the king most liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
Northumberland and Westmoglond in sent
Fourscore at arms apiece, themselves and laid
At sixscore archers each, as Suffolk shows
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

¹⁷ Prussia.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no less
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they press,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own store:
Their forwardness foreshows their good success
In such a war as had not been before:
And other barons, under earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear.

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king;
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Ross,
Berckley, Powis, Burrell, fast together cling;
Seymour and St. John, for the bus'ness close,
Each twenty horse, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the gross,
In those nine ships, and fifty them bestow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zealand, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, threescore twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry use a mariner could name,
Whose glittering flags against the radiant Sun,
Show'd as the sea had all been of a flame:
For skiffs, crays, shallops, and the like, why these
From ev'ry small creek cover'd all the seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lie,
By those he met might guess the general force;
Daily encounter'd as he passed by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,
To whom the people still themselves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meer remore;
And still the acclamation of the press,
"Saint George for England, to your good
success."

There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,
The father bidding farewell to his son;
Small children kneeling at their fathers feet;
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet;
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden, with her best-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting coursers mounted fair,
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he most did love.
There was not one but did some favour wear;
And each one took it on his happy speed,
To make it famous by some knightly deed.

The clouds of dust that from the ways arose,
Which in their march the trampling troops do
rear;
When as the Sun their thickness doth oppose
In his descending, shining wond'rous clear,
To the beholder, far off standing, shows
Like some besieged town that were on fire:
As though foretelling, e'er they should return,
That many a city, yet secure, must burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this short cut with victual fully stor'd,
The king impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army instantly aboard,
Casting to have each company bestow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford;
The ships appointed wherein they should go,
And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

To be embark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muster'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours; for in ensigns there,
Some wore the arms of their most ancient town,
Others again their own devices bear:
There was not any, but that, more or less,
Something had got, that something should express.

First, in the Kentish streamer was a wood,
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,
As their right emblem; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, UNCONQUER'D, as that freest had stood.
Sussex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a black lion rampant¹⁸, sore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, cheeky blue and gold,
Which for brave Warren, their first earl, they wore,
In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampshire next, in the same colours bore
Three lions passant, th' arms of Bevis bold,
Who through the world so famous was of yore.
A silver tower, Dorset's red banner bears:
The Cornishmen two wrestlers had for theirs.

The Devonshire band, a beacon set on fire;
Somerset, a virgin bathing in a spring:
Their city's arms the men of Glo'stershire,
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.
Wiltshire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the king;
Berkshire a stag, under an oak that stood;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muster'd men for Buckingham are gone
Under the swan, the arms of that old town;
The Londoners and Middlesex as one,
Are by the red cross and the dagger known.
The men of Essex, over-match'd by none,
Under queen Helen's¹⁹ image marching down,
Suffolk, a sun half risen from the brake;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The soldiers sent from Cambridgeshire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a shower;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower;
And Huntingdon, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a castle seated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich ensign bear an ermin ram;
And Lei'stershire, that on their strength rely,
A bull and mastiff²⁰ fighting for the game.
Lincoln a ship most neatly that was limn'd²¹,
In all her sails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

¹⁸ An expression of king Harold's death, slain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Hastings, fighting against the Conqueror.

¹⁹ Queen Helen, foundress of the cross, wife to Constantine, and daughter to king Coell, builder of Colchester, in Essex.

²⁰ A sport more used anciently in that shire than in any other.

²¹ For the length it hath upon the German ocean.

Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear;
 Wor'ster, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
 A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
 Stafford, a hermit²² in his homely suit;
 Shropshire, a falcon tow'ring in the air;
 And for the shire whose surface seems most brute,

Derby, an eagle sitting on a rook,
 .A swathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
 Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,
 Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen:
 It was the picture of old Robin Hood;
 And Lancashire, not as the least I ween, [blood:
 Thoro' three crowns three arrows smeared with
 Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,
 Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkshire men for them;
 As those for Durham, near again at hand,
 A mitre crowned with a diadem;
 An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
 So Westmorland, link'd with it in one stem,
 A ship that, wrack'd, lay fir'd upon the sand:
 Northumberland with these com'n as a brother,
 Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had show'd
 Under the ensign of each sev'ral shire,
 The native Welch, who no less honour ow'd
 To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,
 In one strong reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,
 And of the rest resumed had the rear;

To their own quarter marching, as the rest,
 As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.

Pembroke, a boat²³, wherein a lady stood,
 Rowing herself within a quiet bay;
 Those men of South Wales of the mixed blood²⁴,
 Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
 Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
 Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,
 At a star pointing; which, of great renown,
 Was skilful Merlin, namer of that town.

Glamorgan men, a castle great and high,
 From which, out of the battlement above,
 A flame shot up itself into the sky:
 The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
 To that dear country, neighbouring them so nigh)
 Next after them in equipage that move,
 Three crowns imperial²⁵, which supported were
 With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
 Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock;
 Radnor²⁶, a mountain of a high ascent,
 Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock;
 As Cardigan²⁷, the next to them that went,
 Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock;
 And Merioneth bears (as these had done)
 Three dancing goats against the rising Sun.

²² Many hermits formerly lived there, it being
 all forestry.

²³ Milfordhaven, in Pembrokeshire, one of the
 bravest harbours in the world, therefore not unaptly
 so expressed

²⁴ Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

²⁵ To express the king's birth-place and princi-
 palities.

²⁶ The middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on
 its mountains.

²⁷ Expressing the maritime situation of that shire.

Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed;
 Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
 Flintshire, a work-maid in her summer's weed,
 With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace
 Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,
 Tho' marching last in the main army's face)
 Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,
 Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The seas, amazed at the fearful sight,
 Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,
 Of streamers, banners, pennons, ensigns pight
 Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
 So full of terrour, that it hardly might
 Into a natural course again be brought,
 As the vast navy which at anchor rides,
 Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
 The numerous masts with their brave topsails
 spread,

When, as the wind a little doth them strain,
 Seem like a forest bearing her proud head
 Against some rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
 So do they look from every lofty sted,

Which with the surges tumbled to and fro,
 Seem even to bend, as trees are seen to do.

From every ship when as the ordnance roar,
 Of their depart that all might understand;
 When as the zealous people from the shore
 Again with fires salute them from the land,
 For so was order left with them before,
 To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
 Which being once fir'd, the people, more or less,
 Should all to church, and pray for their success.

They shape their course into the mouth of Sein,
 That destin'd flood those navies to receive;
 Before whose fraught her France had prostrate
 lain,

As now she must this, that shall never leave,
 Until the engines that it doth contain,
 Into the air her heighten'd walls shall leave;
 Whose stubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
 To that brave nation that shall shake them now.

Long-boats with scouts are put to land before,
 Upon light-nags the country to descry,
 (Whilst the brave army setting is on shore)
 To view what strength the enemy had nigh;
 Pressing the bosom of large France so sore,
 That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
 To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
 And for her safety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance, she calls,
 And at their gates with groanings doth complain:
 Then cries she out, "O get up to your walls!
 The English armies are return'd again,
 Which in two battles gave those fatal slain
 At Cressy and at Poitiers, where lay slain
 Our conquer'd fathers, which with very fear
 Quake in their graves to feel them landed here."

The king of France now having understood
 Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)
 He clearly saw that dear must be the blood
 That it must cost, e'er he could be remov'd:
 He sends to make his other sea-towns good,
 (Never before so much it him behov'd)

In every one a garrison to lay,
 Fearing fresh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'st earth whilst awful Henry gets,
From whence strong Harfleur he might easiest see,
With sprightly words and thus their courage whets:
"In yonder walls be mines of gold," quoth he;
"He's a poor slave that thinks of any debts;
Harfleur shall pay for all, it ours shall be.

This air of France doth like me wond'rous well;
Let's burn our ships, for here we mean to dwell."

But through his host he first of all proclaim'd,
In pain of death, no Englishman should take
From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
Or women, that could no resistance make:
To gain his own, for that he only aim'd,
Nor would have such to suffer for his sake:

Which in the French, when they the same did
hear,

Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,
Each with some green thing doth his murrian crown,
With his main standard fixt upon the car²⁸,
Comes the great king before th' entrench'd town,
Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,
In all their sights he sets his army down;
And for their shot he careth not a pin,
But seeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
His strong approaches on three parts to make;
Himself on th' one, Clarence on th' other side;
To York and Suffolk he the third doth take;
The mines the duke of Gloucester doth guide:
Then caus'd his ships the river up to stake,

That none with victual should the town relieve,
Should the sword fail, with famine them to grieve.

From his pavillion, where he sat in state,
Arm'd for the siege, and buckling on his shield,
Brave Henry sends his herald to the gate,
By trumpet's sound, to summon them to yield,
And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
Or else to say, ere he forsook the field,

Harfleur should be but a mere heap of stones,
Her buildings buried with her owners' bones.

France on this sudden put into a fright.
With the sad news of Harfleur in distress,
Whose unexpected miserable plight
She on the sudden knew not to redress;
But urg'd to do the utmost that she might,
The peoples fears and clamours to suppress,
Raiseth a power with all the speed she could,
Somewhat thereby to loose king Henry's hold.

The marshal and the constable of France,
Leading those forces levied for the turn,
By which they thought their titles to advance,
And of their country endless praise to earn;
But it with them far otherwise doth chance:
For when they saw the villages to burn,

And high-tower'd Harfleur round engirt with fire,
They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck retir'd.

Like as a hind, when she her calf doth see
Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
From which should she adventure it to free,
She must herself fill his devouring jaws,
And yet her young one still his prey must be,
(She so instructed is by Nature's laws:)

With them so fares it, which must needs go down,
If they would fight, and yet must lose the town.

²⁸ The king's main standard (for the ponderous-
ness thereof) ever borne upon a carriage.

Now do they mount their ordnance for the day²⁹,
Their scaling-ladders tearing to the walls;
Their battering-rams against the gates they lay,
Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls,
Baskets of twigs now carry stones and clay,
And to th' assault who furiously not falls?

The spade and pick-ax working are below,
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greatest blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raise
With the walls equal, close upon the dyke;
To pass by which the soldier that assays,
On planks thrust over, one him down doth strike:
Him with a mall a second English pays;
A second French transpierc'd him with a pike;
That from the height of th' embattled tow'rs,
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in show'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
With a sheaf-arrow shot into the head,
An Englishman, in scaling of the wall,
From the same place is by a stone struck dead,
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might stead:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of shouts without, and fearful shrieks within.

When all at once the Englishmen assail,
The French within all valiantly defend,
And in a first assault, if any fail,
They by a second strive it to amend:
Out of the town come quarries³⁰ thick as hail;
As thick again their shafts the English send:
The bellowing cannon from both sides doth roar,
With such a noise, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one side you should hear a cry,
And all that quarter clouded with a smother;
The like from that against it by and by,
As though the one were echo to the other,
The king and Clarence so their turns can ply;
And valiant Glo'ster shows himself their brother,
Whose mines to the besieg'd more mischief do,
Than, with th' assaults above, the other two.

An old man sitting by the fire side,
Decrepit with extremity of age,
Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
Almost distracted with the batteries rage;
Sometimes doth speak it fair, sometimes doth chide,
As thus he seeks its mourning to assuage,
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping mother sits her down,
To give her little new-born babe the pap,
A luckless quarry, level'd at the town,
Kills the sweet baby sleeping in her lap,
That with the fright she falls into a swoon;
From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap,
As up a ramper shrieking she doth climb,
Comes a great shot, and strikes her limb from
limb.

Whilst a sort run confusedly to quench
Some palace burning, or some fired street,
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
So plagued are the miserable French,
Not above head, but also under feet;
For the fierce English vow the town to take,
Or of it soon a heap of stones to make.

²⁹ A description of the siege of Harfleur, in the
nineteen following stanzas.

³⁰ Cross-bow arrows.

Hot is the siege, the English coming on
As men so long to be kept out that scorn,
Careless of wounds, as they were made of stone,
As with their teeth the walls they would have
torn :

Into a breach, who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behind him overborne ;
So that they found a place that gave them way,
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their course must ply,
As 't pleas'd the king them to th' assault to call :
Now on the duke of York the charge doth lie ;
To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall ;
Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry ;
Then Suffolk, and then Exeter ; which all
In their mean soldiers' habits us'd to go,
Taking such part as those that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excursions make
Upon the English, watchful in their tent,
Whose courages they to their cost awake,
With many a wound, that often back them sent,
So proud a sally that durst undertake,
And in the chase pell-mell amongst them went ;
For on the way such ground of them they win,
That some French are shut out, some English in.

Nor idly sit our men at arms the while,
Four thousand horse that ev'ry day go out,
And of the field are masters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious French to route ;
No peasants them with promises beguile,
Another bus'ness they were come about ;
For him they take, his ransom must redeem,
Only French crowns the Englishmen esteem.

Whilst English Henry lastly means to try
By three vast mines the walls to overthrow,
The Frenchmen, their approaches that espy,
By countermines do meet with them below ;
And as opposed in the works they lie,
Up the besieged the besiegers blow,
That stifled quite with powder, as with dust,
Longer to walls they found it vain to trust.

Till Gaucourt then and Tuttilville, that were
The town's commanders, with much peril find
The resolution that the English-bear,
As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
Summon to parley ; off'ring frankly there,
If that aid came not by a day assign'd,
To give the town up, might their lives stand free ;
As for their goods, at Henry's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the king,
Those hardy chiefs, on whom the charge had lain,
Thither those well-fed burgesses do bring,
What they had offer'd strongly to maintain
In such a case, although a dang'rous thing ;
Yet they so long upon their knees remain,
That five days' respite from his grant they have,
Which was the most they for their lives durst
crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,
And their relief ingloriously delay'd ;
Nothing within their sight but sword and fire,
And bloody ensigns ev'ry where display'd ;
The English still within themselves entire :
When all these things they seriously had weigh'd,
To Henry's mercy found that they must trust,
For they perceiv'd their own to be unjust.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aside,
And from the walls th' artillery displac'd ;
The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
The watch-tow'r with St. George's banner grac'd ;
" Live England's Henry ! " all the people cry'd ;
Into the streets their women ran in haste,
Bearing their little children, for whose sake
They hop'd the king would the more mercy
take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
Their ample entrance to the English gave ;
There was no door that then had any bar,
For of their own not any thing they have :
When Henry comes on his imperial car,
To whom they kneel, their lives alone to save ;
Struck with wonder when that face they saw,
Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

And first themselves the English to secure,
Doubting what danger might be yet within,
The strongest forts and citadel make sure,
To show that they could keep as well as win ;
And though the spoils them wond'rously allure,
To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
They shut each passage, by which any pow'r
Might be brought on to hinder but an hour.

That conquer'ing king, which ent'ring at the gate,
Borne by the press as in the air he swam,
Upon the sudden lays aside his state,
And of a lion is become a lamb :
He is not now what he was but of late,
But on his bare feet to the church he came,
By his example as did all the press,
To give God thanks for his first good success.

And sends his herald to king Charles to say,
That though he was thus settled on his shore,
Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
His ancient right if so he would restore :
But if the same he wilfully deny,
To stop th' effusion of their subjects' gore,
He frankly off'reth, in a single fight
With the young dauphin, to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth stay, to hear
What answer back his herald him would bring :
But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
And that the dauphin meaneth no such thing
As to fight single, nor that any were
To deal for composition from the king ;
He casts for Calais to make forth his way,
And take such towns as in his journeys lay.

But first his bus'ness he doth so contrive
To curb the townsmen, should they chance to stir ;
Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
And to their rooms the English doth prefer :
Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
And therein sets his uncle Exeter :
This done, to march he bids the thund'ring drums,
To scourge proud France, when now her con-
queror comes.

The king and dauphin having understood,
How on his way this haughty Henry was
Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
Pluckt down the bridges which might give him pass ;
And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food,
Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous mass ;
And more than this, his journeys to foreslow,
He scarce one day unskirmish'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes,
He like a lion keeps them all at bay ;
And when they seem him strictly to enclose,
Yet through the thick'st he hews him out a way ;
Nor the proud dauphin dare him to oppose,
Though off'ring off his army to forelay ;
Nor all the power the envious French can make,
Force him one foot his path but to forsake.

And each day as his army doth remove,
Marching along upon Soame's mars-y sde,
His men at arms on their tall horses prove
To find some shallow, over where to ride :
But all in vain, against the stream they strove,
Till by the help of a laborious guide

A ford was found to set his army o'er,
Which never had discover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
And safe to shore his carriages had brought,
Into the dauphin's bosom struck so home,
And on the weakness of king Charles so wrought,
That like the troubled sea when it doth foam,
As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought ;
So do they storm, and curse on curse they heapt,
Gainst those which should the passages have kept.

And at that time both resident in Roan,
Thither for this assembling all the peers,
Whose counsels now must underprop their throne
Against the foe, which not a man but fears ;
Yet in a moment confident are grown,
When with fresh hopes each one his fellow cheers,
That ere the English to their Calais got,
Some for this spoil should pay a bloody shot.

Therefore they both in solemn council sat,
With Berry and with Bretagne, their allies ;
Now speak they of this course, and then of that,
As to ensnare him how they might devise ;
Something they fain would do, but know not
what.

At length the duke Alanzon up doth rise,
And, craving silence of the king and lords,
Against the English brake into these words :

" Had this unbridled youth an army led,
That any way were worthy of your fear,
Against our nation that durst turn the head,
Such as the former English forces were,
This care of yours your country then might stead :
To tell you then, who longer can forbear,
That into question you our valour bring,
To call a council for so poor a thing ?

" A rout of tatter'd rascals, starved so,
As forced, through extremity of need,
To rake for scraps on dunghills as they go,
And on the berries of the shrubs to feed ;
Besides, with fluxes are enfeebled so,
And other foul diseases that they breed,
That their arms disabled are to sway,
But in their march do leave them on the way.

" And to our people but a handful are,
Scarce thirty thousand when to land they came,
Of which to England daily some repair,
Many from Harfleur carry'd sick and lame,
Fitter for spitals and the surgeons care,
Than with their swords on us to win them fame :
Unshod and without stockings are the best,
And those by winter miserably oppress.

" To let them die upon their march abroad,
And fowls upon their carcasses to feed,
The heaps of them upon the common road
A great infection likely were to breed ;
For our own safeties see them then bestow'd,
And do for them this charitable deed,
Under our swords together let them fall,
And, on that day they die, be buried all."

This bold invective forc'd against the foe,
Although it most of the assembly seiz'd,
Yet those which better did the English know,
Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd ;
And that the duke of Berry meant to show :
Which, when the murmur somewhat was appeas'd,
After awhile their list'ning silence breaks,
And thus in answer of Alanzon speaks :

" My liege," quoth he, " and you, my lords and
peers,

Whom this great business chiefly doth concern,
By my experience, now so many years,
To know the English I am not to learn ;
Nor I more feeling have of human fears
Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
Suffrage from any ; but by zeal am won
To speak my mind here, as the duke hath done

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)
And say, the loss upon the English light,
Yet may a dying man give such a blow,
As much may hinder his proud conqueror's might ;
It is enough our puissant power to show
To the weak English, now upon their flight,
When want and winter strongly spur them on ;
You else but stay them, that would fain be gone.

" I like our forces their first course should hold,
To skirmish with them upon every stay,
But fight by no means with them, tho' they would,
Except they find them foraging for prey ;
So still you have them shut up in a fold,
And still to Calais keep them in their way ;
So Fabius wearied Hanibal, so we
May English Henry, pleased if you be.

" And of the English rid your country clean,
If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
Whose frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,
With a strong army still to keep them in ;
Then let our ships make good the mouth of Sein,
And at your pleasure Harfleur you may win,
Ere with supplies again they can invade,
Spent in the voyage lately hither made,

" That day at Poitiers, in that bloody field,
The sudden turn in that great battle then
Shall ever teach me, whilst I arms can wield,
Never to trust to multitudes of men ;
'Twas the first day that e'er I wore a shield,
Oh, let me never see the like agen !
Where their Black Edward such a battle won,
As to behold it might amaze the Sun.

" There did I see our conquer'd fathers fall
Before the English, on that fatal ground,
When as to ours their number was but small,
And with brave spirits France ne'er did more
abound :

Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
Whereas of ours, one man seem'd all one wound.
I instance this, yet humbly here submit
Myself to fight, if you shall think it fit."

The marshal and the Gasconable about
To second what this valiant duke had said,
The youthful lords into a cry broke out
'Gainst their opinions; so that oversway'd,
Some seeming of their loyalties to doubt,
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then present, but doth swear
To kill an English, if enow there were.

A herald posted presently away,
The king of England to the field to dare,
To bid him cease his spoil, nor to delay
'Gainst the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that king Charles determin'd to display
His bloody ensigns, and through France declare
The day and place that Henry should set down,
In which their battles should dispose the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,
As one dispassion'd, soberly quoth he,
"Had your king pleas'd, we sooner might have
fought;

For now my soldiers much enfeebled be:
Nor day, nor place, for battle shall be sought
By English Henry; but if he seek me,
I to my utmost will myself defend,
And to th' Almighty's pleasure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle spread,
The coldness of each sleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldness bred,
Like casting bees, that they arise in swarms,
Thinking the English down so far to tread,
As past that day ne'er more to rise in arms,
T' extirp the name, if possible it were,
At least, not after to be heard of there.

As when you see the envious crow espy
Something that she doth naturally detest,
With open throat how she doth squall and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the rest,
And they for those beyond them bawling fly,
Till their foul noise do all the air infest:
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their swords to see the English fall.

And to the king when seriously one told,
With what an host he should encounter'd be;
Gam, noting well the king did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
"My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,
We will divide this army into three;
One part we'll kill, the second pris'ners stay;
And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came hourly in so fast,
Lest they his army should disorder'd take,
The king, who wisely doth the worst forecast,
His speedy march doth presently forsake,
Into such form and his battalion cast,
That, do their worst, they should not eas'ly shake;
For that his scouts, which forag'd had the coast,
Bade him at hand expect a puissant host.

On which ere long the English vaward light,
Which York, of men the bravest, doth command,
When either of them in the other's sight,
He caus'd the army instantly to stand,
As though preparing for a present fight;
And rideth forth from his courageous band
To view the French, whose numbers overspread
The troubled country, on whose earth they
tread.

Now were both armies got upon that ground,
As on a stage, where they their strengths must try,
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a soul into the air must fly.
Meanwhile the English, that some ease had found
By the advantage of a village nigh,
There sate them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had strongly fortify'd.

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French disdain
Less than their own a multitude to view,
Nor ask of God the victory to gain
Upon the English, waxt so poor and few,
To stay their slaughter thinking it a pain;
And lastly to that insolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice, for Englishmen to cast,
And swear to pay, the battle being past.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they send,
The captiv'd English that they caught to bind,
For to perpetual slavery they intend
Those that alive they on the field should find:
So much as that they fear'd lest they should spend
Too many English, wherefore they assign'd
Some to keep fast those fair that would be gone,
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright sharp-edg'd scymitar doth show,
Off'ring to lay a thousand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked English at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waists divide:
Some bet his sword will do't, some others no,
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another wafis his blade about his head,
And shows them how their ham-strings he will
shred.

They part their pris'ners, passing them for debt,
And in their ransom ratably accord:
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they set,
And a French lacquey to an English lord.
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for slaves, that if they hapt to stray,
Known by the mark, them any one might slay.

And cast to make a chariot for the king,
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make sport to their madams and their boys,
And will have rascals rhymes of him to sing,
Made in his mock'ry; and in all these joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry
Before the battle, "France and victory!"

And to the king and dauphin sent away,
(Who at that time residing were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the English should be overthrown;
Lest that of them ensuing times should say,
That for their safety they forsook their own,
When France did that brave victory obtain,
That shall her lasting monument remain.

The poor distressed Englishmen the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and less appall'd with dread,
Of their arm'd pikes some sharp'ning are the piles;
The archer grinding his barb'd arrow-head;
Their bills and blades some whetting are with files,
And some their armour strongly riveted;
Some pointing stakes to stick into the ground,
To guard the bow-men, and their horse to
wound.

The night fore-running this most dreadful day,
 The French that all to jollity incline,
 Some fall to dancing, some again to play,
 And some are drinking to this great design;
 But all in pleasure spend the night away:
 The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires shine:
 The common soldiers free-men's catches sing;
 With shouts and laughter all the camp doth ring.

The wearied English, watchful o'er their foes,
 The depth of night then drawing on so fast,
 That fain a little would themselves repose,
 With thanks to God do take that small repast
 Which that poor village willingly bestows;
 And having plac'd their sentinels at last,
 They fall to prayer, and in their cabins blest,
 T'refresh their spirits then took them to their rest.

In his pavillion princely Henry laid,
 Whilst all his army round about him slept;
 His restless head upon his helmet staid,
 For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept.
 "Great God," (quoth he) "withdraw not now
 thy aid,

Nor let my father Henry's sins be heapt
 On my transgressions, up the sum to make,
 For which thou may'st me utterly forsake.

"King Richard's wrongs to mind, Lord, do not call,
 Nor now for him my father did offend;
 From us alone derive not thou his fall,
 Whose odious life caus'd his untimely end,
 That by our alms he expiated all:
 Let not that sin on me his son descend,
 When as his body I translated have,
 And buried in an honourable grave."

These things thus pond'ring, sorrow-ceasing sleep,
 From cares to rescue his much-troubled mind,
 Upon his eye-lids stealingly doth creep,
 And in soft slumbers every sense both bind,
 As undisturbed every one to keep;
 When as that angel, to whom God assign'd
 The guiding of the English, gliding down,
 The silent camp both with fresh courage crown.

His glitt'ring wings he gloriously displays
 O'er the host, as every way it lies,
 With golden dreams their travail and repays:
 This herald from the Rector of the skies
 In vision warns them not to use delays,
 But to the battle cheerfully to rise,
 And be victorious; for that day at hand
 He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East,
 But the late wearied Englishmen awake,
 And much refreshed with a little rest,
 Themselves soon ready for the battle make:
 Not any one but feeleth in his breast
 That sprightly fire which courage bids him take;
 For ere the Sun next rising went to bed,
 The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their cabins ere the French arose,
 (Drowned in the pleasure of the passed night)
 The English cast their battels to dispose,
 Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
 Forth that brave king, courageous Henry, goes,
 An hour before that it was fully light,
 To see if there might any place be found
 To give his host advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickset hedge to view,
 Well grown in height, and for his purpose thin;
 Yet by the ditch, upon whose bank it grew,
 He found it to be difficult to win,
 Especially if those of his were true,
 Amongst the shrubs that he should set within;
 By which he knew their strength of horse must
 come,

If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
 Some to be taken out of every band,
 The strongest bow-men by the general voice,
 Such as beside were valiant of their hand,
 And to be so employ'd as would rejoice,
 Appointing them behind the hedge to stand [mute,
 To shrowd themselves from sight, and to be
 Until a signal freely bade them shoot.

The gamesome lark now got upon her wing,
 As 'twere the English early to awake,
 And to wide Heaven her cheerful notes doth sing,
 As she for them would intercession make;
 Nor all the noise that from below doth spring,
 Her airy walk can force her to forsake;
 Of some much noted, and of others less,
 But yet of all presaging good success.

The lazy French their leisure seem to take,
 And in their cabins keep themselves so long,
 Till flocks of ravens them with noise awake,
 Over the army like a cloud that hung;
 Which greater haste enforceth them to make,
 When with their croaking all the country rung,
 Which boded slaughter, as the most do say,
 But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well understood
 Upon that place much gore was to be spill'd;
 And as those birds do much delight in blood,
 With human flesh would have their gorges fill'd,
 So waited they upon their swords for food,
 To feast upon the English, being kill'd;
 Then little thinking that these came indeed
 On their own mangled carcases to feed.

When soon the French preparing for the field,
 Their armed troops are setting in array,
 Whose wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,
 The place too little whereupon they lay;
 They therefore to necessity must yield,
 And into order put them as they may,
 Whose motion sounded like to Nilus' fall,
 That the vast air was deafen'd therewithal.

The constable and admiral of France,
 With the grand marshal, men of great command;
 The dukes of Bourbon and of Orleans,
 Some for their place, some for their birth-right
 stand;

The dauphin of Averney (to advance
 His worth and honour) of a puissant hand;
 The earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;
 These mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the duke of Barr,
 Nevres, and Beaumont, men of special name;
 Alanzon, thought not equal'd in this war:
 With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpre came,
 Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
 Whom this expected conquest doth inflame,
 Consisting most of cross-bows, and so great,
 As France herself it well might seem to threat.

The duke of Brabant of high valour known,
The earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;
To Arthur earl of Richmond's self alone
They leave the right wing to be guided there:
Lewes of Bourbon, second yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty peer
The earl of Vendome, who of all her men
Large France entitled her great master then.

The duke of York the English vaward guides,
Of our strong archers that consisted most,
Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,
To affront so great and terrible an host;
There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,
With Willoughby, which scower'd had the coast
That morning early, and had seen at large
How the foe came, that then they were to charge.

Henry himself, on the main battle brings,
Nor can these legions of the French affright
This Mars of men, this king of earthly kings:
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
As one ordain'd to accomplish mighty things;
Who to the field came in such brav'ry dight,
As to the English bodes successful luck,
Before one stroke on either side was struck.

In warlike state the royal standard borne
Before him, as in splend'rous arms he rode,
Whilst his courveting courser seem'd in scorn
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod,
Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
His shield, and his caparison do load:
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deckt,
Which through the field their radiant fires reflect.

The duke of Glo'ster near to him agen,
To assist his brother in that dreadful day;
Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,
Ready to keep the battle in array:
To Exeter there was appointed then
The rear, on which their second succours lay,
Which were the youth, most of the noblest blood,

Under the ensigns of their name that stood.
Then of the stakes he doth the care commend
To certain troops that active were and strong,
Only devis'd the archers to defend,
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
To be remov'd still which way they should bend,
Where the French horse should thick'et upon them throng;
Which when the host to charge each other went,
Show'd his great wit that first did them invent.

Both armies sit, and at the point to fight,
The French themselves assuring of the day,
Send to the king of England (as in spite)
To know what he would for his ransom pay.
Who with this answer doth their scorn requite;
"I pray thee, Herald, wish the French to stay,
That ere the day be past, I hope to see,
That for their ransoms they shall send to me."

The French, which found how little Henry makes
Of their vain boasts, as set therewith on fire,
Whilst each one to his ensign him betakes;
The constable to raise their spleen the higher,
Thus speaks: "Brave friends, now for your grand-
sires' sakes,
Your country, honours, or what may inspire
Your souls with courage, strain up all your
To make this day victoriously ours. [pow'rs

"Forward, stout French, your valours and
advance,
By taking vengeance for our fathers slain,
And strongly fix the diadem of France,
Which to this day unsteady doth remain:
Now with your swords their traitors' bosoms lance,
And with their blood wash out that ancient stain,
And make our earth drunk with the English gore,
Which hath of ours oft surfeited before.

"Let not one live in England once to tell,
What of their king or of the rest became;
Nor to the English what in France befell,
But what is bruited by the general fame."
But now the drums began so loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declaim:
And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,
Thus to his soldiers comfortably spake.

"Think but upon the justness of our cause,
And he's no man their number that will weigh;
Thus our great grandsire purchas'd his applause,
The more they are, the greater is our prey.
We'll hand in hand wade into danger's jaws,
And let report to England this convey,
That it for me no ransom ere shall raise;
Either I'll conquer, or here end my days.

"It were no glory for us to subdue
Them, than our number were the French no more;
When in one battle twice our fathers slew
Three times so many as themselves before.
But to do something that were strange and new,
Wherefore (I ask you) came we to this shore?
Upon these French our fathers won renown,
And with their swords we'll hew yon forest down.

"The meanest soldier, if in fight he take
The greatest prince in yonder army known,
Without control shall him his pris'ner make,
And have his ransom freely as his own.
Now, English, lies our honour at the stake,
And now or never be our valour shown:

God and our cause, St. George for England
stands, [bands.]
Now charge them, English fortune guide your

When hearing one wish all the valiant men
At home in England with them present were;
The king makes answer instantly agen.

"I would not have one man more than is here:
If we subdue, less should our praise be then;
If overcome, less loss shall England bear;

And to our numbers we should give that deed,
Which must from God's own pow'ful hand
proceed."

The dreadful charge the drums and trumpets sound,
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the English kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands up to the glorious skies;
Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
Active as fire immediately they rise, [sent,
And such a shrill shout from their throats they
As made the French to stagger as they went.

Wherewith they stopt; when Erpingham, which led
The army, saw the shout had made them stand,
Waiving his warder thrice about his head,
He cast it up with his auspicious hand,
Which was the signal through the English spread,
That they should charge: which, as a dread com-
mand,

Made them rush on, yet with a second roar,
Fighting the French worse than they did before.

But when they saw the enemy so slow,
Which they expected faster to come on,
Some scattering shot they sent out, as to show,
That their approach they only stood upon :
Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
So much disgrace that they had undergone ;
Which to amend, with ensigns let at large,
Upon the English furiously they charge.

At the full Moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
Shov'd by some tempest that from sea doth rise
At the full height, against the ragged side
Of some rough cliff (of a gigantic size)
Foaming with rage impetuously doth ride ;
The angry French (in no less furious wise)
Of men at arms upon their ready horse,
Assail the English to dispierce their force.

When as those archers there in ambush laid,
Having their broad-side as they came along,
With their barb'd arrows the French horses paid,
And in their flanks like cruel hornets stung :
They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
And from their seats their armed riders flung ;
They ran together, flying from the dike,
And make their riders one another strike.

And whilst the front of the French vanguard makes
Upon the English, thinking them to rout,
Their horses run upon the armed stakes,
And being wounded, turn themselves about :
The bit into his teeth the courser takes,
And from his rank flies with his master out,
Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, some of their horses cast
With their four feet all up into the air,
Under whose backs their masters breathe their last :
Some break their reins, and thence their riders
bear ;

Some with their feet stick in the stirrups fast,
By their fierce jades, and trail'd hefe and there ;
Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,
And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With show'rs of shafts yet still the English ply
The French so fast, upon the point of flight :
With the main battle yet stood Henry by,
Nor all this while had meddled in the fight ;
Upon the horses as in chase they fly,
Arrows so thick in such abundance light,
That their broad buttocks men like butts might
Whereat for pastime bow-men shooting be. [see,

When soon De Linnies and Sureres haste
To aid their friends, put to this shameful foil,
With two light wings of horse, which had been
plac'd

Still to supply where any should recoil :
But yet their forces they but vainly waste,
For being light into the general spoil,
Great loss De Linnies shortly doth sustain,
Yet 'scapes himself, but brave Sureres slain.

The king, who sees how well his vanguard sped,
Sends his command that instantly it stay ;
Desiring York, so bravely that had led,
To hold his soldiers in their first array ;
For it the conflict very much might sted
Somewhat to fall aside, and give him way,
Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
And make the conquest complete in an hour.

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Which York obeys ; and up king Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room ;
The dreadful bellowing of whose strait-brac'd
drums,

To the French sounded like the dreadful doom ;
And them with such stupidity benumbs,
As though the Earth had groaned from her womb ;
For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,
(By the strong bow-men beaten from their steeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mau's ?
Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And shows him where some great-born French-
man bleeds ;

Whilst scalps about like broken pot sherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And scarce a man but wet-shot went in gore ;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken down before ;
As he again so falling, likewise feels
His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearful French, before them still that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their sick bowels beaten down that ly ;
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry :
Ears are damm'd up with howls and hellish sounds,
One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the courageous constable of France,
Th' unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,
And how the French before the English fled ;
" O stay," quoth he, " your ensigns yet advance,
Once more upon the enemy make head :

Never let France say we were vanquish'd so,
With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe."

Whom the Chatillyon³¹ hapen'd to accost,
And seeing thus the constable dismay'd :
" Shift, noble lord," quoth he, " the day is lost ;
If the whole world upon the match were laid ;
I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost
Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd ;
If not, some devils they have then,
That fight against us in the shapes of men."

" Not I, my Lord," the constable replies ;
" By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,
Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,
Neither of which one stroke have stricken yet."
" Nay," quoth Dampier, " I do not this advise
More than yourself, that I do fear a whit :
Spur up, my lord, then side to side with me,
And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung ;
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng ;
Where such bad fortune those brave lords betides,
The admiral from off his horse was flung ;
For the stern English down before them bear
All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

³¹ The admiral.

Which when the noble constable with grief
Doth this great lord upon the ground behold,
In his account so absolute a chief, [condol'd;
Whose death through France he knew would be
Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as possibly he could,

Both horse and man is borne into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,
Into the midst of this battalion brought:
And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,
Himself bath bither through the squadrons wrought;
Whereas the English, without all remorse,
(Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and
Cut into cantels all that them withstand. [blood,

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:
To whom the earl of Suffolk makes apace,
Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other press:

When in comes Orleans, quite thrust off before
By those rude crowds that from the English ran,
Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Fain would the duke (if possible) restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,
And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock
One in another, and come up so round,
That, by the strength and horror of the shock,
They forc'd the English to forsake their ground,
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Tho' by the shafts receiving many a wound;
As they would show, that they were none of those
That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:
"My lords," quoth he, "what now inforc'd to
stand,

When smiling fortune offers us so fair?
The French ly yonder like to wrecks of sand,
And you by this our glory but impair:

Or now, or never, your first fight maintain,
Chatillyon and the constable are slain.

"Hand over head pell-mell upon them run,
If you will prove the masters of the day:
Ferrers and Greystock have so bravely done,
That I envy their glory, and dare say
From all the English they the goal have won;
Either let's share, or they'll bear all away."

This spoke, his ax about his head he flings,
And bastes away, as though his heels had
wings.

The incitation of this youthful knight,
Besides amends for their retreat to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
A second charge with speed to undertake;
Never before were they so mad to fight,
When valiant Fanhope thus the lords bespake:
"Suffolk and Oxford, as brave earls you be,
Once more bear up with Willoughby and me."

"Why now, methinks, I hear brave Fanhope
speak,"

Quoth noble Oxford, "thou hast thy desire:
These words of thine shall yon battalion break;
And for myself, I never will retire,
Until our teen upon the French we wreak,
Or in this our last enterprise expire."

This spoke, their gauntlets each doth other give,
And to the charge as fast as they could drive;

That slaughter seem'd to have but stay'd for breath,
To make the horror to ensue the more:
With hands besmear'd with blood, when meager
Looketh more grisly than he did before; [death
So that each body seem'd but as a sheath
To put their swords in to the hilts in gore;
As though that instant were the end of all,
To fell the French, or by the French to fall.

Look how you see a field of standing corn,
When some strong wind in summer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be shorn,
Rising in waves, how it doth come and go
Forward and backward; so the crowds are born,
Or as the eddy turneth in the flow;
And, above all, the bills and axes play
As do the atoms in the sunny ray.

Now with main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
And as the French before the English fled,
With their brown bills their recreant backs they
baste,
And from their shoulders their faint arms do shred:
One with a gleave near cut off by the waist,
Another runs to ground with half a head;
Another stumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a leg, and on his face doth light.

The dukes, who found their force thus overthrow'n,
And those few left them ready still to rout,
Having great skill, and no less courage shown,
Yet of their safeties much began to doubt;
For having few about them of their own,
And by the English so impal'd about,
Saw that to some one they themselves must yield,
Or else abide the fury of the field.

They put themselves on those victorious lords,
Who led the vanguard with so good success,
Bespeaking them with honourable words,
Themselves their prisoners freely and confess;
Who by the strength of their commanding swords
Could hardly save them from the slaughter'ring press,
By Suffolk's aid till they away were sent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their soldiers, to eschew the sack,
'Gainst their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are strongly beaten back,
Lest they their ranks should have disorder'd quite;
So that those men at arms go all to rack, [fight,
'Twixt their own friends and those with whom they
Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd
To strive, which should the pow'rfullest be deem'd.

And whilst the dauphin of Averney cries,
"Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worst,
And let that villain, from the field that flies,
By babes yet to be born be ever curst:
All under Heav'n that we can hope for lies
On this day's battle; let me be the first
That turn'd ye back upon your desp'rate foes,
To save our honours, though our lives we lose."

To whom comes in the earl of Ewe, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thousand bills, a thousand bows among,
And had seen many spectacles of fear;
And finding yet the dauphin's spirit so strong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the shoulder claps him, "Prince," quoth
"Since I must fall, O let me fall with thee." [he,

Scarce had he spoke, but th' English them enclose,
And like to mastiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage strongly them oppose;
When the lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,
Their present peril to brave Suffolk shows:
Quoth he, "Lo where D' Aveney are, and Ewe!
In this small time, who, since the field begun,
Have done as much as can by men be done.

"Now slaughter cease me, if I do not grieve
Two so brave spirits should be untimely slain;
Lies there no way, my lord, them to relieve,
And for their ransoms two such to retain?"
Quoth Suffolk, "Come, we'll hazard their reprieve,
And share our fortunes." In they go amain,
And with such danger thro' the press they wade,
As of their lives but small account they made.

Yet ere they through the cluster'd crowds could
get,
Oft down on those there trod to death that lay,
The valiant dauphin had discharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had bravelier serv'd that day.
The earl of Ewe, and wond'rous hard beset,
Had left all hope of life to 'scape away,
Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,
And, as their pris'ner, seiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vanward vanquish'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps besides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it standeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or else yield or die:
For the fierce English charge so home and sore,
As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they
bore.

The duke of York, who since the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was seen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himself so far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his succours, that great chieftain slew,
Who bravely fought whilst any breath he drew.

The news soon brought to this courageous king,
O'erspread his face with a distemper'd fire;
Though making little show of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes exprest his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus softly to respire:
"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
Or, ere one hour be past, I'll follow thee!"

When as the frolic cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the king of England to advance
To charge in person, sit doth them inflame;
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To seize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the bravest of the English met,
Themselves that there before the king had set.

When the earl of Cornwall, with unusual force,
Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,
In strength his equal, blow for blow they score,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the earl tumbles Grandpre from his horse;
Over whom straight the count Salines stands,
And lendeth Cornwall such a blow withal,
Over the crupper, that he makes him fall.

Cornwall recovers, for his arms were good,
And to Salines maketh up again,
Who chang'd such boist'rous buffets, that the blood
Doth through the joints of their strong armour
strain,

Till count Salines sunk down where he stood.
Blamont, who sees the count Salines slain,
Straight copes with Cornwall, beaten out of breath,
Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent upon Blamont furiously doth fly,
Who at the earl with no less courage struck,
And one the other with such knocks they ply,
That either's ax in th' other's helmet stuck; [thigh;
Whilst they are wrestling, crossing thigh with
Their axes' pikes which soonest out should pluck,
They fall to ground, like in their casks to smother,
With their clutcht gauntlets cuffing one another.

Courageous Cluet²², grieved at the sight
Of his friend Blamont's unexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the aid he might,
Whose coming seem'd the stout lord Scates to call;
Betwixt whom then began a mortal fight,
When instantly fell in sir Philip Hall;
'Gainst him goes Roussy, in then Lovell ran,
Whom next count Morville chuseth as his man.

Their cuirases are unriveted with blows,
With horrid wounds their breasts and faces flasht;
There drops a cheek, and there falls off a nose,
And in one's face his fellow's brains are dasht:
Yet still the better with the English goes;
The earth of France with her own blood is washt;
They fall so fast, she scarce affords them room,
That one man's trunk becomes another's tomb.

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington with sloth,
Over himself too wary to have been,
And had neglected his fast-plighted troth
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be both:
When the stout earl of Huntington, to win
Trust with his friends, doth this himself enlarge
To this great earl, who dares him thus to charge.

"My lord," quoth he, "it is not that I fear,
More than yourself, that so I have not gone;
But that I have been forced to be near
The king, whose person I attend upon,
And that I doubt not but to make appear
Now, if occasion shall but call me on;
Look round about, my lord, if you can see,
Some brave adventure worthy you and me."

"See you proud banner of the duke of Barr's,
Methinks it wafts us, and I hear it say,
'Where's that courageous Englishman that dares
Adventure but to carry me away?'

This were a thing now worthy of our wars."
"Is't true?" quoth Suffolk; "by this blessed day,
On, and we have it."—"Say'st thou so indeed?"
Quoth Huntington; "then fortune be our
speed.

²² Called Cluet of Brabant.

And through the ranks then rushing in their pride,
They make a lane, about them so they lay;
Foot goes with foot, and side is join'd to side,
They strike down all that stand within their way,
And to direct them have no other guide,
But as they see the multitude to sway;

And as they pass, the French, as to defy, [cry,
"Saint George for England and the king!" they

By their examples, each brave English blood
Upon the Frenchmen for their ensigns run,
Thick there as trees within a well-grown wood,
Where great achievements instantly were done,
Against them toughly whilst that nation stood.
But O! what man his destiny can shun?

That noble Suffolk there is overthrown,
When he much valour sundry ways had shown.

Which the proud English farther doth provoke,
Who to destruction boldly were bent,
That the main battle instantly they broke,
Upon the French so furiously they went;
And not an English but doth scorn a stroke,
If to the ground it not a Frenchman sent,
Who, weak with wounds, their weapons from
them threw,

With which the English fearfully them slew.

Alanzon back upon the rearward borne
By those unarm'd that from the English fled,
All farther hopes then utterly forlorn,
His noble heart in his full bosom bled: [sworn?
"What fate," quoth he, "our overthrow hath
Must France a pris'ner be to England led?

Well, if she be so, yet I'll let her see,
She bears my carcase with her; and not me."

And puts his horse upon his full career,
When with the courage of a valiant knight
(As one that knew not, or forgot to fear)
He tow'rd's king Henry maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he down doth bear,
Upon the duke of Gloucester doth light,

Which on the youthful chivalry doth bring, [king.
Scarce two pikes' length that came before the

Their staves both strongly riveted with steel,
At the first stroke each other they astound,
That as they stagger from each other reel,
The duke of Glo'ster falleth to the ground;
When as Alanzon round about doth wheel,
Thinking to lend him his last deadly wound,
In comes the king, his brother's life to save,
And to this brave duke a fresh onset gave.

When as themselves like thunderbolts they shot
One at the other, and the lightning brake
Out of their helmets, and again was not,
Fire of their strokes the ear a sound could take,
Betwixt them two the conflict grew so hot,
Which those about them so amaz'd doth make;

That they stood still, as wond'ring at the sight,
And quite forgot that they themselves must fight.

Upon the king Alanzon prest so sore,
That with a stroke (as he was wond'rous strong)
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
Then with a second bruise'd his helm before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;

As some that saw it certainly had thought,
The king therewith had to the ground been
brought.

But Henry soon, Alanzon's ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)
Upon the face the duke so strongly hit,
As in his saddle laid him on his back;
And once perceiving that he had him split,
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on thwack,
Till he had lost his stirrups, and his head
Hung where his horse was like thereon to tread.

When soon two other seconding their lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping again the duke to have restor'd,
If to his feet his arms would let him rise;
On the king's helm their height of fury scor'd,
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body slew them both, whilst he
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the master of the fight,
The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
"Henry, I'll pay my ransom, do me right,
I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."
The king to save him putting all his might,
Yet the rude soldiers, with their shout and cry,
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being shut,
And that brave duke into small pieces cut.

Report once spread through the distracted host,
Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon slain,
That flower of France, on whom they trusted
most,

They found their valour was but then in vain;
Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now ran amain;
Nor could a man be found but that despaired,
Seeing the fate both of themselves and theirs.

The duke Neviers now, in this sad retreat,
By David Gam and Morisby pers'u'd,
(Who, throughly chaf'd, near melted into sweat,
And with French blood their pole-axes imbr'u'd)
They seize upon him following the defeat,
Amongst the faint and fearful multitude;
When a contention fell between them twain,
To whom the duke should rightfully pertain.

"I must confess, thou had'st him first in chase,"
Quoth Morisby, "but left'st him in the throng;
Then put I on." Quoth Gam, "Hast thou the face,
Insulting knight, to offer me this wrong?"
Quoth Morisby, "Who shall decide the case?"
Let him confess to whom he doth belong."
"Let him," quoth Gam; "but if't be not to me;
For any right you have, he may go free."

With that courageous Morisby grew hot:
"Were not," said he, "his ransom worth a pin,
Now by these arms I wear, thou get'st him not;
Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win."
Gam, whose Welch blood could hardly brook this
blot,

To bend his ax upon him doth begin:
He his at him, till the lord Beaumoot came,
Their rash attempt and wisely thus doth blame.

"Are not the French twice trebled to our pow'r,
And fighting still, nay, doubtful yet the day?
Think you not these us fast enough devour,
But that your braves the arify must dismay?
If aught but good befall us in this hour,
This be you sure, your lives for it must pay:
Then first the end of this day's battle see,
And then decide whose pris'ner he shall be."

Now Exeter, with his untainted rear,
 Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;
 And with the king's main battle up doth bear,
 Who still kept off till the last hour had been;
 He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth bear,
 But yet he knew not which the day should win;
 Nor asks of any what were fitt to do,
 But where the French were thick'st, he falleth to.

The earl of Vendome, certainly that thought
 The English fury somewhat had been staid,
 Weary with slaughter, as men over-wrought,
 Nor had been spur'd on by a second aid,
 For his own safety then more fiercely fought,
 Hoping the tempest somewhat had been laid;
 And he thereby, tho' suff'ring the defeat,
 Might keep his rearward whole in his retreat.

On whom the duke of Exeter then fell,
 Rear with the rear now for their valours vie;
 Ours find the French their lives will dearly sell,
 And the English mean as dearly them to buy:
 The English follow, should they run through Hell,
 And through the same the French must, if they fly;
 When to 't they go, deciding it with blows;
 With th' oneside now, then with th' other 't goes.

But the stern English, with such luck and might,
 (As though the fates had sworn to take their parts)
 Upon the French prevailing in the fight,
 With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,
 The more in peril still the more in plight,
 'Gainst them whom fortune miserably thwarts;
 Disabled quite before the foe to stand,
 But fall like grass before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,
 His fighting soldiers round about him slain;
 And when himself a pris'n'r he would yield,
 And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;
 Their bills the English do so eas'ly wield,
 To kill the French, as though it were no pain;
 For this to them was their auspicious day,
 The more the English fight, the more they may.

When now the marshal Boucequait, which long
 Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,
 Off hazarded the murder'd troops among,
 Encouraging them to abide the day;
 Finding the army that he thought so strong,
 Before the English faintly to dismay,
 Brings on the wings which of the rest remain'd,
 With which the battle stoutly he maintain'd.

Till old sir Thomas Erpingham at last
 With those three hundred archers cometh in,
 Which laid in ambush not three hours yet past,
 Had the defeat of the French army been;
 With these that noble soldier maketh haste,
 Lest other from him should the honour win;
 Who, as before, now stretch their well-waxt
 strings

At the French horse, then coming in the wings.

The soil with slaughter ev'ry where they load,
 Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood;
 The drops from either's empty'd veins that flow'd,
 Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:
 But Heav'n that day to the brave English ow'd;
 The Sun that rose in water, set in blood;

Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,
 And the stout marshal vainly doth but fear.

His horse sore wounded, whilst he went aside
 To take another still that doth attend,
 A shaft which some too lucky hand doth guide,
 Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end;
 Which when the proud lord Falconbridge espy'd,
 Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
 Struck from his horse with many a mortal wound,
 Is by the English nailed to the ground.

The marshal's death so much doth them affright,
 That down their weapons instantly they lay,
 And better yet to fit them for their flight,
 Their weightier arms they wholly cast away;
 Their hearts so heavy, makes their heels so light,
 That there was no entreating them to stay;
 O'er hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
 And hapless he that greatest haste could make.

When Vadamont now in the conflict met
 With valiant Brabant, whose high valour shown
 That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
 Else long before that from the field had flown:
 Quoth Vadamont, "See how we are beset,
 To death like to be trodden by our own!
 My lord of Brabant, what is to be done?
 See, how the French before the English run!"

"Why let them run, and never turn the head,"
 Quoth the brave duke, "until their hateful breath
 Forsake their bodies, and so far have fled,
 That France be not disparag'd by their death:
 Who trusts to cowards ne'er is better sped.
 Be he accurst with such that holdeth faith;
 Slaughter consume the recreants as they flee,
 Branded with shame, so basely may they die.

Ignoble French, your fainting cow'drice craves
 The dreadful curse of your own mother Earth,
 Hard'n'ing her breast, not to allow you graves,
 Be she so much ashamed of your birth:
 May he be curst that one of you but saves;
 And be in France hereafter such a dearth
 Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
 A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

"From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
 To fight for them that ten from one do flie;
 It splits my breast, O that I could be mad!
 To vex these slaves, who would not dare to die?
 In all this army is there not a lad,
 Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare cry?
 If scarce one found, then let me be that one,
 The English army that oppos'd alone."

This said, he puts his horse upon his speed,
 And in like light'ning on the English flew,
 Where many a mother's son he made to bleed,
 Whilst him with much astonishment they view;
 Where having acted many a knight-like deed,
 Him and his horse they all to pieces hew:
 Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
 Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great king Henry came,
 Of a vast rout which from the battle fled,
 (Amongst the French most men of special name)
 By the stout English fiercely followed;
 Had for their safety (much though to their shame)
 Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
 So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
 They might not thence, but with much blood, be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which serv'd for shot 'gainst those that should
assail,

Whose narrow entrance they with cross-bows kept,
Whose sharpen'd quarries came in show'rs like hail.
Quoth the brave king, "First let the field be swept,
And with the rest we well enough shall deal."

Which tho' some heard, and so shut up their ear,
Yet relish'd not with many soldiers there.

Some that themselves by ransoms would enrich,
To make their prey of peasants yet despise,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterprise;

Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
Would put himself this great exploit upon.

Which Woodhouse hearing, merrily thus spake,
One that right well knew both his worth and wit;

"A dangerous thing it is to undertake
A fort, where soldiers are defending it;
Perhaps they sleep, and if they should awake,
With stones, or with their shafts, they may us hit,
And in our conquest whilst so well we fare,
It were meer folly; but I see none dare."

Which Gam o'erhearing, being near at hand:
"Not dare!" quoth he, and angrily doth frown;
"I tell thee, Woodhouse, some in presence stand,
Dare prop the Sun, if it were falling down;
Dare grasp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
And through a cannon leap into a town;

I tell thee, a resolved man may do
Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted to."

"I know that resolution may do much."

Woodhouse replies; "but who could act my
thought,

With his proud head, the pole might eas'ly touch.
And Gam," quoth he, "though bravely thou hast
fought,

Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd to such,
But that behind as great is to be bought,
And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with me,
Where soon the king our courages shall see."

"Agreed," quoth Gam; and up their troops they
Hand over head and on the French they ran, [call,
And to the fight courageously they fall,

When on both sides the slaughter soon began.
Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
These what they may, and those do what they can;

Woodhouse³³ and Gam upon each other vie,
By arms their manhood desp'rately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd English strive,
And some by trees there growing to ascend;
The French with flints let at the English drive,
Themselves with shields the Englishmen defend,
And fain the fort down with their hands would
rive;

Thus either side their utmost pow'r extend,
Till valiant Gam, sore wounded, drawn aside
By his own soldiers, shortly after dy'd.

³³ For this service done by Woodhouse, there was an addition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a club, with the words, *Frappe fort*, which is born by the family of the Woodhouse of Norfolk to this day.

Then take they up the bodies of the slain,
Which for their targets ours before them bear,
And with a fresh assault come on again;
Scarce in the field yet such a fight as there:
Cross-bows and long-bows at it are amain,
Until the French, their massacre that fear,
Of the fierce English a cessation crave,
Off'ring to yield, so they their lives would
save.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat
Of this great battle, having made some stay,
Who with the left wing suffer'd a defeat
In the beginning of this luckless day,
Finding the English forcing their retreat,
And that much hope upon his valour lay;
Fearing lest he might undergo some shame,
That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up some scatter'd troops of horse,
That in the field stood doubtful what to do,
Though with much toil, which he doth reinforce
With some small pow'r that he doth add thereto,
Proclaiming still the English had the worse;
And now at last, with him if they would go,

He dares assure them victory; if not,
The greatest fame that ever soldiers got,

And being wise, so Bourbon to beguile
The French, preparing instantly to fly,
Procures a soldier, by a secret wile,
To come in swiftly, and to crave supply,
That if with courage they would fight a while,
It certain was the English all should die;
For that the king had offer'd them to yield,
Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When Arthur earl of Richmount, coming in
With the right wing, that long stay'd out of sight,
Having too lately with the English been;
But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,
His former credit hoping yet to win
(Which at that instant easily he might)

Comes up close with him, and puts on as fast,
Bravely resolv'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,
Whose speedy van their rear had almost raught
(From Agincourt discover'd from a tower)
Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,
And on the sudden coming like a shower,
Would bring a deluge on the English host,
Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
Forc'd by a wind, that shoves it forth so fast,
Till it choke up some channel side to side,
And the craz'd banks doth down before it cast,
Hoping the English would not them abide,
Or would be so amated at their haste,

That should they fail to rout them at their
will, [all.

Yet of their blood the fields should drink their

When as the English, whose o'er-weary'd arms
Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
These unexpected and so fierce alarms

To their first strength do instantly restore,
And like a stove their stiffen'd sinews warm
To act as bravely as they did before;

And the proud French as stoutly to oppose,
Scorning to yield one foot despt of blows,

The fight is fearful ; for stout Bourbon brings
His fresher forces on with such a shock,
That they were like to cut the archers' strings,
Ere they their arrows handsomely could nock :
The French, like engines that were made with
Themselves so fast into the English lock, [springs,

That th' one was like the other down to bear,
In wanting room to strike, they stood so near.

Till stagg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themselves they so could disengage !
And falling back upon the spacious field
(For this last scene that is the bloody stage)
Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
They with such madness execute their rage,
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now dissected to the full :
Here from their backs their batter'd armours fall ;
Here a sleft shoulder, there a cloven skull ;
There hang his eyes out-beaten with a maul ;
Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
Upon each other they so spend their gall.

Wild shouts and clamours all the air do fill :
The French cry " Tue," and the English " Kill."

The duke of Barr, in this vast spoil, by chance
With the lord St. John on the field doth meet,
Tow'rd's whom that brave duke doth himself
advance,

Who with the like encounter him doth greet :
This English baron and this peer of France,
Grappling together, falling from their feet,
With the rude crowds had both to death been
crush'd,

In for their safety had their friends not rush'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their soldiers shift
To save their lives, if any way they could ;
But as the French the duke away would lift,
Upon his arms the English taking hold
(Men of that sort, that thought upon their thrift)
Knowing his ransom dearly would be sold,

Drag him away in spite of their defence, [thence.

Which to their quarter would have borne him

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his stirring horse
Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown ;
By a mean soldier seized on by force,
Hoping to have him certainly his own ;
Which this lord holdeth better so than worse,
Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown ;

And he perceives the soldier him doth deem
To be a person of no mean esteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave English lords,
Flush'd with French blood, and in their valour's
pride,

Above their arm'd heads brandishing their swords
As they triumphing through the army ride,
Finding what prizes fortune here affords
To every soldier, and more wistly ey'd

This gallant pris'ner ; by this arming see
Of the great Bourbon family to be ;

And from the soldier they his pris'ner take,
Of which the French lord seemeth wond'rous fain,
Thereby his safety more secure to make :
Which when the soldier finds his hopes in vain,
So rich a booty forced to forsake,

To put himself and pris'ner out of pain,
He on the sudden stabs him, and doth swear,
Would th'ave his ransom, they should take it
there.

When Ross and Morley making in amain,
Bring the lord Darcy up with them along,
Whose horse had lately under him been slain,
And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
Those lords his friends remounting him again,
Being a man that valiant was and strong ;
They all together with a gen'ral hand
Charge on the French that they could find to
stand.

And yet but vainly, as the French suppos'd ;
For th' earl of Richmount forth such earth had
found,

That on two sides with quick-set was enclos'd,
And the way to it by a rising ground,
By which a while the English were oppos'd,
At every charge ; which else came up so round,
As that except the passage put them by, [fly
The French as well might leave their arms, and

Upon both parts it furiously is fought,
And with such quickness riseth to that height,
That horror need no farther to be sought,
If only that might satisfy the sight.
Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,
For it was sold by measure and by weight :
And at one rate the price still certain stood,
An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt, that Dampier in the van
Meets with stout Darcy ; but whilst him he press'd,
Over and over cometh horse and man,
Of whom the other soon himself possess'd :
When as Savasses upon Darcy ran
To aid Dampier ; but as he him address'd,
A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
Him from his saddle violently heaves.

When soon five hundred Englishmen at arms,
That to the French had given many a chase,
And when they cover'd all the field with swarms,
Yet oft that day had bravely bid them base ;
Now at the last, by raising fresh alarms,
And coming up with an unusual page,
Made them to know, that they must run or yield ;
Never till now the English had the field.

Where Arthur, earl of Richmount, beaten down,
Is left (suppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead ;
But afterwards awaking from his swoon,
By some that found him was recovered.

So count Du Marle was likewise overthrow'n,
As he was turning, meaning to have fled.

Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels ;
Who flies, still hears it whissing at his heels.

Till all disrank'd, like silly sheep they run,
By threats nor pray'rs to be constrain'd to stay,
For that their hearts were so extremely done,
That fainting, oft they fall upon the way ;
Or when they might a present peril shun,
They rush upon it by their much dismay ;
That from the English should they safely fly,
Of their own very fear yet they should die.

Some they take pris'ners, other some they kill,
As they affect those upon whom they fall ;
For they, as victors, may do what they will,
For who this conqueror to account dare call ?
In gore the English seem their souls to swill,
And the dejected French must suffer all ;
Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the only three,
To which themselves subjected they do see.

A shoeless soldier there a man might meet
 Leading his monsieur by the arms fast bound ;
 Another his had shackled by the fee,
 Who like a cripple shuffled on the ground ;
 Another, three or four before him beat
 Like harmful cattle driven to a pound :
 They must abide it, so the victor will,
 Who at his pleasure may or save or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began
 Whose lease of lackies ampled by his side,
 Himself a lackey now most basely ran,
 Whilst a ragged soldier on his horse doth ride ;
 That rascal is no less than at his man,
 Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd ;
 And the French lord now court'sies to that slave,
 Who the last day his alms was like to crave.

And those few English wounded in the fight,
 They force the French to bring with them away,
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,
 Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay :
 Those in the morn whose hopes were at their height,
 Are fall'n thus low ere the departing day !
 With picks of halberds prickt instead of goads,
 Like tired horses lab'ring with their loads.

But as the English from the field return,
 Some of those French who when the fight began
 Forsook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
 Assay the English carriages to burn,
 Which to defend them scarcely had a man ;
 For that their keepers to the field were got,
 To pick such spoils as chance should them allot.

The captains of this rascal cowardly rout,
 Were Isambert of Agincourt, at hand ;
 Riffant of Clunas, a dorp thereabout ;
 And for the chief in this their base command
 Was Robinett of Burnville, throughout
 The country known all order to withstand ;
 These, with five hundred peasants they had
 The English tents upon an instant seiz'd. [rais'd,

For setting on those with the luggage left,
 A few poor sutlers with the camp that went,
 They basely fell to pillage and to theft ;
 And having rifled every booth and tent,
 Some of the silliest they of life bereft ;
 The fear of which some of the other sent
 Into the army with their sudden cries,
 Which put the king in fear of fresh supplies.

For that his soldiers tired in the fight,
 Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight
 To oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there.
 The dauphin's pow'r yet standing in their sight,
 And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear ;
 Those yearning cries that from the carriage
 came,
 His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame :

And in his rage he instantly commands
 That every English should his pris'ner kill,
 Except some few in some great captain's hands,
 Whose ransoms might his empty coffers fill.
 All's one who's loose, or who is now in bonds,
 Both must one way ; it is the conqueror's will.
 Those who late thought small ransoms them
 might free,
 Saw only death their ransoms now must be.

Accurs'd French, and could it not suffice,
 That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
 But ye must thus unfortunately rise,
 To draw more plagues upon ye than before ?
 And 'gainst yourselves more mischief to devise
 Than th' English could have ? and set wide the
 To utter ruin, and to make an end [door
 Of that yourselves, which others would not spend ?

Their utmost rage the English now had breath'd,
 And their proud hearts 'gan somewhat to relent ;
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
 And their strong bows already were unbent ;
 To easeful rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
 Nor farther harm at all to you they meant ;
 And to that pains must ye them needly put,
 To draw your knives once more your throats
 to cut ?

That French who lately by the English stood,
 And freely ask'd what ransom he should pay,
 Who somewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
 Agreed with him both of the sun and day,
 Now finds his flesh must be the present food
 For wolves and ravens, for the same that stay ;
 And sees his blood on th' other's sword to flow,
 Ere his quick sense could apprehend the blow.

Whilst one is asking what the bus'ness is,
 Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry ;
 He who detains him pris'ner, answers this,
 " Monsieur, the king commands that you must die ?
 This is plain English." Whilst he's killing his,
 He sees another on a Frenchman fly,
 And with a pole-ax dasheth out his brains,
 Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means,

That tender heart, whose chance it was to have
 Some one that day who did much valour show,
 Who might perhaps have had him for his slave,
 But equal lots had fate pleas'd to bestow ;
 He who his pris'ner willingly would save,
 Lastly constrain'd to give the deadly blow,
 That sends him down to everlasting sleep,
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.

Ten thousand French, that inwardly were well,
 Save some light hurts that any man might heal,
 Even at an instant, in a minute fell,
 And their own friends their deaths to them do deal,
 Yet of so many, very few could tell,
 Nor could the English perfectly reveal,
 The desp'rate cause of this disastrous hap,
 But ev'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How happy were those in the very height
 Of this great battle that had bravely dy'd !
 When as their boiling bosoms, in the fight,
 Felt not the sharp steel thorough them to slide ;
 But these now in a miserable plight,
 Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
 Caus'd by those villains (curst alive and dead)
 That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the king to crown this glorious day,
 Now bids his soldiers, after all this toil,
 (No forces found that more might them dis-
 may)
 Of the dead French to take the gen'ral spoil,
 Whose heaps had well-near stopt up ev'ry way,
 For ev'n as clouds they cover'd all the soil :
 Commanding none should any one control,
 Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They fall to groping busily for gold,
Of which about them the slain French had store;
They find as much as well their hands can hold;
Who had but silver, him they counted poor.
Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
So rich as these no soldiers were before.

Who got a ring, would scarcely put it on,
Except therein there were some radiant stone.

Out of rich suits the noblest French they strip,
And leave their bodies naked on the ground;
And each one fills his knapsack, or his scrip,
With some rare thing that on the field is found:
About his bus'ness he doth nimbly skip,
That had upon him many a cruel wound: [slains
And where they found a French not putright
They him a pris'n'ner constantly retain.

Who scarce a shirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,
Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,
In the French fashion flaunting it in gold;
And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby so bold,
That proudly he a captain's name assumes,
In his gilt gorget with his tossing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
With arms and tents there taken in the field;
For want of carriage, on whose tops are packt
Ensigns, coat-armours, targets, spears, and shields:
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
For all the country to king Henry yields;
And the poor peasant helps along to bear,
What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horse well-furnish'd for a present war,
For a French crown might any where be bought;
But if so be that he had any scar,
Thro' ne'er so small, he valu'd was at nought.
With spoils so sated the proud English are,
Amongst the slain that who for pillage sought,
Except some rich caparizon he found,
For a steel saddle would not stoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
Whose wounds were mortal, others wondrous deep.
When as the English over-pass'd they hear,
And no man left a watch on them to keep,
Into the bushes and the ditches near
Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep;
But for their hurts took air, and were unrest,
They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the king saw that the coast was clear'd,
And of the French who were not slain were fled,
Nor in the field nor any then appear'd,
That had the pow'r again so make a head:
This conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,
Thanking his God that he so well had sped;
And so tow'rd's Calais bravely marching on,
Leaveth sad France her losses to bemoan.

THE BARONS' WARS,

IN THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD II.

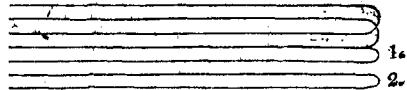
IN SIX BOOKS.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

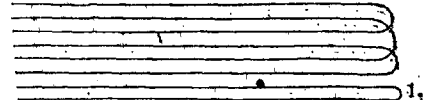
ON THIS AUTHOR'S PUBLISHING A SECOND AND IMPROV'D EDITION OF THE BARONS' WARS, WHICH HE HAD BEFORE CALLED MORTIMERIADOS.

THAT at first I made choice of this subject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muse hath

not much abused me, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the Barons' Wars (omitting the quality of those arms whereof I have not here to speak) were surely as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more than boldness to venture on so noble a subject without leisure and competent study, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publish it so as the world hath seen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have passed for better than some would suffer, who can hardly think any thing hath savour but their own, though never so unsavoury) or as if I should seem now to have exceeded myself, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters have quarrell'd at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole; and where before the stanza was of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof soften'd the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unless they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-fashioning the whole frame) I chose Ariosto's stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight; six interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in base.



The quadrin doth never double; or, to use a word of heraldry, never bringeth forth gemells. The quinzain too soon. The sestin hath twins in the base, but they detain not the music nor the close, as musicians term it, long enough for an epic poem. The stanza of seven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clean through to the base of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the pillar which in architecture is called the Tuscan, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two. The other reasons this place will not bear; but generally all stanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometimes would otherwise scantle it.

self; a fault that great masters in this art strive to avoid.

Concerning the division which I use in this poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath used to distinguish works into books, and every one to bear the number of their order. Homer's *Iliads* and *Odysseys* indeed are distinguished by several letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to lots are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor cyphers in their arithmetic. Virgil's *Æneis*, Statius's *Thebais*, Silius's work of the Carthaginian war, Illyricus's *Argonautics*, Vida's *Christeis*, are all divided into books. The Italians use cantos, and so does our first great reformer Spenser. That I assume another name for the sections in this volume cannot be disgracious, nor unavoidable.

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epistle, I am to entreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himself a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan prince, who being found by certain ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbear to censure till also they had some of their own. To such I give as ample power and privilege as ever *jus liberorum* could in Rome, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart! for great reason there is that they should undergo the license which themselves challenge; and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent law of the *Talio*. Fare you well.

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WHAT ornament might I devise to fit
Th' aspiring height of thy admired spirit?
Or what fair garland worthy is to sit
On thy blest brows, that compass in all merit?
Thou shalt not crowned be with common bays,
Because for thee it is a crown too low;
Apollo's tree can yield thee simple praise,
It is too dull a vesture for thy brow:
But with a wreath of stars shalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples do sustain,
Will, like the spheres, be ever moving round
After the royal music of thy brain.

Thy skill doth equal Phœbus, not thy birth;
He to Heaven gives music, thou to Earth.

THOMAS GREENE.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THESE painful wits, which Nature's depth admire,
And view the causes of unconstant strife,
Do tremble lest the universe expire
Through lasting jars, the enemies of life.
On earthly signs let not such sages look,
Nor on the clear aspects of hopeful stars,
But learn the world's continuance from thy book,
Which frames past Nature's force eternal wars;
Wherein the Muses showing perfect glory,
Adorn it so with graceful harmony,
That all the acts of this lamented story
Seem not perform'd for people's liberty,

Nor through the awe of an imperious king,
But that thy verses their deep wounds might sing.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

HAD I not lov'd thee and thy poesy,
Dear friend, my theme should of thy praises be:
But in weak brains it both suspicion move,
When, who is seen to praise, is known to love.
For tho' that first and virgin birth of thine
Be so articulate, so masculine,
So truly limb'd, so sinewy, so compact,
So sweetly fair, so every way exact,
As may endure the most judicious touch,
And give thy friends just reason to avouch
It, spite of Envy's teeth, a living birth:
Though second, third, fourth, fifth, of equal worth,
Though all be good; yet since affection
In judgment may, as shadow and projection
In landscape, make that which is low seem high,
That's shallow deep, small great, and far that's nigh;
So as it well may just suspicion move,
When, who is seen to praise, is known to love.
Yet thus my censure, this my doom shall be,
I'll always love thee and thy poesy.

E. HEYWARD.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MICHAEL DRAYTON.

I MUST admire thee, but to praise were vain,
What every tasting palate so approves,
Thy martial Pyrrhic and thy epic strain,
Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves,
The two first authors of what is compos'd
In this round system all; its ancient lore,
All arts in discords and concerts are clos'd.
(And when unwinged souls the fates restore
To th' Earth for reparation of their flights,
The first musicians, scholars, lovers make;
The next rank destinate to Mars his knights;
The following rabble meaner titles take.)
I see thy temples crown'd with Phœbus' rites,
Thy bay's to th' eye with lilly mixt and rose,
As to the ear a diapason close.

J. SELDEN.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious signs,
That this great war and slaughter do foreshow;
Th' especial cause the baronage combines;
The queen's strong grief, whence many troubles
The time by course unto our fall inclines, [grow;
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cause to yield the Mortimers pretend,
And their commitment perfecting the end.

THE bloody factions, and rebellious pride,
Of a strong nation, whose unmanag'd might
Them from their natural sovereign did divide,
Their due subjection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light erfour loosely doth misguide,
Urg'd by loose minions' tyrannous despight;
Me from the soft lays and tender loves doth bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to sing.

What hellish fury poison'd your high blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charms,
That, by pretending of the general good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the safety wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia, with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries?

Th' inveterate rancour in their bosoms bred,
Who for their charter wagg'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom spread,
Whose next succeeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conquest shed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds so far,
Ensign to poems furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilboa dealing English blows.

O! thou, the great Director of my Muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Ravish my spirit this great work t' attend;
Let the still night my labour'd lines peruse,
Then, when my poems gain their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragic story
In my weak hand, shall see thy might and glory.

What care would plot, dissensions quickly cross,
Which like an earthquake rends the tottering state,
By which abroad we bear a public loss,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilst us these strange calamities do toss,
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)

Confusion still our country's peace confounds,
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

Thou Church, then swelling in thy mightiness,
Tending the care and safety of the soul;
O nurse not factions flowing in excess,
That with thy members should'st their grief con-
dole!

In thee rests pow'r this outrage to repress,
Which might thy zeal and sanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureness meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd sword.

Blood-thirsting War, arising first from Hell,
And in progression seizing on this isle,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which so many a worthy English fell,
By our first Edward banished awhile,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottish meer,
To ransack that, as it had ravin'd here.

Where hovering still, with inauspicious wings,
About the verge of these distemper'd climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To stir us up to these disastrous crimes,
Weak'neth our power by oft diminishings;
And taking hold on these unsettled times,
Forcing our frailty sensually at length,
Crack'd the stiff nerves that knit our ancient
strength.

Whose frightful vision, at the first approach,
With violent madness struck that desp'rate age,
So many sundry miseries abroad,
Giving full speed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in these strong conspiracies engage
The worthiest blood, the subjects' loss to bring,
By unnatural wars, unto their natural king.

When in the North, whilst horror yet was young,
These dangerous seasons swiftly coming on,
Whilst o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the skies stern comets brightly shone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody issues forth the Earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whose woes it could not speak.

When, by the rankness of contagious air,
A mortal plague invadeth man and beast,
Which soon disperst and raging every where,
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceas'd,
More to confirm the certainty of fear,
By cruel famine haplessly increas'd,
As though the Heavens, in their remissful doom,
Took those best-lov'd from worse days to come.

The level course that we propose to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly see,
And that we every circumstance may show,
The state of things, and truly what they be,
And with what skill or project we bestow,
As our occurrences happen in degree;
From these portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

The calling back of banish'd Gaveston,
'Gainst which the barons were to Longshanks sworn,
That insolent, lascivious minion,
A sovereign's blemish, and a country's scorn,
The signories and great promotion,
Him in his lawless courses to suborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outrageous strife,
That cost, e'er long, so many an English life.

O worthy Lacy! had'st thou spar'd that breath,
Which shortly after Nature thee deny'd,
To Lancaster deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this stern war too quickly publisheth,
To aid the barons 'gainst that minion's pride,
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not so soon return'd unto the crown.

The lordships Bruce unto the Spencers past,
Crossing the barons' vehement desire,
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning cast,
When fifty towns lay spent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waste,
The strong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak king, with a violent hand, [land.
T' abjure those false lords from the troubled

When the fair queen¹, that progressing in Kent,
Lastly deny'd her entrance into Leeds²,
Whom Badlesmere unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainst his sovereign in this course proceeds,
As adding farther to this discontent,
One of the springs which this great mischief feeds,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveston degraded,
Which had so long been settled in his breast,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the Spencers an assured rest,
By whom his reasons chiefly are perswaded,
By whose lewd counsels he is only led
To leave his true queen, and his lawful bed.

¹ Isabel.² Leeds castle.

That now herself, who, while she stood in grace,
 Apply'd her powers these discords to appease,
 When yet confusion had not fully place,
 Nor former times so dangerous as these,
 A party now in their afflicted case,
 A willing hand to his destruction lays;
 That time, whose soft palm heals the wound of war,

May cure the sore, but never close the scar.

In all this heat, his greatness first began
 The serious subject of our sadder vein,
 Brave Mortimer, that ever-matchless man,
 Of the old heroes' great and godlike strain;
 For whom invention doing best it can,
 His weight of honour hardly can sustain,
 Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high.
 When he in earth unnumber'd times shall lie.

That uncle now (whose name this nephew bare,
 The only comfort of the woful queen)
 Who from his cradle held him as his care,
 In whom the hope of that great name was seen,
 For this young lord now wisely doth prepare,
 Whilst yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
 And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
 To place him highly in her princely thought.

At whose deliberate and unusual birth,
 The Heavens were said to council to retire,
 And, in aspects of happiness and mirth,
 Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t' aspire,
 That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
 But all compress'd of clear ascending fire,
 So well made up, that such an one as he,
 Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,
 With such rare pureness rectify'd his blood,
 Raising the powers of his resolv'd heart,
 Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
 That no misfortune possibly could thwart,
 Which from the native greatness where it stood,
 Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
 Show'd that his pitch was boundless as the sky.

Worthy the grandchild of so great a lord,
 Who, whilst first Edward fortunately reign'd,
 Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board,
 The seat at goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
 The order of old knighthood there restor'd,
 To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
 With all the grace and beauties of a court,
 As best became that brave and martial sport.

The heart-swoln lords, with fury set on fire,
 Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance still provoke,
 With Lancaster and Hartford now conspire
 No more to bear the Spensers' servile yoke.
 And thus, whilst all a mutual change desire,
 The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
 Resolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
 And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

"What privilege hath our free birth," say they,
 "Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
 To each lascivious minion made a prey,
 That us and our nobility disdain,
 Whilst they triumphant boast of our decay?
 Either those spirits we do not now retain,
 That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
 Both from their greatness, liberty, and all.

"Honour, dejected from that sovereign state,
 From whence at first it challenged a being,
 Now prostitute to infamy and hate,
 As with itself in all things disagreeing,
 So out of order, disproportionate,
 From her fair course preposterously flying;
 Whilst others as themselves, and only we
 Are not held those we would but seem to be.

"Then to what end hath our great conquest
 serv'd,
 Those acts achieved by the Norman sword,
 Our charters, patents, or our deeds reserv'd,
 Our offices and titles to record,
 The crests that on our monuments are carv'd,
 If they to us no greater good afford?"
 Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart,
 With many a vext soul, many a griev'd heart.

This while the queen, to depth of sorrow thrown,
 Wherein she wastes her flow'r of youth away,
 Beyond belief, to all but Heaven unknown,
 This quick'ning spark, where yet it bury'd lay,
 By the sharp breath of desperate faction blown,
 Converts her long night to the wished day,
 Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
 As the dark world at the bright Sun's appearing.

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extremes,
 All means depress'd her safety to prefer,
 Depriv'd of those late comfortable beams,
 Whose want might make her the more eas'ly err,
 Her hopes relinquish'd like deceitful dreams,
 Which in her breast such sundry passions stir,
 Where struggling which each other should
 control,
 Work strange confusion in her troubled soul.

That now disabled of all sovereign state,
 That to her graces rightly did belong,
 To be rejected, and repudiate,
 So true a lady, goodly, fair, and young,
 Which with more fervour still doth intimate
 Her too-deep settled and inveterate wrong;
 What wisdom would, a woman's will denies,
 With arguments of her indignities.

When to effect the angry fates pursue
 In Heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
 When these full mischiefs to a ripeness grew,
 And now the harvest hast'ning in the end,
 And all these lines into one centre drew,
 Which way soe'er they seemingly extend;
 All these together in proportion laid,
 Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,
 Of great employment in this tragic act,
 His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
 And tell him still how strongly he was back'd;
 And at this instant in due season sent her,
 When the straight course to her desire is track'd,
 (And but upon more certainty doth stay)
 By a direct, what though a dangerous way.

This dreadful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
 Which now began his golden head to rear,
 Whose glorious fixure in so false a sky
 Strikes the beholder with a chilly fear,
 And in a region elevate and high,
 And by the form wherein it did appear,
 As the most skilful seriously divine,
 Foreshow'd a kingdom shortly to decline.

Yet still recoiling at the Spensers' power,
As often check'd with their intemperate pride,
Th' inconstant barons wavering every hour,
The fierce encounter of this boisterous tide,
That easily might their livelihood devour,
Had she not those that skilfully could guide ;
She from suspicion craftily retires,
Careless, in show, of what she most desires.

Dissembling grief, as one that knew not ill,
So can she rule the greatness of her mind;
As a most perfect rectress of her will,
Above the usual weakness of her kind ;
For all this storm, immoveable and still,
Her secret drift the wisest miss to find ;
Nor will she know what (yet) these factions
meant,

With a pleas'd eye to soothe the sad discontent.

The least suspicion cunningly to heal,
Still in her looks humility she bears,
The safest way with mightiness to deal,
So policy religion's habit wears ;
'Tis now no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad who takes a lion by the ears :
This knew the queen, exampled by the wise ;
This must they learn who rightly temporize.

The bishop Torleton, learn'd'st in the land,
Upon a text of politics to preach,
Which he long studying, well did understand,
And by a method could as aptly teach ;
He was a prelate of a potent hand,
Wise was the man could go beyond his reach :
This subtle tutor Isabel had taught,
In nicer points than ever England sought.

Rage, which no longer limits can contain,
Lastly breaks forth into a public flame,
Their slipp'd occasion better to regain ;
When to their purpose things so fitly frame ;
And now discerned visibly and plain,
When treason boldly dare itself proclaim,
Casting aside all secular disguise,
Doth with proud legions furiously arise.

As Severn lately in her ebbs that sank,
Vast and forsaken leaves th' uncover'd sands ;
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring
lands.

Breaking her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
Threat'ning the proud hills with her wat'ry hands,
As though she meant her empery to have ;
Where e'en but lately she beheld her grave.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their side
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to hear)
As those directed whom they chose their guide ;
Or else, perhaps, as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by duty, ty'd ;
Sway'd by the strength and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

From Norfolk and the countries of the East,
That with the pike most skilfully could fight ;
Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintain their ancient right ;
For courage no whit second to the best,
The Cornishmen, most active, bold, and light ;
Those near the plain, the pole-ax best that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

The noble Welsh, of th' ancient British race ;
From Lancashire, men famous for their bows ;
The men of Cheshire, chiefest for their place,
Of bone so big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in special grace ;
And have been ever fearful to their foes ;
The Northern then in feuds so deadly fell,
That for their spear and horsemanship excel.

All that for use experience could espy,
Such as in fens and marsh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and passages to try,
With stilts and lope staves that do aptliest wade,
Most fit for scouts and currens, to descry ;
Those from the mines, with pick-ax and with spade,
For pioneers best, that for entrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the use of war.

O noble nation ! furnished with arms,
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none !
Had Heaven but blest thee to foresee thy harms,
And, as thy valiant nephews did, have gone,
Roan, Orleans, Paris, shaking with alarms,
As the bright Sun thy glory then had shone ;
To other realms thou hadst transferr'd this
chance, [France.
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No cross event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way : [gamie,
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtful
The queen stands off, and secretly gives aim.

But Mortimer his foot had scarcely set
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But she, dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,
Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whose strange birth bore her ominous seal :
Taking occasion, from that very hour,
In hit to prove and manifest her pow'r.

As when we see the early-rising Sun
With his bright beams to emulate our sight ;
But when his course yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous fogs deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height :
His clear beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

The king, discreetly that considered
The space of earth whereon the barons stand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himself but partner of his land ;
Of the small strength and army that he led
'Gainst them, which did so great a pow'r command,
Wisely about him doth begin to look :
Great was the task which now he undertook.

And, warn'd by danger to misdoubt the worst,
In equal scales whilst either's fortunes hung,
He must perform the utmost that he durst ;
Or undergo intolerable wrong :
As good to stir, as after be enforc'd ;
To stop the source whence all these mischiefs
sprung,

He with the Marchers thinks best to begin,
Which first must lose, ere he could hope to win.

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,
Whose name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty spright,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:

Which he intendeth speedily to try,
To quit that first which most stood in his eye.

For which he expeditiously provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided,
Their combination cunningly to let;
Which should they join, would be so strongly
sided,

Two mighty hosts together safely met,
The face of war would look so stern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

Wherefore the king from London setteth forth
With a full army, furnish'd of the best,
Accompany'd with men of special worth,
Which to this war his promises had prest.
Great Lancaster was lord of all the North,
The Mortimers were masters of the West,
He tow'rd mid England makes the way 'twixt
either

Which they must cross, ere they could come to-

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolved troop,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whose stubborn crests if he enforc'd to stoop,
It him behoves to tempt some pow'rful fate,
And thro' stern guards of swords and hostile fire
Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring,
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were suddenly encounter'd by the king,
They then perceive that dilatory stay
To be the causer of their ruining,

When at their bosoms black Destruction stood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

And by the shifting of th' unconstant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could give sea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their course, and cast so far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to split,
Some unknown harbour suddenly must sound,
Or run their fortunes desp'rately on ground.

The elder peer, grave, politic, and wise,
Which had all dangers absolutely scan'd,
Finding high time his nephew to advise,
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,
And from this mischief many more to rise,
Which his experience made him understand:

"Nephew," saith he, "'tis but in vain to strive,
Counsel must help our safety to contrive.

"The downright peril present in our eye,
Not to be shunn'd, we see what it assures;
Think then what weight upon our fall doth lie,
And what our being this design procures:
As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
Prove, which the test of reason best endures:

For who observes strict policy's true laws,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

"To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
Will our small troops undoubtedly appall;
Then this our war us wilfully devours,
Yielding ourselves; yet thus we lose not all,
We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,
Reserv'd for them, though haplessly we fall:
That weakness ever hath a glorious hand,
That falls itself to make the cause to stand.

"'Twixt unexpected and so dang'rous ills,
That's saf'st, wherein we smallest peril see,
Which to make choice of season justly wills,
And it doth best with policy agree:
The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,
'Tis sound discretion must our pilot be.

He that doth still the fairest means prefer,
Answers opinion, howsoe'er he err.

"And to the world's eye seeming yet so strong,
By our descending willingly from hence,
'Twill show we were provoked by our wrong,
Not having other sinister pretence:
This force left off that doth to us belong,
Will in opinion lessen our offence:
Men are not ever incident to loss,
When Fortune seems them frowardly to cross.

Nor give we envy absolute excess,
To search so far our subtleties to find;
There's nearer means this mischief to redress,
And make successful what is yet behind.
Let's not ourselves of all hope disposess,
Fortune is ever variously inclin'd:
A small advantage in th' affairs of kings,
Guides a slight means to compass mighty
things."

This speech so caught his nephew's pliant youth,
(Who his grave eam did ever much respect)
Proceeding from integrity and truth:
Well could he counsel, well could he direct,
With strong persuasions, which he still pursu'd;
Which in a short time show'd by the effect,
A wise man's counsel, by a secret fate,
Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

To which the king they gravely do invite,
By the most strict and ceremonious way;
No circumstance omitted, nor no fite,
That might give colour to their new essay,
Or that applause might publicly excite.
To which the king doth willingly obey:
Who, like themselves, in seeing danger near,
Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

Which he receives in presage of his good,
To his success auspiciously apply'd,
Which somewhat cool'd his much-distemper'd
blood,
Ere he their force in doubtful arms had try'd;
And whilst they thus in his protection stood,
At his disposing wholly to abide,
He first in safety doth dismiss their power,
Then sends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

O all-preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd?
What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold?
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold?
It is thy wisdom, strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

This was the means ^{by} which the fates dispose
 More dreadful plagues upon that age to bring,
 Utter confusion on the heads of those
 That were before the barons ruining ;
 With the subversion of the public's foes,
 The murder of the miserable king :
 And that which 'came catastrophe to all,
 Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

This to these troubles lends a little breath,
 As the first pause to hearten this affair,
 And for awhile defers off-threat'ning death,
 Whilst each their breach by leisure would repair,
 And as a bound their fury limiteth.
 But in this manner whilst things strangely fare,
 Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
 As the next canto fearfully shall tell.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Burton-bridge the puissant pow'rs are met ;
 The form and order of the doubtful fight,
 Whereas the king the victory doth get,
 And the proud barons are enforce'd to flight ;
 When they again towards Borough forward set,
 Where they by him were vanquished outright :
 Lastly, the laws do execute their power
 On those which there the sword did not devour.

THIS chance of war, that suddenly had swept
 So large a share from their selected store,
 Which for their help they carefully had kept,
 That to their aid might still have added more,
 By this ill luck into their army crept,
 Made them much weaker than they were before :
 So that the barons reinforce'd their bands,
 Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,
 Could not abide to hear the name of peace,
 So that discretion but a little bootied
 'Gainst that, thereby which only did increase :
 For the least grief by malice was promoted,
 Anger set on, beginning to surcease ;
 So that all counsel much their ears offended,
 But what to spoil and sad invasion tended.

All up in action for the public cause,
 Scarcely the mean'st, but he a party stood,
 Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
 In his estate, if failing in his blood ;
 And who was free'st, entangled by some clause,
 Which to their fury gives continual food ;
 For where confusion once hath gotten hold,
 Till all fall flat, it hardly is controll'd.

And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep
 Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
 And step by step on every sense did creep,
 Mischiefs, that black inhabitant of Hell,
 Which never fails continual watch to keep,
 (Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell !)
 Enter'd the place, whereas those warlike lords
 Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful swords.

She, with a sharp sight and a meagre look,
 Was always prying where she might do ill,
 In which the fiend continual pleasure took,
 (Her starved body plenty could not fill)
 Searching in every corner, every nook ;
 With winged feet, too swift to work her will,
 Furnish'd with deadly instruments she went
 Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

Having a vial fill'd with baneful wrath,
 (Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)
 Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,
 And drops the poison upon every wight :
 For to each one she knew the ready path,
 Though in the midst and dead time of the night :
 Whose strength too soon invadeth every peer,
 Not one escap'd her that she cometh near.

That the next morning breaking in the E. st,
 With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
 Each whom this venom lately did infest,
 The strong effect in their swol'n stomachs find ;
 Now doth the poison boil in every breast,
 To sad destruction every one's inclin'd ;
 Rumours of spoil through ev'ry ear do sic,
 And threat'ning fury sits in ev'ry eye.

This done, in haste she to king Edward hies,
 Who, late grown proud upon his good success,
 His time to feasts and wantonness applies,
 And with crown'd cups his sorrows doth suppress,
 Upon his fortune wholly that relies ;
 And in the bosom of his courtly press
 Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
 Whilst the sick land in sorrow pines away.

Thither she comes, and in a minion's shape
 She getteth near the person of the king ;
 And as he tastes the liquor of the grape,
 Into the cup her poison she doth wring :
 Not the least drop untainted doth escape,
 For to that purpose she her store did bring :
 Whose strong commixture, as the sequel
 try'd,
 Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

That having both such courage and such might,
 As to so great a business did belong,
 Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
 What the republic suffer'd them among :
 For misty error so deludes their sight,
 (Which still betwixt them and clear reason hung)
 And their opinions in such sort abus'd,
 As that their fault can never be excus'd.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
 Further to wade into this bloody war ;
 And from her slumber waken'd with alarms,
 Riseth to sing of many a massacre,
 Of gloomy magics, and benumbing charms,
 Of many a deep wound, many a fearful scar ;
 For that low sock wherein she us'd to tread,
 Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

Whilst thus vain hope doth these false lords de-
 lude,
 Who, having drawn their forces to a head,
 They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,
 By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,
 Their long proceeding lastly to conclude ;
 Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,
 The barons taking Burton in their way,
 Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

To which report too suddenly bewray'd
 Their manner of encamping, and the place,
 Their present strength, and their expected aid,
 As what might most avail them in this case.
 The speedy march th' imperial power had made,
 Had brought them soon within a little space:

For still the king conducted had his force,
 Which way he heard the barons bent their
 course.

Upon the East, from bushy Needwood's side,
 There riseth up an easy-climbing hill,
 At whose fair foot the silver Trent doth slide,
 And the slow air with her soft murmurings fill,
 Which with the store of liberal brooks supply'd,
 Th' insatiate meads continually doth swill,
 Over whose stream a bridge of wondrous strength
 Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

Upon the mount the king his tentage fixt,
 And in the town the barons lay in sight,
 When as the Trent was risen so betwixt,
 That for a while prolong'd th' unnatural sight,
 With many waters that itself had mixt,
 To stay their fury doing all it might.
 Things which presage both good and ill therè be,
 Which Heav'n foreshows, but will not let us see:

The Heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth sit,
 Grieving to see the times so out of course,
 Looking on them who never look at it,
 And in mere pity melteth with remorse;
 Longer from tears that could not stay a whit,
 Whose influence on every lower source,
 From the swollen fluxure of the clouds, doth
 A rank impostume upon every lake. [shake

O warlike nation! hold thy conqu'ring hand,
 Ev'n senseless things do wain thee yet to pause;
 Thy mother-soil, on whom thou arm'd dost stand,
 Which should restrain thee by all natural laws,
 Canst thou (unkind!) invade that band?
 Nay, Heav'n and Earth are angry with the cause:
 Yet stay thy foot in Mischief's ugly gate;
 Ill comest too soon, repentance oft too late.

O! can the clouds weep over thy decay,
 Yet not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes?
 See'st thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,
 Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries?
 'Tis yet but early in this dismal day,
 Let late experience learn thee to be wise.
 An ill foreseen may eas'ly be prevented; [ed.
 But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lament-

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?
 And are ye yet scarce healed of the sore?
 Is't not enough ye have already lost,
 But your own madness must needs make it more?
 Will ye seek safety in some foreign coast?
 Your wives and children pitied ye before; [imbrue,
 But when your own bloods your own swords
 Who pities them, who should have pitied you?

The neighb'ring groves are spoiled of their trees,
 For botts and timber to assay the flood,
 (Where men are lab'ring, as 'twere summer bees,
 Some hollowing trunks, some binding heaps of
 wood; [knees)
 Some on their breasts, some working on their
 To win the bank whereon the barons stood; [tew,
 Which o'er the current they by strength must
 To shed that blood which many an age shall rue.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions
 Their graves and pouldrons others rivet fast; [set,
 The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
 Whilst every where the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
 Some taking view where they sure ground might
 Not one, but some advantage doth forecast: [get;
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow
 swarms,
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

The crests and badges of each nobler name,
 Against their owners rudely seem to stand,
 As angry for th' achievements whence they came,
 That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
 O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
 Against yourselves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
 Since foreign swords your height could not
 abate,
 By your own pride yourselves to ruinatè!

Upon his surcoat valiant Nevil bore
 A silver saltire upon martial red;
 A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore;
 Ferra's his tabard with rich verry spread,
 Well known in many a warlike match before.
 A raven sat on Corbet's armed head;
 And Culpepper in silver arms enrail'd,
 Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,
 With a bright crescent in his guidon came:
 In his white cornet Verdon doth display
 A fret of gules; priz'd in this mortal game,
 That had been seen in many a doubtful fray,
 His lance's penons stained with the same.
 The angry horse, chaf'd with the stubborn bit,
 With his hard hoof the earth in fury smit.

I could the sum of Stafford's arming show,
 What colours Ross and Courtney did unfold;
 Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,
 And all the glorious circumstance have told,
 Nam'd every ensign as they stood a-row;
 But oh, dear Muse, too soon thou art controll'd!
 For in remembrance of their evil speed,
 My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth shed.

On the king's part, th' imperial standard's pitch'd,
 With all the hatchments of the English crown.
 Great Lancaster (with no less power enrich'd)
 Sets the same leopards in his colours down.
 O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,
 Yet do but see that on yourselves you frown:
 A little note of difference is in all,
 How can the same stand, when the same doth fall?

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
 The badges of your famous ancestries;
 Shall those brave marks by their inglorious heirs
 Stand thus oppos'd against their families?
 More ancient arms no Christian nation bears;
 Reliques unworthy of their progenies:
 Those beasts ye bear do in their kind agree,
 O that than beasts more savage men should be!

And whilst the king doth in sad council sit,
 How he might best the other bank recover,
 See how misfortune still her time can fit!
 Such as were sent the country to discover,
 (As up and down from place to place they flit)
 Had found a ford to pass their forces over.
 Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
 Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

When Edward, fearing Lancaster's supplies,
Proud Richmond, Surry, and great Pembroke, sent,
On whose success he mightily relies,
Under whose conduct half his army went,
The nearest way, conducted by the spies;
And he himself, and Edmond earl of Kent,
Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.

Stay Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;
Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;
Full little know'st thou whether thou do'st run;
Richmont and Pembroke, never make such haste,
Ye do but strive to bring more horror on.
Never seek sorrow, for it comes too fast:
Why strive ye thus to pass this fatal flood,
To fetch but wounds, and shed your nearest blood?

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,
On Edward's arms whose edge thou should'st not set,
Thy nat'ral kinsman and thy sov'reign lord,
Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:
Call yet to mind thy once-engaged word:
Canst thou thy oath to Longshanks thus forget;
Men should perform, before all other things,
The serious vows they make to God and kings.

The winds were hush'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which seems sate still, as tho' they list'n'ing stood;
With trampling crowds the very earth doth bow,
And through the smoke the Sun appear'd like blood.

What with the shout, and with the dreadful show,
The herds of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,
When drums and trumpets to the charge did sound, [ground.

As they would shake the gross clouds to the

The earls then charging with their pow'r of horse,
Taking a signal when they should begin,
Being in view of the imperial force,
Which at that time assay'd the bridge to win;
Which made the barons change their former course,
To avoid the present danger they were in;

Which on the sudden had they not forecast,
Of their last day that hour had been the last.

When from the hill the king's main pow'rs come
Which had Aquarius to their valiant guide, [down,
Brave Lancaster and Hartford from the town
Do issue forth upon the other side;
Peer against peer, the crown against the crown,
The king assails, the barons munify'd:

England's red cross upon both sides doth fly;
"St. George," the king; "St. George," the
barons cry.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongst the air-bred misty vapours thrown,
Spiteth his lightning forth outrageously,
Rending the thick clouds with the thunder stone,
Whose fiery splinters through the thin air fly,
That with the horror Heaven and Earth doth
With the like clamour and confused Oh, [groan:
To the dread shock the desperate armies go.

There might men see the famous English bows,
Wherewith our foes we wonted to subdue,
Shoot their sharp arrows in the face of those,
Which oft before victoriously them drew;
Yet shun their aim, and troubled in the loose,
Those well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the bow-string, impotent and slack,
As to the archers they would fain turn back.

VOL. IV.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient stock,
Laying on blows as smiths on anvils strike,
Grappling together in the fearful shock,
Where still the strong encount'reth with the like,
(And each as ruthless as the harden'd rock)
Were't with the spear, the brown bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings or battles came together,
Ere Fortune gave advantage yet to either.

From batter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
The scatter'd plumes fly loosely here and there,
To the beholder like to flakes of snow,
That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
As they had sense and feeling of our woe:
And thus affrighted with the sudden fear,
Now back, now forward, such strange windings
make,
As tho' uncertain which way they should take.

Slaughter alike invadeth either host,
Whilst still the battle strongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the
coast,
As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
Yet not suffic'd where tyrannizing most:
So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for present death,
Had they but tongues, their deepness gives them
breath.

Here lies a heap half slain, and partly drown'd,
Gaping for breath amongst the slimy seggs;
And there a sort laid in a deadly s wound,
Tro'd with the press into the mud and dregs;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
One sticks his foe, his scalp another cuts;
One's feet's entangled in another's guts.

One his assailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall;
Our native blood our native earth defiles,
And dire destruction overwhelmeth all.
Such hideous shrieks the bedlam soldiers breathe,
As the damn'd sp'rits had howled from beneath.

The faction still defying Edward's might,
Edmond of Woodstock, with the men of Kent,
Charging afresh, renew the doubtful fight
Upon the barons, languishing and spent,
Bringing new matter for a tragic sight;
Forth against whom their skilful warriors went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
Their noblest sp'rits will quickly lose or win.

As before Troy bright Thetis' godlike son,
Talbot himself in this fierce conflict bare;
Mowbray in fight him matchless honour won;
Clifford for life seem'd little but to care;
Audley and Elmsbridge peril scorn to shun;
Gifford seem'd Danger to her teeth to dare:
Nor Badlesmer gave back to Edward's power,
As tho' they strove whom death should first
devour.

I'll not commend thee, Mountfort, nor thee, Teis,
Else your high valour much might justly merit;
Nor, Denvil, dare I whisper of thy praise;
Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy spirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame should raise:
Nor, Damory, thy due may'st thou inherit;
Your bays must be your well-deserved blame,
For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

D

O had you fashion'd your great deeds by them,
 Who summon'd Acon with an English drum;
 Or theirs before, that to Jerusalem
 Went with the gen'ral power of Christendom:
 Then had ye caught Fame's richest diadem,
 As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
 And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
 Where now my song can be but of your shames.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
 When that approved and victorious shield
 Must in this civil massacre be torne,
 Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field!
 And more, in this sad overthrow be worn
 By those in flight enforc'd it up to yield!
 For which, since then, the stones, for very dread,
 Against rough storms cold drops for tears do shed.

When soon king Edward's faint and wav'ring friends,
 Which had this while stood doubtfully to pause,
 When they perceive that Destiny intends
 That his success shall justify his cause,
 Each in himself fresh courage apprehends,
 (For victory both fear and friendship draws)
 And smile on him on whom they late did frown,
 All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd down.

That scarce a man, which Edward late did lack
 Whilst the proud barons bare an upright face,
 But (when they saw that they had turn'd their back)
 Joins with the king to prosecute their chase,
 The baronage so headlong goes to wrack:
 In the just trial of so near a case,
 Enforc'd to prove the fortune of the coast,
 The day at Burton that had clearly lost.

And to the aid of the victorious king
 (Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
 With good success him still encouraging,
 And to his actions lent a larger scope)
 Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring
 On their light-horse a valiant northern troop,
 Arm'd but too aptly and with too much speed,
 Most to do harm, when least thereof was need.

When still the barons, making forth their way
 Through places best for their advantage known,
 Retain their army bodied as they may,
 By their defeat far weaker than was grown:
 In their best skill devising day by day
 To offend th' assailant, and defend their own;
 Of their mishaps the utmost to endure,
 If nothing else their safety might assure.

In their sad flight, with fury follow'd thus,
 Tracing the North through many a tiresome
 streight,
 And forc'd through many a passage perilous,
 To Borough-bridge, led by their luckless fate:
 Bridges should seem to barons ominous,
 For there they lastly were precipitate; [bear,
 Which place the mark of their mischance doth
 For since that time grass never prosper'd there.

Where for new bloodshed they new battles rang'd,
 And take new breath, to make destruction new:
 Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate un-
 Which too directly still doth them pursue; [chang'd,
 Nor are they and their miseries estrang'd,
 To their estates though they mere strangers grew:
 The only hope whereon they do depend,
 With courage is to consummate their end.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
 By hot spur'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
 With hues and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,
 When as they find their speed avails them nought,
 Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
 With noise of hounds and halloos as distraught:
 Ev'n so the barons, in this desp'rate case,
 Turn upon those which lately did them chase.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth
 shake,
 Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank oppose,
 There's not a man that care of life doth take,
 But Death in earnest to his bus'ness goes,
 A gen'ral havoc as of all to make,
 And with destruction doth them all enclose,
 Dealing itself impartially to all,
 Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

Yet the brave barons, whilst they do respire,
 (In spite of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)
 With courage charge, with comeliness retire,
 Make good their ground, and then relieve their
 guard,
 Withstand the ent'rer, then pursue the flyer,
 New form their battle, shifting ev'ry ward.
 As your high skill were but your quarrel good,
 O noble spirits, how dear had been your blood!

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,
 Of which the barons never dreamt before,
 Then greatly stood king Edward's pow'r in stead,
 And in the fight assail'd the enemy sore:
 O day most fatal, and most full of dread!
 Never can Time thy ruinous waste restore:
 Which with his strength though he attempt to do,
 Well may he strive for, and yet fail of too.

Pale Death beyond his wonted bounds doth swell,
 Carving proud flesh in cantels out at large;
 As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell,
 Under sharp steel, at ev'ry boisterous charge:
 Oh, what sad pen can their destruction tell,
 Where scapals lay beaten like the batter'd target!
 And every one he claimeth as his right,
 Whose luck it was not to escape by flight.

Those warlike ensigus waving in the field,
 Which lately seem'd to brave th' embattel'd foe,
 Longer not able their own weight to wield,
 Their lofty tops to the base dust do bow;
 Here sits a helmet, and there lies a shield;
 Oh! ill did Fate those ancient arms bestow,
 Which as a quarry on the soil'd earth lay,
 Seiz'd on by Conquest, as a glorious prey!

Where noble Bohun, that most princely peer,
 Hartford much honour'd, and of high desert,
 And to this nation none as he so dear,
 Passing the bridge with a resolved heart,
 To stop his soldiers, which retiring were,
 Was 'twixt two planks slain through his lower part:
 But Lancaster, not destin'd there to die,
 Taken, reserv'd to further misery.

Whose tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to sing:
 His, of five earldoms, who then liv'd possess'd,
 A brother, son, and uncle to a king,
 With favour, friends, and with abundance blest:
 What could man think, or could devise the thing,
 That but seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?
 But on this Earth what's free from Fortune's
 What an age got, is lost in half an hour! [pow'r

Some few themselves in sanctuaries hide,
Which, though they have the mercy of the place,
Yet are their bodies so unsanctify'd,
As that their souls can hardly hope for grace ;
Where they in fear and penury abide,
A poor dead life, which length'neth but a space :
Hate stands without, whilst Horror still within
Prolongs their shame, yet pard'neth not their
sin.

Nor was Death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge as though, it were deny'd,
And till it might have that accomplished,
It held itself in nothing satisfy'd ;
And with delays no longer to be fed,
An unknown torment further doth provide,
That dead men should in misery remain,
To make the living die with greater pain.

Ye sov'reign cities of this woful isle,
In cypress wreaths, and your most sad attire,
Prepare yourselves to build the funeral-pile,
Lay your pale hands to this execujous fire ;
All mirth and comfort from your streets exile,
Fill'd with the groans of men when they expire :
The noblest blood approaching to be shed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late
Th' rebellious barons trait'rously retain'd,
As the chief agent in this great debate,
Was for the same (ere many days) arraign'd,
'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,
(To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd ;)
Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill sped,
As from his shoulders reft his rev'rend head.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath
That can assure the safety of the crown,
Or that can make a covenant with Death,
To warrant Edward what he thinks his own ;
But he must pay the forfeit of his faith.
When they shall rise which he hath trodden down.
All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
And other agents other ways do act.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
The way to death where Lancaster had led,
But many other, in the self-same case,
Him in like manner sadly followed.
London, would thou had'st had thy former grace,
As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st shed,
By other cities not exceeded far,
Whose streets devour the remnant of that war.

O parents ruthless, and heart-renting sight !
To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,
His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,
That with much cost, yet with more care, was
bred :

O spectacle, ev'n able to affright
A senseless thing, and terrify the dead !
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth pour'd,
His quarter'd corse of crows and kites devour'd.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
Or to yourselves the fearful portion share ;
Here's strange and chiefe variety of moan,
Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
With many friends sigh, many maidens groan :
So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
As Nature, which till then had silence kept,
Near burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

O bloody age ! had not these things been done,
I had not now, in these more calmer times,
Into the search of those past troubles run ;
Nor had my virgin unpolliuted rhymes
Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,
To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes :
My lays had still been of Idea's bow'r,
Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.

Nor other subject than yourself had chose,
Your birth, your virtues, and your high respects,
Whose bounties oft have nourish'd my repose ;
You, whom my Muse ingeniously elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to enclose,
Maugre the Momists and Satyric sects :
That whilst my verse to after-times is sung,
You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

But greater things my subject hath in store,
Still to her task my armed Muse to keep,
And offers her occasion as before,
Whereon she may in mournful verses weep :
And as a ship being gotten near the shore,
By awkward winds redriven to the deep !
So is the Muse from whence she came of late,
Into the bus'ness of a troubled state.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

By sleepy potions that the queen ordains,
Lord Mortimer escapes out of the Tower ;
And by false slights, and many subtle trains,
She gets to France, to raise a foreign power.
The French king leaves his sister : need constrains
The queen to Hainault in a happy hour :
Edward her son to Philip is affy'd,
They for invasion instantly provide.

SCARCE had these passed miseries an end,
But other troubles instantly began ;
As mischief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that still irregularly ran :
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that king Edward wan ;
And some there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

When as the king, (whilst things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew strong,
Summon'd at York a solemn parliament
T' uphold his right, and help the Spensers wrong,
(In all affairs t' establish his intent) [sprung,
Whence more and more his minions greatness
Whose counsels still in ev'ry bus'ness crost
Th' irraged queen, in all misfortunes tost.

When as the eld'st, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,
Until he had the barons pride abated)
That parliament made earl of Winchester,
As Herckley earl of Carlisle he created :
And likewise Baldoock he made chancellor ;
One whom the king had for his purpose wrought,
A man, as subtle, so corrupt and nought.

When as mishaps (that seldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invasion,
And France did thence the English pow'rs expell,
The Irish set the English pale upon,
At home the commons ev'ry day rebell:
Mischief, on mischief, curse doth follow curse;
One ill scarce past, but after comes a worse.

For Mortimer that wind most fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwise might see;
Whilst the wise queen, who all advantage knew,
Was closely casting how to set him free;
And did the plot so seriously pursue,
Till she had found the means how it should be,
Against opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of spite.

And to that purpose she a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the spir'its could presently invade,
And quite dis-sense the senses in an hour,
With such cold numbness as it might perswade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and sealed up the eyes
'Gainst all that art could possibly devise.

In which, she plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the marsh ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
And the short moss that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypress-flowers that with the rest were
pown'd;

The brain of cranes amongst the rest she takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of snakes.

Thus, like Medea, sate she in her cell,
Which she had circled with her potent charms;
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magic instruments she arms,
And to her bus'ness instantly she fell:
A vestal fire she lights, wherewith she warms
The mixed juices, from those simples wrung,
To make the medicine wonderfully strong.

The sundry fears that from her fact might rise,
Men may suppose, her trembling hand might stay,
Had she consider'd of the enterprise,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing besides, that there were secret spies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:

But when that sex leave virtue to esteem, [seem.
Those greatly err, which think them what they

Their plighted faith they at their pleasure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they smile, they surely those deceive,
In their desires they be insatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date:
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,
That their sure friend so many sundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had seen cut off, then finished his days:
Which (though with grief) doth somewhat re-
concile [ease:

The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares some
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his head,
For the dear safety of his uncle dead.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should
And why the fates thus hasted on his end, [know
Thereby intending stranger plagues to show.
Brave lord, in vain thy breath thou didst not spend,
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began soon and fruitfully to spring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their stedfast friends their best assisting it,
Their trusty servants seal up all in love:
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit
Then must express, whom most it doth behove:

Each place made sure, where guides and horses
lay,
And where the ship that was for his convey.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day those of the Tower to feed;
And on the warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did suspicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after eates, their thirst at last to quench
He mix'd their liquor with that sleepy drench.

Which soon each sense doth with dead coldness
seize,

When he, which knew the keepers of each ward,
Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;
And stealing forth through dark and secret ways,
(Not then to learn his compass by the card)
To win the walls courageously doth go,

Which look'd as scorning to be master'd so.

They soundly sleep, whilst his quick spir'its awake,
Expos'd to peril in the high'st extremes,
Alcides' labours as to undertake, [streams,
O'er walls, o'er gates, thro' watches, and thro'
By which his own way he himself must make;
And let them tell king Edward of their dreams.
For ere they came out of their brain-sick trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up so long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the Heav'n with dusky clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to west, and under Earth she flung,
As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his absence in our world was done.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to descry.
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.

In a slow silence all the shores are hush'd,
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,
And Isis with a troubled murmur rush'd,
As if consenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whispering in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

Whilst that wise queen, whom care yet rest-
 lest kept,
 For happy speed to Heaven held up her hands,
 With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt
 In her full bosom, list'ning as she stands,
 She sigh'd and pray'd, and sigh'd again and wept,
 She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how lands:
 Though absent, present in desires they be;
 Our soul much farther than our eyes can see.

The small clouds issuing from his lips, she saith,
 Lab'ring so fast as he the ladder clame,
 Should purge the air of pestilence and death;
 And as from Heaven that flich'd Prometheus
 The sweetness so, and virtue of his breath; [dame,
 New creatures in the element should frame:
 And to what part it had the hap to stray,
 There should it make another milky way.

Attain'd the top, whilst spent, he paus'd to blow,
 She saw how round he cast his longing eyes,
 The earth to greet him gently from below,
 How greatly he was favour'd of the skies:
 She saw him mark the way he was to go,
 And tow'rd's her palace how he turn'd his eyes;
 From the wall's height, as when he down did slide,
 She heard him cry, "Now fortune be my guide."

As he descended, so did she descend,
 As she would hold him that he should not fall,
 On whom alone her safety did depend:
 But when some doubt did her deep thoughts appall,
 Distractedly she did her hands extend
 For speedy help, and earnestly did call
 Softly again, if death to him should hap,
 She begg'd of Heav'n his grave might be her lap.

To show him favour she entreats the air,
 For him she begg'd the mercy of the wind,
 For him she kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
 For him herself she to the earth inclin'd:
 For him his tides beseeching Thames to spare,
 And to command his billows to be kind;
 And tells the flood, if he her love would quit,
 No flood of her should honour'd be but it.

But when she thought she saw him swim along,
 Doubting the stream was taken with his love,
 She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,
 And that each wave which most should woo him
 To his clear body that so closely clung, [strove,
 Which when before him with his breast he drove,
 Pallid with grief, she turn'd away her face,
 Jealous that he the waters should embrace.

That angry lion having slip'd his chain,
 As in a fever, made king Edward quake;
 Who knew, before he could be caught again,
 Dear was the blood that his strong thirst must
 slake:
 He found much labour had been spent in vain,
 And must be forc'd a farther course to take,
 Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,
 Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

By his escape that adverse part grown proud,
 On each hand working for a second war,
 And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
 But what might be a motive to some jar;
 And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
 From the discerning of the popular,
 The wiser yet, whose judgments farther raught,
 Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

Those secret fires, by envious faction blown,
 Brake out in France which cover'd long had lain;
 King Charles from Edward challenging his own,
 First Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,
 To each of which he made his title known,
 Nor from their seizure longer would abstain:
 The cause thereof lay out of most men's view,
 Which tho' fools found not, wise men quickly
 knew.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
 That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,
 The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
 By all their cunning's that had been contriv'd,
 Finding their actions were so thoroughly mann'd,
 Their fainting hopes were wond'rously reviv'd,
 They made no doubt to see in little time
 The full of that, which then was in the prime.

The king much troubled with the French affair,
 Which as a shapeless and unwieldy mass,
 Wholly imploy'd the utmost of his care,
 To Charles of France his embassy to pass,
 For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
 Before the war too deeply settled was:

Which when they found, they likewise cast
 about

As they would go, to make him send them out:

Which when they came in council to debate,
 And to the depth had seriously discust,
 Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,
 To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;
 That weighty bus'ness to negotiate,
 They must find one of special worth and trust:
 Where ev'ry lord his censure freely past,
 Of whom he lik'd, the bishop was the last.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could tie,
 And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
 In which there more authority did lie,
 Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,
 Whose sentence was so absolute and high,
 As had the power a judgment to reverse:
 For the wise queen, with all his might did stand,
 To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
 Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,
 A queen in person betwixt king and king;
 And more than that, to show herself a mother,
 There for her son his right establishing,
 Which did as much concern them as the other:
 Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,
 That of which then the king did never dream.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?
 Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,
 Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:
 But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
 Thy knowledge had too much prebeminence,
 Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.
 But all's not true that supposition saith,
 Nor have the mightiest arguments most faith.

Nor did the bishop those his learned lack,
 As well of power, as policy and wit,
 That were prepar'd his great design to back,
 And could amend where aught he did omit:
 For with such cunning they had made their pack,
 That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
 That the fair queen to France with speed must go,
 Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

When she, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And saw the coast was ev'ry way so clear;
As a wise woman she her business ply'd,
Whilst things went current, and well carry'd were,
Herself and her's to get aboard she hy'd,
As one whose fortune made her still to fear :
Knowing those times so variously inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy soon alt'ring Edward's mind.

Her followers such, as meerly friendless stood,
Sunk and dejected by the Spencers' pride,
Who bore the taints of treason in their blood,
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd,
Whose means were bad, but yet their minds were good,

When now at hand they had their help describ'd ;
Nor were they wanting mischief to invent,
To work their wills, and further her intent.

Whilst Mortimer (that all this while hath lain
From our fair course) by Fortune strangely crost,
In France was struggling how he might regain
That which before in England he had lost,
And all good means doth gladly entertain,
No jot dismay'd in all those tempests tost,
Nor his great mind could so be overthrown,
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

Then, Muse, (transported by thy former zeal,
Led in thy progress where his fortune lies)
To thy sure aid I seriously appeal ;
To show him fully, without fain'd disguise,
The ancient heroes then I shall reveal,
And in their patterns I shall be precise,
When in my verse, transparent, neat and clear,
They shall in his pure character appear.

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,
That none to one could sov'reignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey :
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.

So thoroughly season'd, and so rightly set,
That in the level of the clearest eye,
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry ;
Whom in his course no cross could ever let,
His elevation fixed was so high,
That those rough storms, whose rage the world
doth prove,
Never raght him, who sate them far above.

Which the queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,
For she had mark'd the largeness of his mind,
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,
Above the usual compass of her kind,
His grandsire's greatness rightly to inherit ;
When as the ages in their course inclin'd,
And the world, weak with time, began to bow
To that poor baseness that it rests at now.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,
Let needless heaps as things of nothing stand,
That was not his that man could take by theft,
He was a lord, if he had sea or land,
And thought him rich of those who was not rest.
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,
And by the stars is only taught to know,
That as they progress Heav'n, he Earth should do.

Wherefore wise Nature, from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught man to find the way,
That in the floods her treasure might be found,
To make him search for what she there did lay ;
And that her secrets he might thoroughly sound,
She gave him courage as her only key,
That, of all creatures as the worthiest, he
Her glory there and wond'rous works should see.

Let wretched worldlings sweat for mud and earth,
Whose groveling bosoms lick the recreant stones,
Such peasants cark for plenty and for dearth,
Fame never looks upon those prostrate drones ;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage empires from the state of thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune, when she stern'tst
appears,
Which scorneth sighs, and jeereth at our tears.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Tickled the entrance of his list'ning ear,
With news of ships sent out the queen to bring,
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,
He surely thought he heard the angels sing,
And the whole frame of Heav'n make up the quire,
That his full soul was smother'd with excess,
Her ample joys unable to express.

Quoth he, " Slide billows smoothly for her sake,
Whose sight can make your aged Nereus young,
For her fair passage even alleys make,
And as the soft winds waft her sails along,
Sleek ev'ry little dimple of the lake ;
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your song :
Though 'tis not Venus that doth pass that way,
Yet is as fair as she born on the sea.

" Ye scaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make war ;
O steal the accents from her lips that flee,
Which like the tunes of the celestials are,
And them to your sick amorous thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which Arion's did but jar :
Wrap them in air, and when black tempests rage,
Use them as charms the rough seas to assuage.

" France, send t' attend her with full shoals of
oars,
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd ;
And when she landeth on thy blessed shores,
And the vast navy doth at anchor ride,
For her departure when the wild sea roars,
Ship, mount to Heaven, and there be stellify'd :
Next Jason's Argo, on the burnish'd throne,
Assume thyself a constellation."

Queen Isabel then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her ease ;
And as she pass'd, no town but did invite
Her with some show, her appetite to please :
But Mortimer once coming in her sight,
His shape and features did her fancy seize ;
When she, that knew how her fit time to take,
Thus she her most-lov'd Mortimer despake :

" O Mortimer, sweet Mortimer," quoth she,
" What angry power did first the means devise,
To separate queen Isabel and thee,
Whom (to despise) love yet together ties ?
But if thou think'st the fault was made by me,
For a just penance to my longing eyes,
Though guiltless they, this be to them assign'd,
To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind."

"My dear dear, heart, thought I to see thee thus,
When first in court thou didst my favour wear,
When we have watch'd lest any noted us,
Whilst our looks us'd love's me sages to bear,
And we by signs sent many a secret buss,
An exile then, thought I to see thee here ?

But what couldst thou be then, but now thou
art : [heart.

Though banish'd England, yet not from my

"That fate which did thy franchisement inforce,
And from the depth of danger set thee free,
Still regular and constant in that course,
Made me the strait and even path to thee,
Of our affections as it took remorse ;
Our birth-fix'd stars so luckily agree,
Whose revolution seriously directs
Our like proceedings to the like effects.

"Only wise counsel hath contriv'd this thing,
For which we wish'd so many a woful day,
Of which the clear and perfect managing
Is that strong prop, whereon our hopes may stay :
Which in itself th' authority doth bring,
That weak opinion hath not power to sway,
Confuting those, whose sightless judgments sit
In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

"Then since th' assay our good success assures,
And we her fav'rites lean on Fortune's breast,
That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,
Of these her blessings let us chuse the best :
And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
Let's take the bounteous benefits of rest :

Let's fear no storm before we feel a show'r,
My son a king, two kingdoms help my dow'r.

"Of wanton Edward when I first was woo'd,
Why cam'st thou not into the court of France ?
Before thy king, thou in my grace hadst stood :
O Mortimer, how good had been thy chance !
My love attempted in that youthful mood,
I might have been thine own inheritance ;

Where ent'ring now by force, thou hold'st by
might,

And art disseisor of another's right.

"Thou idol, Honour, which we fools adore,
(How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us ?)
Which when we have, we find there is much more,
Than that which only is a name can give us ;
Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
And makes us beggars in our greatest state."

With such brave raptures from her words that rise,
She made a breach in his impressive breast,
And all his pow'rs so fully did surprise,
As seem'd to rock his senses to their rest,
So that his wit could not that thing devise,
Of which he thought his soul was not possess :
Whose great abundance, like a swelling flood
After a show'r, ran through his ravish'd blood.

Like as a lute that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each string stretch'd up his right tone to retain,
Music's true language that doth speak at will,
The base and treble married by the mean,
Whose sounds each note with harmony do fill,
Whether it be in descendant or on plain ;
So their affections, set in keys alike,
In true consent meet, as their humours strike.

As the plain path to their design appears,
Of whose wish'd sight they had been long debarr'd,
By the dissolving of those threat'ning fears,
That many a purpose, many a plot had marr'd ;
Their hope at full so heartily them cheers,
And their protection by a stronger guard,
Lends them that leisure, the events to cast
Of things to come, by those already past.

For this great bus'ness eas'ly setting out,
By due proportion measuring ev'ry pace,
T' avoid the cumberance of each hindering doubt ;
And not to fail of comeliness and grace,
They came with every circumstance about,
Observe the person, as the time and place :
Nor leave they aught, that in discretion's laws
They could but think might beautify the cause.

Their embassy delivering in that height,
As of the same the dignity might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that weight
In ceremony well beseeeming it ;
And that it should go steadily and right,
They at their audience no one point omit,
As to the full each tittle to effect,
That in such cases wisdom should respect.

Nor to negotiate never do they cease,
Till they again that ancient league combine ;
Yet so, that Edward should his right release,
And to his son the provinces resign :
With whom king Charles concludes the happy
peace,

Having the homage due to him for Guen ;
And both realms should ratify their deed,
They for both kings an interview decree'd.

Yet in this thing, which all men thought so plain,
And to have been accomplish'd with such care,
Their inward falshood hidden did remain,
Quite from the colour that the outside bare :
For only they this interview did gain
T' intrap the king, so trained to their snare ;
For which they knew that he must pass the seas,
Or else the prince, which better would them
please.

Which by the Spensers was approved, who
(As in his counsels they did chiefly guide)
With him their sov'reign not to France durst go,
Nor in his absence durst at home abide.
Whilst the weak king stood doubtful what to do,
His list'ning ears they with persuasions ply'd,
That he to stay was absolutely won,
And for that bus'ness to dispatch his son.

Thus is the king encompass'd by their skill,
And made to act what Torlon did devise,
Who thrust him on, to draw them up the hill,
That by his strength they might get power to rise,
For they in all things were before him still :
That perfect steersman in all policies
Had cast to walk where Edward bare the light,
And by his aim he levelled their sight.

Thus having made, what Edward most did will
For his advantage, further their intent,
With seeming good so varnishing their ill,
That it went current by the fair event,
And of their hopes the utmost to fulfil :
Things in their course came in so true consent,
To bring their bus'ness to that happy end,
That they the same might publicly defend.

The precious time no longer they protract,
Nor in suspense their friends at home do hold,
Being abroad so absolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publishing their act;
Nor did they fear to whom report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their own did absolutely stand.

And that base bishop then of Exeter,
A man-experienc'd in their counsels long,
(Thinking perhaps his falshood might prefer
Him, or else moved with king Edward's wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him err,
Or other fatal accident among :)
But he from France and them, to England flew,
And knowing all, discover'd all he knew.

Their treasons, long in hatching, thus disclos'd,
And Torlon's drift by circumstances found,
With what conveyance things had been dispos'd,
The cunning us'd in casting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
When better counsel coldly came to sound,
Awak'd the king to see his weak estate,
When the prevention came a day too late.

Yet her departing whilst she doth adjourn,
Charles, as a brother, by persuasion deals;
Edward with threats would force her to return,
Pope John her with his dreadful curse assails:
But all in vain against her will they spurn,
Persuasion, threat, nor curse with her prevails:
Charles, Edward, John, strive all to do your
worst,

The queen fares best when she the most is curst.

Which to the Spensers speedily made seen,
With what clean slight things had been brought
about, [been,
And that those here, which well might rul'd have
Quickly had found that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their pow'r and spleen,
Of their own safeties much began to doubt,
And therefore must some present means invent,
T' avoid a danger, else most imminent.

When they, who had the Frenchmen's humours felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be caught,
By promise of large pensions with them dealt,
If that king Charles might from her aid be wrought.
What mind so hard that money cannot melt?
Which they to pass in little time had brought;
That Isabel, too easily over-weigh'd
By their great sums, was frustrate of her aid.

Yet could not this amate that mighty queen,
(Whom sad affliction never had controul'd,
Never such courage in that sex was seen,
She was not cast in other women's mould)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high spleen,
Who could endure war, travel, want and cold,
Struggling with Fortune, near by her oppress,
Most cheerful still when she was most distress.

But then resolv'd to leave ungrateful France,
And in the world her better fate to try,
Changing the air, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen scornng so to lie,
Her weaken'd state still striving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch so high:
Yet ere she went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to ease, thus to the king she spake:

"Is this a king's, a brother's part," quoth she,
"And to this end did I my grief unfold?
Came I to heal my wounded heart to thee,
Where slain outright I now the same behold?
Be these thy vows, thy promises to me?
In all his heat art thou become so cold,
To leave me thus forsaken at the worst,
My state at last more wretched than at first?"

"Thy wisdom weighing what my wants require;
To thy dear mercy might my tears have ty'd,
Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
And we by fortune as by birth ally'd,
My suit supported by my just desire,
Were arguments not to have been deny'd:
The grievous wrongs that in my bosom be,
Should be as near thy care as I to thee.

"Nature too easily working on my sex,
Thus at thy pleasure my poor fortune leaves,
Which being entic'd with hopes of due respects
From thee, my trust dishonestly deceives,
Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
And of all comfort lastly us bereaves:
What 'twixt thy baseness and thy beastly will,
T' expose thy sister to the worst of ill.

"But for my farewell thus I prophesy:
That from my womb he's sprung, or he shall spring,
Who shall subdue thy next posterity,
And lead a captive thy succeeding king,
The just revenge of thy vile injury:
To fatal France I as a Sibyl sing
Her cities sack, the slaughter of her men,
Of whom one Englishman shall conquer ten."

The earl of Hainault, in that season great,
The wealthy lord of many a warlike tower,
Who, for his friendship, princes did entreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wondrously complete,
Call'd John of Beaumont (in a happy hour,
As for the distressed queen did chance)
That time abiding in the court of France.

He, there the while this shuffling that had seen,
Who to her party Isabel had won,
To pass for Hainault humbly prays the queen,
Prompting her still what good might there be
done,
To ease the anguish of her tumoros spleen,
Off'ring his fair hiece to the prince her son,
The only way to win his brother's might,
Against the king to back her in her right.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the soldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his sort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave queen long trained up in court,
And constantly confirm'd in her wrong:
Besides all this, cross'd by the adverse part,
In things that sate too near to his great heart.

Sufficient motives to invite distress,
To apprehend so excellent a mean,
(Against those ills that did so strongly press)
Whereon the queen her weak estate might lean,
And at that season, tho' it were the less,
Yet for a while it might her want sustain;
Until th' approaching of more prosperous days,
Her drooping hopes to their first height might
raise.

When they at large had leisure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleased face,
From those dishonours she received late,
For there she wanted no obsequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they embrace ;
And to conclude, all ceremonies past,
The prince affies fair Philip at the last.

All covenants betwixt them surely seal'd,
Each to the other lastingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And suiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal ;
The ease the queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every side.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd,
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his safety is depriv'd,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd :
Lastly betray'd, the Spensers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this canto ends.

Now seven times Phœbus had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic set,
And seven times in his descent again
His fiery wheels had with the Fishes wet,
In the occurrents of king Edward's reign,
Since mischief did these miseries beget ;
Which through more strange varieties had run,
Than he that while celestial signs had done.

Whilst our ill-thriving in those Scottish broils,
Their strength and courage greatly did advance,
In a small time made wealthy by our spoils ;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well-near quite dishearten'd by our foils :
But at these things the Muse must only glance,
And Herckley's treasons haste to bring to view,
Her serious subject sooner to pursue.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottish band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well-near wasted all Northumberland,
Whose towns he level with the earth had laid ;
And finding none his pow'r there to withstand,
On the north part of spacious Yorkshire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our last fall allot.

For which that Herckley by his sov'reign sent,
T' entreat a needful, though dishonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to cease,
And with king Robert did a course invent,
His homage due to Edward to release :
Besides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

Yet more, king Robert (things being carried so)
His sister to that treach'rous earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a show
Of what before his trust did closely hide :
But the cause found from whence this league should
grow,

By such as near into their actions pry'd,
Discover'd treasons, which not quickly crost,
Had shed more blood than all the wars had cost.

Whether the king's weak counsels causes are,
That ev'ry thing so badly falleth out,
Or that the earl did of our state despair,
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careless how the English fare,
I'll not dispute, but leave it as a doubt ;
Or some vain title his ambition lackt,
But something hatcht this treasonable act.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,
The apprehension of that trait'rous peer
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,
(One whose prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whose brave carriage in so hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his trust appear ;
Who in his castle, carelessly defended,
That crafty carlel closely apprehended.

For which, ere long, to his just trial led
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where Scroop, chief justice in that dang'rous
stead,

Commission had his lawful judge to be ;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treasons all so easily might see :
Which soon themselves so plainly did express,
As might assure them of his ill success.

His stile and titles to the king restor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and scorn,
And next disarm'd of his knightly sword,
On which before his fealty he had sworn,
Then, by a varlet of his spurs dis-spurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn ;
And to the hurdle lastly he was sent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rously had meant.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,
To fix some things, whose fall he else might fear ;
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have ajur'd,
His son, and such as their adjutors were :
But those, of whom himself he most assur'd,
What they had seem'd, the same did not appear ;
When he soon found he had his purpose mist,
For there were those that durst his power resist.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd
Of sundry treasons, wherein he was caught
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,
Whereby subversion of the realm was sought,
His holy habit and his trust abus'd ;
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,
Was by the clergy (in the king's despite)
Seiz'd under colour of the church's right.

When some, the fav'ers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more sharply whet,
Those for the cause that then imprison'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set ;
Whose purpose frustrate by their enemies' care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the king with care to look about,
Those secret fires so hourly breaking out.

And th' earl of Kent, who was by Edward plac'd
As the great gen'ral of his force in Guien,
Was in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of supplies and coin,
By such lewd persons to maintain their waste,
As from his treasures ceas'd not to purloin :
Nor could the king be mov'd, so careless still
Both of his own loss and his brother's ill.

Whose discontent too quickly being found,
By such as all advantages did wait,
Who still apply'd strong cor'sives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd those means that haply might redound
That fast-arising mischief to defeat :

Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripeness
grown,

That they had made him absolute their own.

With all his faithful followers in those wars,
Men well-experienc'd and of worthiest parts,
Who for their pay received only scars,
Whilst the inglorious had their due deserts ;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with Beaumont, giving him supply.

These great commanders, and with them combine
The lord Pocelles, Sares, and Boyseers,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,
Estotivyle, Comines, and Villeers ;
The valiant knights, sir Michael de la Lyne,
Sir Robert. Baliol, Boswit, and Semeers ;
Men of great skill, whom spoil and glory warms,
Such as, indeed, were dedicate to arms.

Leading three thousand muster'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swisser, and the Dutch ;
Of native English, fled beyond the sea,
Whose number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for that day,
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch :
Besides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

Whilst the wise queen, from England, day by
day,
Of all those doings that had certain word,
Whose friends much blam'd her over-long delay,
When as the time such fitness did afford,
Doth for her passage presently purvey,
Bearing provision ev'ry hour aboard ;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invasion, to transport a war.

When she for England fairly setting forth,
Spreading her proud sails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her course directly to the North,
With her young Edward, duke of Aquitain,
With other three, of special name and worth,
(The destin'd scourges of king Edward's reign)
Her soldier Beaumont, and the earl of Kent,
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

For Harwich road a fore-wind finely blows,
But blew too fast, to kindle such a fire,
Whilst with full sail and the stiff tide she goes ;
It should have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes ;
But seas and winds do Edward's wrack conspire :
For when just Heav'n to chastise us is bent,
All things convert to our due punishment.

The coasts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to descry ;
Had but the love of subjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify :
But whilst he stood against his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.

Small help by this he was but like to win ;
Shutting war out, he lockt destruction in.

When Henry, brother to that luckless prince,
The first great mover of that civil strife ;
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life :
That Henry, in whose bosom ever since
Revenge lay cover'd, watching for relief,
Like fire in some fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

And being earl-marshal, great upon that coast,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her ashore ;
And by his office gath'ring up an host,
Show'd the great spleen that he to Edward bore,
Nor of the same abash'd at all to boast ;
The clergy's power in readiness before,
And on their friends a tax was freely laid,
To raise munition for their present aid.

And to confusion all their powers expose,
On the rent bosom of the land, which long
War, like the sea, on each side did enclose,
A war from our own home-dissensions sprung,
In little time which to that greatness rose,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring states among :
But this invasion, that they hither brought,
More mischief far than all the former wrought.

Besides, this innovation in the state
Lent their great action such a violent hand,
When it so boldly durst insinuate
On the cold faintness of th' enfeebled land ;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand
To their interment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately
fell.

Their strengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's best counsels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their course might let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where'they hop'd security to get,
Whereon, at worst, their fortunes might be stay'd :
So fully furnish'd, as themselves desir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

When at St. Edmund's they awhile repose,
To rest themselves and their sea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their course ;
And seeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horse :
With much discretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run :
But little strength at London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd most favour to have won :
He left the city to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, most-trusted Stapleton ;
To John of Eltham, his dear son, the Fow'r,
And goes himself tow'rds Wales to raise him
pow'r.

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a subject's benefit,
Should bend themselves against his son and wife,
And doth all slaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this strife ;
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud head,
Should freely take the revenues of the dead.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,
By publishing the justness of her cause,
That she proceeded in a course so strict,
To uphold their ancient liberties and laws :
And that on Edward she did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applause ;
Only the Spensers to account to bring,
Whose wicked counsels had abus'd the king.

Which ballasted the multitude, that stood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, opposed by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the same to guide :
Thus floated they in their unconstant mood,
Till that the weakness of king Edward's side
Suffer'd a seizure of itself at last,
Which to the queen a free advantage cast.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debase,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of princely sov'raignty and grace,
Yet still grew less, the farther that he goes,
His safety soon suspecting ev'ry place :
No help at home, nor succour seen abroad,
His mind wants rest, his body safe abode.

One scarce to him his sad discourse hath done,
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen intends ;
But whilst he speaks, another hath begun :
A third then takes it, where the second ends,
And tells what rumours thro' the countries run,
Of those new foes, of those revolted friends :
Straight came a fourth, in pest that thither sped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

What plagues did Edward for himself prepare ?
Forsaken king, O whither didst thou fly !
Changing the clime, thou couldst not change thy
care ;
Thou fledst'st thy foes, but follow'dst misery.
Those evil lucks in numbers many are,
That to thy footsteps do themselves apply ;
And still thy conscience, corrosiv'd with grief,
Thou but pursu'st thyself, both robb'd and thief.

Who seeking succour offer'd next at hand,
At last for Wales he takes him to the seas,
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,
Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease ;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy seem'd to please :
For fain he would be king (yet) of an isle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

But when he thought to strike his prosperous sail,
As under lee, past danger of the flood,
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail
Not suffer'd him to mole that piece of wood.
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celestial pow'rs withstood ?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and tost
Quite from his course, and well he knew not where,
'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear ;
At length, perceiving he was near some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales ; and, by the mountain
tall,

That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The earl of Glo'ster, worker of much wrong,
His chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his marshal, other friends among ;
Where closely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great slaughter shapes herself to tell.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your passion poor yields matter much too slight :
To write those plagues that then were coming on,
Doth ask a pen of ebon and the night.
If there be ghosts, their murder that bemoan,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howl, and about me with black tapers stand,
To lend a sad light to my sadder hand.

Each line shall lead to some one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tortur'd cry,
Till they force tears in such excess to flow,
That they surround the circle of each eye :
Then, whilst these sad calamities I show,
All loose affections stand ye idly by,
Destin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the sad'st tale that time did e'er deplore.

New sorts of plagues were threaten'd to the earth,
The raging ocean past his bounds did rise,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard of sickness and calamities,
More unaccustomed and unlook'd-for dearth,
New sorts of meteors gazing from the skies :
As what before had small or nothing been,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

And whilst the queen did in this course proceed,
The land lay open to all offer'd ill :
The lawless exile did return with speed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the prisons dissolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedness to fill :
London, as thou wast author of such shame,
Even so wast thou most plagued with the same.

Whose giddy commons, merciless and rude,
Let loose to mischief on that dismal day,
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends embru'd ;
Which in their madness having made away,
Th' implacable, the monstrous multitude,
On his lieutenant Stapleton did prey ;
Who, dragg'd by them o'er many a loathsome
heap,

Beheaded was before the cross in Cheap.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her sad destruction, which was but too nigh,
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call,
As might have wrought tears from her ruthless eye ;
And if the thick air dimm'd her hateful sight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light,

Her channels serv'd for ink, her paper stones,
Whereon to write her murder, incest, rape;
And for her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
To make each letter in some monstrous shape;
And for her accents, sad departing groans:
And that to time no desp'rate act should 'scape,
If she with pride again should be o'ergone,
To take that book, and sadly look thereon.

The tender girl, spoil'd of her virgin shame,
Yet for that sin no ravisher was shent:
Black is my ink, more black was her defame,
None to revenge, scarce any to lament;
Nought could be done to remedy the same,
It was too late those mischiefs to prevent:
Against those horrors she did idly strive,
But saw herself to be devour'd alive.

She wants redress, and ravishment remorse,
None would be found to whom she could complain;
And crying out against th' adulterer's force,
Her plaints untimely did return in vain;
The more she griev'd, her misery the worse:
Only to her this help there did remain,
She, spoil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
And made her life clear by her resolute death.

Then of that world men did the want complain,
When they might have been buried, when they
dy'd;

Young children safely in their cradles lain,
The man new-married have enjoy'd his bride,
When in some bounds ill could itself contain;
The son kneel'd by his father's death-bed side,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could have,
The father saw his son to want a grave.

But 'twas too late those courses to recall,
None have external nor internal fear;
Those deadly sounds, by their continual fall,
Settle confusion in each deafen'd ear.
Of our ill times this was the worst of all,
Only of garboils that did love to hear;
Arms our attire, and wounds were all our good,
Branded the most with rapine and with blood.

Inglorious age, of whom it should be said,
That all these mischiefs should abound in thee!
That all these sins should to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with those ills upbraid,
Lest fear what hath been, argue what may be,
And fashioning so a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

O pow'rful Heav'n! in whose most sov'reign reign,
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee in an inviolable chain
Together link'd; so ty'd in unity,
That they therein continually remain,
Sway'd in one certain course eternally:
Why his true motion keepeth every star,
Yet, what they govern, so irregular?

But in the course of this unnatural war, [grew,
Muse, say from whence this height of mischief
That in so short time spread itself so far,
From whence so sundry bloodsheds did ensue,
The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
What, men religious, was the fault in you?

Which, resty grown with your much pow'r,
withdraw

Your stiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to fall,
And did their former humbleness disdain;
The shirt of hair turn'd coat of costly pail,
The holy ephod made a cloke for gain:
What done with cunning, was canonical,
And blind promotion shun'd that dang'rous road,
Which the old prophets diligently trode.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd;
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was ground'd,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
And, being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
Professors lives did little fruit afford,
And in her sects religion lay confounded;
Most sacred things were merchandise become,
None talk'd of texts; but prophesying dumb.

The church then rich, and with such pride possest,
Was like the poison of infectious air,
That having found a way into the breast,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stays it there,
But through the organs seizeth on the rest,
The rank contagion spreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evil by the church begun,
The commonwealth was lastly over-run.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholesome laws,
Which fast'ning once on the defective weal,
Where doubts should cease, they rose in ev'ry
clause,
And made them hurt, which first were made to heal.
One evil still another forward draws:
For when disorder doth so far prevail,
That conscience is cast off as out of use,
Right is the cloke of wrong, and all abuse.

Meanwhile the king, thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poor imprison'd liberty,
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Almost beyond imagin'd misery)
By hateful treason secretly was sold,
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.
For when th' oppress'd is once up to the chin,
Quite over head all help to thrust him in.

The dire disaster of that captiv'd king,
So surely seiz'd on by the adverse part,
(To his few friends sad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terrour ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean discouraging,
Him no evasion left whereby to start;
And the black cloud, which greatliest did them
fear,
Rose where their hopes once brightest did appear.

For first, their envy with unusual force
Fell on the Spensers, from whose only hate
The war first sprung; who found their lawless course
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorse,
But as pernicious cankers of the state,
The father, first to Bristol being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quartered.

When as the heir to Winchester then dead,
The lot ere long to his son Glo'ster fell:
Reding, the marshal, the like way was led,
And after him the earl of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;
These following him in his lascivious ways,
Then went before him to his fatal days.

Like some large pillar of a lordly height,
On whose proud top some huge frame doth depend,
By time disabled to uphold the weight,
And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his first seat, and in piteous plight
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;
So far'd it with king Edward, crushing all.
That had stood near him, in his violent fall.

The state whereon these princes proudly lean,
Whose high ascent men trembling still behold,
From whence oft-times, with insolent disdain,
The kneeling subject hears himself controll'd,
Their earthly weakness truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they please, not whom they
should;

When as their fall shows how they foully err'd,
Procur'd by those whom fondly they prefer'd.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her fautors ignorance held in,
And parasites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to soothe the highest in their sin,
From those whose skill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many strange enormities begin.

For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greatest fools.

But why so vainly time do I bestow,
The base abuse of this vile world to chide?
Whose blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth show
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wise was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My subject still more sorrow doth provide,
And these designs more matter still do breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

THE BARONS' WARS,

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' imprison'd king his sceptre doth forsake,
To quit himself of what he was accus'd:
His foes him from the earl of Lei'ster take,
Who their commission fain would have refus'd:
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And basely and reproachfully abus'd,
By secret ways to Berkeley he is led,
And there in prison lastly murdered.

The wretched king, unnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his native land,
From Neath, in Wales, to Kenelworth convey'd
By th' earl of Lei'ster, with a mighty band;
Some few, his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd:
When straight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For resignation of his government.

Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it so weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deserved punishment prepar'd:
Past measure, as those miseries to fill,
To him allotted as his just reward:

All armed with malice, either less or more,
To strike at him, who struck at all before.

It being a thing the commons still did crave,
The barons thereto resolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry side to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect speed to their great action gave,
Establish'd by the general consent:
On Edward that such miseries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a king.

Earls, bishops, barons, and the abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their state,
By heralds placed in the castle hall;
The burgesses for places corporate,
(Whom the great bus'ness at that time did call,)
For the Cinque Ports the barons convocate,
With the shire knights for the whole body sent,
Both for the south and for the north of Trent.

When Edward, clothed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great assembly brought,
A doleful hearse upon a dead man's back,
Whose heavy looks express'd his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of sorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral solemnized in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the bier.

Torlton, as one select to that intent,
The best experienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, subtle, stout, and eloquent,
First with fair speech th' assembly doth prepare;
Then, with a grace austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
Winning each sad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

Urging th' exactions raised by the king,
With whose full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his subjects still impoverishing;
And the much blood he lavishly had shed,
A desolation on the land to bring:
As under him, how ill all bus'ness sped;
The loss in war, sustained through his blame,
A lasting scandal to the English name.

Withal, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend.
And with what upright policy it stood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The resignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The present want, that will'd it to be so,
Whose imposition they might not foreslow.

Much more he spake; but fain would I be short,
To this intent a speech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the deposing of a king:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muse, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reasons for it by the bishops laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,
Grac'd with a dauntless uncontracted brow,
Th' assembly with severity did teach,
Each word of his authentic to allow,
That in the bus'ness there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow:
Which they in public gen'rally protest,
Calling the king to consummate the rest.

Whose fair cheeks, cover'd with pale sheets of
shame,
Near in a swoon, he his first scene began,
Wherein his passions did such postures frame,
As ev'ry sense play'd the tragedian,
Truly to show from whence his sorrows came,
Far from the compass of a common man :
As Nature to herself had added art,
To teach despair to act a kingly part.

O Pity ! didst thou live, or wert thou not ?
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their seed forgot ?
Or, that for one, another never mourn'd ?
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,
Against yourselves that your own frailty spurn'd ?
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miseries ?

His passion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a slight view, as tho' he thought not on it,
As he were senseless that it should forego him ;
And then he casts a scornful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him :
Then snatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him ; yet he would not so,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

In this confused conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning sighs, and sighs repelling tears :
But when in neither that he ease could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Besides, the time to him prefixed wears ;
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to slake,
From his full bosom thus he them bespake :

" If first my title stedfastly were planted
Upon a true indubitate succession,
Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
Which lawfully deliver'd me possession ;
You must think Heav'n sufficiency hath wanted,
And so deny it power, by your oppression,
That into question dare thus boldly bring
The awful right of an anointed king.

" That hallowed unction, by a sacred hand,
Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
And of this kingdom gave me the command,
When it about me the rich verdure spread,
Either my right in greater stead should stand,
Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed ?
Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
Just Heaven hath often punish'd, always much.

" As from the Sun, when from our sov'reign due,
Whose virtual influence, as the source of right,
Lends safety of our livelihood to you,
As from our fulness taking borrow'd light ;
Which to the subject being ever true,
Why thus oppugn you by prepost'rous might ?
But what Heaven lent me, wisely to have used,
It gives to him that vainly I abused.

" Then here I do resign it to your king ;"
[Pausing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With gripping throws seem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that sound his grieved heart did wring !
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
" Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,
But griefs that touch the heart are hardly
told."

[Which said, his eyes seem'd to dissolve to tears,
After some great storm like a show'r of rain,
As his tongue strove to keep it from his ears,
Or he had spoke it with exceeding pain ;
Oh, in his lips how vile that word appears,
Wishing it were within his breast again !]

" Yet," saith he, " say so to the man you bear it,
And thus say to him that you mean shall wear it :

" Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with a diadem invested ;
(A glittering crown hath made this hair so gray)
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this is no certain way ;
With sweeter cates the mean estate is feasted :
For when his proud feet scorn to touch the mould,
His head's a prisoner in a gaol of gold.

" In numb'ring subjects, he but numbers care ;
And when with shouts the people do begin,
Let him suppose, th' applause but prayers are,
That he may 'scape the danger he is in,
Wherein t' adventure he so boldly dares :
The multitude hath multitudes of sin,
And he that first doth cry, ' God save the king !'
Is the first man him evil news doth bring.

" Lost in his own, mis-led in others' ways,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Himself displeasing, wicked men to please ;
Obey'd no more than he shall tyrannise,
The least in safety, being most at ease,
With one friend winning many enemies :
And when he sitteth in his greatest state, [hate.
They that behold him most, bear him most

" A king was he but now, that now is none,
Disarm'd of power, and here dejected is ;
By whose deposing he enjoys a throne,
Who, were he natural, should not have done this :
I must confess th' inheritance his own ;
But, whilst I live, it should be none of his :
But the son climbs, and thrusts the father down,
And thus the crowned goes without a crown."

Thus having play'd his hard constrained part,
His speech, his reign, the day together ended,
His breast shot through with sorrow's deadliest
dart,
Car'd for of none, nor look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavy heart,
To his straight lodging strictly recommended,
Left to bemoan his miserable plight,
To the deaf walls, and to the darksome night.

Whilst things were thus disast'rously decreed,
Seditious libels every day were spread,
(By such as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force should be delivered :
Whether his wrong remorse in some did breed,
That him (alas !) untimely pitied ;
Who knew : or whether but devis'd by some,
To cloke his murder, afterward to come.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning still did lurk,
And still suspicious Edward was not sure,
Fearing that blood with Leicester might work,
Or that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the queen's faction mightily did irk :
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer stay, but east to have him laid,
Where his friends least might hope to lend him
aid.

Of which when as they had debated long,
Of Berkeley castle they themselves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous strong,
And yet far stronger easily might be wrought:
Besides, it stood by their chiefest friends among,
And where he was wilkieliest to be sought;
And for their men, to work what they desir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be hir'd.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a devilish instrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men these had, to mischief wholly bent,
In villainy notorious for their skill,
Dishonest, desp'rate, merciless, and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

Vile Gurney and Maltrevs were the men,
Of this black scene the actors chose to be,
Whose hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have these names now, that were famous
then, tree:
Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest
Ye are no way partakers of their shame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their bus'ness none was to inquire:
Well were the men and their commission match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the king, his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

This crew of ribalds, villainous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lei'ster their commission brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the king;
Which (with much grief) they lastly from him
wrought;

About the castle closely hovering,
Watching a time, when silence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;
So carrying him in a most wretched case,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repose and natural rest,
With thirst and hunger grievously oppress'd.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,
From beard and head they shav'd away the hair,
Which was the last that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight so bare,
Such tyranny on king was never shown,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

For when they had him far from all resort,
They took him down from his poor weary beast,
And on a mole-hill (for a state in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly drest,
Then with his woful miseries made sport;
And for his bason, fitting with the rest,
A rusty iron skull:—O wretched sight!
Was ever man so miserably dight?

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool rising with a sudden rain,
Which wrestled with the puddle, and withal
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endless grief which to his mind did call,
His sighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether should
The mast'ry have, the hot ones or the cold.

Vile traitors! hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it majesty still bears:
Dare you thus keep your sov'reign lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?
Or if your sight all pity thus withstands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced thro' your ears?
The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A king's a king, to Fortune what she can.

Dare man take that which God himself hath
giv'n?

Or mortal spill the spir't by him infus'd,
Whose pow'r is subject to the pow'r of Heaven?
Wrongs pass not unreveng'd, although excus'd,
Except that thou set all at six and seven,
Rise, majesty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this sort thou dost thyself forsake?

When, in despite and mock'ry of a crown,
A wreath of grass they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then coming from a swoon,
And that his spir'ts a little 'gan to wake:
" Fortune," quoth he, " thou dost not always
frown;

I see thou giv'st, as well as thou dost take;
That wanting natural covert for my brain,
For that defect thou lend'st me this again.

" To whom, just Heaven, should I my grief com-
Since it is only thou that workest all? [plain,
How can this body natural strength retain,
To suffer things so much unnatural?
My cogitations labour, but in vain:
'Tis from thy justice that I have my fall,
That when so many miseries do meet,
The change of sorrow makes my torment sweet."

Thus they to Berkeley brought the wretched king,
Which for their purpose was the place fore-thought.
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought.
That might the nation into question bring?
But oh! your ways with justice still are fraught:
But he is hap'd into his earthly Hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
Where through straight windows the dull light came
(In which the Sun did at no season come) [far,
Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whose floor the common sewer pass'd,
Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing-bells:
The bowling dog a doleful part doth bear,
s though they chid'd his last sad burying knells:
Under his eave the buzzing screech-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets;
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets;
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms;
Of strong temptations by seducing sprites:
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost;
Twenty-eight barons, either hang'd or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge and fatal Borough lost;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking ev'ry limb,
As tho' that piece-meal they would torture him.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straightways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes:
Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not still his wiles to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkeely sent.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did bear;
Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the king,
Showing withal how vile a thing it were;
But, by the pointing, was another thing,
And to dispatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murth'rsers need no
more,

Being thereto too ready long before.

When Edward hap'd a chronicle to find,
Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to pass the hours, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
For when true sorrow once the fancy seizeth,
Whate'er we see, our misery increaseth.

And to that Norman ent'ring on this isle,
Call'd William Conqueror, first his time he plies;
The fields of Hastings how he did defile
With Saxon blood, and Harold did surprise;
And those which he so could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannise:
Where he read, how the strong o'ercame the
strong,

As God oft-times makes wrong to punish wrong.

How Robert then his eldest son abroad,
Rufus his second seiz'd on his estate,
His father's steps apparently that trode,
Depressing those who had been conquer'd late;
But as on them he laid a heavy load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartial fate:
For whilst men's rooms for beasts he did intend,
He in that forest had a beastly end.

Henry, his young'st, his brother William dead,
Taketeth the crown from his usurping hand,
Due to the eldest, good duke Robert's head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land:
Whose pow'r was there so much diminished,
That he his foe not able to withstand,
Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes out-done,
For which, the seas left Henry not a son:

To Maud, the empress, he the sceptre leaves,
His only daughter, whom (through false pretext)
Stephen, earl of Bulloin, from the kingdom heaves,
The Conqueror's nephew, in succession next,
By which the land a stranger war receives,
Wherewith it long was miserably vext:
Till Stephen failing, and his issue gone,
The heir of Maud steps up into the throne.

Henry the second, Maud the empress' son,
Of th' English kings Plantagenet the first,
By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun;
But yet his greatness strangely was accurst,
By his son Henry's coronation:
Which to his age much woe and sorrow nurst,
When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
Abroad his towns, at home usurp'd his seat.

Richard, his son, him worthily succeeds,
Who, not content with what was safely ours,
(A man whose mind sought after glorious deeds)
Into the East transports the English pow'rs;
Where, with his sword while many a pagan bleeds,
Relentless fate doth haste on his last hours,
By one, whose sire he justly there had slain,
With a sharp arrow shot into the brain.

Next follow'd him his faithless brother John,
By Arthur's murder (compass'd by his might)
His brother Geoffrey, th' earl of Britain's son;
But he by poison was repay'd his spite:
For whilst he strove to have made all his own,
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the clergy tyrannously fed,
Was by a monk of Swinsted poisoned.

Henry, his son, then crowned very young,
For hate the English to the father bare,
The son's here reigning was in question long,
Who thought on France t' have cast the kingdom's
care;
With whom the barons, insolent and strong,
For the old charter in commotion were:
Which his long reign did with much care molest,
Yet with much peace went lastly to his rest.

Of him descends a prince, stout, just, and sage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his son)
In whom wise Nature did herself engage,
More than in man, in Edward to have done;
Whose happy reign recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his empire won:
"O God!" quoth he, "had he my pattern been,
Heav'n had not pour'd these plagues upon my
sin."

Turning the leaf, he found, at unawares, [born;
What day young Edward, prince of Wales, was
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to despite him they were set in scorn,
Blotting the paper like disfig'ring scars,
"O let that name," quoth he, "from books be torn,
Lest in that place the sad displeased Earth
Doth loath itself, as slander'd with my birth.

"Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea;
And future ages asking for that child,
Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas stol'n away:
And lest, O Time! thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day;
Let all be done that pow'r can bring to pass,
To make forgot that such a one there was."

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to seem like roundlets, that arise
By a stone cast into a standing brook,
Appearing to him in such various wise,
And at one time such sundry fashions took,
As like deluding goblins did affright,
And with their foul shapes terrify his sight.

And on his death-bed sits him down at last,
His fainting spirits foreshowing danger nigh,
When the doors forth a fearful howling cast,
To let those in by whom he was to die:
At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,
Those ruthless villains did upon him fly;
Who, seeing none to whom to call for aid,
Thus to these cruel regicides he said:

"O be not authors of so vile an act,
My blood on your posterity to bring,
Which after-time with horror shall distract,
When Fame shall tell it, how you kill'd a king:
And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
Mortality so much astonishing, [sin,
That they should count their wickedness scarce
Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

"And since you deadly hate me, let me live;
Yea, this advantage angry Heaven hath left,
Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give:
But that revenge from you should not be reft,
Me yet with greater misery to grieve,
Hath still reserv'd this from its former theft;
That this, which might of all these plagues pre-
vent me,

Were I depriv'd it, lasteth to torment me."

Thus spake this woful and distressed lord,
As yet his breath found passage to and fro,
With many a short pant, many a broken word,
Many a sore groan, many a grievous throw,
Whilst him his spirit could any strength afford,
To his last gasp to move them with his woe;
Till over-master'd by their too much strength,
His sickly heart submitted at the length.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his weary'd
Basely uncovering his most secret part, [corse,
And without human pity or remorse,
With a hot spit they thrust him to the heart.
O that my pen had in it but that force,
T' express the pain! but that surpasseth art!
And that the soul must ev'n with trembling do,
For words want weight, nor can they reach
thereto.

When those ('t' th' depth and dead time of the
Poor simple people, that then dwelled near, [night)
Whom that strange noise did wond'rously affright,
That his last shriek did in his parting hear,
As pitying that most miserable wight,
(Betwixt compassion and obedient fear)

Turn'd up their eyes, with heaviness oppress,
Praying to Heaven to give the soul good rest.

VOL. IV.

Berkley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
Let thy sad echoes shriek a deadly sound,
To the vast air complain his grievous wrong,
And keep the blood that issued from his wound,
The tears that dropp'd from his dead eyes among,
In their black footsteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the ages that succeed,
May call to mind the foulness of their deed.

When now the Genius of this woful place,
Being the guide to his affrightful ghost,
With hair dishevell'd and a ghastly face,
Shall haunt the prison where his life was lost;
And, as the den of horror and disgrace,
Let it be fearful unto all the coast,
That those hereafter that do travel near,
Never behold it but with heavy cheer.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lord Mortimer made earl of March; when he
And the fair queen rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at Nottingham they be:
The cost wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by those their hateful pride that see.
The king attempts the dreadful cave by night;
Ent'ring the castle, taketh him from thence,
And March at London dies for the offence.

Enforc'd of other accidents to sing,
(Bearing fair shows of promised delight,
Somewhat to slack this melancholy string)
That new occasions to our Muse excite,
To our conceit strange objects fashioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally invite:
Matter of moment much to be respected,
Must by our pen be seriously directed.

And now the time more cunningly redeeming,
These fraudulent courses fitly to contrive,
How ill soe'er, to bear the fairest seeming,
For which they now must diligently strive,
Casting all ways to gain the same esteeming,
That to the world it prosp'rously might thrive;
This far gone on, now with the hand of might,
Upon this wrong to build a lasting right.

The pompous synod of these earthly gods
At Salisbury selected by their king,
To set all even that had been at odds,
And into fashion their designs to bring,
And strongly now to settle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions spring,
Firmly t' establish what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

When Mortimer pursuing his desire,
Whilst ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To b' earl of March doth suddenly aspire,
T' increase the honour of his ancient seat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only Mortimer, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never starve her own.

E

Now stand they firm as those celestial poles,
 'Twixt which the stars in all their course do move,
 Whose strength this frame of government upholds,
 An argument their wisdoms to approve,
 Which way soe'er the time in motion rolls,
 So perfect is the union of their love.

For might is still most absolute alone,
 Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

Whilst Edward's nonage gives a further speed
 To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
 Which to prevent they must have special heed,
 Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
 Which otherwise if their neglect should breed,
 Nothing yet made, it might not easily mar;

Which with the most, reserving their estate,
 Enforc'd to purchase at the dearest rate.

So much 't' release the homage as suffic'd,
 'Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renown,
 By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd
 Their fealty unto the English crown,
 With other reliques that were highly priz'd,
 Was that which forc'd the greatest part to frown:

Th' black cross of Scotland men did ominous
 Being a relique of so high esteem. [deem,

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
 They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
 To give more strength unto this strange release,
 Which unto all men seem'd so dangerous
 Whilst Robert's reign, and after his decease,
 The league might ever be continued thus;

David the prince the lady Jane should take,
 Which 'twixt the realms a lasting bond should
 make.

When th' earl of Kent, that being one of those
 Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,
 Perceiving them of matters to dispose
 'To the subjection of so great a land,
 Finding the inconvenience that grows
 Under the guidance of their wilful hand,

To shake their pow'r whilst he strangely doth cast,
 His fatal end too violently doth haste.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
 (Long now supposed the deceased king)
 Unto his nephew might that scandal give,
 As into question might his title bring;
 Ill this report began, and worse it thrive,
 Being so foul and dangerous a thing,

Which being the motive of intestine strife,
 The time not long ere it bereft his life.

Whilst Edward takes what late their pow'r did give,
 Whose nonage craves their bountiful protection,
 Which know to rule, whilst he must learn to live,
 From their experience taking his direction,
 Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive,
 When born to reign, yet crown'd by their election,
 Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
 Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

Providing for protection of the king,
 Men of most power, and noblest of the peers,
 That no distaste unto the realm might bring,
 For ripen'd judgment, or well-season'd years,
 With comeliness all matters managing:

Yet whilst they row, 'tis Mortimer that steers.
 Well might we think the man were worse than
 blind,

That wanted sea-roomth, and could rule the wind.

To smooth the path wherein this course was gone,
 Which as a test might to their actions stand,
 And give more full possession of their own,
 In being received from a sovereign hand,
 Into their bosoms absolutely thrown,
 Both for the good and safety of the land;
 When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
 To the world's eye so fair an outside bare.

All compliment that appertain'd to state,
 By giving greatness every honour'd rite,
 To feed those eyes that did their hours await,
 And by all means to nourish their delight;
 That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
 And with free bounty equally invite.

A prince's wealth in spending still doth spread,
 Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
 Which as a pharus guards the goodly soil,
 And arm'd by nature danger to defy,
 There to repose him safely after toil,
 Where treason least advantage might espy,
 Closely conveys this great invaluable spoil;

That by residing from the public sight,
 He might more freely relish his delight.

Nine score in check attending in their court,
 Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mutual bands,
 Men most select, of special worth and sort;
 Much might they do that have so many hands.
 Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?

This high-rear'd castle ev'ry way commands:
 Thus like those giants, 'gainst great Heav'n they
 rise,

Which darted rocks at th' empyréal skies.

It seems in him Fame means her pow'r to show,
 And 'twixt her wings to bear him thro' the sky,
 He might more eas'ly see the things below,
 Having above them mounted him so high,
 Unto whose will they meekly seem to bow,
 Under whose greatness meaner pow'rs do lie:
 All things concur with fair successful chance,
 To raise that man whom Fortune will advance.

Here, all along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
 The silver Trent on pearly sands doth slide,
 And to the meadows telling wanton tales,
 Her crystal limbs lasciviously in pride,
 (As ravished with the enamour'd gales)
 With often turnings casts from side to side,
 As loth she were the sweet soil to forsake,
 And cast herself into the German lake.

Near whom fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
 Twines her loose arms about the flatt'ring tow'rs,
 By the mild shadows of her scatter'd grove,
 Lends Winter shelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
 As with the flood in courtesy it strove;
 And by repulsing the sharp northern show'rs,
 Courts the proud castle, who by turning to her,
 Smiles to behold th' lascivious wood-nymph
 woo her.

Who being retir'd so strictly to this place,
 To this fair sted the princess' person draws,
 When Fortune seems their greatness to embrace,
 That as a working and especial cause,
 Effects each formal ceremonious grace,
 As by her just and necessary laws,
 That in the town retains his kingly seat,
 With March's court the castle is replete.

Occasion'd where, in counsels to debate,
 And by the king conveniently is met,
 So sovereign and magnificent in state,
 As might all eyes upon his greatness set,
 Prizing his honour at that costly rate,
 As to the same due reverence might beget,
 Which as the object sundry passions wrought,
 Stirring strange forms in many a wand'ring
 thought.

Could blind ambition find the meanest way
 His disproportion'd and vain course to guide,
 To assure some safety in that slippery way
 Where the most worldly provident do slide,
 Feeling the steep-fall threat'ning sure decay,
 Besotted in the wantonness of pride,
 The mind assuming absoluter pow'r,
 Might check the frail mortality of ours.

But still in pleasure sitting with excess,
 His savory junkets tasted with delight,
 Ne'er can that glutton appetite suppress,
 Where ev'ry dish invites a liqu'rish sight.
 Nor having much, is his desire the less,
 Till tempted past the compass of his might,
 The pamp'ring stomach more than well suffic'd,
 Casts up the surfeit lately gormandiz'd.

As when some brook from th' over-moisten'd ground
 By swelling waters proudly overflow'd,
 Stoppeth his current, should'r'eth down his mound,
 And from his course doth quite himself unload,
 The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where surround,
 Dispersing his own riches all abroad,
 Spending the store he was maintained by,
 Leaves his first channel desolate and dry.

When now those few that many tears had spent,
 And long had wept on murder'd Edward's grave,
 Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and discontent,
 And finding some a willing ear that gave,
 Still as they durst bewraying what they meant,
 Tending his pride and greatness to deprave;
 Urging withall what some might justly do,
 If things thus borne were rightly look'd into.

Some give it out, that March, by blood to rise,
 Had cut off Kent, the man might next succeed,
 And his late treasons falsely did surmise
 As a meer colour to this lawless deed;
 That his ambition only did devise,
 In time the royal family to weed,
 When in account there was but only one,
 That kept him off from stepping to the throne.

And those much busied in the former times,
 Then credulous that honour was his end,
 And by the hate they bare to others' crimes,
 Did not his faults so carefully attend,
 Perceiving how he dissolutely climbs,
 Having thus brought his purpose to an end,
 With a severe eye now more strictly look,
 Into the course that his ambition took.

All fence the tree that serveth for a shade,
 Whose large grown body doth repulse the wind,
 Until his wasteful branches do invade
 The straighter plants, and them in prison bind,
 And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
 When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
 Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
 Whose roornth but hinders other that would
 grow.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
 And to his will these things assured were
 With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
 Never so much freed from suspicious fear,
 Well fortify'd, and in so good estate,
 As not admits of danger to be near.
 But still we see, before a sudden show'r,
 The Sun shines hott'st, and hath the greatest
 pow'r.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
 A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
 As in the same she had inparadis'd
 Almost what man by industry hath sought;
 Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
 What could with colours by the art be wrought,
 In the most sure place of the castle there,
 Which she had nam'd the Tower of Mortimer.

An orb'el form with pillars small compos'd,
 Which to the top like parallels do bear,
 Arching the compass where they were enclos'd,
 Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
 In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,
 All the clear northern asterisms were
 In their corporeal shapes with stars enchas'd,
 As by th' old poets they in Heav'n were plac'd.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
 Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
 As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
 That as a zone the waist engirdled,
 That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
 'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
 Under the which the painter's curious skill
 In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phœbus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
 Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
 The one's tears mix'd with the other's blood,
 That should 't be blood or tears no sight could view,
 So mix'd together in a little flood,
 Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
 The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with balm,
 To bring the sweet boy from this deadly quailm.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
 His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
 To express whose grief Art ev'n her best did show,
 The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
 To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
 As still to give new anguish to the wound;
 The purple flower sprung from the blood that
 run,
 That op'neth since and closeth with the Sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
 Gazing her new ta'en figure in a brook,
 The water shadow'd to observe the shape
 In the same form that she on it doth look.
 So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
 That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
 By perspective devis'd beholding now,
 This way a maiden, that way 't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
 Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
 With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
 He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
 Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
 As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
 Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
 As through the drops the fair skin might appear.

And ciffy Cynthús with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown ;
The rock so lively dona in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descending,
Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among ;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling thro' the clouds,

Cast by his palfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds, [yoke,
Now through the Heav'n run madding from the
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke ;
Drawn with such life, as some did much desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes ;

The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in showing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose ripen'd clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl,
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past :
In lively pictures neatly handed was ;
How he escap'd the Tow'r, in France how grac'd,
With stones embroider'd, of a wondrous mass ;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impresses, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sun-shine had begot the show'r,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head :
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear ;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer must cast,

If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake :
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell ;
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay ;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face ;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light ;
Which, striving there preeminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
And threaten'd them their journey to foreslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide ;
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
 Their shadows then them following at their back,
 Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
 And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
 Or like to fiends that them had followed,
 Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
 Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
 At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
 As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
 And struck the cave in passing on each side,
 As they were angry with the hollow ground,
 That it an act so pitiless should hide;
 Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
 And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
 As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
 And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
 To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
 Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
 In night attire more god-like glittering,
 Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
 Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer, [ear
 Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd her

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
 Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
 And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
 Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
 Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
 He lost his way, nor back again could get;
 But with those banks of beauty set about,
 He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
 Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
 Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
 No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
 Nor ever was there epithet could grace
 That, by much praising which we much impair;
 And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,
 Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
 The gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,
 That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
 Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
 So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
 As she had worn a lilly for a glove;
 As might beget life where was never none,
 And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire, of precious wood; the light perfume,
 Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
 As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
 The scent from them, and made the same their
 own:

So that the painted flowers within the room
 Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
 The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
 And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
 And from one piece they to another run,
 Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those
 eyes,
 Show how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;
 How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
 This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
 The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
 And in that art a thousand curious things:

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,
 The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
 But Mortimer commended his desire,
 To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
 "What though," quoth he, "he madly did aspire,
 And his great mind made him proud Fortune's
 thrall?"

Yet in despite, when she her worst had done,
 He perish'd in the chariot of the Sun."

"Phœbus," she said, "was overforc'd by art;
 Nor could she find how that embrace could be."
 But Mortimer then took the painter's part: [he;
 "Why thus bright empress, thus and thus," quoth
 "That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
 Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see!
 Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
 It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
 Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
 And they within suspecting nought at all,
 Had then no guard to watch for them without.
 See how mischances suddenly do fall,
 And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt!
 Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
 And tow'rd's most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
 To the bright queen that ever waited near,
 Two with great March much credit that had won,
 That in the lobby with the ladies were,
 Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
 With such discourse as women love to hear;
 Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
 Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
 Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rd's her preying
 hour,

Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
 And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
 Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
 The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r: [vault,
 Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the
 Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Unarm'd was March (she only in his arms,
 Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows)
 Who least of all suspected such alarms,
 And to be so encounter'd by his foes,
 When he was most improvident of harms.
 O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
 Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
 Or in her sight dy'd happily esteem'd.

But there, about him looking for the king,
 Whom he suppos'd his judgment could not miss;
 Which when he found, by his imagining
 Of those most perfect lineaments of his:
 Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did bring
 Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for this;
 And in this place the least of all the rest,
 Where only sacred solitude is blest.

"Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,
 Whose godlike greatness makes the place divine:
 And canst thou, king, thus countermand her will,
 Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is thine,
 And in her arms in safety kept thee still,
 As in a most inviolated shrine?"

Yet dar'st thou irreliously despise,
 And thus profane these sacred liberties?"

But ev'n as when old Ilion was surpris'd;
The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before devis'd,
Without all human pity or remorse;
Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound
Words were not heard, and poor complaints were
drown'd.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears;
Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;
To weep with her, the hard wall scarce forbears,
The woful words she uttered were such,
Able to wound th' impenetrablest ears,
Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)
And to the king, when she at last doth come,
Thus to him, spake, though he to her were dumb,

"Dear son," quoth she, "let not his blood be spilt,
So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
In all his life can there be found that guilt?
Think of his love, on which thou once shouldst
'Twas he thy seat that so substantial built, [frown:
Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking down;
'Twas he the means that first for thee did find,
To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

"Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that dear blood,
From which (my son) thou didst receive thy life,
Play not the niggard in so small a good,
With her to whom thy bounties should be rife,
Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood:
O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!
Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,
Without thy pity be but vainly spent."

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about,
And none regarded to maintain the light,
Which being over-wasted, was gone out,
It being then the mid-time of the night,
Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;
The queen alone (at least, if any near,
They were her women, almost dead with fear):

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,
Began to work on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,
As they would do their utmost in their kind;
And as then those, she need no other foe,
Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,
To rack her conscience (by their torture due)
Itself t' accuse of whatsoe'er it knew.

"O God!" (she thought) is yet an hour scarce
past,
Since that my greatness, my command more high,
And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye?
How am I now abused! how disgrac'd!
Did ever queen in my dejection lie?" [brought
These things she ponder'd, as despair still
Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

To London thus they March a pris'ner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the queen,
From whom his friends and his late followers fled,
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durst show his head,
Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

O Misery! where once thou art possess'd,
See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
And, like a Circe, metamorphosest
The man that hath not a most godlike mind:
The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!
Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,
And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,
Gives him up fetter'd, basely fear'd, to death.

When soon the king a parliament decreed,
(Ne'er till that time sole master of his crown)
And against March doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
To which both high and low took special heed:
He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,
King Edward's blood, with both the Spensers,
For vengeance on him, by the voice of all. [call

With dear Kent's death his credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the wards and liveries,
Which he by craft into his hands had got,
The sums then seized to his treasuries:
Then Joan the princess marry'd to the Scot,
The sign at Stanhope to the enemies;
With all things ripp'd from the records of time,
That any way might aggravate his crime.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,
(Wherein thou laidst as thou hadst quite been
slak'd)
And becom'st kindled with the breath of wrong,
How soon thy hideous fury is awak'd! [sprung!
From thy poor sparks what flames are quickly
To waste their tops how soon dost thou aspire,
Whose weight and greatness once repress thy fire!

And what avail'd his answer in that case?
Which the time then did utterly distaste,
And look'd upon him with so stern a face,
As it his actions utterly disgrac'd:
No friendly bosom gave him any place,
Who was clean out of all opinion cast;
Taking his pen, his sorrows to deceive,
Thus of the queen he lastly took his leave.

"Bright empress, yet be pleased to peruse
The swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Altho' not like the raptures of the Muse
In our fresh youth, when our love first began,
Into my breast that did the fire infuse,
That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
And in my course a flame of light'ning beat,
Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd burgonet.

"As for your son, that hast'neth on my death,
Madam, you know I lov'd him as mine own;
And when I could have grasped out his breath,
I set him cas'ly on his father's throne;
Which now his pow'r too quickly witnesseth,
Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
As after death I wish to be in Heaven.

"And for the sole rule, whereon so he stands,
Came bastard William but himself to shore?
Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
Who in that field our ancient ensign bore,
(Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
Which then his leopards for their safety wore,
Looking at Hastings like that ominous lake,
From whose black depths our glorious name we
take?"

"Why fell I not from that my all arm'd horse,
On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
Before the Belgic and Burgundian force,
There challenging their countries combatant;
Cast from my seat in some robustious course,
That they of me the victory might vaunt?

Why sunk I not under my batter'd shield,
To grace a brave foe, and renown a field?

"Yet never serv'd I Fortune like a slave,
Nor have, through baseness, made her bounties
In me her judgment poorly to deprave, [less.
Nought hath she lent me that I'll not confess;
Nay, int'rest for her principal I gave.
My mind hath suited with her mightiness;
Her frowns with scorn and Mortimer doth bear,
For nothing can she do that he can fear.

"That ne'er quails me, at which your greatest
quake;

Nor aught that's dreadful danger me can show,
Through sword and fire so us'd my way to take:
In death what can be, that I do not know,
That I should fear a covenant to make
With it, which welcom'd, finisheth my woe?
And nothing can th' afflicted conscience grieve,
But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

"And thus, thot most adored in my heart,
The thoughts of whom my humbled spir't doth
Lady most fair, most dear, of most desert, [raise,
Worthy of more than any mortal praise,
Condemned March thus lastly doth depart
From the great'st empress living in her days:
Nor with my dust my Honour I inter;
Cæsar thus dy'd, and thus dies Mortimer."

When secretly he sent this letter to her,
Whose superscription was her princely style,
She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo
her;

With which conceit she pleas'd herself a while,
Than which no one thing serv'd so to undo her,
By feeding her with flatt'ry and with guile,
To make her still more sensible of pain,
Which her sad heart was shortly to sustain.

Using her fingers to rip up the seal,
Which help'd to hide these ill news from her eyes,
Loth as it were such tidings to reveal,
As might her senses suddenly surprise;
But when her white hand did so hardly deal
With the poor paper, that the wax must rise,
It stuck upon her fingers bloody red,
As to portend some dear blood should be shed.

When by degrees she eas'ly doth begin,
And as a fish plays with a baited hook,
So softly yet she swallow'd sorrow in,
Till she her bane into her bowels took;
And then she sees th' expenses of her sin,
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor hears,
Her usefull'st senses soonest her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her ears,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her tears:
Which when some line she loosely over-past,
The drops could tell her where she left the
last.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or some one had devised it in spite,
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,
Which, she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,
And pities it, which she thinks pities her:
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour something doth infer.

Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could
free, [she,
"Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd lord," quoth

"For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,
Which as a relique I of thee will save,
Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall mourn,
Which in this bosom shall their burial have;
Out of which place they never shall return,
Nor give the honour to another grave;
But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,
Wherein thy image is most lively carry'd."

Then breaks she out in cursing of her son,
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,
As that she ended ere she had begun,
Speaking before what should have come behind:
From that she to another course doth run,
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,
By stab, or poison; and she'll swear to both,
But for her life she could not find an oath.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the king's cruel dealing to discover;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poor queen, she fell to scribbling to her lover:
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning back to read what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swoond,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedy was found;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her grief dispose.

Quoth she, "King Edward, as thou art my son,
Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:
My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath won,
And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;
But for this mischief to thy mother done,
Take thou my curse, so that it may outlive thee;
That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
So may my curse thee, by my testament.

" And henceforth in this solitary place,
 Ever residing from the public sight,
 A private life I willingly embrace,
 No more rejoicing in the obvious light,
 To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space ;
 Till death enclose me in continual night,
 Let never sleep more close my wearied eye,
 So, Isabella, lay thee down and die."

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

WITH SOME SHORT ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE
 HISTORY TO THE SAME, TO WHICH THE READER IS
 DIRECTED BY PROPER REFERENCES FROM THE TEXT,
 CORRESPONDING WITH THOSE IN THE NOTES.

TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the world made
 public, it is imagined that I ought to be ac-
 countable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine
 own discharge, lest, being mistaken, I fall in hazard
 of a just and universal reprehension: for,

— Hæ nugæ seria ducent,
 In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Two points are especially therefore to be explain-
 ed: first, Why I entitle this work England's
 Heroical Epistles; secondly, Why I have annexed
 notes to every epistle's end. For the first, the
 title (I hope) carrieth reason in itself; for that
 the most and greatest persons herein were English;
 or else, that their loves were obtained in England.
 And tho' heroical be properly understood of demi-
 gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose parents
 were said to be, the one celestial, the other mortal;
 yet is it also transferred to them, who for the
 greatness of mind come near to gods. For to be
 born of a celestial incubus, is nothing else, but to
 have a great and mighty spirit, far above the
 earthly weakness of men; in which sense Ovid
 (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also
 use heroical. For the second, because the work
 might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but
 amorous humour were handled therein, I have
 interwoven matters historical, which, unexplained,
 might defraud the mind of much content: as for
 example, in Margarite's Epistle to William de la
 Poole,

My daizy flow'r which once perfum'd the air.
 Margarite in French signifies a daizy, which for
 the allusion to her name this queen gave for her
 device; and this as others more, have seem'd to
 me not unworthy the explaining.

Now though no doubt I had need to excuse other
 things beside, yet these most especially; the rest I
 overpass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as
 harmlessly taken as I meant them, I shall not
 lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a
 gentle reader.

M. DRAYTON.

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Love have I wish'd, and hop'd my weaker Muse,
 (In nothing strong but my unhappy love)
 Would give me leave my fortune to approve,
 And view the world, as named poets use;

But still her fruitless bosom doth refuse
 To bless me with indifference of praise;
 Not daring (like to many) to abuse
 That title which true worth should only raise:
 Thus bankrupt and despairing of mine own,
 I set my wish and hope, kind friend, on thee,
 Whose fruit approv'd, and better fortune known,
 Tells me, thy Muse my love's sole heir must be.
 So barren wombs embrace their neighbour's
 young;

So dumb men speak by them that have a tongue.
 THOMAS HASSEL, GENT.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Now I perceive Pythagoras divin'd,
 When he that mocked maxim did maintain,
 That spirits, once spoil'd, revested were again,
 Though chang'd in shape, remaining one in mind.
 These love-sick princes' passionate estates,
 Who feeling reads, he cannot but allow,
 That Ovid's soul revives in Drayton now;
 Still learn'd in love, still rich in rare conceits,
 This pregnant spirit affecting farther skill,
 Oft alt'ring form, from vulgar wits retir'd,
 In diverse idioms mightily admir'd,
 Did prosecute that sacred study still;
 While to a full perfection now attain'd,
 He sings so sweetly that himself is stain'd.

W. ALEXANDER KNIGHT, SCOTUS.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

How can he write that broken hath his pen,
 Hath rent his paper, thrown his ink away,
 Detests the world, and company of men,
 Because they grow more hateful day by day?
 Yet with these broken reliques, mated mind,
 And what a justly-grieved thought can say,
 I give the world to know, I ne'er could find
 A work more like to live a longer day.
 Go, Verse, an object for the proudest eye,
 Disdain those which disdain to read thee over;
 Tell them, they know not how they should descry
 The secret passions of a witty lover:
 For they are such as none but those shall know,
 Whom beauty schools to hold the blind boy's
 bow.

Once I had vow, (O, who can all vows keep?)
 Henceforth to smother my unlucky Muse;
 Yet for thy sake she started out of sleep,
 Yet now she dies. Thou do as kinsfolks use,
 Close up the eyes of my new-dying style,
 As I have open'd thy sweet babe's erewhile.

EDMUND SCORY, KNT.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the second keepeth (with much care)
 Lord Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair;
 And whilst his sons do Normandy invade,
 He, forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made
 A labyrinth in Woodstock, where unseen
 His love might lodge safe from his jealous queen;

Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive breast, his darling to unload,
In this epistle doth her grief complain;
And his rescription tells her his again.

If yet thine eyes (great Henry) may endure
These tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes
back,

And therefore suted in despairing black)
Let me for love's sake their acceptance crave.
But that sweet name vile I profaned have;
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.

If with my shame thine eyes thou fain would'st
feed,

Here let them surfeit of my shame to read.
This scribled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble me:
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and spotless was mine innocence: [scroul,
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soul.

What by this conquest canst thou hope to win,
Where thy best spoil is but the act of sin?
Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a king?
"Fame never stoops to things but mean and poor,
The more our greatness, our fault is the more;
Lights on the ground themselves do lessen far;
But in the air each small spark seems a star."
Why on my woman-frailty should'st thou lay
So strong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,
Both with thine own shame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will;
For what my body was enforced to do,
(Heaven knows) my soul yet ne'er consented to:
For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,
Such as my love, such had my lover been.
"True Love is simple, like his mother Truth,
Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
No greater cor'sive to our blooming years,
Than the cold badge of winter-blasted hairs.
Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
But cannot keep back age, with time it grows;
Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,
Yet, in that honour, age a foul disease:
Nature hath her free course in all, and then
Age is alike in kings and other men."

Which all the world will to my shame impute,
That I myself did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Grey hairs in youth not kindling green desire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That subtle serpent, that seducing devil,
Which bade me taste the fruit of good and evil:
That Circe, by whose magic I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd:
That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That devilish spirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our sex's only curse,
Hell's deep'st damnation, the worst evil's worse.

But Henry, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?

My hapless name, with Henry's name I found
Cut in the glass with Henry's diamond;
That glass from thence fain would I take away,
But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I strive to wash it out with tears,
But then the same more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witness doth against me stand:
Once did I sin, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I for ever perish.
"What grief can be, but time doth make it less?
But infamy time never can suppress."

Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting towers,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them
And with such hate the harmless walls do view, [see;
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flee.
(¹) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
(²) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.

As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging by,
The silly girl at length bapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece's image, and desires to know
What she should be, her self that murder'd so?
"Why, girl!" (quoth I) "this is that Roman
Not able then to tell the rest for shame, [dame—"
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my hisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine suets the lilly cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting-place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly drive:
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversely do vary.

When as the Sun hales tow'rd's the western slade,
And the trees' shadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my bait,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' enticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonless thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling spring, which trips upon the stones,
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
I should pollute that native purity.
(³) "Rose of the world," so doth import my name,
"Shame of the world," my life hath made the same:
And to th' unchaste this name shall given be,
Of Rosamond, deriv'd from sin and me.

The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,
Which had been famous for so many years :
They blot my birth with hateful bastardy,
That I sprang not from their nobility ;
They my alliance utterly refuse,
Nor will a strumpet shall their name abuse.

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when Acteon had by chance espy'd her :
This sacred image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man pursu'd
By his own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
Which chase me still, which way soe'er I fly.
Touching the grass, the honey-dropping dew,
Which falls in tears before my limber shoe,
Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,
As it would say, " Why went'st thou to this ill ?"
Thus to no place in safety can I go,
But every thing doth give me cause of woe.

In that fair casket of such wond'rous cost,
Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost ;
Amimone was wrought, a harmless maid,
By Neptune that adul'terous god betray'd ;
She prostrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes swoln up with tears :
This was not an entrapping bait from thee,
But by thy virtue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Lest I therein should ever keep my shame.
And in this casket (ill I see it now)
That Jove's love, lo, turn'd into a cow ;
Yet was she kept with Argus' hundred eyes,
So wakeful still be Juno's jealousies :
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T^h have clear'd myself to thy suspecting queen,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
Than had poor Argus single eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest Jove,
Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love ;
Nay, worse far (beyond their beastly kind)
A monster both in body and in mind.

The waxen taper which I burn by night,
With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my sight,
As though the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my shame :
When as it look'd with a dark low'ring eye,
To see the loss of my virginity.
And if a star but by the glass appear,
I straight entreat it not to look in here :
I am already hateful to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night ?
Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me ;
And let it justly to my charge be laid,
That I thy person meant to have betray'd :
Thou shalt not need by circumstance t^h accuse me ;
If I deny it, let the Heavens refuse me.
My life's a blemish, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame :
Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee ;
In this show mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me.

In the Cretan labyrinth a monster was enclosed
called Minotaur, the history whereof is well known :
but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus with so

many intricate ways, that being entered, one
could either hardly or never return, being in
manner of a maze, save that it was larger, the
ways being walled in on every side, out of which
Theseus by Ariadne's help (lending him a clue
of thread) escaped. Some report that it was a
house, having one half beneath the ground, ano-
ther above ; the chamber-doors therein so deceit-
fully inwrapped, and made to open so many ways,
that it was held a matter almost impossible to
return.

Some have held it to have been an allegory of
man's life : true it is that the comparison will
hold ; for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze
of life ? but it is affirmed by antiquity, that there
was indeed such a building, though Dedalus, being
a name applied to the workman's excellency, make
it suspected : for Dedalus is nothing else but in-
genious or artificial. Hereupon, it is used among
the ancient poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamond's labyrinth, whose ruins, together
with her well, being payed with square stone in
the bottom, and also her tower, from which the
labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, was alto-
gether under ground, being vaults arched and
walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably
wound one with another ; by which, if at any
time her lodging were laid about by the queen,
she might easily avoid peril imminent, and if need
be, by secret issues take the air abroad many
furlongs round about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire,
wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosa-
mond's labyrinth.

(²) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way.

Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of
Natalia, or Asia minor, famous for the sinuosity
and often returning thereof, rising from certain
hills in Meonia : hereupon are intricate turnings,
by a transumptive and metonymical kind of
speech, called meanders : for this river did so
strangely path itself, that the foot seemed to
touch the head.

(³) " Rose of the world" so doth import my name ;
" Shame of the world," my life hath made the
same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where
this " Rose of the world" was sumptuously in-
terred, a certain bishop, in the visitation of his
diocese, caused the monument, which had been
erected to her honour, utterly to be demolished ;
but let that severe chastisement of Rosamond then
dead, at this time also be over-passed, lest she
should seem to be " the shame of the world."

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHEN first the post arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters Rosamond had sent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he softly breath'd thy name.
Straight I enjoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my Rosamond did well ;
With new inquiries then I cut his short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half spoke out of his lips :
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To lose no time, whilst I unript the seal.

The more I read, still do I err the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before :
Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,
Speaking again what I before had spoken.

Still in a swoond, my heart revives and faints;
'Twixt hopes, despairs, 'twixt smiles and deep complaints.

As these sad accents sort in my desires,
Smooth calms, rough storms, sharp frost, and raging fires,

Put on with boldness, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.

Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble !
That blotted paper should thyself resemble !

Oh, were their paper but near half so white,
The gods thereon their sacred laws would write

With pens of angels' wings ; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink !

Majestic courage strives to have suppress
This fearful passion, stirr'd up in my breast ;

But still in vain the same I go about,
My heart must break within, or woes break out.

(¹) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate ?

Is meagre Envy stabbing at my throne,
Treason attending when I walk alone ?

(²) And am I branded with the curse of Rome,
And stand condemned by a council's doom ?

(³) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run ?

Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
(⁴) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.

Grief, cares, old age, suspicion too torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me ;

So many woes, so many plagues, to find,
Sickness of body, discontent of mind ;

Hopes left, helps left, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted.

Of all relief hath Fortune quite bereft me ?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me :

And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sorrows of a king ?

Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, less privilege in love ?

Is it a king the woful widow hears ?

Is it a king dries up the orphans' tears ?

Is it a king regards the client's cry ?

Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die ?

Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,

As doth the nurse her baby whilst it sleeps ?

And that poor king of all those hopes prevented,

Unheard, unhelpt, unpity'd, unlamented ?

Yet let me be with poverty oppress,

Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossess,

Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and revild,

And from my kingdom let me live exil'd.

Let the world's curse upon me still remain,

And let the last bring on the first again ;

All miseries that wretched man may wound,

Leave for my comfort only Rosamond.

For thee swift Time his speedy course doth stay,

At thy command the Destinies obey ;

Pity is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,

And at thy feet ev'n Mercy prostrate lies.

If I were feeble, rheumatic, or cold,

These were true signs that I were waxed old ;

But I can march all day in massy steel,

Nor yet my arms unwieldy weight do feel ;

Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,

The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground :

For very age had I lain bed-rid long,

One smile of thine again could make me young.

Were there in art a power but so divine,

As is in that sweet angel-tongue of thine,

That great enchantress, which once took such pains

To put young blood into old Æson's veins,

And in groves, mountains, and the moorish fen,

Sought out more herbs than had been known to

men,

And in the pow'rful potion that she makes,

Put blood of men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,

Never had needed to have gone so far,

To seek the soils where all those simples are ;

One accent from thy lips the blood more warm,

Thap all her philters, exorcisms, and charms.

Thy presence hath repaired, in one day,

What many years with sorrows did decay,

And made fresh beauty in her flow'r to spring

Out of the wrinkles of Time's ruining.

Ev'n as the hungry winter-starved Earth,

When she by nature labours tow'rd's her birth,

Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,

One blossom forth after another peeps,

Till the small flow'r, whose root at last unbound,

Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,

Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,

Deck'd in fresh colours smiles upon the Sun.

Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breast,

Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest :

Nor thirst nor travail, which on war attend,

Ere brought the long day to desired end :

Nor yet did pale fear or lean famine live,

Where hope of thee did any comfort give :

Ah ! what injustice then is this of thee,

That thus the guiltless dost condemn for me ?

When only she (by means of my offence)

Redeems thy pureness and thy innocence :

When to our wills perforce obey they must,

That's just in them, whate'er in us unjust ;

Of what we do, not them account we make,

The fault craves pardon for th' offender's sake :

And what to work a prince's will may merit,

Hath deep'st impression in the gentlest spirit.

If 't be my name that doth thee so offend,

No more myself shall be mine own name's friend ;

If it be that which thou dost only hate,

That name in my name lastly has his date :

Say, 'tis accurst and fatal, and dispraise it ;

If written, blot it ; if engraven, raze it :

Say, that of all names 'tis a name of woe :

Once a king's name, but now it is not so :

And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,

And therefore (sweet) why should I now believe

thee ? [lowre,

Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envy

Which, passing by thee, gaze up to thy tow'r ;

But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,

Which from the turret like two stars appear :

Above, the Sun doth shine ; beneath, thine eye,

Mocking the Heav'n, to make another sky.

The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,

Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning-tide,

To view thee well, his course would gladly stay,

As loth from thee to part so soon away,

And with salutes thyself would gladly greet,

And offer up some small drops at thy feet ;

But finding that the envious banks restrain it,

T' excuse itself, doth in this sort complain it,

And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,

And for thy want within the channel weeps.

And as thou dost into the water look,
The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.

And that sweet name which thou so much dost
wrong,

In time shall be some famous poet's song ;
And with the very sweetness of that name,
Lions and tigers men shall learn to tame.
The careful mother, at her pensive breast,
With Rosamond shall bring her babe to rest ;
The little birds (by men's continual sound)
Shall learn to speak and prattle Rosamond ;
And when in April they begin to sing,
With Rosamond shall welcome in the spring ;
And she in whom all rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a Rosamond.

The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,
Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do moan,
Only lament, that thou so soon art gone :
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.

Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,
Speak not, of Io or Amimone ;
When she, for whom Jove once became a bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull ;
He a white bull, and she a whiter cow,
Yet he nor she near half so white as thou.

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for
To lodge thee safe from jealous Eleanor ;
The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee so,
(*) (Which only Vaughan, thou, and I, do know)
If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
I have an hundred subtle Mercuries,
To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,
Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.

And those stars which look in, but look to see,
(Wond'ring) what star here on the Earth should be ;
As oft the Moon, amidst the silent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtain help'd mine eye to see,
What envious night and darkness hid from me ;
When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
And other worlds might still enjoy the day.

What should I say ? words, tears, and sighs, be
spent,

And want of time doth farther help prevent :
My camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,
Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts are ;
Yet is my signal to the battle's sound,
The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.
Accurs'd be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy
death :

For in one smile or lowre from thy sweet eye
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond doth rest,
Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest :
For though in France awhile my body me,
My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate ?

Robert, earl of Leicester, who took part with
young king Henry, entered into England with an
army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the

countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured
by many of the king's private enemies.

(2) And am I branded with the curse of Rome ?

King Henry II. the first Plantagenet, accused
for the death of Thomas Becket, archbishop of
Canterbury, slain in that cathedral church, was
accurs'd by pope Alexander, although he urged
sufficient proof of his innocency in the same, and
offered to take upon him any penance, so he might
avoid the curse and interdiction of his realm.

(3) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run.

Henry, the young king, whom king Henry had
caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both
for his own good, and the good of his subjects,
which indeed turned to his own sorrow, and the
trouble of the realm : for he rebelled against him,
and raising a power by the means of Lewis king
of France, and William king of Scots (who took part
with him) invaded Normandy.

(4) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.

Never was king more unfortunate than king
Henry in the disobedience of his children : first
Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then John,
all at one time or other, first or last, unnaturally
rebelled against him ; then the jealousy of Eleanor
his queen, who suspected his love to Rosamond ;
which grievous troubles the devout of those times
attributed to happen to him justly for refusing to
take on him the government of Jerusalem, offered
to him by the patriarch there, which country was
mightily afflicted by the sultan.

(5) Which only Vaughan, thou, and I, do know.

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the king ex-
ceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Wood-
stock, and much of the king's jewels and treasure,
to whom the king committed many of his secrets,
and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst
commit his love unto his charge.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

THE ARGUMENT.

King John, enamour'd, by all means assay'd
To win Matilda, a chaste noble maid,
The lord Fitzwater's daughter ; and to gain her,
When by his courtship he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, strives (so far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And banisheth the nearest of her blood,
Which he could think had his desires withstood :
When she to Dunmow to a nunn'ry flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

WHEN these my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or feign'd, or strange, or new.
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course ex-
empted,

Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes
noted,

And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
By signs in presence to express the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And still with thine eye's motion mine eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd: [mine;
You blusht, I blusht; your cheek pale, pale was
My red, thy red, my whiteness answer'd thine;
You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove;
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love.
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or senseless prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.

Oft in thy face one favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were deriv'd thence,
Than that, whose rareness passeth excellence.
Whilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) stands smiling by,
And tells me those are shadows and supposes,
But bids me thither come and gather roses:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will see:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
Lest wond'ring least, the great'st I over-slip:
My gazing eye on this and this doth seize,
Which surfeits, yet cannot desire appease.
Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair!)
Only in brownness beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
Which in a globe pure crystalline is set:
Then white; but snow, nor swan, nor ivory, please,
Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these;
In brown, in black, in pureness, and in white,
All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight:
Thus thou, vile thief, my stol'n heart hence do'st
And now thou fly'st into a sanctuary. [carry,

Fie, peevish girl, ungrateful unto Nature!
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,
And thou alone do'st scorn society?
Why, Heav'n made beauty like herself, to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smokey mew:
A rosy-tinctured feature is Heav'n's gold,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted, when the world begun,
That so rare beauty should not live a nun:
But if this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake!
Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
This superstition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this custom hither,
That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But kings in this yet privileg'd may be;
I'll be a monk, so I may live with thee.
Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would fast,
That on those lips might feast his lips at last?
Who to his mattins early would not arise,
That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?
On worldly pleasures who would ever look,
That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his book?

Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not creep,
And wish the cross still in his arms to keep?
Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
Of mere devotion that is come upon me:

Holy Matilda, thou the saint of mine,
I'll be thy servant, and my bed thy shrine.
When I do offer, be thy breast the altar;
And when I pray, thy mouth shall be my psalter.
The beads that we will bid, shall be sweet kisses,
Which we will number, if one pleasure misses;
And when an ave comes, to say Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now, all good fortune, give me happy thrift,
As I should joy t' absolve thee after shift.

But see how much I do myself beguile,
And do mistake thy meaning all this while!
Thou took'st this vow to equal my desire,
Because thou wouldst have me to be a friar,
And that we two should comfort one another,
A holy sister, and a holy brother:
Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone,
"She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."
Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
And sure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Else here thou do'st but ill example give,
And in a nunn'ry thus thou shouldst not live.
Is 't possible, the house that thou art in,
Should not be touch'd (though with a venial sin?)
When such a she-priest comes her mass to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wish they would their hearts amend,
When we be witness that their eyes offend:
All creatures have desires, or else some lie;
Let them think so that will, so will not I.

Do'st thou not think our ancestors were wise,
That these religious cells did first devise,
As hospitals were for the sore and sick,
These for the crook'd, the halt, the stigmatic,
Lest that their seed, mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemish to posterity?
Would Heav'n her beauty should be hid from sight,
Ne'er would she thus herself adorn with light,
With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her
But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon: [throne,
And when the golden glorious Sun goes down,
Would she put on her star-bestudded crown,
And in her masking sute, the spangled sky,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should imitate her fashion?
All things that fair, that pure, that glorious beem,
Offer themselves of purpose to be seen.
In sinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell,
The devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
Till by the Sun clad in her tinsel sute;
Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,
Till in his glorious arms he her embrace:
Which proves she hath a soul, sense, and delight,
Of generation's feeling appetite.
Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confess,
Whate'er thy tongue say, thy heart saith no less.

Note but this one thing (if nought else persuade)
Nature of all things male and female made,
Showing herself in our proportion plain;
For never made she any thing in vain;
For as thou art, should any have been thus,
She would have left ensample unto us.
The turtle, that's so true and chaste in love, [move;
Shows by her mate something the spirit doth

Th' Arabian bird, that never is but one,
Is only chaste, because she is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and sparrows do;
And therefore made a martyr in desire,
To do her penance lastly in the fire:
So may they all be roasted quick, that be
Apostatas to Nature, as is she.

Find me but one so young, so fair, so free,
(Woo'd, su'd, and sought by him that now seeks thee)

But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a nunn'ry for her only sake.

O, hadst thou tasted of those rare delights,
Ordain'd each-where to please great princes' sights!

To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your sex desir'd)
Attended by our trains, our pomp, our port,
Like gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,
To be saluted with the cheerful cry
Of highness, grace, and sovereign majesty:
"But unto them, that knows not pleasure's price,
All's one, a prison and a paradise."

If in a dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no difference 'twixt the day and night;
"Whose palate never tasted dainty eates,
Thinks homely dishes princely delicates."

Alas, poor girl! I pity thine estate,
That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate!
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father back from banishment,
And with those princely honours here invest him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath disposses't him.
Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my grief extends;
And if thou take my counsel in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace:
And leave thy Dunmow, that accurs'd cell,
There let black night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the court, where all joys shall receive thee,

And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of king John to Matilda is much more poetical than historical, making no mention at all of the occurrences of the time or state, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his passion, forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this king, as hath been truly noted by the most authentical writers, whose nature and disposition is truest discerned in the course of his love: first, jesting at the ceremonies of the services of those times: then going about, by all strong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights: next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest means, and to have greatest power on her sex, with a promise of calling home her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No sooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,
As though divining of some future ill;

And in a shiv'ring ecstasy I stood,
A chilly coldness ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I shut up my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard un pitying hand had sent me
Some new-devised torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou rememb'rest not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been perished together:
"But O! (I see) our hoped good deceives us;
But what we would forego, that seldom leaves us."

Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,
Mine eye would cleanse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on is hard got out.

I once determin'd still to have been mute,
Only by silence to refel thy suit;
But this again did alter my intent,
For some will say, that silence doth consent:
"Desire with small encouraging grows bold,
And hope of every little thing takes hold."

I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For still my passion is so pow'rful o'er me,
That I discern not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
These at command, and now invention lacks:
This sentence serves, and that my hand out-strikes;
That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes.

I write, indite, I point, I rase, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:
I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,
I make, allege, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtful, timorous:
My faint hand-writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.

"O, when the soul is fett'rd once in woe,
'Tis strange what humours it doth force us to!"
A tear doth drown a tear, sigh sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the
And thus our vain imagination shows it, [contrary:
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirror, if the same be true,
Such as your likeness, justly such are you:
But as you change yourself, it changeth there,
And shows you as you are, not as you were;
And with your motion doth your shadow move,
If frown or smile, such the conceit of love.)

Why tell me, is it possible the mind
A form in all deformity should find?
Within the compass of man's face, we see,
How many sorts of several favours be;
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,
The smallest difference that you can descry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft destroys the favour of the face:
And in the world scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.
How woman-like a weakness is it then?
O, what strange madness so possesseth men!
Bereft of sense, such senseless wonders seeing,
Without form, fashion, certainty, or being?

For which so many die to live in anguish,
 Yet cannot live, if thus they should not languish :
 That comfort yields not, and yet hope denies not,
 A life that lives not, and a death that dies not ;
 That hates us most, when most it speaks us fair,
 Doth promise all things, always pays with air :
 Yet sometime doth our greatest grief appease,
 To double sorrow after little ease.
 Like that which thy lascivious will doth crave,
 Or friendship challenge by regard or dearness,
 Which if thou get, in getting thou do'st waste it,
 Taken is lost, and perish'd if thou hast it :
 Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast
 I losing nothing, yet am quite undone ; [won,
 And yet of that if that a king deprave me,
 No king restores, though he a kingdom gave me.

(1) Do'st thou of father and of friends deprive me ?
 And tak'st thou from me all that Heav'n did give
 me ;

What nature claims by blood, allies, or nearness,
 Or friendship challenge by regard or dearness,
 Mak'st me an orphan ere my father die,
 A woful widow in virginity ?
 Is thy unbridled lust the cause of all ?
 And now thy flat'ring tongue bewails my fall.
 The dead man's grave with feigned tears to fill,
 So the devouring crocodile doth kill :
 To harbour hate in show of wholesome things,
 So in the rose the poison'd serpent stings :
 To lurk far off, yet lodge destruction by,
 The basilisk so poisons with the eye :
 To call for aid, and then to lie in wait,
 So the hyæna murders by deceit :
 By sweet enticement sudden death to bring,
 So from the rocks th' alluring mermaids sing :
 In greatest wants t' inflict the greatest woe,
 Is ev'n the utmost tyranny can do.
 But where (I see) the tempest thus prevails,
 What use of anchors ? or what need we sails ?
 Above us, blust'ring winds and dreadful thunder,
 The waters gape for our destruction under ;
 Here on this side the furious billows fly,
 There rocks, there sands, and dang'rous whirl-pools
 lie.

Is this the mean that mightiness approves ?
 And in this sort do princes woo their loves ?
 Mildness would better suit with majesty,
 Than rash revenge and rough severity.
 O, in what safety temperance doth rest,
 Obtaining harbour in a sovereign breast !
 Which if so praiseful in the meanest men,
 In pow'ful kings how glorious is it then ?

(2) Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
 Here thus to have mine innocence betray'd ?
 Is court and country both her enemy,
 And no place found to shroud in chastity ?
 Each house for lust a harbour and an inn,
 And ev'ry city a receipt for sin ?
 And all do pity beauty in distress ;
 If beauty chaste, then only pitiless.

Thus is she made the instrument to ill,
 And unreliev'd may wander where she will.

Lascivious poets, which abuse the truth,
 Which oft teach age to sin, infecting youth ;
 For the unchaste make trees and stones to mourn,
 Or, as they please, so other shapes do turn.
 Cinyra's daughter, whose incestuous mind
 Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind,
 Long since by them is turn'd into a myrrh,
 Whose dropping liquor ever weeps for her :

And in a fountain Biblis doth deplore
 Her fault, so vile and monstrous before :
 Scylla, which once her father did betray,
 Is now a bird (if all be true they say :)
 She that with Phœbus did the foul offence,
 Now metamorphos'd into frankincense :
 Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
 At least, Jove's leman is a star become :
 And more, they feign a thousand fond excuses,
 To cloud their 'scapes, and cover their abuses :
 The virgin only they obscure and hide,
 Whilst the unchaste by them are deify'd ;
 And if by them a virgin be exprest,
 She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.

I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,
 Time hath those features utterly defac'd,
 And all those beauties which sate on my brow,
 Thou wouldest not think such ever had been now :
 And glad I am that time with me is done,

(3) Vowing myself religiously a nun :

My vestal habit me contenting more,
 Than all the robes adorning me before.
 Had Rosamond (a recluse of our sort)
 Taken our cloister, left the wanton court,
 Shadowing that beauty with a holy veil,
 Which she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
 She need not, like an ugly minotaur,
 Have been lock'd up from jealous Ele'nor,
 But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,
 As by thy father subject to all tongues.

" To shadow sin, might can the most pretend ;
 Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend."
 A stronger hand restrains our wilful pow'rs,
 A will must rule above this will of ours ;
 Not following what our vain desires do woo,
 For virtue's sake, but what we only do.

And hath my father-chose to live exil'd,
 Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd ?

(4) And, to withstand a tyrant's lewd desire,
 Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fire,
 Yet never touch'd with grief : so only I,
 Exempt from shame, might honourably die ?

And shall this jewel, which so dearly cost,
 Be, after all, by my dishonour lost ?
 No, no ! each rev'rend word, each-holy tear,
 Of his, in me too deep impression bear ;

His latest farewell, at his last depart,
 More deeply is engraven in my heart ;
 Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,
 Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave :

Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
 Than for my birth to curse my mother's womb.

(5) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
 Dunmow can give my body burial.
 If all remorseless, no tear-shedding eye,
 Myself will moan myself, so live, so die.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle containeth no particular points of history, more than the generality of the argument layeth open : for after the banishment of the lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluse at Dunmow, (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king still earnestly persisting in his suit, Matilda, with this chaste and constant denial, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herself of doubts by taking upon her this monastic habit ; and to show that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust,

she remembereth him of her father's banishment,
and the lawless exile of her allies and friends.

(¹) Dost thou of father and of friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her distress, that flying
thither, thinking there to find relief, she seeth her-
self most assaulted, where she hoped to have found
most safety.

(²) Pled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again standing upon the precise points of
conscience, not to cast off this habit she had
taken.

(³) Vowing myself religiously a nun.

And at last, laying open more particularly the
miseries sustained by her father in England, the
burning of his castles and houses, which she
proveth to be for her sake; as respecting only
her honour more than his native country, and his
own fortunes:

(⁴) And to withstand a tyrant's lewd desires,
Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fires.

Knitting up her epistle with a great and constant
resolution:

(⁵) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fair Isabel (Edward the second's queen,
Philip of France's daughter) for the spleen
She bare her husband, for that he affected
Lascivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (striving to prefer)
That valiant young lord Roger Mortimer,
Who with the barons rose, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and imprison'd in the Tow'r;
But by a sleepy drink which she prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes escape: to whom to France she sends;
Who thence to her his service recommends.

THO' such sweet comfort comes not now from her,
As England's queen hath sent to Mortimer:
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
If lines can bring) this shall supply with love.
Methinks affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of woe;
But when I fain would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shows me where my error is.
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad sorrow then possesseth ev'ry sense:
But finding thy dear blood preserv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wish'd liberty,
With that sweet thought myself I only please
Amidst my grief, which sometimes gives me ease:
Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,
And one woe makes another woe seem less.

That blessed night, that mild-aspected hour,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Tow'r,
Shall consecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,

And shall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the ascendant then.

(¹) O how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent!
Or that some unseen mystery might lurk,
Which, wanting order, kindly should not work!
Oft did I wish those dreadful pois'n'd lees,
Which clos'd the ever waking dragon's eyes;
Or I had had those sense-bereaving stalks,
That grow in shady Proserpine's dark walks;
Or those black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunary, that doth on Latmus flow.
Oft did I fear this moist and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.

That morrow when the blessed Sun did rise,
And shut the lids of all Heaven's lesser eyes,
Forth from my palace, by a secret stair,
(²) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And ask'd the gentle flood, as it doth glide,
If thou didst pass or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the stream
To lay thee softly on his silver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with his tears thou might'st have some tears
When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale, [more.
With that (methinks) the troubled waves look pale,
And sighing with that little gust that blows,
With this remembrance seem to knit their brows.
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,
The cheerful Sun breaks from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would show me that thou wast not there:
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.

(³) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?
When France envy'd those buildings (only blest)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feast,
That English Edward should refuse my bed,
For that lascivious, shameless Ganymede?
(⁴) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glass assures me no such difference is,
(⁵) That a foul witch's bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.
What doth avail us to be princes' heirs,
When we can boast, our birth is only theirs?
When base dissembling flatterers shall deceive us
Of all that our great ancestors did leave us;
(⁶) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours? [crowns,
When minions' heads must wear our monarchs
To raise up dunghills with our famous towns?
Those beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,
(⁷) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood. [hand
Did Longshanks purchase with his conqu'ring
(⁸) Albania, Gascoine, Cambria, Ireland,
That young Carnarvon (his unhappy son)
(⁹) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a stranger, proudly bearing down,
The brave allies and branches of the crown?

(¹⁰) And did great Edward on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards should live,
That that proud Gascoir, banished the land,
No more should tread upon the English sand?

And have these great lords in the quarrel stood,
And seal'd his last will with their dearest blood?

(¹¹) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,
Another faithless favourite should arise,
To cloud the Sun of our nobilities?
(¹²) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and empire should succeed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to spend,
Of what that left this now shall make an end?
To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?
Thus, but in vain, we fondly do resist,
"Where power can do (ev'n) all things as it list,
And of our right with tyrants to debate,
Lendeth them means to weaken our estate."
Whilst parliaments must remedy their wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their foud excess,
And all our fasts must feast their wantonness.

Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?
(¹³) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain,
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occur to put back all excuse.
The sister's wrong, join'd with the brother's right,
Methinks might urge him in this cause to fight,
Be all those people senseless of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?
Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britons lost the use of shot?
The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd scymeters?
Or do the Picards let their cross-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Thessaly?
Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art present, who shall beat them back?

I do conjure thee by what is most dear,
By that great name of famous Mortimer,
(¹⁴) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest,
The tombs where all thy famous grand-fires rest,
Or if than these what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by those vows of thy unfeigned love;
In all thou can'st stir the Christian king,
By foreign arms some comfort yet to bring,
To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Against the right of princely Isabel.
Vain witless woman! why should I desire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine own estate,
When whatsoever we intend to do,
Our most misfortune ever sorteth to;
And nothing else remains for us beside,
But tears and coffins (only) to provide?
(¹⁵) When still so long as Borough bears that name,
Time shall not blot out our deserved shame:
And whilst clear Trent her wonted course shall
For our sad fall she evermore shall weep. [keep,
All see our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.
(¹⁶) Torlton, that should our business direct,
The general foe doth vehemently suspect:
"For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
Whereon so many watchfully attend."
What should I say? My griefs do still renew,
And but begin when I should bid adieu.

Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I stay the more I strive to go.
Then till fair time some greater good affords,
Take my love's payment in these airy words.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,
Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining
a feast in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended,
and inviting thereunto sir Stephen Segrave, con-
stable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers
belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy
drink, provided him by the queen, by which
means he got liberty for his escape.

(²) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air,
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.

Mortimer being out of the Tower, swam the
river of Thames into Kent, whereof she having
intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape,
by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost
the space of three years.

(³) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?

Edward Carnarvon, the first prince of Wales,
of the English blood, married Isabel, daughter of
Philip the Fair, at Bulloin, in the presence of the
kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief
nobility of France and England: which marriage
was there solemnized with exceeding pomp and
magnificence.

(⁴) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wanton-
ness of Gaveston, the king's minion, his behaviour
and attire ever so womanlike, to please the eye of
his lascivious master.

(⁵) That a foul witch's bastard should thereby.

It was urged by the queen and the nobility, in
the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, that his mother
was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the
same, and that Pierce had bewitched the king.

(⁶) And of our princely jewels and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of king Edward;
giving unto Gaveston the jewels and treasure
which were left him by the ancient kings of
England, and enriching him with the goodly
manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the
dower to the queens of this famous isle.

(⁷) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their craving brood.

Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveston in marriage
the daughter of Gilbert Clare, earl of Gloucester,
begot of the king's sister Joan of Acres, married to
the said earl of Gloucester.

(⁸) Albania, Gascoin; Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, so called of Albanact, the
second son of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so
called of Camber, the third son. The four realms
and countries brought in subjection by Edward
Longshanks.

(⁹) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a stranger, &c.

King Edward offer'd his right in France to Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to Robert Bruce, to be aid against the barons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.

(¹⁰) And did great Edward on his deathbed give.

Edward Longshanks, on his deathbed at Carlisle, commanded young Edward his son, on his blessing, not to call back Gaveston, who (for the misguiding of the prince's youth) was before banished by the whole council of the land.

(¹¹) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.

Thomas earl of Lancaster, Guy earl of Warwick, and Henry earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceased king at his death, to withstand his son Edward, if he should call Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now seeing Edward to violate his father's commandment, rise in arms against the king, which was the cause of the civil war, and the ruin of so many princes.

(¹²) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, after the death of Gaveston, became the great favourites of the king, the son being created by him lord chamberlain, and the father earl of Winchester.

(¹³) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain.

Edward Longshanks did homage for those cities and territories to the French king, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French king, by the subornation of Mortimer, to seize those countries into his hands.

(¹⁴) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest.

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and courageous family.

(¹⁵) When still so long as Borough bears that name.

The queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the barons by Andrew Herkley, earl of Carlisle, at Borough-bridge, after the battle at Burton.

(¹⁶) Torlton, that should our business direct.

This was Adam Torlton, bishop of Hereford, that great politician, who so highly favoured the faction of the queen and Mortimer; whose evil counsel afterward wrought the destruction of the king.

MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

As thy salutes my sorrows do adjourn,
So back to thee their int'rest I return,
Though not in so great bounty (I confess)
As thy heroic princely lines express:
For how should comfort issue from the breath
(¹) Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?
From murder's rage thou didst me once reprove,
Now in exile my hopes thou dost revive:

(²) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to live.
This double life of mine, your only due,
You gave to me, I give it back to you;

Ne'er my escape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the sky attempting Dedalus;

And yet to give more safety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night:
Nor had I backt the proud aspiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,

(³) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this spirit of mine,
Drawn by the sun of thy celestial eyes,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the skies,
The Heav'ns did seem the charge of me to take,
And sea and land befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stopp'd his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so:
The hollow murr'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things
One billow bare me, and another drove me, [slept];
This strove to help me, and that strove to save me:
The brisling reeds, mov'd with soft gales, did

chide me,

As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:

The pale-fac'd Night beheld thy heavy cheer,

And would not let one little star appear,

But over all her smokey mantle hurl'd,

And in thick vapours muffled up the world:

And the sad air became so calm and still,

As it had been obedient to my will;

And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,

As on the seas when th' halcyon builds her nest.

When those rough waves, which late with fury

rush'd,

Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd:

Nor Neptune lets his surges out so long,

As Nature is in bringing forth her young.

(⁴) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance,

In that I live an exile here in France,

That I from England banished should be,

But England rather banished from me:

More were her want, France our great blood

should bear,

Than England's loss can be to Mortimer.

(⁵) My grandsire was the first, since Arthur's reign,

That the round-table rectify'd again;

To whose great court at Kenelworth did come

The peerless knighthood of all Christendom,

Whose princely order honour'd England more,

Than all the conquests she achiev'd before.

Never durst Scot set foot on English ground,

Nor on his back did English bear a wound,

Whilst Wigmore flourish'd in our princely hopes,

And whilst our ensigns march'd with Edward's

troops:

[scorn]

(⁶) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's

As sacred reliques to the field were borne:

Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,

Whilst our brave battles guarded them about;

Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,

(⁷) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn,

Whilst with his minions sporting in his tent,

Whole days and nights in banqueting were spent,

Until the Scots (which under safeguard stood)

Made lavish havoc of the English blood:

Whose batter'd helms lay scatter'd on the shore,

Where they in conquest had been borne before.

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,
As many nations waste with civil war,
Where the *dishevell'd* ghastly sea-nymph sings,
Or well-rigg'd ships shall stretch their swelling
wings,

And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And those unchristen'd countries call our own,
Where scarce the name of England hath been
known :

(8) And in the Dead Sea sink our house's fame,
(From whose vast depth we first deriv'd our name)
Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy shall sing,
That Mortimer ere stoop'd unto a king.
And we will turn stern-visag'd Fury back,
To seek his spoil, who sought our utter sack;
And come to beard him in our native isle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile :
And after all these boist'rous stormy shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks ;
Nor will we steal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, forests, or sea-bord'ring cleeves,
But fright the air with terrour (when we come)
Of the stern trumpet, and the bellowing drum :
And in the field advance our plummy crest,
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast.
And Thames, which once we for our life did swim,
Shaking our dewy tresses on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'ful tide :
Which fertile Essex, and fair Kent, shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant Lee,
When on her stemming poop she proudly bears
The famous ensigns of the Belgic peers.

(9) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the pope he stands accurs'd in,
The canon text shall have a common gloss,
Receipts in parcels shall be paid in gross :
This doctrine preach'd, " who from the church
At least shall treble restitution make." [doth take,
For which Rome sends her curses out from far,
Through the stern throat of terrour-breathing War ;
Till to th' unpeopled shores she brings supplies,

(10) Of those industrious Roman colonies ;
And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud Edward, Guien, and Aquitain, doth hold,
(11) Charles, by invasive arms again shall take,
And send the English forces o'er the lake.

When Edward's fortune stands upon this chance,
To lose in England, or to forfeit France ;
And all those towns great Longshanks left his son,
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,
Within their strong portculliz'd ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defy :
And by that firm and undissolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,
Bruce shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
From th' isled Orcades and the Eubides,
And to his western havens give free pass,
To land the Kern and Irish Galloglass,
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber's sands,
Wasting along the northern nether-lands.
And wanting those which should his pow'r sustain,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his throne,
Where he shall lie for us to tread upon.

(12) And those great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized amongst the English saints,
And by the superstitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought :

And think that flood much virtne doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous Bohun slain ;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their king.

Nor shall a Spenser (be he ne'er so great)
Possess our Wigmore, our renowned seat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace :
Nor shall he lead our valiant Marchers forth,
To make the Spensers famous in the North ;
Nor be the guardians of the British pales,
Defending England, and preserving Wales.

At first our troubles easily recul'd,
But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd ;
" Deliberate counsel needs us to direct,
Where not ev'n plainness frees us from suspect :"
By those mishaps our errors that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuously amend.
Then (dear) repress all peremptory spleen
Be more than woman, as you are a queen :
Smother those sparks, which quickly else would
burn,
Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great queen, I leave you (though awhile)
Live you in rest, nor pity my exile.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death:

Roger Mortimer, lord of Wigmore, had stood publicly condemned for his insurrection with Thomas earl of Lancaster, and Bohun earl of Hertford, by the space of three months: and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been shortly, which he prevented by his escape.

(2) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give.

At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger lord of Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the West, the queen, by means of Torilton, bishop of Hereford, and Becke, bishop of Durham and patriarch of Jerusalem, being then both mighty in the state, upon the submission of the Mortimers, somewhat pacified the king: and now secondly she wrought means for his escape.

(3) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.

With strong ladders made of cords, provided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower ; which when the same were found fastened to the walls in such a desperate attempt, they bred astonishment in the beholders.

(4) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, then being so highly favoured of the king, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could never brook any corral in greatness.

(5) My grandsire was the first since Arthur's reign,
That the round table rectify'd again.

Roger Mortimer, called the great lord Mortimer, grandfather to this Roger, who was afterward the first earl of March, erected again the round table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of king Arthur's table, with the retinue of an hundred knights and an hundred ladies in his house, for

the entertaining of such adventurers as came thither from all parts of Christendom.

(*) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's scoru.)

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body should be boiled the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be borne to the wars in Scotland, which he was persuaded unto by a prophesy, which told, that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

(7) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn.

In the great voyage Edward the second made against the Scots, at the battle of Stirling, near unto the river of Banocks-bourn in Scotland, there was in the English camp such banqueting and excess, such riot and disorder, that the Scots (who in the meantime laboured for advantage) gave to the English a great overthrow.

(8) And in the Dead Sea sink our house's fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of Mare mortuum, and in French Mortimer, in English the Dead Sea, which is said to be where Sodom and Gomorrah once were, before they were destroyed with fire from Heaven.

(*) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the pope he stands accused in.

Gaustellinus and Lucas, two cardinals, sent into England from pope Clement to appease the ancient hate between the king and Thomas earl of Lancaster; to whose embassy the king seemed to yield, but after their departure he went back from his promises, for the which he was accused at Rome.

(10) Of those industrious Roman colonies.

A colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he seems here to prophesy of the subversion of the land, the pope joining with the power of other princes against Edward, for the breach of his promise.

(11) Charles by invasive arms again shall take.

Charles the French king, moved by the wrong done unto his sister, seizeth the provinces which belonged to the king of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other epistle, in the gloss upon this point.

(12) And those great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized among the English saints.

After the death of Thomas earl of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the body of Bohun earl of Hertford, slain at Borough-bridge.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Count Sal'sbury a grave and prudent lord,
Dispatch'd for Fraunce, was scarcely gone aboard,

But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Besieg'd the castle where his lady lay.
Edward the Black Prince, with an army sent
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the battlement above,
With the fair countess strangely falls in love.
Her noble husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he should not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her:
She in her answer checks him so to woo her.

RECEIVE (!) these papers from thy woful lord,
With far more woes than they with words are stor'd,
Which if thine eye for rashness do reprove,
They'll say they came from that imperious love.
In ev'ry line well may'st thou understand,
Which love hath sign'd and sealed with his hand;
And where to farther process he refers,
In blots set down to thee for characters.
This cannot blush, altho' you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:
All's one to this, though you should bid despair,
This still entreats you; this still speaks you fair.

Hast thou a living soul, a human sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The depth of reason soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtful to despise?
The touch of judgment, which should all things
prove,

Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice,
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another strike.
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What opposition doth beget the war?

I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That measure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, she likewise to thee lent
For ev'ry sense a several instrument:
But ev'ry one, because it is thine own,
Doth prize itself unto itself alone.

Thy dainty hand, when it itself doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:
When in thy glass thine eye itself doth see,
That thinks there's none like to itself can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge itself divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine:
And each itself, Narcissus like, doth smother,
Loving itself, nor cares for any other.
Fie! be not burn'd thus in thine own desire,
'Tis needless beauty should itself admire:

"The Sun, by which all creatures light'n'd be,
And seeth all, itself yet cannot see;
And his own brightness his own foil is made,
And is to us the cause of his own shade."
When first thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I saw not then so much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each look of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eyes:
And in this gyring compass as it goes,
So more and more the same in greatness grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion still doth other forms beget:
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.

Art thou offended that thou art below'd?
 Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:
 Indent with beauty how far to extend,
 Set down desire a limit where to end; [wound,
 Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may
 And limit love to keep within a bound.
 If thou do this, nay, then thou shalt do more,
 And bring to pass what never was before:
 Make anguish sportive, craving all delight,
 Mirth solemn, sullen, and inclin'd to night;
 Ambition lowly, envy speaking well,
 Love his relief for niggardize to sell.

Our warlike fathers did these forts devise,
 As surest holds against our enemies;
 Places wherein your sex might safely rest,
 "Fear soon is settled in a woman's breast:"
 Thy breast is of another temper far,
 And than thy castle fitter for the war;
 Thou dost not safely in thy castle rest,
 Thy castle should be safer in thy breast:
 That keeps out foes, but doth our friends enclose,
 But thy breast keeps out both thy friends and
 foes:

That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
 Or by strait siege, for want of succour, pin'd;
 But thy heart is invincible to all,
 And more obdurate than thy castle wall.
 Of all the shapes that ever Jove did prove,
 Wherewith he us'd to entertain his love,
 That likes me best, when in a golden show'r,
 He rain'd himself on Danae in her tow'r;
 Nor did I ever envy his command
 In that he bears the thunder in his hand:
 But in that showery shape I cannot be,
 And as he came to her, I come to thee.

Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
 If thou within, they are besieg'd without;
 One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
 To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
 Who might be giv'd in such a golden string,
 Would not be captive, though he were a king.

Hadst thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
 And thou thyself besieg'd in that sort,
 Get thou but out, where they can thee espy,
 They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie.
 I cannot think what force thy tow'r should win,
 If thou thyself dost guard the same within:
 Thine eye retains artillery at will,
 To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
 For that alone more deeply wounds men's hearts,
 Than they can thee, though with a thousand
 darts:

For there entrenched little Cupid lies,
 And from those turrets all the world defies;
 (?) And when thou let'st down that transparent lid,
 Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
 And as for famine, thou need'st never fear,
 Who thinks of want, when thou art present there?
 Thy only sight puts spirits into the blood,
 And comforts life, without the taste of food.
 And as thy soldiers keep their watch and ward,
 Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:
 Thy modest pulse serves as a larum bell,
 Which, watched by some wakeful sentinel,
 Is stirring still with every little fear,
 Warning if any enemy be near.
 Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
 Like careful scouts, pass up and down thy breast.
 And still they round about that place do keep,
 Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleep.

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
 That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st into this hold:
 I thought as much, and didst this fort devise,
 That thou in safety here might tyrannize.
 Yes, thou hast robb'd the Heaven and Earth
 of all,

And they against thy lawless theft do call.
 Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual wars,
 Borrow their brightness of the twinkling stars:
 Thy lips, from mine that in thy mask be pent,
 Have filch'd the blushing from the orient:
 Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance proves,
 Steals the pure whiteness, both from swans and
 doves:

Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs consumes,
 Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.
 O mighty Love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
 And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
 For if she may be suffer'd in this sort,
 Heav'n's store will soon be hoarded in this fort.

When I arriv'd before that state of love,
 And saw thee on that battlement above,
 I thought there was no other Heav'n but there,
 And thou an angel didst from thence appear:
 But when my reason did reprove mine eye,
 That thou wert subject to mortality,
 I then excus'd what erst the Scot had done,
 No marvel though he would the fort have won;
 Perceiving well, those envious walls did hide
 More wealth than was in all the world beside.
 Against thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
 And thus to thee myself I have betray'd.
 He is besieg'd, the siege that came to raise,
 There's no assault that not my breast assays.
 "Love, grown extreme, doth find unlawful shifts,
 The gods take shapes, and do allure with gifts:
 Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth
 swear,

Forsworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;
 Love, causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,
 It is his law to violate all laws:
 His reason is in only wanting reason,
 And where untrue, not deeply touch'd with trea-
 son:

Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain;
 He speaks most true, when he the most doth feign."
 Pardon the faults that he escap'd by me,
 Against fair virtue, chastity, and thee:
 "If gods can their own excellence excel,
 It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."
 When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
 And all thy sex made glorious by thy name,
 Then I a captive shall be brought hereby
 To adorn the triumph of thy chastity.

I sue not now thy paramour to be,
 But as a husband to be link'd to thee:
 I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confess,
 Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no less,
 But that thy birth doth make thy stock divide,
 Else durst I boast my blood as good as thine:
 Disdain me not, nor take my love in scorn,
 Whose brow a crown hereafter may adorn.
 But what I am, I call mine own no more,
 Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt restore;
 Only I crave, what'er I did intend,
 In faithful love all happily may end.
 Farewell, sweet lady, so well may'st thou fare,
 To equal joy with measure of my care:
 Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell;
 A thousand thousand times farewell, farewell,

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Receive these papers from thy woful lord.

Bandello, by whom this history was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the people's custom in that clime, rather to fail sometimes in the truth of circumstance, than to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the satyrist:

*Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia.*

thinking it to be a greater trial that a countess should be sued unto by a king, than by the son of a king; and consequently that the honour of her chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but, as by Polydore, Fabian, and Froisard appears, the contrary is true. Yet may Bandello be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our history are not so material, that they should need an invective, lest his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not less were every part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error should prevail against a truth, these epistles are conceived in those persons who are indeed the actors: to wit, Edward the Black Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismal battles which he fought in France (in like sense as we may say a black day, for some tragical event, though the Sun shine never so bright therein). And Alice, the countess of Salisbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of prince Edward, so it is as certain, that many points now current in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such enforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a king.

(2) And when thou lett'st down that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skin is transparent; but for that the gem, which that closure is said to contain, is transparent; for otherwise how could the mind understand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the fancy? But this belongs to optics. The Latins call the eye-lid cilium (I will not say of celandine) as the eye-brow supercilium, and the hair on the eye-lids palpebra, perhaps quod palpitet, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakness lest I should discover,
Answering a prince, and writing to a lover:
And some say, love with reason doth dispense,
And wrests our plain words to another sense.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men should read;
When being silent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
"Whilst in our hearts our secret thoughts abide,
Th' envenom'd tongue of slander yet is ty'd;
But if once spoke, deliver'd up to fame,
In her report that often is to blame."

About to write, but newly entering in,
Methinks I end, ere I can well begin: [stay,
When I would end, then something makes me
For then methinks I should have more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my breast
For want of words that cannot be exprest:
What I would say, as said to thee I feign,
Then in thy person I reply again:
And in thy cause urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour must respect,
O Lord! what sundry passions do I try,
To set that right, which is so much awry?

Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reason to obtain your love.
That greatness, which doth challenge no denial,
The only test that doth allow my trial:
Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
"To men is granted privilege to tempt,
But in that charter women be exempt:
Men win us not, except we give consent,
Against ourselves unless that we be bent.
Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You prove not false, except we be untrue;
It is your virtue, being men, to try;
And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
Your fault itself serves for the fault's excuse,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
When in itself sufficiency is had;
Not made a lure t' entice the wand'ring eye,
But an attire t' adorn our modesty:
If modesty and women once do sever,
We may bid farewell to our fame for ever."

Let John and Henry, Edward's instance be,
Matilda and fair Rosamond for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the son:
Henry obtaining, did our weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton Rosamond.
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on John.
"By these we prove men accessory still,
But women only principals of ill.
What praise is ours, but what our virtues get?
If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
Whilst our own honours we ourselves defend,
All force too weak, what ever men pretend:
If all the world else should suborn our fame,
'Tis we ourselves that overthrow the same:
And howso'er, altho' by force you win,
Yet on our weakness still returns the sin."

A virtuous prince who doth not Edward call?
And shall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Than such a sin upon my soul should lie.
Where is great Edward? whither is he led,
At whose victorious name whole armies fled?
Is that brave spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aspire so high,
So soon transpierced with a woman's eye?
He that a king at Poitiers battell took,
Himself led captive with a wanton look?
(1) Twice as a bride to church I have been led,
Twice have two lords enjoy'd my bridal bed:
How can that beauty yet be undestroy'd,
That years have wasted, and two men enjoy'd?
Or should be thought fit for a prince's store,
Of which two subjects were possess before?

Let Spain, let France, or Scotland so prefer
Their infant queens for England's dowager,
That blood should be much more than half divine,
That should be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet, princely Edward, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life so dearly do I love you.

My noble husband, which so loved you,
That gentle lord, that reverend Mountague,
Ne'er mother's voice did please her babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell:
I have made short the hours that time made long,
And chain'd mine ears to his most pleasing tongue:
My lips have waited on your praise's worth,
And snatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had spoke, and something by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to say,
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the residue to tell.

Oft he would say, "How sweet a prince is he!"
When I have prais'd him but for praising thee;
And to proceed, I would entreat and woo,
And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too.

And must she now exclaim against the wrong
Offer'd by him, whom she hath lov'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
Edward will blush, when he his fault shall hear.
Judge now, that time doth youth's desire assuage,
And reason mildly quench the fire of rage;
By upright justice let my cause be try'd,
And be thou judge, if I not justly chide.

(2) That not my father's grave and reverend years,
When on his knee he begg'd me with his tears,
By no persuasions possibly could win,
To free himself from prompting me to sin;
The woe for me my mother did abide, [deny'd,
Whose suit (but you) there's none could have
Your lustful rage, your tyranny could stay,
Mine honour's ruin further to delay.

Have I not lov'd you? let the truth be shown,
That still preserv'd your honour with mine own.
Had your fond will, your foul desires prevail'd,
When you by them my chastity assail'd;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my fault,
"True virtue never yielded to assault.")

Besides, the ill of you that had been said,
My parents sin had to your charge been laid;
(3) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,
To save my life, made shipwreck of my name.

Did Roxborough once vail her tow'ring fanes
To thy brave ensigns on the northern plains?
And thy trumpets sounding from thy tent,
Mine oft again thee hearty welcome sent,
And did receive thee as my sovereign liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,
To raise a foe that but for treasure came,
To plant a foe to take my honest name;
Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot, [got?
And would'st have won more than he could have.
That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,
But thou laid'st battery to my chastity:
O modesty, didst thou not me restrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vein!

A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have those honours Edward's spouse shall have;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
A piece unfit for princely Edward's side;
Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that should enjoy that place:

But if that love prince Edward doth require
Equal his virtues, and my chaste desire;
If it be such as we may justly vaunt,
A prince may sue for, and a lady grant;
If it be such as may suppress my wrong,
That from your vain unbrill'd youth hath sprung;
That faith I send, which I from you receive:
(4) The rest unto your princely thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Twice as a bride I have to church been led.

The two husbands of which she makes mention, objecting bigamy against herself, as being therefore not meet to be married with a batchelor prince, were sir Thomas Holland, knight, and sir William Mountague, afterwards made earl of Salisbury.

(2) That not my father's grave and reverend years.

A thing incredible, that any prince should be so unjust, to use the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chastity, though so the history importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane, the daughter of Edmond earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorship of Mortimer, that dangerous aspirer.

(3) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.

Roxborough is a castle in the north, mis-termed by Banello Salisbury castle, because the king had given it to the earl of Salisbury; in which, her lord being absent, the countess by the Scots was besieged: who, by the coming of the English army, were removed. Here first the prince saw her, whose liberty had been gained by her shame, had she been drawn by dishonest love to satisfy his appetite: but by her most praise-worthy constancy she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired virtue.

(4) The rest unto your princely thoughts I leave.

Lest any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose name is said to have been *Ælips*: but that being rejected, as a name unknown among us, Froissard is rather believed, who calleth her *Alice*. Polydore contrariwise, as before is declared, names her *Jane*, who by prince Edward had issue, Edward dying young, and Richard the second king of England, though (as he saith) she was divorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to discuss. Her husband, the lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by king Edward, was taken prisoner by the French, and not returning, left his countess a widow: in whose bed succeeded prince Edward; to whose last and lawful request, the rejoiceful lady sends this loving answer.

QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Richard the Second, wrongfully depos'd
By Henry duke of Hertford, and enclos'd

In Pomfret castle; Isabel the queen,
To the neglected king; who having seen
His dis-investing, and disastrous chance,
To Charles her father ship'd again for France,
(W here for her husband griev'd and discontent)
Thence this epistle to king Richard sent,
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augure of the spring,
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;
My tunes with sighs yet ever mixt among,
A doleful burthen to a heavy song:
Words issue forth, to find my grief, some way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.

(¹) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time
Nourish'd the grief of that unnatural crime,
Thither I send my sorrows to be fed;
Than where first burn, where fitter to be bred?
They unto France be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge these her own.
They say, all mischief cometh from the north;
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth;
But why should I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.

(²) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes.
And in my glass oft call them faithless spies!
(Prepar'd for Richard) that unware did look
Upon that traitor Henry Bullenbrook:
But that excess of joy my sense bereav'd
So much, my sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,
Whom rashly I (sweet Richard) took for thee!
I might have seen the courser's self did lack
That princely rider to bestride his back;
He that since Nature her great work began,
She only made the mirror of a man,
That when he meant to form some matchless limb,
Still for a pattern took some part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When she in him had done the best she could.

Oh, let that day be guilty of all sin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been, [stay'd,
(³) Wherein great Norfolk's forward course was
To prove the treasures he to Hertford lay'd,
When (with stern fury) both these dukes enrag'd,
Their warlike gloves at Canterbury engag'd,
When first thou didst reveal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Lest in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in Heav'n's decrees enrolled thus,
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.

Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great Mowbray's valliant hand had dy'd;
And never had from banishment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.
(⁴) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A vagabond and straggling runnagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,

Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years banishment?

(⁵) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last fare-
Millions of knees upon the pavements fell, [well,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring
The joyful shouts that did salute a king.

Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquish'd quite when as thou didst return;
Who to my lord one look vouchsaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.

"Princes (like suns) be evermore in sight,
All see the clouds betwixt them and their light:
Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,
See not the clouds offending others' eyes,
And deem their noon-tide is desir'd of all,
When all expect clear changes by their fall."

What colour seems to shadow Hertford's claim,
When law and right his father's hopes do main?
(⁶) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate; [no hate)
Whom his reputed mother's tongue did spot,
By a base Flemish boor to be begot:

Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun:
Where lawful right and conquest doth allow
A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;
Three kingly lions bears his bloody field, [shield:
(⁷) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring

Never durst he attempt our hapless shore,
Nor set his foot on fatal Ravenspore;
Nor durst his slugging hulks approach the strand,
Nor stoop a top as signal to the land,
Had not the Percies promis'd aid to bring,
Against their oath unto their lawful king,
(⁸) Against their faith unto our crown's true heir,
Their valliant kinsman Edmond Mortimer.

When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all set, before my going down.
The smooth-fac'd air did on my coming smile,
But I with storms am driven to exile:
But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part,
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor comfort left our misery.
He had before divorc'd thy crown and three,
Which might suffice, and not to widow me;
But so to prove the utmost of his hate,
To part us in this miserable state.

(⁹) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!
When he infring'd the oath which he first took,
For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,
And been the ransom of our friends dear blood,
Untimely lost, and for the Earth too good!
And we untimely do bewail their state,
They gone too soon, and we remain too late!

And though with tears I from my lord depart,
This curse on Hertford fall, to ease my heart:
If the foul breach of a chaste nuptial bed
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head:
If murder's guilt with blood may deeply stain,
(¹⁰) Green, Scroop, and Bushie dye his fault in
If perjury may Heaven's purgates debar, [grain;
(¹¹) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster:
If the deposing of a lawful king,
Thy curse condemn him, if no other thing:
If these dis-join'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them united strongly curse him all.

And for the Percies Heav'n may hear my pray'r,
That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chair,
Such cause of woe to their proud wives may be,
As those rebellious lords have been to me!
And that coy dame, which now controulleth all,
And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,
For her great lord may water her sad eyne,
With as salt tears, as I have done for mine;
(¹²) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,
As I for my dear Mortimer have done;
And as I am, so succourless be sent,
Lastly to taste perpetual banishment!

Then lose thy care, when first thy crown was lost,
Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost:
And sith it did of liberty deprive thee,
Burying thy hope, let nothing else out-live thee.
But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe:
Yet much (metninks) of comfort I could say,
If from my heart some fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger still doth show,
But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know.
"Grief to itself most dreadful doth appear,
And never yet was sorrow void of fear;"
But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,
And, Richard, thus I wish thee happy rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time.

Pomfret castle, ever a fatal place to the princes of England, and most ominous to the blood of Plantagenet.

(²) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretche's eyes,
And in my glass, &c.

When Bullenbrook returned to London from the West, bringing Richard a prisoner, with him; the queen, who little knew of her husband's hard success, stayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have seen her husband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now seemed to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortal enemy.

(³) Wherein great Norfolk's forward course was staid.

She remembreth the meeting of the two dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the justness of Mowbray's quarrel against the duke of Hertford, and the faithful assurance of his victory.

(⁴) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A yagabond, &c.

Charles the French king, her father, received the duke of Hertford into his court, and relieved him in France, being so nearly allied as cousin german to king Richard his son-in-law; which he did simply, little thinking that he should after return into England, and dispossess king Richard of the crown.

(⁵) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell.

King Richard made a voyage with his army into Ireland against Onel, and Mackmur, who rebelled: at what time Henry retired here at home and robbed him of all kingly dignity.

(⁶) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate. [no hate]
William Wickam in the great quarrel betwixt

John of Gaunt and the clergy, of meer spite and malice (as it should seem) reported, that the queen confessed to him on her death-bed, being then her confessor, that John of Gaunt was the son of a Fleming, and that she was brought to bed of a woman-child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this child of a poor woman, making the king believe it was her own, greatly fearing his displeasure. Fox ex Chron. Alban.

(⁷) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield.

Showing the true and indubitate birth of Richard, his right unto the crown of England, as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

(⁸) Against their faith unto the crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinsman, &c.

Edmond Mortimer earl of March, son of earl Roger Mortimer, who was son to lady Phillip, daughter to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to king Edward the Third; which Edmond (king Richard going into Ireland) was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown, whose aunt, called Ellinor, this lord Piercy had married.

(⁹) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.

The abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of king Henry, to have been done at a tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was John Holland duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland duke of Surrey, the duke of Aumerle, Mountacute earl of Salisbury, Spenser earl of Gloucester, the bishop of Carlisle, and sir Thomas Blunt; these all had bound themselves one to another by indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the duke of Aumerle.

(¹⁰) Scroop, Green, and Bushy dye his fault in grain.

Henry going towards the castle of Flint, where king Richard was, caused Scroop, Green, and Bushy to be executed at Bristol, as vile persons, who had seduced the king to this lascivious and wicked life.

(¹¹) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster,

After Henry's exile, at his return into England, he took his oath at Doncaster upon the sacrament, not to claim the crown or kingdom of England, but only the dukedom of Lancaster, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

(¹²) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,
As I for my, &c.

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotspur, that obtained so many victories against the Scots: which after falling out right with the curse of queen Isabel, was slain by Henry at the battle at Shrewsbury.

RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

WHAT can my queen but hope for from this hand,
That it should write, which never could command?
A kingdom's greatness think how he should sway,
That wholesom counsel never could obey:

Ill this rude hand did guide a sceptre then,
Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.

How shall I call my self, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence these letters
came?

Not from thy husband, for my hateful life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife:
Nor from a king, that title I have lost,
Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may boast.
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words so woful, as, "I was a king."
This lawless life, which first procur'd my hate;
(¹) This tongue, which then remov'd my regal
state;

This abject soul of mine, consenting to it;
This hand, that was the instrument to do it;
All these be witness, that I now decay
All princely types, all kingly sovereignty.

Durst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country and thy princely port,
And undertook'st to travel dang'rous ways,
Driven by awkward winds and boist'rous seas?
(²) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me,
Who shu'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Off'ring for dow'r the countries neigb'ring nigh,
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?
Durst thou all this, that England should receive
To miserable banishment to leave thee? [thee,
And in my downfall and my fortune's wrack,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?

When quiet sleep (the heavy heart's relief)
Hath rested sorrow, somewhat less'n'd grief,
My pass'd greatness into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my sorrows I beguile,
That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,
And my attendants in some chamber by,
As in the height of my prosperity,
Calling aloud, and asking who is there?
The echo answer'ing, tells me, Woe is there:
And when mine arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking eyes presently view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As many minutes as in the hours there be,
So many hours each minute seems to me;
Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a set,
Each day a year, with miseries complete;
A winter, spring-time, Summer, and a fall,
All seasons varying, but unseason'd all:
In endless woe my thread of life thus wears,
In minutes, hours, days, months, to ling'ring years.

They praise the summer, that enjoy the South,
Pomfret is closed in the North's cold mouth;
There pleasant Summer dwelleth all the year,
Frost-starv'd Winter doth inhabit here:
A place wherein despair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy cell.
(³) When Hertford had his judgment of exile,
Saw I the people's murmuring the while;
Th' uncertain commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his sorrows mutually they bare:
Fond women, and scarce-speaking children mourn,
Bewail his parting, wishing his return:

(⁴) That I was forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years,
When they bedew'd his foot-steps with their tears;
Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his greatness by their love might grow.
(⁵) But Henry boasts of our achievements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers won;

And all the story of our famous war,
Most grace the annals of great Lancaster:

(⁶) Seven goodly scions in their spring did
flourish, [nourish,

Which one self-root brought forth, one stock did
(⁷) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmost power did see,
Who from the bud still blossomed so fair,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to bear:
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
And from our kind, as refuse forth am thrown.
We from our grandsire stood in one degree,
(⁸) But after Edward, John the young'st of three.
Might princely Wales beget a son so base,
That to Gaunt's issue should give sovereign place?

(⁹) He that from France brought John his pris'n'r
home,

As those great Caesars did their spoils to Rome,

(¹⁰) Whose name, obtained by his fatal hand,
Was ever fearful to that conquer'd land:

His fame increasing, purchas'd in those wars,
Can scarcely now be bounded with the stars;

*With him is valour from the base world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguished)

Who for his virtue, and his conquests' sake,
Posterity a demi-god shall make;

And judge, this vile and abject spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper so divine.

What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can look so low, as on our misery?

When Bullenbrook is mounted to our throne,

And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our councils he himself intrudes,

And who but Henry with the multitudes?

His power d'grades, his dreadful frown disgraceth,
He throws them down whom our advancement

As my disable and unworthy hand [placeth;
Never had power, belonging to command.

He treads our sacred tables in the dust,

(¹¹) And proves our acts of parliament unjust;

As though he hated that it should be said,

That such a law by Richard once was made:

Whilst I deprest before his greatness, lie

Under the weight of hate and infamy.

My back, a foot-stool Bullenbrook to raise,

My looseness mock'd, and hateful by his praise,

Out-live mine honour, bury my estate,

And leave myself nought, but my people's hate.

Sweet queen, I'll take all counsel thou canst give,

So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor live:

"Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worst,

But sharpens grief, to make us more accurst."

Comfort is now unpleasing to mine ear,

Past cure, past care, my bed become my bier:

Since now misfortune humbleth us so long,

Till Heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;

Yet it forbid my wrongs should ever die,

But still remember'd to posterity:

And let the crown be fatal that he wears,

And ever wet with woful mother's tears.

Thy curse on Piercy angry Heavens prevent,

Who have not one curse left, on him unspent,

To scourge the world, now borrowing of my store,

As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.

Then cease (dear queen) my sorrows to bewail,

My wound's too great for pity now to heal.

Age stealeth on, whilst thou complainest thus,

My griefs be mortal and infectious:

Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,

That follow thee, which still from me do fly.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal state.

Richard the Second, at the resignation of the crown to the duke of Hertford in the tower of London, delivering the same with his own hand, there confessed his disability to govern, utterly renouncing all kingly authority.

(2) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me.

Before the princess Isabel was married to the king, Lewis duke of Bourbon sued to have had her in marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This duke of Bourbon sued again to have received her at her coming into France, after the imprisonment of king Richard; but king Charles her father then crossed him, as before, and gave her to Charles, son to the duke of Orleans.

(3) When Hertford had his judgment of exile.

When the combat should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to banishment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(4) That I was forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years.

When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to please the commons, rather than for any love he bore to Hertford, repealed four years of his banishment.

(5) But Henry boasts of our achievements done.

Henry, the eldest son of John duke of Lancaster, at the first earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaster and Hertford, earl of Derby, Leicester, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(6) Seven goodly scions in their spring did flourish.

Edward the Third had seven sons: Edward prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield, the second: Lionel duke of Clarence, the third: John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, the fourth: Edmond of Langly, duke of York, the fifth: Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, the sixth: William of Windsor, the seventh.

(7) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree.

Truly boasting himself to be the eldest son of Edward the Black Prince.

(8) Yet after Edward, John the young'st of three.

As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, being but the son of the fourth brother: William and Lionel being both before John of Gaunt.

(9) He that from France brought John his pris'ner home.

Edward the Black Prince taking John king of France prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(10) Whose name, achieved by his fatal hand.

Called the Black Prince, not so much of his complexion as of the famous battles he fought; as

is showed before in the gloss upon the epistle of Edward to the countess of Salisbury.

(11) And proves our acts of parliament unjust.

In the next parliament after Richard's resignation of the crown, Henry caused to be annihilated all the laws made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year of king Richard's reign.

QUEEN CATHARINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth, that only man of men,
Too soon deceased; bright queen Cath'rine then,
(Henry the Sixth, her son, of tender years,
Fortune so strangely her affection steers,
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the king and her) this heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By Owen Tudor, a brave youthful lad,
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales descended:
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth devise,
Lest that the greatness of the enterprise
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Show'd her, his love was answer'ing to her mind.

JUDG not a princess' worth impeach'd hereby,
That love thus triumphs over majesty;
Nor think less virtue in this royal hand,
That it entreats, and wonted to command:
For in this sort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd unto.
Nor think that this submission of my state
Proceeds from frailty; rather judge it fate.
Alcides ne'er more fit for war's stern shock,
Than when with women spinning at the rock;
Never less clouds did Phœbus' glory dim,
Than in a clown's shape when he covered him:
Jove's great command was never more obey'd,
Than when a satyr's antic parts he play'd.
He was thy king, who su'd for love to me;
And she is queen, who sues for love to thee.
When Henry was, my love was only his;
But by his death, it Owen Tudor's is.
My love to Owen, him my Henry giveth;
My love to Henry, in my Owen liveth.
Henry woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,
I woo my Tudor in sweet calms of peace;
To force affection, he did conquest prove;
I come with gentle arguments of love.

(1) Encamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First saw I Henry clad in princely arms:
At pleasant Windsor, first these eyes of mine
My Tudor judg'd, for wit and shape, divine:
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force;
Tudor at home, with courtship and discourse:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me best, Plantagenet or Tether;
A march, a measure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His princely bed hath strength'ned my renown,
(2) And on my temples set a double crown,
Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.

(³) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou shalt have,
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.

I seek not wealth, three kingdoms in my power
If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?

Sad discontent may ever follow her,
Which doth base self before true love prefer:
If titles still could our affections tie,
What is so great, but majesty might buy?

As I seek thee, so kings do me desire;
To what they would, thou easily may'st aspire.
That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more:
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
"We may hide treasure, but not hide our love:"

And since it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.

(⁴) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king,
Of grandsire, father, husband, son, and brother,
More thou alone to me than all these other.

(⁵) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian line,

(⁶) Or make the English blood, the Sun or Moon,
Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alanson;
Nor do I think there is such different odds,
They should alone be number'd with the gods:
Of Cadmus' earthly issue reck'ning us,
And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus;
Of great Latona's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful Niobe.

Our famous grandsires (as their own) bestrid
That horse of fame, that god-begotten steed,
Whose bounding hoof plough'd that Beotian spring,
Where those sweet maids of memory do sing.
I claim not all from Henry, but as well
To be the child of Charles and Isabel:
Nor can I think from whence their grief should grow,

That by this match they be disparag'd so.

(⁷) When John and Longshanks' issue were affy'd,
And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Showing the greatness of your blood thereby,
Your race, and royal consanguinity:

And Wales, as well as haughty England, boasts

(⁸) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence in Pendragon's race,
At Arthur's table challenging the place.

If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoils of their victorious hand;
If these our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not false from you.

(⁹) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack,
Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back:
When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,
Made by th' effusion of the English blood;

(¹⁰) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Worcester, Hereford, Chester, Shrewsbury;
Whose pow'r in ev'ry conquest so prevails,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.

Although my beauty made my country's peace,
And at my bridal former broils did cease;
More than his pow'r had not his person been,
I had not come to England as a queen.
Nor took I Henry to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
When it had robb'd all Christendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd among us then:

Gloster, whose councils (Nestor-like) assist;
Courageous Bedford, that great martialist;
Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes;
And York, whose fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race;
Great Salisbury so fear'd in every place:
That valiant Iod, whom no achievement dares;
And Vere, so famous in the Irish wars;
Who, though myself so great a painee were born,
The worst of these my equal need not scorn:
But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, so he conquer'd hearts;
As chaste was I to him as queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all favour from thy face,
All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace:
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,
As Love a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.
The British language, which our vowels wants,
And jars so much upon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As do the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine;
Leaving such season'd sweetness in the ear,
That the voice past, yet still the sound is there:
In Nisus' tower, as when Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play; [drown'd,
Where senseless stones were with such music
As many years they did retain the sound.

Let not the beams, that greatness doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous respect;
Assure thee, Tudor, majesty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree;
And the embraces of a queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you.

When in our greatness, our affections crave
Those secret joys that other women have:
Shall I (a queen) be sovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the public voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in respect to be belov'd of me?
Let peevish worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave fond reports to such as stories tell;
Let old men speak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and descents;
Leave fond reports to such as stories tell,
And covenants to those that buy and sell:
Love, my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best,
And to our good success refer the rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) Encamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First, &c.

Near unto Melans, upon the river of Seyne,
was the appointed place of parly between the two
kings of England and France; to which place Isabel,
the queen of France, and the duke of Burgoin,
brought the young princess Catharine, where king
Henry first saw her.

(²) And on my temples set a double crown.

Henry the Fifth, and queen Catharine, were
taken as king and queen of France; and during
the life of Charles the French King, Henry was
called king of England, and heir of France: and
after the death of Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth
his son, then being very young, was crowned at
Paris, as true and lawful king of England and
France.

(³) At Troy in Champaign he did first enjoy.

Troy in Champaign was the place where that victorious king Henry the Fifth married the princess Catharine, in the presence of the chief nobility of the realms of England and France.

(⁴) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few queens of England or France were ever more princely allied than this queen, as it hath been noted by historiographers.

(⁵) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.

Noting the descent of Henry her husband from John duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third; which duke John was surnamed Gaunt, of the city of Gaunt, in Flanders, where he was born.

(⁶) Or make he English blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, &c.

Alluding to the greatness of the English line to Phœbus and Phœbe, feigned to be the children of Latona, whose heavenly kind might scorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno and the race of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of Heaven. The children of Niobe slain; for which the woful mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountain of tears.

(⁷) When John and Longshanks' issue were affy'd.

Lhwellyn or Leolin ap Iorwith, married Joan daughter to king John, a most beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that she was base born. Lhwellyn ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Monfort, earl of Leicester, and cousin to Edward Longshanks; both which Lhwellyns were princes of Wales.

(⁸) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of that famous order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the table: and most of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(⁹) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack.

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were slain.

(¹⁰) And oft return'd with glorious victory.

Noting the divers and sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the Second, and Longshanks.

OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

WHEN first mine eyes beheld your princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came;
As in excess of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:

My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
While wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My lips, which should have spoke, were dumb,
And kist it,

And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my senses did amazed stand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth strain,
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length, awaken'd from this pleasing dream,
When passion somewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleasing, each word sweet.

It was not Henry's conquests, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came:
For christian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great achievement first had won my youth:
Th' brave adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by some poor event,
But by th' eternal destinies' consent;
Whose uncompromised wisdom did foresee,
That you in marriage should be link'd to me.
By our great Merlin was it not foretold,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enroll'd)

When first he did of Tudor's name divine,
That kings and queens should follow in our line?

(¹) And that the helm (the Tudors' ancient crest)
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be drest?

As that the leek (our country's chief renown!)
Should grow with roses in the English crown?
As Charles his daughter, you the lilly wear;
As Henry's queen, the blushing rose you bear;
By France's conquest, and by England's oath,
You are the true-made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek to-
gether,

Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to Tether.

Then cast no future doubts, nor fear no hate,
When it so long hath been fore-told by fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of Heav'n,
Before our births, we to our bed were giv'n.

No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:

Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.

And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?

(²) When in your presence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty tricks whilst I myself advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greatest grace,
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His birth from Heav'n, your Tudor not derives,
Nor stands on tip-toes in superlatives,
Although the envious English do devise
A thousand jests of our hyperbolies;
Nor do I claim that plot by ancient deeds,
Where Phœbus pastures his fire-breathing steeds:
Nor do I boast my god-made grandsire's scars,
Nor giants trophies in the Titans wars:
Nor feign my birth (your princely ears to please)
By three nights getting, as was Hercules:

Nor do I forge my long descent to run
 From aged Neptune, or the glorious Sun:
 (3) And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
 Our learned bards do sing my pedigree;
 (4) And boast my birth from great Cadwallader,
 (5) From old Caer-Septon, in mount Palador:
 (6) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales king,
 By Theodor, the Tudors' name do bring.
 My royal mother's princely stock began
 (7) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
 (8) By true descent from Leolin the great,
 As well from North-Wales, as fair Powisland's seat.
 Though for our princely genealogy
 I do not stand to make apology:
 Yet who with judgment's true impartial eyes,
 Shall look from whence our name at did first rise,
 Shall find, that fortune is to us in debt;
 And why not Tudor, as Plantagenet?
 (9) Nor that term *Croggen*, nick name of dis-
 Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place, [grace,
 Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welshman's name,
 Which was at first begot with England's shame.
 Our valiant swords our right did still maintain,
 Against that cruel, proud, usurping Dane,
 Buckling besides in many dang'rous fights,
 With Norways, Swethens, and with Muscovites;
 (10) And kept our native language now thus long,
 And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue:
 When they which now our nation fain would tame,
 Subdu'd, have lost their country and their name.
 Nor ever could the Saxons' swords provoke
 Our British necks to bear their servile yoke:
 Where Cambria's pleasant countries bounded be
 With swelling Severn, and the holy Dee:
 And since great Brutus first arriv'd, have stood
 The only remnant of the Trojan blood.
 To every man is not allotted chance,
 To boast with Henry, to have conquer'd France:
 Yet if my fortune be thus rais'd by thee,
 This may presage a farther good to me;
 And our Saint David, in the Britons' right,
 May join with George, the sainted English knight:
 (11) And old Caer-merdin, Merlin's famous town,
 Not scorn'd by London, though of such renown.
 Ah, would to God that hour my hopes attend,
 Were with my wish brought to desired end!
 Blame me not, madam, though I thus desire,
 Many there be, that after you inquire;
 Till now your beauty in night's bosom slept,
 What eye durst stir, where awful Henry kept?
 Who durst attempt to sail but near the bay,
 Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay?
 Your beauty now is set a royal prize,
 And kings repair to chespen merchandise.
 If you but walk to take the breathing air,
 Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear:
 If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,
 And fair Egina makes me fear the flame:
 If in the Sun, then sad suspicion dreams
 Phœbus should spread Luciothoe in his beams:
 If in a fountain you do cool your blood,
 Neptune, I fear, which once came in a flood:
 If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,
 Who cou'sned Chion in an old wife's shape:
 If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,
 Who in a grape Erigone did feed:
 And if myself your chamber-door should keep,
 Yet fear I Hermes coming in a sleep.
 Pardon (sweet queen) if I offend in this,
 In these delays love most impatient is:

And youth wants pow'r his hot spleen to suppress,
 When hope already banquets in excess.
 Though Henry's fame in me you shall not find,
 Yet that which better shall content your mind;
 But only in the title of a king
 Was his advantage, in no other thing:
 If in his love more pleasure you did take,
 Never let queen trust Briton for my sake.
 Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,
 That I another Phaeton's charge attempt;
 My mind, that thus your favours dare aspire,
 Shows, that 'tis touch'd with a celestial fire:
 If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,
 When she herself is author of the same;
 "All men to some one quality incline,"
 Only to love is naturally mine.
 Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
 Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheer the drooping Earth:
 Add faithful love unto your greater state,
 And be alike in all things fortunate.
 A king might promise more, I not deny,
 But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.
 And thus I leave, till time my faith approve;
 I cease to write, but never cease to love.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

- (1) And that the helm, the Tudors ancient crest.
 The arms of Tudor was three helmets: whereof
 he speaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of
 Merlin.
- (2) When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.
 Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentle-
 man, commanded once to dance before the queen,
 in a turn (not being able to recover himself) fell
 into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with
 many of her ladies about her.
- (3) And yet in Wales with them that famous be,
 Our learned bards, &c.
 This berdh, as they call it in the British tongue,
 or as we more properly say, bard, or bardus, be
 their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees
 and descents, and sung in odes and measures to
 their harps, after the old manner of the lyric
 poets.
- (4) And boast my blood from great Cadwallader.
 Cadwallader, the last king of the Britons, de-
 scended of the noble and ancient race of the
 Trojans; to whom an angel appear'd, command-
 ing him to go to Rome to pope Sergius, where he
 ended his life.
- (5) From old Caer-Septon in mount Palador.
 Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whose
 building it was said an eagle prophesied (or rather,
 one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the
 recovery of the isle by the Britons, bringing back
 with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.
- (6) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales king,
 By Theodor, &c.
 This Eneon was slain by the rebels of Gwentland;
 he was a notable and worthy gentleman, who in
 his life did many noble acts, and was father to
 Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of whom descended the
 princes of South-Wales.
- (7) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian.
 Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees ap Griffith

ap Theodore, of South-Wales, married Ednivet Vaughan, ancestor to Owen Tudor.

(⁸) By true descent from Leolin the great.

This is the Lhwellyn, called Leolinus Magnus, prince of North-Wales.

(⁹) Nor that word *Croggen*, nick-name of disgrace.

In the voyage that Henry the Second made against the Welshmen, as his soldiers passed Offa's ditch at Croggen castle, they were overthrown by the Welshmen. Which word *Croggen* hath since been used to the Welshmen's disgrace, which was first begua with their honour.

(¹⁰) And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welshmen be those ancient Britons, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons, invaded here, were first driven into those parts, where they have kept their language ever since the first, without commixtion with any other.

(¹¹) And old *Caer-merdin*, Merlin's famous town.

Caer-merdin, or *Merlin's town*, so called of *Merlin's* being found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophesies we have. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Sylvestris*, born in Scotland, surnamed *Calidonus*, of the forest of *Calidon*, where he prophesied.

ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Wise Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, nam'd the Good, Next to his nephew of the royal blood. (Henry the Sixth then being very young) Chosen protector: by ambition strong, Whose dutchess Elenor, violently led To think the-crown theirs, were young Henry dead, Convicted was with sorcerers to conspire, Which practised to hasten her desire: For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd; To th' isle of Man, and afterwards confin'd: From whence she writes this letter to her lord, Who that sad lady doth the like afford.

METHINKS, not knowing who these lines should Thou straight turn'st over to the latter end, [send, Where thou my name no sooner hast espy'd, But in disdain my letter casts aside: Why, if thou wilt, I will myself deny, Nay, I'll affirm and swear, I am not I: Or if in that thy shame thou dost perceive, Lo, for thy dear sake, I my name will leave. And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand, Nor seem so much appalled at my hand; For my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye (Long before this) to sights of misery. No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very same, All thou canst read, is but to read my shame. Be not dismay'd, nor let my name alight; The worst it can, is but t' offend thy sight; It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harm, It is no dreadful spell, no magic charm: If she that sent it, love duke Humphry so, Is't possible her name should be his foe?

Yes, I am El'nor, I am very she, Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee:

(¹) Though envio's Beauford slander'd me before, To be duke Humphry's wanton paramour.

And though indeed I can it not deny,

(²) To magic once I did myself apply, I won thee not, as there be many think, With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink;

Nor on thy person did I ever prove

Those wicked potions, so procuring love.

I cannot boast, to be rich Holland's heir,

Nor of the blood and greatness of Baviere:

(³) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,

To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;

Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me, that fled,

Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:

Nor wast thou forc'd, the slander to suppress,

To send me back as an adulteress:

(⁴) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,

Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my divorce;

Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,

The just reward of her unjust desire:

(⁵) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,

That princely-issued great Burgonian,

Need stand with me, to move a woman's strife,

To yield the place to the protector's wife;

If Cobham's name my birth can dignify,

Or Storborough renown my family. [of late,

(⁶) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court

Where she with Humphry held a princely state?

That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride,

That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?

The Thames, by water when I took the air,

That dan'd my barge, in lanching from the stair?

The anch'ring ships, which when I pass'd the road,

Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?

How could it be, those that were wont to stand,

To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,

Should after see me mail'd up in a sheet,

Do shameful penance three times in the street?

Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,

Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;

That little babes, not having use of tongue,

Stood pointing at me as I came along. [mand?

Where then was Humphry? where was his com?

Wast thou not lord protector of the land?

Or for thy justice, who could thee deny

The title of the good duke Humphry?

What blood extract from famous Edward's line,

Could boast itself to be so pure as thine?

Who else, next Henry, should the realm prefer,

If it allow the line of Lancaster?

But Rayner's daughter must from France be fet,

And with a vengeance on our throne be set;

Mauins, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar cast,

To bring her home to England in such haste:

And what for Henry thou hast labour'd there,

To join the king with Arminuack's rich heir,

Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had been;

Pool needs must have his darling made a queen:

How should he with our princes else be plac'd,

To have his earlship with a dukedom grac'd,

And raise the offspring of his blood so high,

As lords of us and our posterity?

O! that by sea when he to France was sent,

The ship had sunk wherein the traitor went!

Or, that the sands had swallow'd her, before

She e'er set foot upon the English shore!

But all is well, nay, we have store to give,

What need we more? we by her looks can live.

All that great Henry by his conquests heard,
 And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
 Is given back to Rayner all in dust;
 And by this means rich Normandy is lost.
 Those which have come as mistresses of ours,
 Have into England brought their goodly dowers,
 Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
 The life of subjects, and the strength of kings,
 The means whereby fair England ever might
 Raise power in France, to back her ancient right:
 But she brings ruin here to make abode,
 And cancels all our lawful claim abroad;
 And she must recapitulate my shame,
 And give a thousand by-words to my name,
 And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare,
 With all despite that may a woman spot. [Trot,
 O, that I were a witch but for her sake!
 Faith her queenship little rest should take:
 I'd scratch that face that may not feel the air,
 And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her hair;
 O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
 And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,
 And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin,
 Her wanton blood is now so cocked in;
 Or take me some such known familiar shape,
 As she my vengeance never should escape.
 Were I a garment, none should need the more
 To sprinkle me with Nessus' pois'ned gore;
 It were enough, if she once put me on,
 To tear both flesh and sinews from the bone:
 Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,
 Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,
 I would send such a fume into her brow,
 Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

(7) They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle,
 This fatal Man, the place of my exile, [wrought,
 Whose powerful charms such dreadful wonders
 Which in the Gotish island-tongue were taught:
 O! that their spells to me they had resign'd,
 Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and wind,

And made the Moon pause in her paled sphere,
 Whilst her green dragons drew them through the air;
 Their hellish power, to kill the ploughman's seed,
 Or to forespeak whole flocks as they did feed;
 To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,
 To carry them through earth, air, fire, and flood!
 Had I this skill, that time hath almost lost,
 How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost!
 O pardon, pardon my misgovern'd tongue,
 A woman's strength cannot endure my wrong.

(8) Did not the Heavens her coming in withstand,
 As though affrighted when she came to land?
 The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
 The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide;
 Paul's shook with tempests, and that mounting spire,

With lightning sent from Heaven, was set on fire:
 Our stately buildings to the ground were blown,
 Her pride by these prodigious signs was shown;
 More fearful visions on the English earth,
 Then ever were at any death or birth.

Ah, Humphry, Humphry, if I should not speak,
 My breast would split, my very heart would break!
 I, that was wont so many to command,
 Worse now than with a clap-dish in my hand:
 A simple mantle covering me withal,
 The veriest leper of Care's hospital;
 That from my state a presence held in awe,
 Glad here to kennel in a pad of straw:

And like an owl, by night to go abroad,
 Roosted all day within an ivy tod,
 Among the sea-cliffs, in the dampy caves,
 In charnel-houses, fit to dwell in graves.

Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerful look

Duke Humphry once such joy and pleasure took?
 Sorrow hath so despoil'd them of all grace,
 Thou couldst not say, this was my El'nor's face:
 Like a foul gorgon, whose dishevel'd hair
 With every blast flies glaring in the air;
 Some standing up like horns upon my head,
 Even like those women that are in Coos bred:
 My lank breasts hang like bladders left unblown,
 My skin with loathsome jaundice over-grown;
 So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
 Rum's true picture, only look on me.
 Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
 I from a sudden ecstasy grow mad:
 Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy El'nor runs,
 Like one of Bacchus' raging frantic nuns:
 Or, like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
 Prepar'd unto a dismal sacrifice.

That prelate Beauford, a foul ill befell him:
 Prelate, said I? nay, devil I should call him:
 Ah, God forgive me, if I think amiss,
 His very name, methinks, my poison is:
 Ah that vile Judas, our professed foe,
 My curse pursue him wheresoe'er he go;
 That to my judgment when I did appear,
 Laid to my charge those things that never were:
 That I should know of Bullenbrook's intents,
 (9) The hallowing of his magic instruments:
 That I procur'd Southwell to assist,
 Which was by order consecrate a priest:
 That it was I should cover all they did,
 Which but for him had to this day been hid.
 Ah that vile bastard, that himself dare vaunt,
 To be the son of thy great grandsire Gaunt,
 Whom he but father'd of mere charity,
 To rid his mother of that infamy;
 Who, if report of elder times be true,
 Yet to this day his father never knew.
 He that by murder's black and odious crime,
 To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,
 Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,
 A fatal hand his sovereign to have slain,
 Whom to his chamber closely he convey'd,
 And for that purpose fitly there had laid,
 Upon whose sword that famous prince had dy'd,
 If by a dog he had not been deserv'd.

But now the queen, her minion Pool, and he,
 As it please them, ev'n so must all things be:
 England's no place for any one beside,
 All is too little to maintain their pride.
 What of a king hath Henry but the name?
 And now scarce that, so public his defame!
 And I pray God I do not live the day,
 To see his ruin and the realm's decay:
 And yet as sure as Humphry seems to stand,
 He be preserv'd from that vile traitor's hand.
 From Glo'ster's seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
 Or would to God that dukedom's name were
 chang'd,

For it portends some after-ill to us,
 Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous!
 Yet rather than thy hap so hard should be,
 I would thou wert here banished with me.
 Humphry, adieu, farewell true noble lord,
 My wish is all thy El'nor can afford.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Tho' envious Beauford slander d me before.

Noting the extreme hate that cardinal Beauford had ever borne to her.

(2) To magic once I did myself apply.

Elenor Cobham was accused by some, that sought to withstand, and misliked her marriage with duke Humphry, that she practised to give him philters, and such poisoning potions, to make him love her; as she was slandered by cardinal Beauford, to have lived as the duke's lemman: against the which cardinal, she exclaimeth in this epistle in the verse before.

(3) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good duke, that doatingly he married Jacomin, or as some call her, Jaques, daughter and heir to William Bavier, duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shew'd in this verse following,

(4) Brabant nor Burgoin claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce,

caused great wars, by reason that the duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant against the duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the pope, the lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former husband.

(5) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian.

John duke of Bedford, that scourge of France and the glory of the Englishmen, married Ann sister to the duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautiful lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories obtained in France, he brought great strength to the English nation.

(6) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
of late?

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent was first buid'd by that famous duke; whose rich and pleasant situation might remain an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

(7) They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle.

It should seem that there were two islands, both of them called Mona, though now distinguished, the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermost Man, described by his son-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarism and ignorance, so amongst those northerly nations, like as in America, magic was most esteemed.

Druids were the public ministers of their religion, as thoroughly taught in all the rites thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soul, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abode was in groves and woods, whereupon they have their name: their power extended itself to master the souls of men

deceased, and to confer with ghosts and spirits about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmost British isles were the prison of I wot not what demigods. But I shall not need to speak any farther of the Druidæ, than that which Lucan doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistram
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetitis ab armis.

(8) Did not the Heavens her coming in withstand?

Noting the fearful and prodigious signs that were seen in England a little before her coming in: which Elenor expresseth in this epistle, as forshowing the dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky marriage.

(9) The hallowing of his magic instruments.

The instruments which Bullenbrook used in his conjurations, according to the devilish ceremonies and customs of these unlawful arts, were dedicated at a mass in Harnsey park by Southwell a priest of Westminster.

(10) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the articles that duke Humphry urged against the cardinal Beauford, that he conspired the death of Henry the Fifth, by conveying a villain into his chamber, which in the night should have murdered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.

DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

METHINKS thou should'st not doubt I could forget
Her, whom so many do remember yet;

"No, no, our joys away like shadows slide,
But sorrows firm in memory abide:"

Nay, I durst answer thou dost nothing less,
But into passion urg'd by thy distress.

No El'nor, no, thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,
Have in my breast been resident too long.

Oh, when report in ev'ry place had spread,
My El'nor was to sanctuary fled

With cursed Onley, and the witch of Eye,
As guilty of their vile conspiracy;

The dreadful spirits when they did invoke,
For the succession, and the realm's estate:

When Henry's image they in wax had wrought,
By which he should have to his death been brought,

That as his picture did consume away,
His person so by sickness should decay:

Grief, that before could ne'er my thoughts control,
That instant took possession of my soul.

Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that afflict me still;

But that before hath taken too sure hold:
Forget it, said I? would to God I could!

Of any woe if thou hast but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;

I have no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I have is nothing else but sorrow.

No, my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,
Tho' thou went'st hence, here still thy woes do

stay;
Tho' from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Those still remain, they will not leave him so:

No eye bewails my ill, moans thy distress,
Our grief's the more, but yet our debt the less :
We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept
For those that yet for us have never wept.
We hold no obits, no sad exequies,
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.

Alas, good Nell, what should thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind lord with a foreign love ?
Thou might'st have bid all former ills adieu,
Forgot the old, we have such store of new.

Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual grief to answer grief again ?
Or think'st thou I unkindly did forbear
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear ?
Did I forget, or carelessly neglect
Those shows of love that ladies so respect ?
In mournful black was I not seen to go,
By outward signs t'express my inward woe ?
Did I thy loss not publicly lament,
Nor by my looks bewray'd my discontent ?
Is this the cause ? if this be it, know then,
" One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten."

If in my breast those sorrows sometimes were,
And never utter'd, they must still be there ;
And if thou know'st they many were before,
By time increasing, they must needs be more.

England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent :
If I her own, can she from blame be free,
If she but prove a step-mother to me ?
That if I should with that proud bastard strive,
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,
For then my true nobility should bear it :
If counsel aid, that France will tell (I know)
Whose towns lie waste before the English foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the foil,

(¹) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernole :
If faith avail, these arms did Henry hold,
To claim his crown, yet scarcely nine months old :
If countries care have leave to speak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be :
If peoples tongues give splendour to my fame :
They add a title to duke Humphry's name :
If toil at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state ;
If foreign travel my success may try,

(²) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy.
That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth wear,
In every place such sway should never bear :

(³) The crosier-staff in his imperious hand,
To be the sceptre that controuls the land ;
That home to England dispensations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws :
And for those suits the wealthy church should pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay ;
His ghostly counsels only do advise

(⁴) The means how Langley's progeny may rise,
Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways,
A duke of York from Cambridge house to raise,
Which after may our title undermine,
Grafted since Edward in Gaunt's famous line,
Us of succession falsely to deprive,
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore :
With Gray and Scroop when first he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got ;
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,
Whose title Glendour stoutly did maintain,

When the proud Percies, haughty March, and he,
Had shar'd the land by equal parts in three.

(⁵) His priesthood now proud Mowbray will restore,
To stir the fire that kindled was before :
Against the Yorkists shall their claim advance,
To steel the point of Norfolk's sturdy lance,
Upon the breast of Hertford's issue bent,
In just revenge of ancient banishment.

He doth advise to let our pris'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithless Scottish foe,
(⁶) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs
May bring invasion upon us and ours.
Ambitious Suffolk so the helm doth guide,
With Beauford's damned policies supply'd ;
He and the queen in counsel still confer,
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.

But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whose sorrows are my theme !
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided ?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,

So near are you, so dear unto me both ;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.
But though my country justly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love ;
Nevertheless, thy Humphry's to thee now,

As when fresh beauty triumph'd on thy brow ;
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy favours might the franklins' boast :
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, though time hath taken some again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.

Be patient, gentle heart, in thy distress,
Thou art a princess not a whit the less.
Whilst in these breasts we bear about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.
Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,
But look on those cast down as low as we ;
For some of them which proudly perch so high,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We shall exchange, when Heav'n will have it so ;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn ;
Woe past, may once laugh present woe to scorn :
And worse than hath been, we can never taste,
Worse cannot come, than is already past :
" In all extremes, the only depth of ill
Is that which comforts the afflicted still."

Ah, would to God thou could'st thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lie !
Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover,
And prosperous times blow these misfortunes over :
For in the thought of those fore-passed years,
Some new resemblance of old joy appears.
Mutual our care, so mutual be our love,
That our affliction never can remove :
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wishing thee more than I myself can give.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernole.

The three famous battles fought by the Englishmen in France: Agincourt by Henry the Fifth, against the whole power of France: Cravant, fought by Montacute earl of Salisbury and the duke of

Burgoin, against the Dauphin of France, and William Stuart constable of Scotland: Verneile, fought by John duke of Bedford, against the duke of Alanson, and with him most of the nobility of France; duke Humphry an especial counsellor in all these expeditions.

(2) Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.

Here remembering the ancient amity which in his embassies he had concluded betwixt the king of England, and Sigismund emperor of Almain, drawing the duke of Burgoin into the same league, giving himself as an hostage for the duke of Saint Omers, while the duke came to Calais to confirm the league: with his many other employments to foreign kingdoms.

(3) The crosier staff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford cardinal of Winchester, that proud and haughty prelate, received the cardinal's hat at Calais by the Pope's legate; which dignity, Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbade him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit unfit for that robe and calling.

(4) The means how Langley's progeny may rise.

As willing to show, the house of Cambridge to be descended of Edmond Langley duke of York, a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the title the Yorkists made to the crown (from Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldest brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

(5) His priesthood now stern Mowbray will restore.

Noting the ancient grudge between the house of Lancaster and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray duke of Norfolk was banished, for the accusation of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, king of England, and father to duke Humphry): which accusation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the lists at Coventry.

(6) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.

James Stuart king of Scots having been long prisoner in England was released, and took to wife the daughter of John duke of Somerset, sister to John duke of Somerset, niece to the cardinal, and the duke of Exeter, and cousin-german removed to the king: this king broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
TO QUEEN MARGARET.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duke of Suffolk, William, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His mistress Marg'ret, that duke Rayner's child,
Himself who of Jerusalem instil'd
The king: this Pool, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young Henry nam'd the sixth, and her,

Concludes a marriage; and her sire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
To Rayner for her: for which lawless fact,
The peers him five years banishment enact.
When for his latest farewell of the queen,
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment:
Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that so soon I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is ever night;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
Those savages which worship the Sun's rise,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes:
The world's great light, might'st thou be seen
abroad,

Would at our noon-stead ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Fearing lest he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To live within this sea-inviron'd isle.

Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commands:
(1) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewise one Heaven incompasseth us all.
"No banishment can be to him assign'd,
Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.
Man in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch, ever ruling there:
Wherever then his body both remain,
He is a king, that in himself doth reign;
And never feareth fortune's hott'st alarms,
That bears against her patience for his arms."

(2) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
To my disgrace, at Lei'ster parliament,
(3) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should cause the loss of fertile Aquitain,
(4) With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name;
And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a mean to raise the Nevils' brood.

(5) With Sal'sbury his vile ambitious sire,
In York's stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;
By Clarence' title working to supplant
The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt:
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascal multitude;
(6) Urg'd by these envious lords to spend their
Crying revenge for the protector's death: [breath,
That since the old decrepit duke is dead,
By me, of force, he must be murdered.

(7) If they would know who robb'd him of his life,
Let them call home dame Elenor his wife,
Who with a taper walked in a sheet,
To light her shame at noon through London street;
And let her bring her necromantic book,
That foul hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
And let them call the spirits from Hell again,
To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.

(8) For twenty years and have I serv'd in France,
(9) Against great Charles and bastard Orleans,
And seen the slaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?

(10) And have I seen Vernola's batful fields,
 Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand
 shields,
 Where famous Bedford did our fortune try,
 O France, or England, for the victory?
 The sad investing of so many towns,
 Scor'd on my breast in honourable wounds;
 When Montacute, and Talbot of much name,
 Under my ensign both first won their fame:
 In heat and cold all these have I endur'd,
 To rouse the French, within their walls immur'd;
 Through all my life these perils have I past,
 And now to fear a banishment at last?

Thou know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)
 For thee refus'd the infanta of France,
 Brake the contract duke Humphry first did make
 'Twixt Henry and the princess Arminae:
 Only that here thy presence I might gain,
 I gave duke Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
 Thy peerless beauty for a dower to bring,
 As of itself sufficient for a king:

(11) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike pow'rs,
 (12) And came myself in person first to Tours,
 Th' ambassadors for truce to entertain,
 From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:
 And to the king, relating of thy story,
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,
 As the report by speaking did indite,
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
 My look show'd more, that was angelical;
 And when I breath'd again, and paused next,
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:

And when I came to paint thy glorious style,
 My speech in greater cadences to file,
 (13) By true descent to wear the diadem
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,
 If those of Heaven could mix with these of Earth,
 Gracing each title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.

(14) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.

Had he, which once the prize to Greece did
 bring,

(Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)

(15) Seen thee for England but inbark'd at Diep,
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,
 Would vault up to the hatches to behold thee,
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
 Scor'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing
 And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves, [keel,
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,

Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,
 To show their glory in thine eye alone,
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.
 Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,
 When only France for my recourse is free?
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lye,
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby;
 Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;
 Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.

What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day,
 For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
 What fortune hurts, let suff'rance only heal,
 "No wisdom with extremities to deal."
 To know ourselves to come of human birth,
 These sad afflictions cross us here on Earth;
 A punishment from the eternal law,
 To make us still of Heaven to stand in awe.
 "In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,
 Whose long'st assurance bears a minute's date,
 Why should we idly talk of our intent,
 When Heav'n's decree no counsel can prevent?
 When our foresight not possibly can shun,
 That which the fates determine shall be done."
 Henry hath pow'r, and may my life denote,
 Mine honour's mine, that none hath power to lose.

Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal queen)
 As in the court of France we oft have been;
 (16) As when arriv'd in Percherter's fair road,
 (Where, for our coming, Henry made abode)
 When in mine arms I brought thee safe to land,
 And gave my love to Henry's royal hand:
 The happy hours we passed with the king
 At fair South-hampton long in banquetting;
 With such content as lodg'd in Henry's breast,
 When he to London brought thee from the West
 Through golden Cheap, when he in pomp did ride
 To Westminster, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure.

He alludes in these verses to the falcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this bird.

(2) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent
 To my disgrace, &c.

The commons at this parliament, through Warwick's means, accused Suffolk of treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

(3) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
 Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.

The duke of Suffolk being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose duke Rayner's daughter, the lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries

of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Where-upon the earl of Arminac (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expelled Aquitain, Gascoigne, and Guien.

(4) With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name.

This Richard, that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(5) With Sal'sbury, his vile ambitious sire,
In York's stern breast kindling long-hidden fire,
By Clarence' title working, to supplant
The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt.

Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being assisted by this Richard Nevill earl of Salisbury and father to the great earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the house of York) in open parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. making his title by Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmond of Langley duke of York; which Ann was daughter to Roger Mortimer earl of March; which Roger was son and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward, to whom the crown, after king Richard the Second's death lineally descended, he dying without issue; and not to the heirs of the duke of Lancaster, that was younger brother to the duke of Clarence. Hall. cap. l. tit. Yor. & Lanc.

(6) Urg'd by these envious lords to spend their
breath,

Crying revenge on the protector's death.

Humphry duke of Gloucester, and lord protector, in the five and twentieth year of Henry VI. by the means of the queen and the duke of Suffolk, was arrested by the lord Beaumont, at the parliament holden at Bury, and the same night after murdered in his bed.

(7) If they wou'd know who robb'd him, &c, to
this verse, [reign.

To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall

In these verses he jests at the protector's wife, who (being accused and convicted of treason, because with John Hun a priest, Roger Bullenbrook a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, called the witch of Eye, she had consulted by sorcery to kill the king) was adjudged to perpetual prison in the isle of Man, and to do penance openly in three public places in London.

(8) For twenty years and have I serv'd in France?

In the sixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceased, then lieutenant general and regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to assist him.

(9) Against great Charles and bastard Orleans.

This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleans was son to the duke of Orleans, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the

Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers incursions.

(10) And have I seen Vernouille's batful fields.

Vernouille is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the sixth's reign, where most of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(11) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike
powers.

Aumerle is that strong defended town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great assaults given unto it.

(12) And came myself in person first to Tours,
Th' ambassadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.

Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appointed a great diet to be kept, whither came ambassadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to entreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(13) By true descent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem.

Rayner, duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, having the title alone of the king of those countries.

(14) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent.

The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, asked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(15) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the sea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ship for England.

(16) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair road.

Porchester, a haven-town in the southwest part of England, near where Portsmouth now stands, which owes its rise to the decay of Port Paris, or Porchester, once a sea-port of great note, till the harbour was almost abandon'd by the sea, and the greatest part of the inhabitants removed into the little island of Portsea, and built the town of Portsmouth at this Porchester, where the king tarried; expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.

QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

WHAT news (sweet Pool) look'st thou my lines
But like the tolling of the doleful bell, [should tell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.
My breast, which once was mirth's imperial throne,
A vast and desert wilderness is grown:

Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whose breem seas the icy mountains float;
Where those poor creatures, banish'd from the
Do live impris'n'd in continual night. [light,

No object greets my soul's internal eyes,
But divinations of sad tragedies;
And care takes up her solitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.
As in September, when our year resigns
The glorious Sun to the cold wat'ry signs,
Which through the clouds looks on the Earth in
The little bird, yet to salute the morn, [scorn;
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chirping doth keep,
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would weep,
Praising fair Summer, that too soon is gone,
Or sad for Winter, too fast coming on:
In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

Now to our aid who stirs the neighb'ring kings?
Or who from France a puissant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?

(¹) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster?
(²) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefs impart?
Whose breast shall be the closet of my heart?

The ancient heroes' fame thou dost revive,
As from all them thyself thou didst derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in Pool she was too prodigal;
Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heav'n for thee perfection's depth had sought.
Well knew king Henry what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his orator;
Whose angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence:
That if again Jove would his sports have try'd,
He in thy shape himself would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his
show'r.

(³) To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will dispense with Heaven, and will unswear it.
He that's in all the world's black sins forlorn,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworn;
And here of late his title hath set down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful dutchess chats,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesteth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs:
And if such hap her goddess fortune bring,

(⁴) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.
(⁵) He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favoured crook-back'd stigmatic,
That like a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's womb,
With teeth in's head, his passage to have torn,
As though begot an age ere he was born.

Who now shall curb proud York, when he shall
Or arm our right against his enterprise, [rise?
To crop that bastard weed, which daily grows,

(⁶) To over-shadow our vermilion rose?

(⁷) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear,
Whose presence strikes our peoples' hearts with
fear?

Whilst on his knees this wretched king is down,
To save them labour, reaching at his crown,
Where like a mounting cedar, he should bear
His plumed top aloft into the air;
And let these shrubs sit underneath his shrouds,
Whilst in his arms he doth embrace the clouds.
O, that he should his father's right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty spirit!
How were those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathise in generation?
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t' abuse and alter nature's course?

"All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone doth not beget the mind."

(⁸) My daisy-flow'r, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,
And with York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:
When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine;
Now in the skies that dreadful comet waves,
(⁹) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded
staves?

And all those knees, which bended once so low,
Grow stiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, pursue me with despite,
Which most have cry'd, "God save queen Mar-
garet."

When fame shall bruit thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkist's faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our western coast,
O, how that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!
And labour straight, by all the means she can,
To be call'd home out of the isle of Man;
To which I know great Warwick will consent,
To have it done by act of parliament:
That to my teeth my birth she may defy,
¹⁰ Stand'ring duke Rayner with base beggary;
The only way she could devise to grieve me, [me.
Wanting sweet Suffolk, which should most relieve

And from that stock doth sprout another bloom,
(¹¹) A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groom:
(¹²) And this is he the white rose must prefer
By Clarence's daughter, match'd with Mortimer.
Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,
Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:

For that ambitious duke sets all on work,
To sound what friends affect the claim of York,
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
(¹³) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ireland:
More his own power still seeking to increase,
Than for king Henry's good or England's peace.
(¹⁴) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes should be increas'd,
Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,
The church's prop, that famous cardinal.

The commons (bent to mischief) never let
(¹⁵) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,
Railing in tumults on his soldiers' loss;
Thus all goes backward, cross comes after cross:
And now of late duke Humphry's old allies,
With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,
Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house:
And I alone the last poor remnant am,

(¹⁶) T' endure these storms with woful Buckingham.
I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou dost pass,
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:
(¹⁷) And one foretold by water thou shouldst die,
(Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophesy:)

Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,
That I do see thee toss'd in dangerous streams/
And oft-times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,
And lying breathless on the queachy sand :
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,
And with thy proved target and thy sword,
Beat'st back the pirate which would come aboard.
Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The truest love is most suspicious."
Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve :
But hope forbids us sorrow to believe ;
And in my counsel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.
Then live in hope, in triumph to return,
When clearer days shall leave in clouds to mourn.
But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,
That that word hope (methinks) comes slowly out :
The reason is, I know it here would rest,
Where it might still behold thee in my breast.
Farewell, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,
But that my tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster.

Philip, duke of Burgoin, and his son, were always great favourites of the house of Lancaster : howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and York.

(2) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends ?

The chief lords of the north parts, in the time of Henry the Sixth, withstood the duke of York at his rising, giving him two great overthrows.

(3) To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both ;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will with Heav'n dispense, and will unswear it.

The duke of York, at the death of Henry the Fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his heirs for ever : but afterwards dispensing therewith, claimed the crown, as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(4) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.

The duke of York had four sons : Edward earl of March, that afterwards was duke of York, and king of England, when he had deposed Henry the Sixth ; and Edmond earl of Rutland, slain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield : and George duke of Clarence, that was murdered in the tower ; and Richard duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his brother's sons) king, by the name of Richard the Third.

(5) He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic, &c.
Till this verse, As though begot an age, &c.

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by treason, after the murder of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of stature, crook'd-back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and sour countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him ; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

(6) To over-shadow our vermilion rose.

The red rose was the badge of Lancaster, and the white rose of York ; which, by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth, indubitate heir of the house of York, were happily united.

(7) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear ?

The earl of Warwick, the setter up and puller down of kings, gave for his arms the white bear rampant, and the ragged staff.

(8) My daisy flower, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies, &c.

The daisy in French is called *Margarite*, which was queer Margaret's badge : wherewithal the nobility and chivalry of the land at her first arrival were so delighted, that they wore it in their hats, in token of honour.

(9) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded staves ?

The ragged or bearded staff, was a part of the arms belonging to the earldom of Warwick.

(10) Sland'ring duke Rayner with base beggary.

Rayner, duke of Anjou, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from those parts ; and was not able at the marriage of the queen, at his own charges, to send her into England, though he gave no dowry with her : which, by the datchess of Gloucester, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

(12) A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groom.

This was Jack Cade, who caused the Kentish men to rebel in the eight and twentieth year of king Henry the Sixth.

(13) And this is he the white rose must prefer,
By Clarence' daughter match'd to Mortimer.

This Jack Cade, instructed by the duke of York, pretended to be descended from Mortimer, who married lady Philip, daughter to the duke of Clarence.

(14) And makes us weak, by strengthening Ireland.

The duke of York being made deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himself by all means possible, that he might at his return into England, by open war claim that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

(15) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beauford, bishop and cardinal of Winchester, son to John of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(16) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset.

Edmond, duke of Somerset, in the four-and-twentieth year of Henry the Sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions : but in short time he lost all that king Henry

the Fifth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(17) To endure these storms with woful Buckingham.

Humphry, duke of Buckingham, was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the Sixth.

(18) And one foretold by water thou shouldst die.

The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophecy: which afterwards came to pass.

EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report Of mistress Shore, resounded thro' his court, Steals to the city in a strange disguise, To view that beauty, whose transcending eyes Had shot so many: which did so content The amorous king, that instantly he sent These lines to her, whose graces did allure him; Whose answer back doth of her love assure him.

To thee, the fair'st that ever breath'd this air,

(1) From English Edward, to thee fairest fair;

Ah, would to God thy title were no more,

That no remembrance might remain of Shore,

To countermand a monarch's high desire,

And bar mine eyes of what they most admire!

O, why should fortune make the city proud,

To give that more, than is the court allow'd?

Where they (like wretches) hoard it up to sparc,

And do engross it, as they do their ware.

When fame first blaz'd thy beauty here in court,

Mine ear repuls'd it, as a light report:

But when mine eyes saw what mine ear had heard,

They thought report too niggardly had spar'd;

And stricken dumb with wonder, did but mutter,

Conceiving more than it had words to utter.

Then think of what thy husband is possess'd,

When I malign the wealth wherewith he's blest;

"When much abundance makes the needy mad,

Who having all, yet knows not what is had:

Into fools' bosoms this good fortune creeps,

And sums come in, whilst the base miser sleeps."

If now thy beauty be of such esteem,

Which all of so rare excellency deem;

What would it be, and prized at what rate,

Were it adorned with a kingly state?

Which being now but in so mean a bed,

Is like an uncut diamond in lead,

Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,

Or garnished with rich enamelling;

We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,

Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.

(2) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes,

I came to see thee in a strange disguise.

Passing thy shop, thy husband call'd me back,

Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.

I want, thought I, one that I dare not crave,

And one, I fear, thou wilt not let me have.

He calls for caskets forth, and shows me store;

But yet I knew he had one jewel more,

And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,

That I might not for love or money by it.

O, might I come a diamond to buy,

That had but such a lustre as thine eye,

Would not my treasure serve, my crown should

If any jewel could be prized so! [go,

An agat, branched with thy blushing strains;

A saphir, but so azur'd as thy veins;

My kingly sceptre only should redeem it,

At such a price if judgment could esteem it.

How fond and senseless be those strangers then,

Who bring in toys, to please the Englishmen?

I smile to think how fond th' Italians are,

To judge their artificial gardens rare;

When London in thy cheeks can show them here

Roses and lilies growing all the year.

The Portuguese, that only hopes to win,

By bringing stones from farthest India in;

When happy Shore can bring them forth a girl,

Whose lips be rubies, and her teeth be pearl.

(3) How silly is the Polandier and Dane,

To bring us crystal from the frozen main?

When thy clear skin's transparence doth surpass

Their crystal, as the diamond doth glass.

The foolish French, which bring in trash and toys,

To turn our women, men, our girls to boys,

When with what tire thou dost thyself adorn,

That for a fashion only shall be worn;

Which though it were a garment but of hair,

More rich than robe that ever empress wore.

Methinks, thy husband takes his mark awry,

To set his plate to sale, when thou art by;

When they which do thy angel-locks behold,

As the base dross do but respect his gold,

And wish one hair before that massy heap,

And but one lock, before the wealth of Cheap:

And for no cause else hold we gold so dear,

But that it is so like unto thy hair.

And sure, I think, Shore cannot choose but flout

Such as would find the great elixir out,

And laugh to see the alchymists, that choke

Themselves with fumes, and waste their wealth in

smoke;

When if thy hand but touch the grossest mould,

It is converted to refined gold:

When theirs is chaff'd at an easy rate,

Well known to all to be adulterate;

And is no more, when it by thine is set,

Than paltry beugle, or light-prized jet.

Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet,

If there were none, thou couldst make all things

sweet;

Thou comfort'st ev'ry sense with sweet repast,

To hear, to see, to smell, to feel, to taste:

Like a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,

Aromatics and precious odours are.

If thou but please to walk into the Pawn,

To buy the cambric, callico, or lawn,

If thou the whiteness of the same wouldst prove,

From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;

And those which by as the beholders stand,

Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.

A thousand eyes clos'd up by envious night,

Do wish for day, but to enjoy thy sight,

And when they once have blest their eyes with

Scorn ev'ry object else, whate'er they see: [thee,

So like a goddess beauty still controls,

And hath such powerful working in our souls.

The merchant, which in traffic spends his life,
 Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife :
 'The blunt-spoke cynic, poring on his book,
 Sometimes (aside) at beauty loves to look :
 The churchman, by whose teaching we are led,
 Allows what keeps love in the marriage-bed :
 The bloody soldier, spent in dang'rous broils,
 With beauty yet content to share his spoils :
 The busy lawyer, wrangling in his pleas,
 Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease :
 The toiling tradesman, and the sweating clown,
 Would have his wench fair, though his bread be
 So much is beauty pleasing unto all, [brown,
 That prince and peasant equally doth call ;
 Nor never yet did any man despise it,
 Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Unlearn'd is learning, artless be all arts,
 If not employ'd to praise thy sev'ral parts :
 Poor plodding school-men they are far too low,
 Which by probations, rules, and axioms go ;
 He must be familiar with the skies,
 Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes :
 And by that skill which measures sea and land,
 See beauties all, thy waist, thy foot, thy hand ;
 Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
 Such rare delights, as are both strange and new :
 And other worlds of beauty more and more,
 Which never were discovered before :
 And to thy rare proportion, to apply
 The lines and circles in geometry,
 Using alone arithmetic's strong ground,
 Numb'ring the virtues that in thee are found :
 And when all these have done what they can do,
 For thy perfections all too little too.

When from the east the dawn hath gotten out,
 And gone to seek thee all the world about,
 Within thy chamber hath she fix'd her light,
 Where, but that place, the world hath all been
 Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye [might :
 Should see love banquet in her majesty ?

" We deem those things our sight doth most frequent,

To be but mean, although most excellent :
 For strangers still the streets are swept and strow'd,
 Few look on such as daily come abroad : [em,
 Things much restrain'd, do make us much desire
 And beauties seldom seen, make us admire them."
 Nor is it fit a city-shop should hide
 The world's delight, and Nature's only pride ;
 But in a prince's sumptuous gallery,
 Hung all with tissue, floor'd with tapestry,
 Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shall see
 The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
 Then know the difference (if thou list to prove)
 Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love : [troth,
 And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the
 Be thou thyself impartial judge of both.

Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not enjoy ?
 Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy :
 Whilst lazy Time his turn by tardiance serves,
 Love still grows sickly, and hope daily starves :
 Meanwhile, receive that warrant by these lines,
 Which princely rule and sov'reignty resigns ;
 Till when, these papers, by their lord's command,
 By me shall kiss thy sweet and dainty hand.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of Edward to mistress Shore, and of hers to him, being of unlawful affection, misistheth small occasion of historical notes ; for had he men-

tioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaster faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boasting soldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amiss to annex a line or two.

(1) From English Edward to the fairest fair.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather : which was so well known to Lewis the French king, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that, as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit : by which means Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable ; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times. For certain it is, that his shape was excellent ; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to seem more delectable : though the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argu'd much sharpness of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And, indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of those times, with affection of tyranny ; as Richard the Third manifestly did.

(2) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.

Edward's intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were punished, is universally known. A mirror, representing their oversight, that rather leave their children what to possess, than what to imitate.

(3) How silly is the Polander and Dane,
 To bring us crystal from the frozen main ?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine crystal to be a kind of ice ; and therefore it is likely, they who came from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme cold. Whether crystal be ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute : yet by the examples of amber and coral, there may be such an induration ! for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth, that in the northerly region a yellow jelly is taken up out of the sea at low tides, which he calls succinum, we amber. So likewise out of the Ligustic deep, a part of the Mediterranean sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which, hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees ; as appears by Martial's epigram :

*Et latet & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
 Ut videatur apes nectare clausa suo.
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum ;
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.*

To behold a bee enclosed in electrum, is not so rare, as that a boy's throat should be cut with the fall of an icicle ; the which epigram is excellent, the 18 li. 4. He calls it Phaetontis gutta, because of that fable which Ovid rehearseth concerning the Heliades, or Phaeton's sisters, metamorphosed into those trees whose gum is amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes translucently imprisoned.

THE EPISTLE OF
MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

As the weak child, that from the mother's wing
Is taught the lute's delicious fingering,
At ev'ry string's soft touch is mov'd with fear,
Noting his master's curious list'ning ear,
Whose trembling hand at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set lesson plays :
As this poor child, so sit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.

(¹) Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.
And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor seen the golden Cheap, nor glitt'ring 'Change.
Here, like a comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eyes :
Oft have I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any :
A prince's eagle-eye to find out that,
Which common men do seldom wonder at,
Makes me to think affection flatters sight,
Or in the object something exquisite.

" To housed beauty seldom stoops report,
Fame must attend on that which lives in court."
What swan of bright Apollo's brood doth sing,
To vulgar love, in courtly sonneting ?
Or what immortal poet's sugar'd pen
Attends the glory of a citizen ?
Oft have I wonder'd what should blind your eye,
Or what so far seduced majesty,
That having choice of beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to choose this least of mine ?
More glorious suns adorn fair London's pride,
Than all rich England's continent beside ;
That who t' account their multitudes would wish,
(²) Might number Romney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.
Who doth frequent our temples, walks, and streets,
Noting the sundry beauties that he meets,
That if but some one beauty should incite
Some sacred Muse, some ravish'd spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire ;
Gathering the honey from the choicest flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, springs the rose,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows :
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,

(³) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our sex :
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter Nature's course, prove Time a liar,
To abuse Fate, and Heav'n's just doom reverse,
On Beauty's grave to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glass to seem a diamond :
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian dame :
Nor the fantastic French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spanish, half Italianate ;
With waist, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.

But with vain boasts how witless fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity ?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,
Cropp'd beauty's flower when it was in the bloom,

And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before :
And he dares swear that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust ?
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,
Where the strong'st batt'ry never could prevail ?
Belike you think, that I repuls'd the rest,
To leave a king the conquest of my breast,
And have thus long preserv'd myself from all,
To have a monarch glory in my fall ;

Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide,
Too well know men what our creation made us,
And nature too well taught them to invade us :
They know but too well, how, what, when, and
where,

To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear ;
By signs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,
When vows should serve, when oaths, when smiles,
when pray'rs :

What one delight our humours most doth move,
Only in that you make us nourish love.

If any natural blemish blot our face,
You do protest, it gives our beauty grace ;
And what attire we most are us'd to wear,
That, of all other excellent'st, you swear :
And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one deity ;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That you are ever sounding in our ear :
And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on beauty and on us.
Rome's wanton Ovid did those rules impart,
O, that your nature should be help'd with art !

Who would have thought, a king that cares to
Enforc'd by love, so poet-like should feign ? reign,
To say that Beauty, Time's stern rage to shun,
In my cheeks (lilies) hid her from the Sun ;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her east, and here she broke her day :
And that fair summer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the world is night ;
As though the fair'st e'er since the world began,
To me, a sun-burnt base Egyptian.

But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O, would to God you knew it not too well !)
That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praise.
Our churlish husbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
Who with our dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,
Do loath our smooth hands with their lips to feel,
T' enrich our favours, by our beds to kneel ;
At our command to wait, to send, to go,
As ev'ry hour our am'rous servants do ;
Which makes a stol'n kiss often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe :
When he all day torments us with a frown,
Yet sports with Venus in a bed of down ;
Whose rude embracement but too ill beseems
Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty limbs :
And yet still preaching abstinence of meat,
When he himself of ev'ry dish will eat.

Blame you our husbands then, if they deny
Our public walking, our loose liberty ?

If with exception still they us debar

(⁴) The circuit of the public theatre :
To hear the poet, in a comic strain,
Able t' infect with his lascivious scene a

And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The sly persuasion of some subtle bawd ;
Or passionate tragedian, in his rage,
Acting a love-sick passion on the stage :

(¹) When though abroad restraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us safe at home ;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thief.

What sports have we, whereon our minds to set ?
Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
Or once a week to walk into the field ;
Small is the pleasure that these toys do yield ;
But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet liberty ;
And sov'reignty (O that bewitching thing !)
Yet made more great by promise of a king ;
And more, that honour which doth most entice
The holiest nun, and she that's ne'er so nice.
Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy, and poor women strength :
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause Shore pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces give me no delight :
Thou art the cause I to myself am strange,
Thy coming is my full, thy set my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou here ;
Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me love even in the midst of hate.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.

Two or three poems, written by sundry men, have magnified this woman's beauty ; whom, that ornament of England, and London's more particular glory, sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour ; her body fat, white, and smooth ; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known : but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's churchyard, commanded that no man should relieve her ; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

(²) May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.

Rumney is that famous marsh in Kent, at whose side Rye, a haven-town, doth stand : hereof the excellent English antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his Perambulation, do make mention. And marshes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. Isis is here

used for Thamesis, by a synecdochical kind of speech, or by a poetical liberty, in using one for another : for it is said that Thamesis is compounded of Tame and Isis, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water : which being plentiful of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no river in the world be- holds more stately buildings on either side, clean thorow, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

(³) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan, a pastoral poet, in one of his eclogues, bitterly inveigheth against womankind ; some of which, by way of an appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantastic and insolent humours of many of that sex deserve much sharper physic, were it not that they are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan ; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(⁴) The circuit of the public theatre.

Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a sectary, calls that place chastity's shipwreck : for though Shore's wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtesan ; yet much more is the praise of modesty, than of such liberty. Howbeit, the vestal nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman theatre ; whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quick : a sharp law for them, who may say, as Shore's wife does,

(⁵) When though abroad restraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.

MARY, THE FRENCH QUEEN, TO CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Eighth, firm friendship to unite
With France, bestows the lady Mary bright ;
His younger sister, on king Lewis, then
Being lame and aged ; but she, of all men,
Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, most affected,
One whom her brother highly had respected,
And had advanc'd : but scarcely had she been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous
queen
Buried the old king ; who no sooner dead,
But she in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd Brandon, this epistle writes ;
Who back to her the answer soon indites.

Such health from Heav'n myself may wish to me,
Such health from France queen Mary sends to thee.

Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brook delay ?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind !) what would an ocean do ?

Leander had an Hollespout to swim,
Yet this from Hero could not hinder him;
His bark (poor soul!) his breast, his arms his oars,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent do lie
The pleasant fields of flow'ry Piccadly,
Where our fair Calais, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the clifty Dover stands.

Here is no bedlam nurse to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;
Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swimm'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,
Thy sighs should stuff thy sails, tho' wanting wind:
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slack,
And mine, too stiff, do blow thy broad-sails back.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the wind so full against thee stood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly lett'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st have waited hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, Brandon, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come, sweet Charles, have care thy ship to
guide;

Come, my sweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his lovely queen,
In sad attire for my depart were seen,
(¹) The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away,
Thou know'st what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,
How oft I feign'd of thee my leave to take:
God and thou know'st, with what a heavy heart
I took my farewell, when I should depart;
And being shipp'd, gave signal with my hand
Up to the cliff, where I did see thee stand:
Nor could refrain, in all the people's view,
But cry'd to thee, "Sweet Charles, adieu, adieu!"
Look how a little infant, that hath lost
The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
Weary with seeking, to some corner creeps,
And then (poor soul!) it sits it down and weeps;
And when the nurse would fain content the mind,
Yet still it mourns for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful cabin did I lie,
When as the ship out of the road did fly.

(²) Think'st thou my love was faithful then to thee,

When young Castile to England su'd for me?
Be judge thyself, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an empire for my dower.
To England's court when once report did bring,
How thou in France didst revel with the king,
(³) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did wembling stand,
To beg for mercy at his conquer'ring hand;
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd!
But see, this calm was suddenly destroy'd.

(⁴) When Charles of Castile there to banquet came,
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,

(⁵) Saroy's proud dutchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vows acquit,
To change thy Mary for a Margaret,

(⁶) When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her arms enfold:
Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Than Cleopatra did Mark Antony:
Where sports all day did entertain your sight,
And then in masques you pass'd away the night.
But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous.

"I must confess 'tis oft found in our sex,
But who not loves, not any thing suspects:
True love doth look with pale suspicion's eye,
Take away love, if you take jealousy."

Turwin and Tournay when king Henry took,
For this great change who then did ever look?

(⁷) When Maximilian to those wars address'd,
Wore England's cross on his imperial breast,

(⁸) And in our army let his eagle fly,

(⁹) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye;

Little thought I when Hullen first was won;

Wedlock should end what angry war begun,

From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,

(¹⁰) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.

To his advice the king gave free consent,

That will I, nil I, I must be content.

My virgin's right thy state could not advance,

But now enriched with the dower of France;

Then, but poor Suffolk's dutchess had I been,

Now the great dowager, the most Christian queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,

Lewis of France had my virginity;

He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what?

Believe me, Brandon, he had scarcely that:

Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,

But age must needs have something that is warm;

"Small drops (Gods knows) do quench that heat-

less fire,

When all the strength is only in desire."

And I could tell (if modesty might tell)

There's somewhat else that pleaseth lovers well;

To rest his cheek upon my softer cheek,

Was all he had, and more he did not seek;

So might the little baby clip the nurse,

And it content, she never a whit the worse:

Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee frown,

For maiden-head, he on me set a crown.

Who would not change a kingdom for a kiss?

Hard were the heart that would not yield him this;

And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,

Not yet full five months elder than I was.

When thou to France conducted wast by fame,

With many knights, which from all countries came,

To see me at St. Dennis on my throne,

Where Lewis held my coronation;

(¹¹) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's sake,

Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take:

When as the staves upon thy cask did light,

Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,

And spake aloud, when I myself forgot,

"'Tis my sweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him

not."

But when I fear'd the king perceived this,

Good silly man, I pleas'd him with a kiss;

And to extol his valiant son began,

That Europe never bred a braver man:

And when (poor king) he simply praised thee,

Of all the rest I ask'd, who thou should'st be?

Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake;

Open confession now amends must make.

Whilst this old king upon a pallet lies,

And only holds a combat with mine eyes;

Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stol'n away,
Which might too well their mistress' thoughts
bewray.

But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd lance
To bear the prize from all the flow'r of France,
To see what pleasure did my soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damask rose,
Now through that liquid pearl his blushing shows,
And when the soft air breathes upon his top,
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, distilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room supplies. [prove,

Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did
Mine eye condemn'd my too, too partial love;
But since by others I the same do try,
My love condemns my too, too partial eye.
The precious stone most beautiful and rare,
When with itself we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only see;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more ofient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to show its light.
Alanson, a fine timb' red man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withall:
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eye,
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majesty:
Courageous Bourbon, a sweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace:
Proud Longaville, suppos'd to have no peer,
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou wast
here:

County Saint-Paul, our best at arms in France,
Would yield himself a 'quire to bear thy lance:

(12) Galesas and Bognarne, matchless for their
might,

Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight.

If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll say, to please him, I first fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been half so kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor think that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great Plantagenet.
I pass not what the idle commons say,
I pray thee Charles make haste, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for awhile,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.

When last of me his leave my Brandon took,
He swore an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haste, which now thou do'st deny;
Thou art forsworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater sins dispense,
Than by entreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I shou'd come to shrieve thee,
Great were the fault that I shou'd not forgive thee:
Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it should be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste;
I pray thee, Brandon, come, sweet Charles, make
haste.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away.

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles, in the sixth year of his reign, in the month of September, brought this lady to Dover, where she took shipping for France.

(2) Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young Castile to England su'd for me?

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII. and Philip king of Castile, son to Maximilian the emperor, that Charles, eldest son of the said Philip, should marry the lady Mary, daughter to king Henry, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the eighth year of Henry VIII. annihilated.

(3) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy,
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling
stand, &c.

Henry VIII. after the long siege of Tournay, which was delivered to him upon composition, entered the city in triumph under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by four of the chief and most noble citizens, the king himself mounted upon a gallant courser barbed with the arms of England, France, and Ireland.

(4) When Charles of Castile to a banquet came,
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,
Savoy's proud dutchess.

The king being at Tournay, there came to him the prince of Castile, and the lady Margaret, dutchess of Savoy, his sister, to whom king Henry gave great entertainment.

(5) Savoy's proud dutchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon, then lord Lisle, and the dutchess of Savoy; the lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the dutchess.

(6) When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold.

The king caused a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the prince of Castile and the dutchess, and entertained them with sumptuous masks and bauquets during their abode.

(7) When Maximilian to those wars addrest,
Wore England's cross on his imperial breast.
Maximilian the emperor, with all his soldiers who served under king Henry, wore the cross of St. George with the rose on their breasts.

(8) And in our army let his eagle fly.

The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his ensign or standard.

(9) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye.

Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his soldiers in wages, who served under him during those wars.

(10) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolsey, the king's almoner, then bishop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cause that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt under-hand to befriended him in that match.

- (¹¹) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take.

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a joust; where he chose the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorset for his aids at all martial exercises.

- (¹²) Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their might.

This County Galeas, at the jousts, ran a course with a spear, which was at the head five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square, whereby he showed his wondrous force and strength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten spears about him: in each stirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horse to the career, never stopt him till he had broken every staff. Hall.

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO MARY, THE FRENCH QUEEN.

But that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were:
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air:
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And starve mine ears, to hear of my dispatch.

If Dover were th' Abydos of my rest,
Or pleasant Calais were my Mary's Cest',
You should not need, bright queen, to blame me
Did not the distance, to desire say no: [so,
No tedious night from travel should be free,
Till through the seas, with swimming still to thee,
A snowy path I made unto the bay,
So bright as is that nectar-stained way,
The restless Sun by travelling doth wear,
Passing his course to finish up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.

Of thy firm love thou putt'st me still in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.

(¹) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd,
And thou by him wast made king Lewis' bride,
How oft I wish'd, that thou a prize might'st be,
That I in arms might combat him for thee!
And in the madness of my love distraught,
A thousand times his murder have fore-thought:
"But that th' all-seeing pow'rs, which sit above,
Regard not madmen's oaths, nor faults in love,
And have confirm'd it by the grant of Heav'n,
That lovers' sins on Earth should be forgiv'n:
For never man is half so much distress'd,
As he that loves, to see his love possess'd."

Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away my
Methought it look'd not as it did of late, [heart)
But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate;
In whose fair walks thou often hast been seen,
To sport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen.

Astogishing sad winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.

So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have seen to let his stream at large,
Which like a handmaid waited on thy barge;
And if thou happ'st against the flood to row,
Which way it ebb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the shores.
The swans with music that the roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the swift dolphins by Arion's strings,
Were brought to land with Siren ravishings:
The flocks and herds that pasture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborne their food,
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.

When as the post to England's royal court,
Of thy hard passage brought thee true report,
(²) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou thyself in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the sea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seen, their goddess should forsake.
And whirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
To view the navy then in lanching out,
Her airy mantle loosely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wafted thy sails with speed unto the land,
And ran thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.

How should I joy of thy arrive to hear!

But as a poor sea-faring passenger,
After long travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,
By some unpitt'ing pirate that is sack'd;
Hears the false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Enrich'd with the invaluable store,
For which he long had travelled before.

(³) When thou to Abville held'st th' appointed
We heard how Lewis met thee on the way; [day,
Where thou, in glitt'ring tissue strangely dight,

(⁴) Appear'dst unto him like the queen of light:
In cloth of silver all thy virgin train,
In beauty sumptuous, as the northern wain;
And thou alone the foremost glorious star,
Which ledd'st the team of that great waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did think,
When thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?

(⁵) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to:
For whom a cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant queen,
To use thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;
Still looking on it with a jealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving usury.

O sacrilege (if beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!
To surfeit sickness on the soft man's diet;
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguill'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.

(⁶) When marquis Dorset, and the valiant Grays,
To purchase fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,

With all the knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptial tournament,
Think'st thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
(¹) When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride?
Where all the streets, as thou didst pass along,
With arras, bisse, and tapestry, were hung;
Ten thousand gallant citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire, thy princely self to guard:
Next them, three thousand choice religious men,
In golden vestments follow'd on again;
And in procession as they came along,

With Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.
(²) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a princely cardinal:
Then thou, on thy imperial chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich imperial coronet;
Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy train past,
Their precious incense in abundance cast.
As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd shrouds
Op'ning the west, comes streaming thro' the clouds,
With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,
Attending on her, as her torch-bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her throne
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The queen of light along her sphere doth glide.

When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
(³) That large limb'd Almain, of the giants' race,
Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his face,
Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd blade,
Through plate and mail such open passage made;
Upon whose might the Frenchmen's glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No, sacred queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.

One of thy tressed curls there falling down,
As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,
I saw the soft air sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as tho' a star had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which again redoubled all my might.

'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When Heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be lost;
Falcon seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the Sun with open eye;
(⁴) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse
On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to wield
His glorious ensign in that conquer'd field;
And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's sight,
To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.

Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:
"Foresight doth still on all advantage lie,
Wisemen must give place to necessity;
To put back ill, our good we must forbear;
Better first fear, than after still to fear."

'Twere oversight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these lines I send.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(¹) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd.

The duke of Longaville, who was prisoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princess Mary for Lewis the French king his master.

(²) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the queen sailed for France, a mighty storm arose at sea, so that the navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the coast of Flanders, some on Britain: the ship wherein the queen sail'd was driv'n into the haven at Bullen, with very great danger.

(³) When thou to Abville held'st th' appointed day.

King Lewis met her by Abville, near to the forest of Ardres, and brought her into Abville with great solemnity.

(⁴) Appear'd'st unto him like the queen of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with six and thirty ladies, all in cloth of silver, their horses trapped with crimson velvet.

(⁵) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, so that he had long time before little use of his legs.

(⁶) When marquis Dorset and the valiant Grays.

The duke of Suffolk, when the proclamation came into England, of jousts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the queen's sake, his mistress, obtained of the king to go thither; with whom went the marquis of Dorset and his four brothers, the lord Clinton, sir Edward Nevill, sir Giles Capell, Thomas Cheney, which all went over with the duke as his assistants.

(⁷) When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the queen's entering into Paris, after her coronation performed at St. Dennis.

(⁸) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall.

The dukes of Alanson, Bourbon, Vandome, Longaville, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

(⁹) That large-limb'd Almain of the giants' race.

Francis Valois, the dauphin of France, envying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, who encounter'd Charles Brandon at the barriers: but the duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pommel of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his cask.

(¹⁰) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat, &c.

Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the

earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Bosworth field, a brave and gallant gentleman, who was slain by Richard there; this was father to this Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old English glory bravely that restor'd,
That prince and poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine,
Of the Gerald, which derive their name
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jousts maintain'd
Her beauty peerless, whi^{ch} by arms he gain'd:
But staying long, fair Italy to see,
To let her know him constant still to be,
From Tuscany this letter to her writes;
Which her rescription instantly invites.

FROM (1) learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandsires came
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heav'nly Geraldine.

Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the Muses' sacred spring;
But rather think itself adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
Our dialect no majesty doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.

What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavy lock
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did entreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,
Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,
And as a post to England-ward it goes.
As I sat wond'ring how the rough sea stirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as she fain from shore to shore would fly,
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereave her:
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge hovers;
And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Panting she hangs upon the rattling sails,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,
And toss'd with flaws, with storms, with wind, with
weather,

Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
The silly helpless bird is my poor heart

The ship, to which for succour it repairs,
That's yourself, regardless of my cares.
Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
Divine Erasmus and our famous More,
Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;
With whom awhile I staid at Roterdame,
Now so renowned by Erasmus' name:
Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
Till I had seen that soul-reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I pass'd,
Coming unto the emperor's court at last,
(2) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
Sick in thy bed; and, for thou could'st not sleep
By a wax taper set the light to keep;
I do remember thou didst read that ode,
Sent back whilst I in Thant made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:
That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,

Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;

Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:
The little taper which should give thee light,
Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;
Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The shrugging air about thy temples hurls,
And wrapp'd thy breath in little clouded curls;
And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,
And as it sunk, it presently did raise it.
Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her shift, and for her succour seek
To every rivell'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
"If health preserv'd, thou beauty still dost cherish;
If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish."
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
If live or die, as thou dost, so do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
One heart, one love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely style;
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
(3) That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,
Which as a trophy beautifies our shield,
(4) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,
As a rich jewel in a lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighbouring vallies choke
With clouds of cannons' fire-disgorged smoke:
Or Surrey's earldom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By princes my immortal lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rebarbe,
And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When Heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost pow'r it bath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a poet it doth intend.
That little difference 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue:
That sacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;
My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once should lose her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fisher town;
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.

(¹) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
To be the glory of the English court, [report
Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
If ever Surrey truly were inspir'd.

(²) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings
To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,
To whom Phoebus (the poets' god) did drink
A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
And sweet-tongu'd Bryan (whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept)
In sacred verses (most divinely penn'd)
Upon thy praises ever shall attend.

What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cause of my arrival known,
Great Medices a list for triumphs built;
Within the which upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with sundry rare devices set)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To answer those Italian dames' desire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire:
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy share.
The shiver'd staves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,
When stormy courses answer'd cuff for cuff,
Denting proud beavers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I sacrific'd, as incense to thy fame:
Where, as the phoenix from her spiced fume
Renews herself, in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.

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When to my chamber I myself retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy isle where Geraldine remains:
(³) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine:
(⁴) Of Hampton-court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures that in Paradise were found:
Near that fair castle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
Clit by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the Sun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter there;
Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth
breathe,

With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies sport at prison base,
(No doubt there is some pow'r frequents the place)
There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear
Our names, together carved every where,
And Gordian knots do curiously entwine
The names of Henry and of Geraldine.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers' bless'd Elysium;
Whither my mistress wonted to resort,
In summer's heat, in those sweet shades to sport:
A thousand sundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where Beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these verses carved in the rind:
"When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,
Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
To keep the Sun from gazing on my fair:
And when thy spreading branched arms be sunk,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk
I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring
A new-born stem, another Æson's spring."

I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,
My country should give place to Lombardy.
(⁵) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow,
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;
As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' strand,
By silver Severn tripping hand in hand:
Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
Because the Sun hath greater power there.
This distant place doth give me greater woe;
Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.
Ah, absence! why thus should'st thou seem so
long?

Or wherefore should'st thou offer time such wrong,
Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,
Or winter blasts so soon make summer old?
Love did us both with one self-arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like;
Except thou hast found out some mean by art,
Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.

Adieu, adieu! from Florence when I go,
By my next letters Geraldine shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;

H

Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire,
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

Florence, a city of Tuscany, standing upon the river Arnus (celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other the most noble wits of Italy) was the original of the family out of which this Geraldine did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the earl of Surrey:

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The Western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.

(2) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for magic, (which the books publish'd by him concerning that argument do partly prove) as in this place needs no farther remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy arts are but illusions, so in the honour of so rare a gentleman as this earl (and therewithal so noble a poet, a quality by which his other titles receive their greatest lustre) invention may make somewhat more bold with Agrippa above the barren truth.

(3) That lion set in our bright silver bend,

The blazon of the Howards' honourable armour was, "Gules between six crosslets fitchy a bend argent," to which afterwards was added by achievement, "In the canton point of the bend an escutcheon or, within the Scottish pressure a demilion rampant gules," &c. as Mr. Camden, now Clarencieux, from authority noteth. Never shall time or bitter envy be able to obscure the brightness of so great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The historian of Scotland, George Buchanan, reporteth, that the earl of Surrey gave for his badge, "a silver lion," (which from antiquity belonged to that name) "tearing in pieces a lion prostrate gules;" and withal, that this, which he terms insolence, was punished in him and his posterity; as if it were fatal to the conqueror to do his sovereign such loyal service, as a thousand such severe censurers were never able to perform.

(4) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field.

The battle was fought at Bramston, near Floden-hill; being a part of the Cheviot, a mountain that exceedeth all the mountains in the North of England for highness; in which the wilful perjury of James V. was punished from Heaven by the earl of Surrey, being left by king Henry VIII. (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his realm.

(5) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
To be the glory, &c. [report

Of the beauty of that lady he himself testifies, in an elegy which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize under a lion and wolf. And of himself he saith:

A lion saw I late, as white as snow,

And of her:

I might perceive a wolf, as white as a whale's bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I never none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her
grace.

(6) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings.

Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, a most excellent poet, as his poems extant do witness; besides certain encomiums, written by the earl of Surrey upon some of David's Psalms, by him translated:

What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre,
To Wyat's Psalm shall Christians purchase then?

And afterward, upon his death, the said earl writeth thus:

What virtues rare were temper'd in thy breast!
Honour that England such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereas thy corpse did rest.

(7) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne.

It is manifest by a sonnet written by this noble earl, that the first time he beheld his lady was at Hunsdon:

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which sonnet being altogether a description of his love, I do allege in divers places of this gloss as proofs of what I write.

(8) Of Hampton-court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.

That he enjoy'd the presence of his fair and virtuous mistress at those two places, by reason of queen Katharine's usual abode there (on whom this lady Geraldine was attending) I prove by these verses of his:

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor (alas!) doth chase me from her sight.

And in another sonnet following:

When Windsor walls sustain'd my weary'd arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to Paradise, an elegy may prove; where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place.

With a king's son my childish years I pass'd,
In greater feasts than Priam's son of Troy.

And again in the same elegy:

Those large green courts, where we were wont to
With eyes cast up unto the Maidens Tower [rove,
With easy sighs, such as men draw in love.

And again in the same:

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantness of the place, these verses of his may testify, in the same elegy before cited:

The secret groves which we have made resound,
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth.

(9) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place not to have spoken of Thames, being so oft remember'd by me before in sundry places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent epigram, which I judge either to be

done by the said earl or sir Francis Brian, for the worthiness thereof I will here insert: which, as it seems to me, was compiled at the author's being in Spain.

Tagus, farewell, which westward with thy streams
Turn'st up the grains of gold, already try'd;
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,
Against the Sun that shows his wealthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended Moon that leans her lusty side,
To seek my country now, for whom I live;
O mighty Jove, for this the winds me give!

THE LADY GERALDINE TO HENRY
HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Such greeting as the noble Surrey sends,
The like to thee thy Geraldine commends;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firm shall prove,
As her's that makes the greatest show of love.
In Cupid's school I never read those books,
Whose lectures oft we practise in our looks,
Nor ever did suspicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to espy;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheek:
As in a fever I do shiver yet,
Since first my pen was to the paper set.
If I do err, you know my sex is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forc'd to speak.
Do I not ill? Ah, soothe me not herein;
O, if I do, reprove me of my sin!
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myself, myself to chide.
Nay, noble Surrey, blot it, if thou wilt,
Then too much boldness should return my guilt:
For that should be ev'n from ourselves conceal'd,
Which is disclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the least motion, more the smallest breath,
That may impeach our modesty, is death.
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) should marvel at my strange demand:
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espy
The nakedness of my immodesty,
Which in my face he greater might have seen,
But that my fan I quickly put between;
Yet scarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
"Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd."
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his light,
The blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,
Living by that which seeks the same to choke;
The flame still hanging in the air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return: [closeth,
Then clear, then dim, then spreadeth, and then
Now getteth strength, and now his brightness
As well the best-discerning eye may doubt, [loseth;
Whether it be yet in, or whether out;
Thus in my cheek my sunny passions show'd,
Now ashy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your verse there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cause I love,
It's you bewitch my bosom by mine ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:

Airs to assuage the bloody soldier's mind,
Poor women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'll think, that these terms enforce,
For that in court this kindness is of course:
Or that it is that honey-steeped gall,
We oft are said to bait our loves withal;
That in one eye we carry strong desire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah! what so false can envy speak of us,
But it shall find some vainly credulous?
I do not so, and to add proof thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, sweet lord, I do:
Nor let the envy of envenom'd tongues,
Which still is ground on poor ladies' wrongs,
Thy noble breast disasterly possess,
By any doubt to make my love the less.
My house from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from those Gerald's claim I to descend;
Nor hold those honours insufficient are,
That I receive from Desmond, or Kildare:
Nor better air will ever boast to breathe,
Than that of Lemster, Munster, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other foreign far allies,
(¹) Than Windsor's, or Fitz-Gerald's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but please t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the court remove,
But that the house gives matter to my love?
At Windsor still I see thee sit, and walk,
There mount thy courser, there devise, there talk:
The robes, the garter, and the state of kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatness brings:
None such, the name imports (methinks) so much,
None such as it, nor as my lord; none such:
In Hampton's great magnificence I find
The lively image of thy princely mind:
Fair Richmond's tow'rs like goodly trophies stand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand:
White-hall's triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich still, as in a glass, I view,
Where last thou bad'st thy Geraldine adieu.
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joys and
woes!
As through a gate, so through my longing ears
Pass to my heart whole multitudes of fears.
O! in a map that I might see thee show
The place where now in danger thou dost go!
Whilst we discourse, to travel with our eye
Romania, Tuscan, and fair Lombardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to set down
The model of that temple, or that town:
And to relate at large where thou hast been,
As there, and there, and what thou there hast seen;
Expressing in a figure, by thy hand,
How Naples lies, how Florence fair doth stand:
Or as the Grecian's finger dipp'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulf to figure out,
To model Venice moated round about;
Then adding more to counterfeit a sea,
And draw the front of stately Genoa.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do sound like mandrakes' dreadful
groans. * [skill,
Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with
Leave here their good, and bring home others' ill;
Which seem to like all countries but their own,
Affecting most, where they the least are known:

Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their
As they had been in sev'ral countries bred; [head,
In their attire, their gesture, and their gait,
Found in each one, all Italianate.

So well in all deformity in fashion,
Borrowing a limb of ev'ry sev'ral nation;
And nothing more than England hold in scorn,
So live as strangers whereas they were born.
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that Howard's noble line,
From ancient virtue should so far decline!
The Muses' train (whereof yourself are chief)
Only to me participate their grief:
To soothe their humours, I do lend them ears.
"He gives a poet, that his verses hears."
Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The world and they so ill according be,
That wealth and poets never can agree.
Few live in court that of their good have care,
The Muses' friends are every-where so rare.

Some praise thy worth, (that it did never know)
Only because the better sort do so,
Whose judgment never further doth extend,
Than it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slack, whilst no man puts his hand
(*) To raise the mount where Surrey's towers must
stand?

Or who the groundsil of that work doth lay,
Whilst like a wand'rer thou abroad dost stray,
Clipp'd in the arms of some lascivious dame,
When thou should'st rear an lion to thy name?
When shall the Muses by fair Norwich dwell,
To be the city of the learned well?
Or Phoebus' altars there with incense heap'd,
As once in Cyrrha, or in Thebe kept?
Or when shall that fair hoof-plough'd spring distil
From great Mount-Surrey, out of Leonard's-hill?
Till thou return, the court I will exchange
For some poor cottage, or some country grange,
Where to our distaves, as we sit and spin,
My maid and I will tell what things have been.
Our lutes unstrung shall hang upon the wall,
Our lessons serve to wrap our tow withal,
And pass the night, whilst winter-tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell:
Or tune such homely carols as were sung
In country sport, when we ourselves were young;
In pretty riddles to bewray our loves,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloves.
The noblest spirits, to virtue most inclin'd,
These here in court thy greatest want do find:
Others there be, on which we feed our eye,
(*) Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.
Many of us desire queen Cath'rine's state,
But very few her virtues imitate.
Then, as Ulysses' wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thyself to me.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Than Windsor's or Fitzgerald's families.

The cost of many kings, which from time to time
have adorned the castle at Windsor with their
princely magnificence, hath made it more noble
than that it need to be spoken of now, as though
obscure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to

our vulgar monuments for the founders and
finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter no-
thing near the purpose. As for the family of the
Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally de-
scended, the original was English, though the
branches did spread themselves into distant places,
and names nothing consonant, as in former times
it was usual to denominate themselves of their
manors, or fore-names, as may partly appear in
that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded
from my learned and very worthy friend, Mr.
Francis Thinn. Walter of Windsor, the son of
Oterus, had to issue William, of whom Henry,
now lord Windsor, is descended; and Robert of
Windsor, of whom Robert, the now earl of Essex,
and Gerald of Windsor, his third son, who mar-
ried the daughter of Rees, the great prince of
Wales, of whom came Nesta, paramour to Henry
the first: which Gerald had issue Maurice Fitz-
gerald, ancestor to Thomas Fitzmaurice, justice
of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leaving issue John,
his eldest son, first earl of Kildare, ancestor to
Geraldine, and Maurice, his second son, first earl
of Desmond.

(2) To raise the mount where Surrey's tow'rs must
stand,

Alluding to the sumptuous house which was
afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, right
against Norwich; which, in the rebellion of Nor-
folk under Ket, in king Edward the Sixth's time,
was much defaced by that impure rabble. Be-
twixt the hill and the city, as Alexander Nevel
describes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, having
west and south thereof a wood, and a little vil-
lage called Thorpe; and on the north, the pas-
tures of Mousholf, which contain about six miles
in length and breadth. So that besides the stately
greatness of Mount-Surrey, which was the house's
name, the prospect and site thereof was passing
pleasant and commodious; and no where else did
that increasing evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel
itself then, but there, as it were for a manifest
token of their intent to debase all high things,
and to profane all holy.

(4) Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this man-
ner:

Truncoque simillimus Herme
Nulla quippe alio vinctis discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing else but apparel,
and the outward appearance, entitled comple-
ment: with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape
in Æsop sorteth fitly; who coming into a carver's
house, and viewing many marble works, took up
the head of a man very cunningly wrought: who
greatly in praising did seem to pity it, that hav-
ing so comely an outside, it had nothing within;
like empty figures, walk and talk in every place:
at whom noble Geraldine modestly glanced.

THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward the Sixth, his timeless life bereft,
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left

To his sister Mary: but by Henry Gray,
Then duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,
With the consent, and by the pow'rful hand,
Of John, the stout duke of Northumberland,
His fourth son, Gilford Dudley, they affy'd
To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's side
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The lady Jane was here proclaimed queen.
But Mary soon prevailing by her pow'r,
Caused those two preserved in the Tow'r,
There to be prison'd; where, their blame to quit,
They each to other these epistles writ.

MINE own dear lord, sith thou art lock'd from me,
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes, [woes.
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my
But then the doors, that make a doleful sound,
Drive back my words, that in the noise are
drown'd;

Which somewhat hush'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
When, like an adverse wind in Isis' course,
Against the tide bending his boist'rous force;
But when the flood hath wrought itself about,
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.

A thousand forms present my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought.
"The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound."

As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink clothes tears in this sad mourning veil;
The letters, mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my misery.
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none are so but in their own esteem?

"Who in distress from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yield to miseries."

(1) They which begot us, did beget this sin,
They first begun what did our grief begin:
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my lord have link'd,
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A subject born, a sov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor subject, nor a queen.
Ah, vile Ambition, how dost thou deceive us!
Which show'st us Heav'n, and yet in Hell dost
leave us.

"Seldom, untouch'd doth innocence escape,
When error cometh in good counsel's shape;
A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
The weakest things become strong props to right."
Then, my dear lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.

"Death but an acted passion doth appear,
Where truth gives courage, and the conscience
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine, [clear."
That I bear part of whatsoever is thine;

As when we liv'd untouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:

(2) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray,
When they devis'd to link, by wedlock's band,
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland;
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.
For what avails a lawless usurpation,
Which gives a sceptre, but not rules a nation?
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion: [minion."

"What gives content, gives what exceeds do-
(2) When first mine ears were pierced with the
Of Jane, proclaimed by a princess' name, [fame
A sudden fright my trembling heart appals:
"The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls."

Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had foreseen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have escap'd the Heav'n's impetuous wrath.
The true-bred eagle strongly stems the wind,
And not each bird resembling their brave kind;
He, like a king, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.

Tho' Mary be from mighty kings descended,
My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
(4) My grandsire Brandon did our house advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France:
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster's entwine,
And in one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;
I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.
But oh! forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die:
Whilst we were as ourselves, conjoined then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.

"To gain a kingdom, who spares their next blood?
Nearness condemn'd, if sovereignty withstood.
A diadem once dazzling the eye,
The day too dark to see affinity;
And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a crown,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown
down."

(5) For what great Henry most strove to avoid,
The Heav'n's have built, where Earth would have
destroy'd.

And seating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But Heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence, foresaw who should succeed;
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cause,
When Heaven stands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the skies in their continual course;
That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force,
"Man's wit doth build for Time but to devour,
But Virtue's free from Time and Fortune's pow'r."

Then, my kind lord, sweet Gilford, be not griev'd,
The soul is heav'nly, and from Heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,
And against black Despair and all her kind:

Into my bosom breathe that soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine :
So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me be loved.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear husband and my lord before,
But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.
Now live by pray'r, on Heav'n fix all thy thought,
And surely find whate'er by zeal is sought :
For each good motion that the soul awakes,
A heav'nly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by pow'r of kind
Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineness which through that we see ;
Which never errs, but accidentally.
By our frail flesh's imbecility ;
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our body's guide :
For as these towers our bodies do enclose,
So our souls' prisons verily are those :
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight ;
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth set.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to Heav'n ascending by degrees,
Persist in pray'r upon your bended knees :
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in peril not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keep you that you shall not fall,
For any peril that can you appal :
The key of Heav'n thus with you you shall bear,
And grace your guiding, get you entrance there ;
And you of those celestial joys possess,
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

Then thank the Heav'n, preparing us this room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,
Before the black and dismal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and sin,
Not suffering us to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage ;
When tyranny new tortures shall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.

Yet Heav'n forbid that Mary's womb should bring
England's fair sceptre to a foreign king ;

(*) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded, shall receive it :
And on her temples having plac'd the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown ;
And Sion's glory shall again restore,
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before :
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,
Shall gather up the martyrs' sacred bones ;
And shall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And add aside the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, sweet Gilford ! know, our end is near,
Heav'n is our home, we are but strangers here :
Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest.
And with these lines, my dearest lord, I greet thee,
Until in Heav'n thy Jane again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

- (*) They which begot us, did beget this sin.
Showing the ambition of the two dukes their

fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their children.

- (2) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
The buildings, &c.

The lord Gilford Dudley, fourth son to John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, married the lady Jane Gray, daughter to the duke of Suffolk, at Durham-house in the Strand.

- (3) When first mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, proclaimed by a princess' name.

Presently upon the death of king Edward, the lady Jane was taken as queen, conveyed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as so ordained by king Edward's letters patents and his will.

- (4) My grandsire Brandon did our house advance
By princely Mary, dowager of France.

Henry Gray, duke of Suffolk, married Frances, the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, by the French queen ; by which Frances he had this lady Jane. This Mary, the French queen, was daughter to king Henry the Seventh, by Elizabeth his queen ; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaster and York.

- (5) For what great Henry most strove to avoid.

Noting the distrust that king Henry the Eighth ever had in the princess Mary his daughter, fearing she would alter the state of religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that king Henry's issue had to the crown.

- (6) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it.

A prophecy of queen Mary's barrenness, and of the happy and glorious reign of queen Elizabeth ; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spain.

GILFORD DUDLEY TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the swan singing at his dying hour,
So I reply from my imprisoning tower :
O ! could there be that pow'r but in my verse,
T' express the grief which my sad heart doth
The very walls, that straitly thee enclose, [pierce !
Would surely weep at reading of my woes ;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you interest, if you do forbear ;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly too for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were than these :
True, and in you when such perfection liveth,
As in most grief, me now most comfort giveth.
But think not, Jane, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can control,
At the departing of my living soul.
For if one life a thousand lives could be,
All those too few to consummate with thee,
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,

And dost no more this dissolution fly,
Than if long age constrained thee to die.

Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'st most unto my woe;
Not that I loath what most did me delight,
But that so long deprived of thy sight:
For when I speak, and would complain my wrong,
Straightways thy name possesseth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didst lie
The present object to my longing eye.

No ominous star did at thy birthtide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall persuade,
And thou by me a sacrifice art made,
As in those countries where the loving wives
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides' attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And she the worthiest reckon'd is of all,
Whom least the peril seemeth to appal.

I boast not of Northumberland's great name,
(1) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolk with his armies sped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought safe peace returning to our doors,
Yet spread his glory on the eastern shores:
(2) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace
Virtue may spring to beautify our race;
(3) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be:
But of thy virtue only do I boast,
That wherein I may justly glory most.

I crav'd no kingdoms, tho' I thee did crave:
It me suffic'd thy only self to have:
Yet let me say, however it befell,
Methinks a crown should have becom'd thee well:
For sure thy wisdom merited, or none, [throne;
(4) To have been heard with wonder from a
When from thy lips the counsel to each deed,
Doth as from some wise oracle proceed.
And more esteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that else might ever come by thee:
So chaste thy love; so innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife;
So great a gift the Heav'n on me bestow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:
Such was the good I did possess of late,
Ere worldly care disturb'd our quiet state;
Ere trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
And angry war our former peace did wound.
But to know this, ambition us affords,
"One crown is guarded with a thousand swords:
To mean estates mean sorrows are but shown,
But crowns have cares, whose workings be unknown."

(5) When Dudley led his armies to the East,
Of our whole forces gen'rally possest,
What then was thought his enterprise could let,
(6) Whom a grave council freely did abet,
That had the judgment of the pow'rful laws.
In ev'ry point to justify the cause?
The holy church a helping hand that laid,
Who would have thought that these could not have
But what (alas!) can parliaments avail, [sway'd?
Where Mary's right must Edward's acts repeal?
(7) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes
withstand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;
And they that should our greatness undergo,
Us and our actions only overthrow.

Ere greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wish it would depart,
And indiscreetly follow that so fast,
Which overtaken, punisheth our haste.

If any one do pit our offence,
Let him be sure that he be far from hence:
Here is no place for any one that shall
So much as once commiserate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly should but think,
Our timeless tears th' insatiate Earth doth drink.
All lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers, that should their woful children rue;
Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;
Friends, their dear farewell lovingly to take;
The faithful servant weeping for our sake;
Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we (alas!) deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miserable fall!
And, where at first for safety we were shut,
Now in dark prison wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy persuasion thus I then reply,
Hold on thy course, resolved still to die;
And when we shall so happily be gone,
Leave it to Heaven to give the rightful throne;
And with that health regret I thee again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame.

John, duke of Northumberland, when before he was earl of Warwick, in his expedition against Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(2) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace.

Gifford Dudley, as remembering in this place the towardness of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that house of the Dudleys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their father's overthrow.

(3) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee.

Noting in this place the alliance of the lady Jane Gray by her mother, which was Frances, the daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary the French queen, daughter to Henry the Seventh, and sister to Henry the Eighth.

(4) To have been heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman endued with such wonderful gifts, as was this lady, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epigram:

Miraris Janam Graio sermone valere?

Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit.

(5) When Dudley led his army to the East.

The duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the rebels in Norfolk, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meet him at Newmarket-heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shore-ditch, the lord Gray in his company, seeing the people in great numbers come to see him, he said, "The people press to see us, but none bid God speed us."

(*) What a grave council freely did abet.

John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, when he went out against queen Mary, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole council of the land: insomuch that passing through the council-chamber at his departure, the earl of Arundel wished, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrel.

(†) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolk men were the first that ever resorted to queen Mary in her distress, repairing to her succours whilst she remained both at Keninghall and at Fremingham castle, still increasing her aids, until the duke of Northumberland was left forsaken at Cambridge.

CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

THE world's fair Rose, and Henry's frosty fire,
John's tyranny, and chaste Matilda's wrong,
Th' enraged queen, and furious Mortimer,
The scourge of France, and his chaste love, I sung:
Deposed Richard, Isabel exil'd,
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine,
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapless child;
Courageous Pool, and that brave spir'tful queen;
Edward, and the delicious London dame;
Brandon, and that rich dowager of France;
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;
Dudley's mishap, and virtuous Gray's mischance:
Their sev'ral loves since I before have shown,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.

THE

MISERIES OF QUEEN MARGARET.

I sing a woman, and a pow'rful queen,
Henry the Sixth, the king of England's wife,
The beauteous Marg'ret, whose misgovern'd spleen
So many sorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were seen;
In the beginning of that fatal strife

(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists sought
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirs in France,
Their ancient right that th' English had regain'd,
But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by mere manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-fall'n ensigus labour'd to advance,
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd:
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
Whilst forts and towns flew up to Heav'n in smoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then
The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full Earth could scarcely keep her dead;
Yet for each English, of her natives ten:
In zeal to peace these neighbouring princes led,
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to quiet.

From th' emperor there ambassadors arrive,
The kings of Denmark, Hungary and Spain;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,
And both the kings there largely might complain,
The duke of Orleans for the French doth strive
To show his grievance; William Pool again,
The earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a pow'rful hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt these proud realms, which Suffolk doth pursue

With all his pow'rs, with hope still to increase,
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew:
For by his means, if so this war might cease,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his might.

For having seen fair Margaret in France,
(That time's bright'st beauty) being then but young,

Her piercing eyes with many a subtle glance
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sex are natural every way;
Which with more art she, at enticing baits,
For this great lord doth with advantage lay;
As he again, that on her bosom waits,
Had found that there, which could he come to sway,
He would put fair as ever man did yet,
Upon the height of Fortune's wheel to sit.

Love and ambition spur him in such sort,
As that (alone) t'accomplish his desire,
To fall with Phaëton he would think it sport,
Tho' he should set the universe on fire:
Nor reck he what the world of him report,
He must scorn that, who will dare to aspire;
For thro' the air his wings him way shall make,
Tho' in his fall the frame of Heaven he shake.

Reynier, descended from the royal stem
Of France, the duke of Anjou, styled king
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem;
Altho' in them he had not any thing,
But the poor title of a diadem;
Seeing by Suffolk greater hopes to spring,
Puts on his daughter that great lord to please,
Of England's counsels who kept all the keys.

But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
In his first entrance to this great design;
Those men were mighty that against him rose,
And came upon him with a countermine;
That he must now play cunningly, or lose;
Cunning they were against him that combine,
Plot above plot doth strain aloft to tower,
The conflict great, 'twixt policy and power.

For Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, styl'd the Good,
England's protector, sought a match to make
With a fair princess of as royal blood,
The daughter of the earl of Almaine,
And his crown'd nephew: but stout Suffolk stood
Still for his mistress, nor will her forsake,
But make her Henry's queen in spite of all;
Or she shall rise, or Suffolk swears to fall.

By the French faction when she up is cry'd,
Of all angelic excellence the prime,
Who was so dull that her not deify'd,
To be the only master-piece of time?
The praise of her extended is so wide,
As that thereon a man to Heaven might climb:
All tongues and ears enchanted with delight,
When they do talk, or hear of Margarite.

And those whom Pool about his prince had plac'd,
And for his purpose taught the tricks of court;
To this great king, and many a time had grac'd,
To make his ears more apt for their report;
Having the time most diligently trac'd,
And saw these things successfully to sort,
Strike in a hand, and up together bear,
To make fair Marg'ret music in his ear.

Anjou a dutchy, Main a county great,
Of which the English long had been possesst;
And Mauns a city of no small receipt,
To which the duke pretended interest:
For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
And things by Pool were to the utmost prest,
Are to duke Reyner render'd up to hold:
To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was sold.

When of an earl, a marquess Pool is made,
Then of a marquess is a duke created;
For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,
To glorious actions wholly consecrated:
Hard was the thing that he could not persuade,
In the king's favour he was so instated;
Without his Suffolk who could not subsist,
So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike
Th' amazed world, which knew not what to say;
What living man but did the act mislike,
If him it did not utterly dismay,
That what with blood was bought at push of pike,
Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away?
Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,
Wond'ring what would of this strange world
become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,
Athwart the Heaven that throws his threat'ning
light,
The peaceful people that at quiet were,
Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight;
Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly fear,
Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might:
The grieved people thus their judgments spend,
Of these strange actions what should be the end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,
Is shipp'd for France, t' espouse the beauteous bride,
And fitted to the full of every thing,
Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride;
(As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)
Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd;
This one, whose like no age had seen before,
Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
As overjoy'd this happy day to see,
The king and queen t' nuptials there to grace;
On them three dukes, as their attendants be,
Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipage,
And twenty bishops: whilst that only she,
Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,
Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,
And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,
Besides amongst them many a pretty sport:
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report:
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daisy for queen Margarite!

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,
In passing through Normandy to Diepe,
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep;
And that the ships their crooked anchors weigh'd,
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet, [ply'd,
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they
Where the king stay'd his lovely bride to meet:
"Yonder she comes," when as the people cry'd,
Busy with rushes strewing every street,
The brainless vulgar little understand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land.

Which but too soon all-seeing Heaven foretold:
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,
But that the skies (O wond'rous to behold!)
O'erspread with lightning hideously do roar,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Never such tempests had been seen before:
With sudden floods whole villages were drown'd,
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the ground.

WHEN to their purpose things to pass were brought,
And these two brave ambitious spirits were met,
The queen and duke now frame their working
thought,
Into their hands the sovereignty to get:
For soon they found the king could not be wrought
Up to their ends, nature so low had set
His humble heart; that what they would obtain,
'Tis they must do't, by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,
At this which Suffolk desperately had done,
Who for the queen had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won,
And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begun;

Therefore by them some great ones down must go,
Which if they miss'd of, they themselves must so.
York then, which had the regency in France,
They force the king ignobly to displace,
Thereto the duke of Somerset t' advance,
Their friend, and one of the Lancastrian race;
For they betwixt them turn'd the wheel of chance,
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do debase:
He's the first man they purpos'd to remove,
The only minion of the people's love.

This open'd wide the public way, whereby
Ruin rush'd in upon the troubled land,
Under whose weight it happen'd long to lie,
Quite overthrown with their ill-guiding hand;
For their ambition, looking over-high,
Could in no measure aptly understand
Upon their heads the danger that they drew,
Whose force, too soon, they and their faction
knew.

! Margarite in French signifies a daisy.

For whilst this brave prince was employ'd abroad,
Th' affairs of France his mind up wholly took,
But being thus disburthen'd of that load,
Which gave him leave into himself to look,
The course he ran in evidently show'd,
His late allegiance that he off had shook,
And underhand his title set on foot,
To pluck their red rose quite up by the root.

Thus having made a regent of their own,
By whom they mean great matters to effect,
For by degrees they will ascend the throne,
And but their own all aid they else neglect,
As with a tempest he to ground is blown,
On whom their rage doth any way reflect:
Which good duke Humphry first of all must
taste,

Whose timeless death intemperately they haste.

This Henry's uncle, and his next of blood,
Was both protector of the realm, and king,
Whose meekness had instyled him the Good,
Of most especial trust in every thing;
One to his country constantly that stood,
As time should say, "I forth a man will bring,
So plain and honest, as on him I'll rest
The age he liv'd in, as the only best."

This grave protector, who both realms had sway'd,
Whilst the king's nonage his grave counsels crav'd;
In his great wisdom when he thoroughly weigh'd,
How this French lady here herself behav'd,
To make her game again, how Suffolk play'd,
The realms from ruin hoping to have sav'd,
Lost his dear life within a little space,
Which overthrew the whole Lancastrian race.

This prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose
Those whom he saw all but their own to hate,
Then found the league of his inveterate foes
To come upon him with the pow'r of fate;
And things to that extremity still rose,
(The certain sign of the declining state)
As that their faction every day grew strong,
Perceiv'd his virtues like to suffer wrong.

Fierce Margaret's malice prompt with mighty men,
Her darling Suffolk, who her forward drew;
Proud Somerset, of France the regent then;
And Buckingham, his pow'r too well that knew;
The cardinal Beaufort, and with him again
York's great arch-bishop to make up the crew;
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good duke all government to wrest.

Who then compel the peaceful king to call
A parliament, their grievances to hear
Against the duke, that, to enforce his fall,
They might have something that might colour
bear:

But then they doubt his answer, and withal
The murmuring people they far more do fear,
As their own lives who lov'd him: therefore they
Must cast to make him secretly away.

And therefore with the parliament proceed,
Saint Edmund's Bury the appointed place,
Whereas they meant to do the fatal deed,
Which with much quickness should decide the case,
The cruel manner soon they had decreed,
And to the act they hasten them apace;
On this good prince their purpose to effect,
Then, when the people nothing should suspect.

No sooner was this great assembly met,
But the high-marshal doth the duke arrest,
And on his person such a guard they set,
That they of him were certainly possess;
His servants were from their attendance let,
And ether sent to prison or supprest;
So that their lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was strangled in the night.

Then give they out that of mere grief he dy'd,
To cover what they cruelly had done.
But this black deed when once the day descry'd,
The frantic people to his lodging run,
Some rail, some curse, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fair streets to shun:
Some wish proud Suffolk sunk into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruel queen confound.

Thus their ambition would not let them see
How by his death they hasten'd their decay,
Nor let them know, that this was only he
Who kept the Yorkists evermore at bay,
But of this man they must the murderers be,
Upon whose life their safety only lay;
But his dear blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began queen Margaret's miseries.

In either kingdom all things go to wrack,
Which they had thought they could have made to
His noble counsels when they came to lack, [thrive,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they stay them in their going back,
One mischief still another doth revive;
As Heav'n had sent a host of horrors out,
Which all at once encompass'd them about.

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire
Unmercied havoc of the English made;
They, discontented here at home, conspire
To stir the Scot the borders to invade:
The faithless French then having their desire,
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageously rebel,
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,
Nor will with patience hear the English nam'd,
Except of those that speak of them in spite,
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.
In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Maleon, and St. Lo,
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteau de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country stronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates, and bade the English go,
For that the French should then possess their own.
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the English out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,
A puissant Peer and mighty in estate,
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain
To have his daughter² so repudiate,
(His countries bord'ring upon Aquitain,)
Pursues the English nation with such hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,
And from that dutchy drave all that was ours.

² See p. 104. the last stanza.

Th' enraged commons ready are to rise
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his slackness and base cowardice
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid;
Then follow Suffolk with confused cries,
With Main and Anjou and do him upbraid,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at their stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the state,
Which was confirmed by the commons' oath:
So that the king, who saw the people's hate,
(In his own self though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on Suffolk five years' banishment.

His sovereign lady, Suffolk thus must leave,
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,
Which they would not if any help there were:
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,
That he in France shall have his most resort,
And live securely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn:
If any thing do corrosive his breast,
It was, that he was in base England born.
He curs'd the king and kingdom, but he bless'd
The queen; but if in any thing forlorn,
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,
The endless sum of all his earthly bliss.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,
But that the rascal multitude arise,
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,
And search how they his person may surprise;
That he from England instantly must haste,
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small port secretly retire,
And there some poor boat for his passage
hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance!)
A man of war³ the seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still look'd askance,
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chase took this little cray,
Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He under hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runs his vessel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorse,
Him from the ship to all the people show'd;
And when no more they could the duke deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat side.

Suffolk thus dead, and Somerset disgrac'd,
His title York more freely might prefer;
The commons love when cunningly to taste,
(Lest over-weening he perhaps might err.)
He first suborns a villain that embrac'd
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,

³ By our historians called the Nicholas, and said to belong to the duke of Exeter.

Which, in the title of the house of York,
Might set the monstrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Kent,
Who tho' of birth and in estate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wise duke well understood before:)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore;
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong;
Witty, well-spoken, cautious, tho' young.

But for the duke his title⁴ must derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore must cast and cunningly contrive
To see how people relished the same;
And if he found it fortun'd to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim,
To show himself his title good to make,
To raise him friends and pow'r, his part to
take.

All opposition likewise to prevent,
The crafty duke his meaning doth conceal,
And Cade doth rise to reform the government,
And base abuses of the public weal,
To which he knew the commons would consent,
Which otherwise his treason might reveal;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

From Sussex, Surrey, and from Kent that rose,
Whom hope of spoil doth to this act persuade,
Which still increase his army as it goes,
And on Black-heath his rendezvous he made,
Where in short time it to that vastness grows,
As it at once the kingdom would invade,
And he himself the conquest could assure,
Of any pow'r king Henry could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
Sent by the king that rebel to pursue,
When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
He made as though he from the army flew,
The slaughter of the soldiers must be great,
When he those Staffords miserably slew,
Captains select, and chosen by the queen
To lead the pow'rs that should have wreak'd her
teen.

When for a siege he to the city came,
Assaults the bridge with his embolden'd pow'r,
And after oft repulsed takes the same,
Makes himself master of the town and tow'r,
Doing such things as might the devil shame,
Destroys records, and virgins doth deflow'r,
Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after all this stir,
Lastly, beheaded the lord treasurer.

These things by York being plotted underhand,
Wise as he was, as one that had not known
Aught of these treasons, hastes to Ireland
To tame those kern⁵, rebellious that were
grown.

He knew it was not in the barren sand
That he this subtle pois'nous seed had sown,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make room for his pretended right.

⁴ From the heir of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. married to Edw. Mortimer earl of March.

⁵ The vulgar.

Whilst these rebellious are in England broach'd,
 As tho' the fates should enviously conspire
 Our ruin, which too fast approach'd,
 About our ears was Aquitain afire:
 Their conquest so upon our towns encroach'd,
 That Charles the French king then had his desire,
 To see these troubles tire us here within,
 That he the whilst in France from us might win.

To add to Margaret's miseries again,
 Talbot, in France so bravely that had done,
 Who many a year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
 And many a fort a famous battle won,
 At Chatillon (O endless grief!) was slain,
 With the lord Lisle, his over-valiant son;
 When all the towns that he had got before,
 Yielded, nor would for England be no more.

York, in the nick from Ireland coming in,
 Finding the kingdom cumber'd in this wise,
 Thinks with himself 'twere time he did begin:
 But by no means he 'gainst the king must rise;
 (Oh, such a thought in any man were sin!)
 But that he would proud Somerset surprise:
 Yet wanting strength 'gainst the whole state to
 stand,

He bears his bus'ness with a moderate hand.
 And first to mighty Sal'sbury doth sue,
 And his son Warwick, and doth them entreat
 With equal eyes they would he pleas'd to view
 His rightful title. These two Nevils, great
 In pow'r and with the people, whom he knew
 Deadly the duke of Somerset to hate,
 By his large offers he doth win at last,
 In his just quarrel to cleave to him fast.

Thus his ambition having strongly back'd
 With these two fatal herbrands of war,
 To his desires there very little lack'd,
 He and the earls, all three so popular,
 To advance himself he no occasion slack'd,
 For nought he sees him from his ends to bar:
 'Tis no small tempest that he needs to fear,
 Whom two such columns up betwixt them bear.

And by their strengths encourag'd, doth not stick
 The other's actions boldly to o'erlook:
 And for the season that the king was sick,
 Upon himself the regency he took;
 For now his hopes upon him came so thick,
 His entrance, doors from off the hinges shook.
 He with a nod seem'd the world for to direct:
 Who's he but bow'd, if this great prince but
 beck'd?

And in the queen's great chamber doth arrest
 Great Somerset, and sendeth him to ward,
 And all his followers suddenly suppress'd,
 Such was the number of his pow'rful guard!
 With the proud queen, this prince as proud con-
 tests,

Nor for her frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:
 Luck's on his side, while such stand by to bet,
 He'll throw at all that any one dare set.

The queen, who saw which way this faction went,
 And that these wrongs must still reflect on her,
 The duke of York to her destruction bent,
 Thought with herself it was full time to stir,
 And if his plots she ever would prevent,
 Must with the wisest of her friends confer,
 Their busy brains and must together beat,
 To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
 The king's recovery only to attend,
 Of which themselves they hardly could assure,
 Who once they thought had hasten'd to his end;
 But when they found his physic to procure
 His former health, then doth the queen extend
 Her utmost strength, to let the world to know
 Queen Margaret yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woe the king,
 That of his place the duke he would discharge;
 Which being done, the next especial thing,
 She doth the duke of Somerset enlarge,
 And him of Calais gives the governing,
 Whither his friends she caus'd him to inbarge,
 Doubting the love and safeguard of the town,
 Thus doth the queen turn all things upside
 down.

Which so incens'd the angry duke to ire,
 With those two earls upon his part that take,
 Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
 Which the dear blood of Somerset must slake,
 That into Wales they instantly retire,
 And in the Marches up an army make:
 And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
 By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these lords are busied in the West,
 Of March-men must'ring a rebellious band,
 Henry again his southern people press'd,
 And settles there, their forces to withstand:
 Then bows and bills were only in request,
 Such rage and madness doth possess the land:
 Set upon spoil on either part they were,
 Whilst the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
 Upon their march they at St. Alban's met,
 Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,
 Whilst they in order their battalions set,
 And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,
 Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:
 When if that ever horror did appear
 On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerset was slain;
 There took the stout Northumberland his end:
 There Stafford's blood the pavement did stain;
 There Clifford fell, king Henry's constant friend:
 The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,
 All down before him to pale death doth send.
 Antwesel, Babthorp, Zouch, and Curwen, all
 King Henry's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable king,
 Amazed much with fury of the fight,
 And peril still his person menacing,
 His living friends enforc'd to take their flight;
 He, as a needless and neglected thing,
 In a poor cottage hides him out of sight:
 Who, found by York, was as a pris'ner led,
 Tho' with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus possess'd,
 They in his name a parliament procure;
 For with his regal pow'r they will invest
 Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,
 That if their violent actions should be press'd
 In after-time, they better might endure
 The censuring; the worst and so prevent,
 To show them done by act of parliament.

And cause the king to take into his hands
 What to the crown did anciently pertain,
 Besides all honours, offices, and lands,
 Granted since the beginning of his reign;
 And not a fee, tho' ne'er so little, stands;
 All are call'd in, and let who will complain;
 And all his friends from council are remov'd,
 None must sit there, but those of them belov'd.

The silly king a cypher, set aside,
 What was in him that in great York is not?
 Amongst themselves all places they divide,
 And to be chancellor Salsbury hath got,
 He is the man must take the law to guide;
 And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot:
 And not a man at these must look awry,
 They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this;
 Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,
 In which such pow'r (though from appearance) is,
 As yet once more would fret the duke of York,
 And let him know he of his ends might miss;
 For now the queen doth set her wits to work,
 To play the game that must renown her skill,
 And show the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of Somerset late slain,
 Another stem to stand for her arose,
 Henry for Edmond, of his father's strain,
 (One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
 Of a strong judgment and a working brain.
 Great Buckingham and Exeter are those
 She means to work by, and by these restore
 Her to that height from whence she fell before.

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
 To whom that faction much despite had done;
 For at St. Alban's Somerset had lost
 His loved sire, and Buckingham his son;
 And Exeter, pursu'd from coast to coast,
 From them enforc'd to sanctuary to run:
 Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret
 sent,

And in a dungeon miserably pent,

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
 With ev'ry aid to their designment fraught,
 Taking their turns at every sitting hour,
 They on the king's much easiness so wrought,
 As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,
 Until to pass their purposes they brought;
 Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,
 Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
 Where, with th' opinion of those friends supply'd,
 Those three which late with glorious titles swell'd,
 Are from their sev'ral places put aside;
 Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,
 At this prodigious turning of the tide:
 For now the wind was strangely come about,
 And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The cruel queen and cunningly had cast,
 At Coventry to cause them to appear,
 With show to pardon all that had been past,
 If they but then would their allegiance swear;
 Which had they done, that day had been their
 last,

For she had plotted to destroy them there:
 Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fled,
 Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another rose,
 'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
 All former strife and quarrels to compose,
 Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd;
 Which to the world though handsomely it shows,
 Yet, in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd,
 To outward seeming yet are perfect friends:
 "But devilish folk have still their devilish
 ends."

And in procession solemnly they go,
 In general joy, one smiling on the other,
 A Yorkist and Lancastrian make up two,
 Envy and Malice, brother like to brother,
 In mind far sunder'd, although coupled so,
 Bloody revenge and in their breasts they smother.
 Ill's the procession, and fore-runs much loss,
 Wherein men say, "the Devil bears the cross."

These rites of peace religiously perform'd
 To all men's thinking, the enraged queen
 At Warwick's greatness inwardly yet storm'd,
 (Which ev'ry day still more and more was seen)
 Against the king who Calais had so arm'd,
 As it his own inheritance had been.

Which town, she saw, that if he still should hold,
 That she by him must hourly be controll'd.

For which his murder she pursu'd so fast,
 As that she soon and secretly had lay'd
 Such to assault him as the streets he pass'd,
 As, if his brave name had not brought him aid,
 He of her vengeance had been sure to taste:
 The tragic scene so furiously was play'd,
 That he from London was enforc'd to fly;
 Like a rough sea her malice wrought so high.

And tow'rd's the duke his speedy journey takes,
 Who then at Middleham made his most abode,
 Which Salsbury his habitation makes,
 Whereas their time together they bestow'd,
 Whose courages the earl of Warwick wakes,
 When he to them his sudden danger show'd
 With a pale visage, and doth there disclose
 Her brands set on him, both in wounds and
 blows.

This wrong in council when they had discuss'd,
 And weigh'd the danger wherein still they were,
 Continual treasons shrouded in their trust,
 Nor other hopes else likely to appear,
 They find that this might make a war seem just,
 And give their cause up to the world more clear;
 To rise in arms when they resolve at last,
 To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast:

To muster up their tenants and their friends,
 Not as a war upon the land to bring,
 Nor to advance their own sinister ends,
 Nor wrong a subject in the smallest thing;
 Only to guard them (as their case then stands)
 Till they had show'd their grievance to the king,
 And give their pow'r to Salsbury to guide,
 That with the king the bus'ness should decide.

With this direction Salsbury is sent,
 Warwick to Calais (with what haste he may)
 By his much speed a mischief to prevent,
 Fearing the town might else be giv'n away:
 The duke of York, by general consent,
 At Middleham castle they allot to stay,
 To raise a second power (if need should be)
 To re-enforce them, or to set them free.

The queen, who heard (by such as were her own)
With that false earl how those of Cheshire sided,
As in short time how pow'rful he was grown,
Thinks with herself the shire might be divided,
If that her love to some of them were known;
Which easly might be, were her pleasure guided
By some such person, of whose valour they
Had an opinion, which she thus doth lay.

Causing the king to give a large command
To James lord Audley, pow'rful in those parts,
To raise him force those rebels to withstand;
Such to their sov'reign as had loyal hearts,
And to make captains o'er ev'ry band,
Men of the best blood, as of best deserts:
Which he so labour'd, till that he had brought
That th' half of one house 'gainst the other
fought.

So that two men arising from one bed,
Falling to talk, from one another fly;
This wears a white rose, and that wears a red;
And this a York, that Lancaster doth cry:
He wish'd to see that Audley well had sped;
He prays again to prosper Sal'sbury: [take,
And for their farewell when their leaves they
They their sharp swords at one another shake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus set,
Out go the brown bills with the well-strung bows,
Till at Blore-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,
For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,
This must not live, if that he strove to let;
Never such friends yet e'er became such foes:
With-downright strokes they at each other lay;
No word for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The son (as some report) the father slew,
In opposition as they stoutly stood;
The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,
Bathing his sword in his own natural blood:
The brother in his brother's gore emburde
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,
As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the lord Audley dy'd,
(Whose father was him such renown in France)
And many a Cheshire gentleman beside,
Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance:
These miseries queen Marg'ret must abide,
Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance:
And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,
And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle slain,
And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost;
Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,
So much dear blood had this late conflict cost:
Wherefore the griev'd queen, with might and
Labours for life to raise a second host: [wain,
Nor time therein she meaneth to foreslow,
Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering
were, [ring)
(The neighbor'ing realms of this great bus'ness
The duke, and those that to his part adhere,
Proclaimed traitors; pardon promising
To those at Blore that arms did lately bear,
So they would yet cleave to their lawful king;
Which drive in many to their part again,
To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,
With his dear Nevils counsels what to do;
For it behov'd him to make good his guard
With both their strengths, and all too little too;
And in the marches he no labour spar'd,
To win his friends along with him to go;

With expedition which he could not get,
On the king's side the commons so were set.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,
Yet wanting much his party good to make;
And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour
His soldiers win, their general to forsake;
Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,
Them all in sunder likely was to shake;
He saw his safety to consist in flight;

Thus, e'er he wist, o'ermaster'd in his might.

All on the spur for life away they post,
Their homes too hot, nor there they might abide,
The three brave earls soon reach the western coast,
From whence to Calais their straight course they
ply'd:

The duke to Wales, being there befriended most;
Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd:

So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,
And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,
The watchful clowns which over them are set,
Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
With dogs, with staves, and shouts, together get,
Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:
So the king's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,
Which like those wolves before those herdsmen flew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun

A parliament, by good advice; wherein
The duke of York, with th' earl of March his son,
With Sal'sbury and Warwick, who had been
Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
And by whose help he happ'd so much to win,
He there attaints of treason, and bestows
All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those earls in Calais still that kept,
The charge whereof proud Warwick on him took,
In their intended bus'ness never slept,
Nor yet their former enterprise forsook;
Int' Henry's councils who had those that crept,
And did each day his actions overlook:

From whom as their advertisements still are,
So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
That with less noise their friends might raise an
They plague the seas with piracy and spoil, [host,
And rob the heavens all along the coast;
They ne'er take pity of their native soil,
For that they knew this would avail them most;
That whilst the state was busied there about,
Arms might be rais'd within by those without.

And slaughtering many that were set to ward
Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
Of the king's ships, whose freight as prize they
And them to Calais carefully convey'd [shard,
With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:
All in combustion, and their bloody rage,
Nor sea, nor land, can possibly assuage.

6 Edward, earl of March, eldest son to the duke,
the earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them in Kent,
Their next and most convenient place to land,
(Where should the adverse pow'r their hopes
prevent,

In Dover road yet were their ships at hand)
And by their posts still to and fro that went,
They certainly were let to understand,

That Kent was surely theirs, and only stay'd
To rise in arms the Yorkists' pow'r to aid.

When Falconbridge, who second brother was
To Sal'sbury, they send away before,
To see no ships should out of Sandwich pass,
To hinder them in coming to the shore ;
There of munition took a wond'rous mass,
Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant store
He armed many at their coming in, [been.
Which of their side would scarcely else have

That they no sooner settled were on land,
But that in arms the rebellious Kentish rose,
And the lord Cobham with a mighty band,
With their Calicians presently doth close,
That now they sway'd all with a powerful hand ;
And in small time so great their army grows,
From Sussex, Surrey, and those parts about,
That of her safety London well might doubt.

But yet at last the earls she in doth let,
To whom the clergy coming day by day,
From further shires them greater forces get ;
When tow'ards Northampton making forth their
way,

Where the sad king his army down had set,
And for their coming only made his stay,
With all the force his friends could him afford,
And for a fight with all things fitly stor'd :

Who in his march the earl doth oft molest,
(By their vaunturrers hearing how they came)
In many a strait, and often him distress'd
By stakes and trenches that his horse might lame :
But the stout Yorkists still upon them press'd ;
And still so fearful was great Warwick's name,
That being once cry'd on, put them off to flight,
On the king's army till at length they light.

When th' earl of March, then in the pride of blood,
His virgin valour on that day bestows ;
And furious Warwick, like a raging flood,
Bears down before him all that dare oppose ;
Old Sal'sbury so to his tackling stood,
And Falconbridge so lays amongst his foes,
That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancastrians fall,
And the proud Yorkists bear away the ball.

There Humphry, duke of Buckingham, expir'd,
King Henry's comfort, and his cause's friend ;
There Shrewsbury (even of his foes admir'd
For his high courage) his last breath doth spend ;
Brave Beaumont there and Egremont lay tir'd
To death ; there Lucy had his luckless end ;
And many a noble gentleman that day,
Welt'ring in gore, on the wild champion lay.

The wretched king, as Fortune's only scorn,
His soldiers slain, and he of all forsaken,
Left in his tent, of mer'the most forlorn,
The second time a pris'ner there is taken ;
The woful queen out of the battle borne
In a deep swoon, and when she doth awaken,
Nothing about her hears but howls and cries.
Was ever queen's like Marg'ret's miseries ?

YORK coming in from Ireland in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the battle won,
By the high prowess of his faithful friend,
Great Warwick, and that valiant March his son,
His present hopes the former so transcend,
That the proud duke immediately begun
By his bold actions to express his thought,
Through so much blood what he so long had
sought.

The king's commandment daring to deny,
His sovereign lord being call'd to wait upon,
And on his fortune bears himself so high,
That he in state presumes t' ascend his throne :
From the king's lodgings puts his servants by,
And placeth in them such as were his own :
So infinitely insolent he grows,
As he the crown at pleasure would dispose.

When he procures a parliament with speed,
In which himself protector he doth make,
And only heir apparent to succeed [take :
The king, when death him from the world should
And what had been at Coventry decreed,
He there annuls, from him and his to shake
The servile yoke of all subjection quite.
Down goes the red rose, and up goes the white.

And he with Fortune that this while doth sport,
Seeing the southern to him still were sure,
Thinks to the north if he should but resort,
He to his part the northern should procure,
Seeking all ways his greatness to support,
Nor would an equal willingly endure :
Down into Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,
Whose lofty site well suited with his pride.

The vexed queen, whose very soul forgot
That such a thing as patience it had known,
And but she found her friends forsook her not,
As mad as ever Hecuba had grown ;
Whilst both her wrongs and her revenge were hot,
Her mighty mind so down could not be thrown,
But that once more the bloody set she'll play
With York, ere so he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the duke pursue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by those lords that had been ever true,
And had stood fast upon king Henry's side :
With that most valiant and selected crew,
The brav'st of queens so well her business ply'd,
That coming soon in Sandal's lofty sight,
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope, prince Henry, her dear only son,
Stout Somerset, and noble Exeter,
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,
Devon and Wilt, earls using to confer
With this wise queen, when danger she would shun ;
Undaunted Clifford, Ross in war up-brought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout duke, who in his castle stood,
With Sal'sbury, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,
In those three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainst queen Margaret that they needed
more ;

For they led Fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fools could doubt.

And for the field soon marshalling their force,
All poor delays they scornfully defy,
Nor will the duke stay for those troops of horse,
With which his son him promis'd to supply;
In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,
On their own valour they so much rely;

And with five thousand marshall'd well they
come,
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle home,

But in her host she having those that were
Expert in all the stratagems of war,
To fight with him do cause her to forbear,
Till from his castle she had got him far;
Whilst in an ambush she had placed there
Wiltshire and Clifford, with their strengths to bar
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
Or wound his back ev'n as they would desire.

When to't they fell upon an easy plain,
At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,
Upon both sides where there were many slain:
But for the queen four to his one had brought,
The duke of York (for all his pride) was fain
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught;
For Wilt and Clifford, that in ambush were,
The van thus routed, overthrew the rear.

Where York himself, who proudly but of late
With no less hope than of a kingdom fed,
Upon this field, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead;
Upon whose body Clifford down him sat,
Stabbing the corpse, and cutting off his head,
Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
Presents it so to the victorious queen.

His bastard uncles, both courageous knights,
Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, so sped;
Hall, Hastings, Nevill, who in sundry fights
Had show'd their valour, on the field found dead;
And Sal'sbury among these tragic sights,
Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed;
Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,
And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,
Their foes so roughly execute their rage;
Where th' earl of Rutland, the duke's eldest son,
Then in his childhood and of tender age,
Coming in hope to see the battle won,
Clifford, whose wrath no rigour could assuage,
Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,
In his soft bosom sheaths his sharpen'd steel.

Edward of March, the duke his father slain,
Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,
Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
To aid his father, for he came too short,
Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
Was coming tow'ards him; touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
To meet the earl, if to approach he dares.

Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king
On bright queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
And of South Wales gave him the governing,
Where in short time he got an host together,
Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.

Upon their march when as they lastly met,
Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,
Where they in order their battalions set:
The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The earl of Ormond, an associate then
With this young Tudor, for the king that stood,
Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
With darts and skains; those of the British blood
With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
And as they fall, still make their places good:
That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now the Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,
As tho' themselves the conquerors meant to call;
Then are the Marchers masters of the field,
With their brown bills the Welchmen so they maul;
Now th' one, now th' other, likely were to yield;
These like to fly, then those were like to fall:
Until at length (as Fortune pleas'd to guide)
The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists' side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
Ready to buckle as the armies were,
Which this brave duke took to himself alone,
His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd to
By his mishaps near lately overthrown; [cheer,
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he sets the white rose up again.

Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight,
Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
So ill the friends of poor king Henry sped;
Where Owen Tudor taken in the fight,
(This young earl's father by queen Cath'rine's bed)
At Hereford, not far away from thence,
Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

Thus while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd,
Leads on tow'ards London her victorious host,
Whose blades she shows with blood of Yorkists
stain'd,
Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast;
But to her side whilst lucky Fortune lean'd,
Come what can come, she means to clear the coast
Of those she knew in York's revenge would rise,
Found she not means their forces to surprise.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
John duke of Norfolk, and her devilish foe,
Pierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;
Which two, deceased York, when he should go
To Sandal, left them as his only kay
To keep king Henry, (which they not foreslow)
Lest by the queen and hers he might be wrought,
T' annul their late past parliament for nought.

For which to council calling up her lords,
Well to consider what was to be done,
Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
And would in no wise she her way should shun,
For they would make her entrance with their
swords;

Here what was lost, might here again be won:
Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave,
That of this field the glory she should have.

And soon their army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take;
When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,
And so their entry on the town they make:
But coming to the market-place, they found
A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,
Which back again made them so fast to bear,
As that their van was like to rout their rear.

But thus repuls'd, another way they prove
How in upon their enemy to get; [move,
Which makes their foes that they their force re-
To stop that passage wherein they were set;
That whilst they shafts into each other shove,
For a long while it was an even bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
Whether proud Warwick or the queen should win.

But by the queen constrained to recoil,
Their ground from them they absolutely won,
When they the Yorkists miserably spoil,
And in with them on their main battle run:
Which being greatly strait'n'd by the soil,
They could not do what else they might have done:
Through thick and thin, o'er hedge and ditch
they take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could make.

Whilst Warwick cries, "Ye southern cowards, stay,
And once more turn your faces to your foes;
'Tis fear, not danger, doth ye thus dismay:
O prove the former fortune of your bows!
Think but upon the late-won glorious day
Got in this place, the fame whereof you lose
By your base flight."—But he his breath might
He might as well have call'd upon the air. [spare,

Scatter'd like sheep by wolves that had been scar'd,
So run the Yorkists; which when Norfolk saw,
He calls to Warwick, scarcely then prepar'd,
Himself out of this danger to withdraw.
"My lord," quoth he, "you see that all is marr'd;
Fortune hath sworn to keep us in her awe:
Our lives are gone, if longer here we stay;
Lose not yourself, though we have lost the day."

And for they found the foe came on so fast,
The king by them to this lost battle brought,
And under guard in his pavillion plac'd, [thought;
They're forc'd to leave, which late they little
For there were those which made them make such
haste,

They could not stay to have their sovereign sought:
But since the battle had such ill success, [less.
That lost, they thought their loss of him the

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the king,
From whom a speedy messenger is sent,
His wife and son away to him to bring:
Who with their lords arriving at his tent,
Where, after many a fall and many a spring
Of tears of joy upon each other spent,
With strict embraces they each other strain,
No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,
(In falcn'ers terms which we the covey call)
By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
There drops down one, there doth another fall:
Yet when they hear the questring spaniels gone,
They in the evening get together all,
With pretty juggling and each other greet,
Glad as it were they once again should meet,

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But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take
Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,
The stout lord Bonville, for king Henry's sake,
And Thomas Kerril, a brave knight of Kent,
Who the king's guard strove ever strong to make,
All threat'ning peril thereby to prevent,
And for their safeties had his sovereign word,
That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to trust
Too much to Fortune, which so soon reveals
Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,
And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,
Which when he most believ'd her to be just,
His forward hopes then most of all she fails;
All his accounts and teach him thus to sum,
"None overcomes, but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away,
Which had king Henry with them when they
fought,
Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.

The queen was two amongst the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any.

But whilst herself with further hopes she fed,
The queen still watchful, wisely understands,
That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,
(Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands)
Had met the duke of York, and made a head
Of many fresh and yet unfought-with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,
From whence tow'rds London they their march
had laid.

And for she saw the southern to adhere
Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd
Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,
A small relief which lately her deny'd,
She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
With any succours nor to be supply'd;
But to the North her speedy course directs,
From whence fresh aids she every day expects,

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
But York to London with his army comes,
And near the walls his ensigns doth display,
Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums:
His title so the multitude doth sway,
That for his soldiers they provide him sums:
And those provisions they queen Marg'ret ow'd,
Taken from her's, they on the duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet;
His presence so the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every street,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet: [gone,
Whilst good king Henry tow'rds the North is
The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair
The spiritual lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown; who far more ready are
To give, than he their suffrages to crave:
The commons take him so into their care,
Upon his name that doatingly they rave;
And being ask'd who should their sovereign be?
They cry, "King Edward," and no man but he.

I

Thus to his height this puissant prince they leave,
The seat imperial; where then sitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal sceptre leave:
Edward the Fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

This news too quickly in queen Marg'ret's ear,
What by the lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into despair,
Ready she was on her own death to run;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Cursing that hour when first she saw the Sun,
With rage she faints; reviving, and doth call
Upon high Heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any lord depends
That follows her, that riseth not in arms:
The spacious North such plenteous succour sends,
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.
Thus day by day she addeth more and more
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but Edward understood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the North,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth:
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,
This forward king breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be sought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days' march which Edward eas'ly rought,
Without resistance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thousand in his host he brought,
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to brave the
day;

And under Pomfret his proud tents he pight,
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's host when they who had command,
On whom the queen imposed had the care,
Great Somerset and stout Northumberland,
And Clifford, whom no danger yet could dare:
The walls of York first having thoroughly mann'd,
There plac'd the king; when quickly they pre-
pare

To range their battle, which consisted then
Of threescore thousand valiant northern men.

From Edward's host the lord Fitzwater went,
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's bastard brother,
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,
For coming over Eyre to keep the other:
'Gainst whom the adverse the lord Clifford sent,
Who taking night his enterprise to smother,
The dawn yet dusky, passing through a ford,
Puts them and all their soldiers to the sword.

At the shrill noise when Warwick coming in,
And finds his brother and Fitzwater dead,
Even as a man distracted that had been,
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
"Doth cruel Clifford thus," quoth he, "begin?
For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath shed
This day, I'll make an enemy to bleed,
Or never more in battle let me speed."

And to the king returning in this mood:
"My liege," quoth he, "all mercy now defy,
Delay no longer to revenge their blood,
Whose mangled bodies breathless yonder lie;
And let the man that means king Edward's good,
Stand fast to Warwick, who no more shall fly;
Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu."
Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew.

This resolution so extremely wrought
Upon king Edward, that he gave command,
That on his side who willingly not fought,
Should have his leave to quit him out of hand;
That ev'ry one should kill the man he caught;
To keep no quarter; and who meant to stand
In his just cause, rewarded he would see:
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd be.

When near to Towton, on the spacious plain,
These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday met,
Where downright slaughter angry Heav'n doth
rain,
With clouds of rage the element is set:
The winds breathe fury, and the earth again
With the hot gore of her own natives wet,
Sends up a smoke, which makes them all so mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid sight another doth appal;
One fearful cry another doth confound;
Murthers so thick upon each other fall,
That in one shriek another's shriek is drown'd:
Whilst blood for blood incessantly doth call
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
Slaughter so soon grows big, that com'n to birth,
The monstrous burthen overloads the earth.

This bloody tempest ten long hours doth last,
Whilst neither side could to itself assure
The victory; but as their lot was cast,
With wounds and death they stoutly it endure;
Until the valiant Yorkists at the last,
Akho' in number near ten thousand fewer,
In their long fight their forces manage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

Courageous Clifford first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt arrow struck:
Here Westmoreland receiv'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the stout Northumberland, that stuck
Still to his sovereign; Wells and Dacres found
That they had lighted on king Henry's luck:
Trowlip and Horne, two brave commanders,
Whilst Somerset and Exeter were fled. [dead,

Thirty two thousand in this battle slain,
Many in straits lie heap'd up like a wall;
The rest lie scatter'd round about the plain:
And Cock, a river though but small,
Fill'd with those flying, doth so deeply stain
The river Wharf, int' which this Cock doth fall,
As that the fountain which this flood doth feed,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to bleed.

King Henry's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
By the late loss of this unlucky day:
He feels the crown even from his temples torn,
On his sword point which Edward bears away:
And since his fall the angry fates had sworn,
He finds no comfort longer here to stay;
But leaving York, he post to Berwick goes,
With's queen and son, true partners in his woes.

The king for Scotland, and for France the queen,
Divided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldom had been seen
Two to be sever'd with so heavy hearts:
The prince their son then standing them between,
Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts:
He to the king of Scots, to get supplies;
She to the French king, and her father, flies.

Which well might show a prince's slippery state:
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and France did her congratulate;
Then in two battles she had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkists' hate,
As from that day she had been born to win;
Now to sail back with miseries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here before.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To France and Scotland as enforc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent;
And Edward now to see his crown sat right,
Proud in his spoils, to London cloth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,
To annul those laws which had been made before
Against his succession, and dissolve the mass
Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore:
Whereby king Henry so much lessen'd was,
As after that he should subsist no more;
Little then thinking Lancaster again,
Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where he attaints, as traitors to his crown,
John earl of Oxford, and his valiant son,
Aubrey De Vere, with whom likewise went down
Montgomery, Teril, Tudenham, who were done
To death; so Heav'n on Henry seems to frown:
And Somerset, king Henry's wrath to shun,
Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is queen Margaret's miserable case!

Henry in Scotland, the sad queen the while
Is left to France, to Lewis there to sue
To lend her succour: scorning her exile,
In spite of fate she will the war renew;
She will tempt Fortune till again she smile:
In such a pitch her mighty spirit still flew,
That should the world oppose her, yet that
strength
She hopes shall work up her desires at length.

And with five thousand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well fitted, she tow'rd's Scotland
steers;
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of Heaven upon this queen appears,
And with fierce tempests strives her to withstand:
The winds make war against her with her foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately lost,
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempest she herself so tost,
As never lady; yet she here not ceas'd:
But since she found her enterprise thus cross'd,
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd;
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
Rousing the sluggish villages from sleep,
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,
But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep:
Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,
The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep;
Which rumour ran so fast with through the air,
That Edward thought it shook his very chair.

And Somerset, receiv'd to grace before,
With sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day
At Towton, found each minute more and more,
How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay;
Yet hoping now king Henry to restore,
Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the way,
Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

This noise of war arising from the North,
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him stir;
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
Queen Margaret com'n, he must resign to her;
For they were captains of especial worth,
On whom she did this mighty charge confer:
For that her ensigns she at large display'd;
And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much-lov'd Montacute he sends,
With England's valiant infantry his peers;
To whose wise guidance he this war commands,
His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.
His utmost strength king Edward now extends,
Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the ears
From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And Montacute had scarcely march'd away,
But he himself sets forward with an host,
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,
To aid queen Margaret, which perplex'd him most:
For he perceiv'd his crown sat not so sure,
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'rs procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,
Edward's are English, Scots queen Margaret brings.
The North's cold bosom this great concourse
warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other's harms,
And from that root new horror daily springs;
And tho' much blood they both had spent before,
Yet not so much, but that there must be more.

At Hegly-heath their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold barons, Hungerford and Ross,
With sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been
Leagu'd with king Edward, but then gotten loose,
Strives by all means to expiate that sin.)
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,
That when those barons from that conflict fly,
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave king Edward's coming to his aid:
As of their force king Henry little lack'd,
The plain call'd Livelis, where the scene was laid,
Not far from Exham, near to Dowil's flood,
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians' blood:

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men ply'd,
 Northern to southern, slaughter ceaseth all;
 Long the fight lasted, ere that either side
 Could tell to which the victory would fall:
 But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,
 That she must come when they shall please to call;
 And in his cradle Henry had the curse,
 That where he was, that side had still the
 worse.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,
 Was Somerset surprised in his flight,
 And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,
 On Mullins, Ross, and Hungerford they light,
 Which this day's work ere long full dearly cost;
 And with these lords were taken many a knight,
 Nor from their hands could Henry hardly shift,
 Had not his guide been, as his horse was, swift.

Still must queen Marg'ret's miseries endure,
 This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:
 For all the aids this time she should procure,
 Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;
 Of nothing else she can herself assure,
 That she will leave her losses to complain:
 For since she sees that still her friends go
 down,
 She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.

Henry to fly to Scotland back is fain,
 To get to France the woful queen is glad,
 There with her son enforced to remain,
 Till other aids might thence again be had:
 So them their hard necessities constrain,
 To set them down that it doth make me sad:
 Never so thick came miseries, I ween,
 Upon a poor king and a woful queen.

This done, king Edward his strong army sends
 To take those castles which not long before
 Had been deliver'd to king Henry's friends,
 Which he by sieges makes them to restore;
 And on the borders watchfully attends,
 To Henry's aid that thersould come no more:
 But oh! behold, as one ordain'd to ill,
 The fate that follows hapless Henry still!

For out of some deep melancholy fit,
 Or otherwise, as fall'n into despair,
 Or that he was not rightly in his wit,
 Being safe in Scotland, and still succour'd there;
 Upon the sudden he abandons it,
 And into England inly ent'ring, where
 He is surpris'd, and (in his enemies' power)
 Is by king Edward shut up in the Tower.

This hap had Henry; who, when he was born,
 Of Christian kings the greatest then alive,
 Now he the crown full forty years had worn,
 Doth all his regal sovereignty survive,
 Of all men living and the most forlorn,
 So strange a thing can destiny contrive:
 So many sundry miseries, as he,
 No king before had ever liv'd to see.

To hear all this queen Margaret must endure,
 Yet sadly to her father's court confin'd,
 And now king Edward held himself secure,
 When things fell out so fitly to his mind;
 But when of rest he did himself assure,
 Upon a sudden rose so rough a wind,
 In his strong hand which shook his sceptre more,
 Than all the storms that ere had blown before.

Which he perceiv'd would be the surest way
 His question'd title highly to advance;
 And at his need should serve him for a key
 To open him their policies, whose chance
 Was then in casting, and they next to play:
 For Marg'ret still the French king Lewis press'd
 For second aids, nor would she let him rest.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat
 With beauteous Bona (with whose rich report
 Fame was oppress'd with, as a task too great)
 The French queen's sister, and with her in court,
 Warwick the man chose forth to work the feat;
 Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,
 And in short time so well his bus'ness plies,
 That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the meanwhile, this youthful king by chance
 Coming to Grafton, where the dutchess lay,
 Then styl'd of Bedford, his eye haps to glance
 On her bright daughter, the fair widow Gray,
 Whose beauties did his senses so entrance,
 And stole his heart so suddenly away, [woe,
 That must he lose his crown, come weal, come
 She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
 Upon what bus'ness he had Warwick sent;
 Upon this lady he his love so set,
 That should his crown from off his head be rent,
 Or his rebellious people rise, to let
 This choice of his, they should it not prevent:
 For those pure eyes, his bosom that had pierc'd,
 Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

"What less amends this lady can I make,
 For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,
 Than lawful marriage? which for justice sake
 I must perform," quoth he, "lest she complain;
 For a just prince so me the world shall take."
 Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,
 With his affections in this sort doth play,
 Till he a queen made, the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,
 And that the sequel show'd it to be true,
 In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear
 His heart too great for his strait bosom grew,
 He his commission doth in peacemeal tear,
 Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it threw;
 And prays blest Heav'n may curse him, if that he
 For this disgrace revenged would not be.

"Have I," quoth he, "so lifted thee aloft,
 That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown?
 Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft
 In this long war, as to the world is known,
 And now by thee thus basely am I scott,
 By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown?
 If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,
 Hold Warwick base, and fall'n from what he
 was.

"Know, 'twas the Nevils for thy title stood,
 Else long ere this laid lower than the ground;
 And in thy cause my father shed his blood,
 None of our house for thee but bears some wound;
 And now at last to recompense this good,
 Only for me this guerdon hast thou found?
 From thy proud head this hand shall pluck thy
 crown, [down,"
 Or if thou stand, then needs must Warwick

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a smooth brow smoothes his intent,
And to the king relates the French affairs,
And what in court had pass'd there since he went:
His spleen he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent:
Calm was his count'nance, and his language
But in his breast a deep revenge he bare. [fair,

MEANWHILE Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile) hears
How things in England in her absence went,
Her half-burst heart which but a little cheers,
For from her head she felt the crown was rent:
Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have said, had not the Fates said no;
These storms at home might hersome profit blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought
George duke of Clarence⁷ from his brother's side;
And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd:
How to rebel the northern⁸ men were brought;
And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By Edward rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new rebellions⁹ at Northampton rais'd,
And to despise the king what they had done;
How they at Grafton the earl Rivers¹⁰ seiz'd,
And sir John Woodville, his most hopeful son,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd;
And of the fame by puissant Warwick won,
Who having taken Edward¹¹ in his tent,
His king his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

Then hears again how Edward had escap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got;
How he the men of Lincolnshire entrapp'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot:
And when the earl his course for Calais shap'd,
When England lastly grew for him too hot,
Vauclere, who there his deputy he put,
The ports against his late grand captain shut.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboise to the court,
Whereas king Lewis to his utmost strives
To entertain him in most princely sort:
When the wise queen her bus'ness so contrives,
That she comes thither; small what tho' her port,
Yet brings along the sweet young prince her son,
To prove what good with Warwick might be done.

When both in court and presence of the king,
Their due respect to both of them that gave,
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
That they the like should of each other have:
The tears began from both their eyes to spring,
That each from other pity seem'd to crave;
In graceful manner when the grieved queen
Thus to that great earl gently breathes her spleen.

⁷ He was second brother to king Edward.

⁸ Warwick by his agents stirs up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

⁹ Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Ridsdale.

¹⁰ Earl Rivers was father to lady Gray, then queen of England.

¹¹ At Woolney, in Warwickshire, by entering his camp in the night.

"Warwick," saith she, "how merciless a foe,
Hast thou been still to my poor child and me!
That villain York which hast advanced so,
Which never could have risen but for thee.
That valour thou on Edward didst bestow,
O hadst thou show'd for him thou here dost see,
Our damask roses had adorn'd thy crest,
And with thy wreaths thy ragged staves been
drest.

"First at St. Albans, at Northampton then,
And fatal Towton, that most fearful fight,
How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
By thee, fierce Warwick, slain and put to flight!
O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,
Had but been drawn for Henry, and his right,
He should have built thee trophies every where,
Wrought with our crown, supported with thy
bear.

"What glory had it won the Nevil's name,
To have upheld the right-succeeding race
Of that fifth Henry, he that was of Fame
The only minion, whom thou now dost trace!
But Salisbury the first against us came,
Then Falconbridge and Montacute: (O base!)
To advance a traitor to his sovereign thus:
But to our crown your name is ominous.

"How many a brave peer, thy too near allies,
(Whose loss the babe that's yet unborn shall rue)
Have made themselves a willing sacrifice
In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew,
Whose blood 'gainst York and his adherents cries,
(Whom many a sad curse ever shall pursue:)
O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this guilt,
By shedding theirs, for whom our blood was spilt."

When in like language this great earl again
Regrets the queen, and woes her to forbear
Of former grief one thought to entertain:
"Things are not now," quoth he, "as once they
were:

To talk of these past help, it is in vain;
What tho' it ease your heart, and please your ear,
This is not it; no, it must be our swords
Must right our wrongs (dear lady) not our words.
"Madam," (quoth he) "by this my vexed heart,
On Edward's head which oft hath wish'd the crown,
Let but queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's part,
This hand that heav'd him up shall hew him down;
And if from Henry, Richard Nevile start,
Upon my house let Heav'n for ever frown:
Or back the crown to this young prince I'll bring,
Or not be Warwick, if he be not king."

When they accord, prince Edward should ally
Ann the earl's daughter; to confirm it more,
By sacrament themselves they strictly tie,
By arms again king Henry to restore,
Or in the quarrel they would live and die:
Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,
That th' earl and Clarence should protectors be,
When they king Henry and the prince should free.

When soon great Warwick into England sends,
To warn his friends that they for war prepare,
King Henry's title and to them commends,
That they should take his cause into their care:
Now is the time that he must try his friends,
When he himself 'gainst Edward must declare;
And when much strife amongst the commons rose,
Whom they should aid, or whom they should
oppose.

Furnish'd with all things well befitting war,
By great king Lewis to queen Marg'ret lent,
Warwick (whose name Fame founded had so far,
That men with wonder view'd him as he went,
Of all men living the most popular)
Thought ev'ry hour to be but idly spent,
On England's troubled earth until he were,
To view the troops attending for him there.

And in his army took with him along
Oxford and Pembroke, who had been destroy'd
By Edward, sworn now to revenge their wrong,
By Burgoin the French admiral convoy'd,
At whose arrive the shores with people throng;
At sight of Warwick and so overjoy'd,
That ev'ry one a Warwick, Warwick cries:
Well may the red-rose by great Warwick rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately hung,
Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,
The groves and fields comes raging in among,
As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,
That those abroad make to the shelters strong,
To save themselves from the outrageous show'r:
So fly the Yorkists before Warwick's drums,
Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the costly crown,
Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,
Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,
And made much less than he was great before;
Nor dares he trust himself in any town,
For in the inlands, as along the shore,
Their proclamations him a traitor make,
And each man charg'd against him arms to take.

For which the Washes he is forc'd to wade,
And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,
(To save himself such shift king Edward made,
For in more danger he had never been;)
Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for
trade,

The greatest of them he hires to take him in,
Richard his brother, Hastings his true friend,
Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When Warwick now the only prince of pow'r,
Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,
Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,
And sets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,
Brings him through London to the bishop's bow'r,
By the applauding people followed;
Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from far,
"A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaster."

And presently a parliament they call,
In which they attaint king Edward in his blood;
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrel with proud York had stood;
Their friends in their old honours they instal,
Which they had lost, now by an act made good;
Entail the crown on Henry and his heirs;
The next on Clarence, should they fail in
theirs.

Whilst Warwick thus king Henry doth advance,
See but the fate still following the sad queen!
Such storms and tempests in that season chance,
Before that time as seldom had been seen;
That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,
As angry Heav'n had put itself between
Her and her joys, and would a witness be,
That nought but sorrow this sad queen must see.

This night have lent her comfort yet at last,
So many troubles having undergone,
And having through so many perils past,
T' have seen her husband settled on his throne;
Yet till the skies with clouds are overcast:
Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,
Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet
her:
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must

But all this while king Edward not dismay'd,
His brother Charles of Burgundy so plies,
That though the subtle duke on both sides play'd,
Edward and Henry both his near allies,
Upon the duke king Edward yet so lay'd,
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wise,)
That underhand his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' Easterlings being hir'd,
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land;
Where tho' the beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand;
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He sought the dukedom, and he would no more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her duke her gates that doth unbar;
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,
Bring him their pow'r; at Leicester again,
Three thousand came, to Hastings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's sight,
Where at that time the earl of Warwick lay,
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight;
Which still the earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well that all things went not right;
For with his succours Clarence came not in,
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain; for that disloyal lord
Taking those forces he had levy'd, leaves
The earl, and with his brother doth accord;
Which of all hope brave Warwick so bereaves,
That now king Edward hopes to be restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous earl perceives,
Edward towards London with his army sped,
To take the crown once more from Henry's head.

The queen, in France this woful news that heard,
How far through England Edward thus had past;
As how by Clarence (whom she ever fear'd)
Warwick behind-hand mightily was cast;
This most undaunted queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perils she had lately past,
And from king Lewis doth three thousand press,
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,
(In so short time) as France could her afford;
Courageous Warwick basely thus betray'd,
By Clarence lewdly falsifying his word,
The most courageous earl no whit dismay'd,
But trusting still to his successful sword,
Follows the king, tow'rs London march'd be-
fore,
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more.

But Edward by the Londoners let in,
 Who in their gates this army took to guard;
 Warwick this while that trifling had not been,
 But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd
 T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
 To dare the king, who lately him had dar'd;
 Who then from London his arm'd forces leads,
 Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwick
 treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,
 These two grand soldiers should'ring for the crown,
 They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
 Where then they set their puissant armies down;
 Warwick, as near as ever he could get,
 But Edward only taketh up the town;
 Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmoor lies,
 Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
 Muffled in mists her low'ring self that shows,
 To stop their madness doing all it may,
 Knowing what blood her light was like to lose:
 But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,
 That with the Sun their rage still higher grows:
 Full were their hands of death, so freely dealt,
 That the most mortal wounds the least were felt.

The adverse ensigus to each other wave,
 As 'twere to call them forward to the field,
 The king the earl, the earl the king doth brave,
 Nor cares he for the leopards in his shield:
 And whilst one friend another strives to save,
 He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield:
 In either army there is not one eye,
 But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the king had from the earl receiv'd,
 Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
 Ev'n to the height his pow'ful hand up-heav'd
 For full revenge in this unhappy hour;
 And by the king the earl his hopes bereav'd,
 Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,
 Spurs up revenge, and with that violent rage,
 That scarcely blood their fury could assuage.

Warwick, who sees his soldiers had the worse,
 And at a near point to be put to flight,
 Throwing himself from off his armed horse,
 Thrusts in on foot into the deadliest fight:
 Edward again, with an unusual force,
 In his own person, in the armies' sight,
 Puts for the garland, which if now he lose,
 Warwick his crown at pleasure would dispose.

To Edward's side but Fortune doth incline,
 Warwick's high valour then was but in vain;
 His noble soul there destin'd to resign,
 Brave Montacute his valiant brother slain:
 Here Somerset (with them that did combine)
 Forced to fly; and Exeter is slain
 To save himself by sanctuary; this day
 Edward's victorious, and bears all away.

This fatal field unluckily thus lost,
 That very day, so Destiny contrives,
 That the griev'd queen at sea turmoil'd and tost
 Near twenty days, in Weymouth road arrives;
 Where scarcely landed, but post after post
 Brings her this ill news, which so far deprives
 Her of all comfort, that she curs'd and bann'd
 Those plaguy winds that suffer'd her to land.

"Wert thou" (quoth she) "so fortunate in fight,
 O noble Warwick, when thou wert our foe?
 And now thou stood'st in our undoubted right,
 And should'st for Henry thy high valour show,
 Thus to be slain; what pow'r in our despite
 Watcheth from Heav'n upon our overthrow?
 Th' unlucky stars have certainly made laws,
 To mark for death the fav'ers of our cause.

"O what infernal brought that Edward back,
 So late expell'd by Warwick's pow'ful hand!
 Was there no way his rotten ship to wrack?
 Was there no rock? was there no swallow-wing sand?
 And too, the wretched subjects were so slack,
 To suffer him so traitorously to land:
 Surely whole Heav'n against us have conspir'd,
 Or in our troubles they had else been tir'd.

"Was I for this so long detain'd in France
 From rageful tempests, and reserv'd till now,
 That I should land to meet with this mischance?
 It needs must be, the pow'rs have made a vow,
 Up to that height my sorrows to advance,
 That before mine all miseries shall bow;
 That all the sorrow mortals can surmise,
 Shall fall far short of Marg'ret's miseries."

These words scarce spoke, her half-slain heart to
 ease,

But the least breath of comfort to prevent,
 The next ill news in rushing after these,
 Was, that king Henry to the Tow'r was sent,
 (As though itself ev'n Destiny should please,
 In wretched Marg'ret's heavy discontent)
 Thronging so thick, as like themselves to
 smother,

Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter'd troops from Barnet that escap'd,
 Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,
 Though much dismay'd with what had lately hapt
 On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody show'r,
 And fearing by the foe to be entrapt;
 Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
 Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
 Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerset and Devonshire came in
 To the sad queen, and bade her not despair,
 Though they of late unfortunate had been,
 Yet there was help that ruin to repair;
 What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,
 And that the way lay open yet and fair;
 For that the West would wholly with her rise,
 Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,
 As on their host tow'rds Gloucester they guide,
 When Edward finding their intended course,
 Again for battle strongly doth provide:
 Both armies they supply with foot and horse,
 By both their friends, as they affect the side;
 And in their march at Tewksbury they met,
 Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
 Luckless the place, unlucky was the hour,
 The Heavens upon her so extremely frown'd,
 As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
 As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd:
 Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,
 The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
 Horrour on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,
 Since first their arms the English learnt to wield;
 Who would see slaughter, might behold it here
 In the true shape upon this fatal field.
 In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
 In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
 In vain to fly; for Destiny discust,
 By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here her dear Devonshire, noble Courtney dy'd;
 Her faithful friend great Somerset here fell;
 Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside.
 O Marg'ret, who thy miseries can tell; [so wide,
 Sharp were those swords which made their wounds:
 Whose blood the soil did with th' abundance swell.
 Other her friends, into the town that fled,
 Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,
 As Heaven the great'st until the last had kept,
 As it would say, that after this none shall
 By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
 The prince her son, who sees his friends thus fall,
 And on each side their carcases lie heapt,
 Making away in this most piteous plight,
 Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight:

And forth by Crofts before the conq'r'r brought,
 His proclamations clearing every doubt
 Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,
 As a reward to him should bring him out; [sought,
 But when they once had found him whom they
 Hearing his answers princely, wise, and stout,
 Those bloody brothers, Hastings, and the rest,
 Sheath'd their sharp poniards in his manly
 breast.

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals most forlorn,
 Her son now slain, her army overthrown,
 Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,
 And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
 (To so much woe was never woman born)
 This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,
 Gets to a homely cell not far away,
 If possibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman!) quickly there bewray'd,
 She thence is taken, and to prison sent,
 Meanly attended, miserably array'd,
 The people wond'ring at her as she went:
 Of whom the most malicious her upbraid
 With good duke Humphry's death, her heart
 to rent;

Whilst her mild looks and graceful gesture drew
 Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by duke Rayner ransom'd at last,
 Her tender father, who a prince but poor,
 Borrow'd great sums of Lewis with much waste,
 Which for he was not able to restore,
 Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,
 With fruitful Naples, which was all his store:
 To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,
 The undone father helps the undone child.

And though enlarg'd, ere she could leave the land,
 Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,
 She hears that by duke Richard's murthering hand
 The king her husband suffers in the Tow'r:
 As though high Heaven had laid a strict command
 Upon each star, some plague on her to pour;
 And until now that nothing could suffice,
 Nor give a period to her miseries.

NYMPHIDIA.

THE COURT OF FAIRY.

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
 Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
 A later third of Dowsabel,
 With such poor trifles playing:
 Others the like have labour'd at,
 Some of this thing, and some of that,
 And many of them know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
 Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
 Nor never can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them:
 No tales of them their thirst can slake,
 So much delight therein they take,
 And some strange thing they fain would make,
 Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
 Or of the latter, or the old,
 Those elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others' reading;
 My active Muse to light shall bring
 The court of that proud fairy king,
 And tell there of the revelling,
 Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle fay,
 Which meeting me upon the way,
 These secrets didst to me bewray,
 Which now I am in telling:
 My pretty light fantastic maid,
 I here invoke to thee my aid,
 That I may speak what thou hast said,
 In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
 By necromancy placed there,
 That it no tempests needs to fear,
 Which way so'er it blow it:
 And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
 Whence lies a way up to the Moon,
 And thence the fairy can as soon
 Pass to the Earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
 Well morticed and finely laid,
 He was the master of his trade,
 It curiously that builded:
 The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of slats,
 Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
 With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
 (Their rest when weary mortals take,
 And none but only fairies wake)
 Descendeth for his pleasure:
 And Mab, his merry queen, by night
 Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
 (In elder times the mare that bight)
 With plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To Earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother :
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting :
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwigen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed :
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwigen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

" At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,"
Quoth he, " is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth :
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell ;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour ;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grass-hopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them .
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this while,
Her dear Pigwigen kissing ;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" (quoth he)
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me."
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frightened so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
Q'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh!" (quoth the glow-worm) "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man afraid,
To see how he was moid.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

As when in this piteous case,
His head and shoulders head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that dred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quisshot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancho's travel:
But should a man tell every thing,
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who dress'd thee in this piteous case?
He thou that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As ere thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful'st charm,
Sat with Pigwiggan arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For thoroughly he had sought her.

And list'n'ing if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had deserv'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them o't hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terrour to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despise him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunar distilling;
The molwarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

"By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubrican's sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of queen Mab be prattling.

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin :

For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :
Alas ! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briars and brambles.

" Plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
" And all her maids, where'er they be ;
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her :
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet maddening :
And with Pigwigen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
" King Oberon, I thee defy,"
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour :
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced :
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
The pile was of a horsefly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing ;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His sword was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
" Yet it did well become him :
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle :
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin :
Quoth he, " Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

" Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him :
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down ;
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd ;
But to the fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwigen said ;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint ;
For Tomalin could do it :
How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, " Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided :
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty :
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,

To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

Awhile there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwigen crying:
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journey cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwigen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wringing.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And tho' they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet:

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwigen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unies the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that awhile they should release
Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwigen likewise doth forget
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
 Amongst themselves do closely smile,
 To see the king caught with this wile,
 With one another jesting:
 And to the Fairy-court they went,
 With mickle joy and meriment,
 Which thing was done with good intent;
 And thus I left them feasting.

THE MOON-CALF.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

"HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come with speed!

For of your help there never was such need.
 Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
 Either come quickly, or we're all undone!
 The World's in labour, her throws come so thick,
 That with the pangs she's waxt stark lunatic."
 "But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
 She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
 "Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
 The general World now in a piteous case?"

Up got the gossips, and for very haste
 Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,
 As she had first appointed them, and found
 The World in labour; dropt into a sound:
 Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,
 Dropsy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk
 Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
 Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench
 But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
 That in her drought she often us'd to will.
 Clothed she was in a fool's coat and cap
 Of rich embroider'd silks, and in her lap
 A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
 Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
 Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
 And of this trash her only god had made.

"Out and alas!" quoth one the rest among,
 "I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too long!
 Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
 Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily;
 Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
 That ere the birth, her strength will quite be past."
 But when more wistly they did her behold,
 There was not one that once durst be so bold
 As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
 Each upon other silently and gaz'd;
 When as her belly they so big do see,
 As if a tun within the same should be;
 And heard a nose and rumbling in her womb,
 As at the instant of the general doom:
 Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
 Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty blocks
 Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they make,

As tho' in sunder Heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
 They either poles their heads together pasht,
 And all again into the chaos dasht.
 Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,
 Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
 Others said, sure she human help did want,
 And had conceived by an elephant;
 Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
 Committed with her by some violent rape:
 Others, more wise, and noting very well
 How her huge womb did past all compass swell,

(t they might confess her),

Some devil did possess her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what to do,

"Women," quoth one, "why do you trifle so?
 I pray you, think but wherefore ye came hither;
 Shall womb and burthen perish both together?
 Bring forth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
 She is so far beyond all compass grown,
 Some other new device us needs must stead,
 Or else she never can be brought to bed.
 Let one that hath some execrable spell,
 Make presently her entrance into Hell,
 Call Hecate and the damn'd Furies hither,
 And try if they will undertake together
 To help the sick World." One is put of hand
 Dispatch'd for Hell, who by the dread command
 Of pow'rful charms brought Hecate away;
 Who knowing her bus'ness, from herself doth lay
 That sad aspect she wont to put on there
 In that black empire, and doth now appear
 As she's Lucina, giving strength and aid
 In birth to women; mild as any maid,
 Full of sweet hope her brow seem'd, and her eyes
 Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
 Then came the Furies with their bosoms bare,
 Save somewhat cover'd with their snaky hair,
 In wreaths contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
 Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
 Megera, eldest of these damn'd female fiends,
 Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers' ends,
 Enter'd the first; 'Tisiphone the next,
 As to revenge her sister thoroughly vex't,
 In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
 A long-shape knife; the third, which seem'd to smother

Her manner of revenge, cast such an eye,
 As well near turn'd to stone all that stood by,
 Her name Aleto, which no plague doth rue,
 Nor never leaves them whom she doth pursue.
 The women pray the goddess now to stand
 Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
 To the sick World; which willingly she granted:
 But at the sight, as altogether daunted,
 From her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
 And but she saw the women hard bestead,
 Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shot,
 Till Heav'n or Hell she o'er her head had got;
 Yet she herself retires next to the door.
 The gossips, worse than e'er they were before,
 At their wits' end, know not which way to take;
 At length the World beginning to awake
 Out of the trance, in which she lay as dead,
 And somewhat raising her unwieldy head,
 To bright Lucina call'd for help, that she
 Now in her travail would propitious be.
 The goddess, not from feeling of her woe,
 Only to see with what the World might go,
 As she is dreaded Hecate, having power
 Of all that keep Hell's ugly baleful bower,
 Commands the Furies to step in and aid her,
 And be the midwives, till they-safe had laid her.
 To do whose pleasure as they were about,
 A sturdy housewife pertly stepping out,
 Cries, "Hold a while, and let the quean alone;
 It is no matter, let her lie and groan:
 Hold her still to't, we'll do the best we can
 To get out of her certainly the man
 Which owns the bastard: for there's not a nation
 But hath with her committed fornication;

And by her base and common prostitution,
She came by this unnatural pollution.
There is a mean for women thus abus'd,
Which at this time may very well be us'd,
That in this case, when people do desire
To know the truth, yet doubtful of the sire,
When as the woman most of life doth doubt her,
In grievous throws, to those that are about her,
He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,
The natural father is to be suppos'd;
And the just law doth faithfully decide,
That for the nursing he is to provide:
Therefore let's see what in her pangs she'll say,
Lest that this bastard on the land we lay."
They lik'd her counsel, and their help deny'd,
But bade her lie and languish till she dy'd,
Unless to them she truly would confess
Who fill'd her belly with this foul excess.

"Alas!" quoth she, "the Devil dress'd me thus,
Amidst my riot, whilst that incubus
Wrought on my weakness, and, by him beguill'd,
He only is the father of the child:
His instrument, my apish imitation
Of ev'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
Abus'd my weakness; women, it was she,
Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:
That this is true, it on my death I take;
Then help me, women, even for pity's sake."

When ominous signs to show themselves began,
That now at hand this monstrous birth fore-ran:
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners set them down to howl;
Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious
young;

And from his height the earth-refreshing Sun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be polluted with this prodigy.
A panic fear upon the people grew,
But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light
The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
That at the view, it made their looks to change.
"Women," quoth one, "stand off, and come not
near it;

The Devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:
For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,
The child is able to affright the father."
"Out!" cries another; "now, for God's sake,
It is so ugly, we may not abide it!" [hide it,
The birth is double, and grows side to side,
That human hand it never can divide;
And in this wond'rous sort as they be twins.
Like male and female, they be Androgynes:
The man is partly woman, likewise she
Is partly man, and yet in face they be
Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
That is most man, yet in the face and skin
Is all mere woman: that which most doth take
From weaker woman, nature seems to make
A man in show, thereby to define,
A feminine man, a woman masculine,
Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing
Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,
Made as creation merely to despise,
Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.

Afric, that's said, mother of monsters is,
Let her but show me such a one as this,
And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
And swear that what is said of her is true."
Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."
"Nay," quoth another, "rather make provision,
If possibly, to part it by incision,
For were it parted, for aught I can see,
Both man and woman it may seem to be."
"Nay," quoth a third, "that must be done with
And were it done, our labour is but lost: [cost,
For when w' have wrought the utmost that we can,
He's too much woman, and she's too much man:
Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
Let it not live here to pollute the earth."

"Gossip," quoth the last, "your reason I deny,
Tis more by law than we can justify;
For sire and dam have certainly decreed,
That they will have more comfort of their seed:
For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
For precious things should not be lightly priz'd:
This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
May pow'ful prove in many a wealthy state;
And, taught the tongues, about some few years
hence

(As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
It may fall out, for any thing you know,
This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
When learned men, for noble action fit,
Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;
A bawd, or a projector, he may prove,
And by his purse so purchasing him love,
May be exalted to some thriving room,
Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come.
What will you say, hereafter when you see
The times so graceless and so mad to be,
That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
To imitate this beast's deformity?
Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
Will hardly breath upon the Earth allow,
In his caroeche with four white Friezlands drawn,
And he as py'd and garish as the pawn,
With a set face, in which, as in a book, [look,
He thinks the world for grounds of state should
When to some greater one, whose might doth
awe him, [him?

He's known a verier jade than those that draw
Nay, at the last, the very killing sight,
To see this Calf (as Virtue to despise)
Above just honest men his head to rear,
Nor to his greatness may they once come near?"

Each ignorant sot to honour seeks to rise;
But as for Virtue, who did first devise
That title, a reward for her to be,
As most contemned and despised she,
Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
And but that Virtue, when she seemeth thrown
Lower than Hell, hath power to raise her own
Above the World, and this her monstrous birth
She long ere this had perish'd from the Earth.
Her fautors banish'd by her foes so high,
Which look so big, as they would scale-

But seeing no help, why should I thus
Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
By his dear dam the World so choicely
To whom there is such greatness promised

For it might well a perfect man amaze,
To see what means the sire and dam will raise,
To exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,
That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall perish.

The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
Himself to beastly sensuality,
Shall get him many friends, for that there be
Many in every place just such as he.
The evil love them that delight in ill;
Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
They that his straight and harder steps pursue,
Are a small number, scarcely known of any;
"God hath few friends, the Devil hath so many."

But to return, that ye may plainly see,
That such a one he likely is to be,
And that my words for truth that ye may try,
Of the World's babe thus do I prophesy:
Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
From his first youth, how tow'rldly he begins!
When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the
school,

This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,
Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
"Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:"
And when himself he of his home can free,
He to the city comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterfly his page,
Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
It is enough; and he himself thinks then
To be the only absolut'st of men.

Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
To the grand devil a carouse to drink.
Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
And to maintain his goatish luxury,
Eats capons cook'd at fifteen crowns a piece,
With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergise.
And being to travel, he sticks not to lay
His post-caroches still upon his way:
And in some six days' journey doth consume
Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume.
For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
He holds all vile in England that is wrought;
And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole below the knee;
Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
He looks like one for the preposterous sin,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
To be a pathic in their male-kind stews.
With the ball of's foot the ground he may not
But he must tread upon his toe and heel: [feel,
Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
The only things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chinn'd, plump-thigh'd ca-
tamite.

Sodom for her great sin that burning sank,
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on Earth could not abide,
He so much the devil's terrify'd,
That their seat them well near to exile,
Now spew'd her up after this while?
He is risen, and her sin agen
By beastly and outrageous men?
More, he jests at incest, as therein
There no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:

He hath for his grace,
With both oftentimes outface:
He termeth virtue madness, or mere folly;

He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.
Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the
strength

Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to comets, to out-stare
The Sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.

But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
Yet to my Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
His censure on those books, which the poor ass
Can never reach to, things from darkness sought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were
brought:

And takes upon him those things to control,
Which should the brainless idiot sell his soul,
All his dull race, and he, can never buy,
With their base pelf, his glorious industry.
Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
Above the compass of his yesty brain:
Now knows men's worths but by a second hand,
For he himself doth nothing understand; [not:
He would have something, but what 'tis he shows
What he would speak, nay, what to think, he knows
not:

He nothing more than truth and knowledge loaths;
And nothing he admires of man, but clothes.

Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more than I do a toad.
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
Misfortune light on him, that aught doth weigh,
Ye sons of Belial, what ye think or say:
Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance, [advance
Under the cloke of knowledge, should creep in,
And from desert should so much credit win?
But all this poisonous froth Hell hath let fly,
In these last days, at noble Poesy,

That which hath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
The language which the spheres and angels speak,
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
By God's great power; into rich souls infus'd,
By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:
Should all Hell's black inhabitants conspire,
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
Such as high Heav'n were able to affright,
And on the noonstead bring a double night,
Than they have done, they could not more dis-
grace her,

As from the Earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her:
What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
In this our age, so damnable ungrateful:
And to give open passage to her fall,
It is devis'd to blemish her withal,
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
In printed letters freely now must pass;

In accents so untuneable and vile,
 With other nations as might damn our isle,
 If so our tongue they truly understood, [mud.
 And make them think our brains were merely
 To make her vile and ugly to appear,
 Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
 That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,
 To see the multiplicity of books
 That pester it, may well believe the press,
 Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess :
 Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
 'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
 Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,
 That are material, relishing of wit,
 Wise policy, morality, or story,
 Well portraying th' ancients and their glory,
 These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
 Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
 In little time would grow to be asham'd,
 And blush to hear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
 Which now they study, naught but folly learning,
 Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
 The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
 Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
 Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
 They that do utter, or authorise them ?
 O that the ancients should so careful be
 Of what they did impress, and only we
 Loosely at random should let all things fly,
 Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy !
 But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
 All is but foolish that they can devise ;
 For when contempt of Poesy is proudest,
 Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.

But to my Calf ; who, to be counted prime,
 According to the fashion of the time,
 Him to associate some buffoon doth get,
 Whose brains he still with much expense must whet,
 And ever bear about him as his guest,
 Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,
 Of one perhaps a god that well might be,
 If but compar'd with such an ass as he,
 His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
 " Take him away, or presently I die ! " [know,
 Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth
 Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him so ;
 His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,
 As it were lent him to no other end :
 Until this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,
 Ev'n like a candle burnt into the snuff,
 Fir'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,
 Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.

The wealth his father by extortion won,
 Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,
 And so falls out indifferently to either,
 Whereby in Hell they justly meet together ;
 And yet the World much joys in her behalf,
 And takes no little pleasure in her Calf.
 Had this declining time the freedom now,
 Which the brave Roman once it did allow,
 With wire and whipcord ye should see her pay'd,
 Till the luxurious whore should be afraid
 Of prostitution ; and such lashes given,
 To make her blood spirt in the face of Heaven,
 That men, by looking upwards as they go,
 Should see the plagues lay'd on her here below.

But now proceed we with the other twin,
 Which is most woman, who shall soon begin
 To show herself. No sooner got the teens,
 But her own natural beauty she disdains ;

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With oils and broths most venomous and base
 She plaisters over her well-favour'd face ;
 And those sweet veins by Nature rightly plac'd,
 Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have
 lac'd,

She soon doth alter ; and with fading blue
 Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
 Blotting the curious workmanship of Nature ;
 That ere she be arriv'd at her full stature,
 Ere she be drest, she seemeth aged grown,
 And to have nothing on her of her own.
 Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
 Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear ;
 It must be white, to make it fresh to show,
 And with compounded meal she makes it so,
 With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,
 That a whole region able were to choke :
 Whose stench might fright a dragon from his den ;
 The Sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
 Such pestilentious vapours as arise [curies.
 From their French powd'rings, and their mer-

Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
 Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
 By heaping up a mass of coin together,
 Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.
 Thy white goats' hair, Wales, dearer will be sold
 Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.
 Our water-dogs and islands here are shorn,
 White hair of women here so much is worn.
 Nay, more than this, they'll any thing endure,
 And with large sums they stick not to procure
 Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean ;
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.

Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
 The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep ;
 And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
 The other fourth part, to no other end
 But to take note how such a lady lies,
 And to glean from her some deformities,
 Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
 She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
 Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either Ind,
 Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind ;
 Nor Nature's perfectest patterns can suffice
 The curious draughts for her embroideries.
 She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
 Except those things do infinitely cost
 Which she doth wear ; nor thinks they can her
 dress,

Except she have them in most strange excess.
 And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
 In ev'ry thing she must be monstrous.
 Her piccadil above her crown up-bears ;
 Her fardingale is set above her ears,
 Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,
 To drive this fair hulk headlong into Hell.
 After again note, and you shall her see
 Shorn like a man ; and for that she will be
 Take him in all, her congies she will make
 With the man's court'sy, and her hat off take,
 Of the French fashion ; and wear by her side
 Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd ;
 Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
 Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.

But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
 I'll by example limn her to the life :
 Not long ago it was my chance to meet
 With such a fury, such a female sprite,
 As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,
 And such a one as I may never see

. K

Again, I pray; but where I will not name
 For that the place might so partake her shame:
 But when I saw her rampant to transcend
 All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some fiend;
 And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,
 That she was gotten by some incubus;
 And so remembering an old woman's tale,
 As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
 That on a time she did the devil meet,
 And knew him only by his cloven feet;
 So did I look at her's where she did go,
 To see if her feet were not cloven so.
 Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,
 When as the guests to flock apace begin,
 When up-stair one, down-stair another hies,
 With squeaking clamours and confused cries,
 Never did yet make such a noise as she;
 That I dare boldly justify, that he
 Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,
 May undisturbed, safely, and secure
 Sleep under any bells, and never hear
 Tho' they were rung, the clappers at his ear;
 And the long'st night with one sweet sleep beguile,
 As tho' he dreamt of music all the while.
 The very sight of her, when she doth roar,
 Is able to strike dumb the boldest whore
 That ever traded: she'll not stick to tell,
 All in her life that ever her befell;
 How she hath lain with all degrees and ages,
 Her ploughboys, scullions, lackies, and some pages;
 And swear, when we have said all that we can,
 That there is nothing worth a pin in man;
 And that there's nothing doth so please her mind,
 As to see mares and horses do their kind:
 And when she's tipsy, howsoever 't offend,
 Then all her speech to bawdry doth intend;
 In women's secrets, and she'll name ye all
 Read to the midwives at the Surgeons-hall.
 Were the poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
 He that durst then this female Moon-Calf wed,
 Should quite put down the Roman, which once
 Into the burning gulf, thereby to keep [leapt
 His country from devouring with the flame:
 Thus leave we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest at the World's labour, there
 Four good old women most especial were,
 Which had been jolly wenches in their days,
 Through all the parish and had borne the praise
 For merry tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
 And mother Owllet, somewhat ill of sight,
 For she had hurt her eyes with watching late,
 Then mother Bumby, a mad jocund mate
 As ever gossipp'd; and with her there came
 Old gammer Gurton, a right pleasant dame
 As the best of them: being thus together,
 The business done for which they had come thither,
 Quoth jolly mother Redcap at the last,
 "I see the night is quickly like to waste;
 And since the World so kindly now is laid,
 And the child safe, which made us all afraid,
 Let's have a night on 't, wenches; hang up sorrow,
 And what sleep wants now, take it up to-morrow.
 Stir up the fire, and let us have our ale,
 And o'er our cups let each one tell her tale:
 My honest gossips, and to put you in,
 I'll break the ice, and thus doth mine begin.

"There was a certain prophesy of old,
 Which to an isle had anciently been told;
 That after many years were com'n and gone,
 Which then came out, and the set time came on;

the very day and hour,
 Wherein should fall so violent a show'r,
 That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
 And dorps and bridges quite away should bear;
 But where this isle is, that I cannot show,
 Let them inquire that have desire to know:
 The story leaves out that; let it alone,
 And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
 Yet what was worse, the prophesy this spake,
 (As to warn men defence for it to make)
 That upon whom one drop should chance to light,
 They should of reason be deprived quite.
 This prophesy had many an age been heard,
 But not a man did it one pin regard;
 For all to folly did themselves dispose,
 (On verier calves the Sun yet never rose)
 And of their laughter made it all the theme,
 By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.
 There was one honest man, amongst the rest,
 That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
 And to himself his private hours had kept,
 To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
 Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
 That which in justice he had long conceal'd
 From the rude herd, but let them still run on
 The ready way to their destruction.
 This honest man the prophesy that noted,
 And things therein more curiously had quoted,
 Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
 That should foreshow this rain, and that it was
 Nearly at hand; and from his depth of skill
 Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
 And preach'd to them this deluge (for their good)
 As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,
 But lost his labour; and since 'twas in vain
 To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
 He let them rest, and silent sought about
 Where he might find some place of safety out,
 To shroud himself in; for right well he knew,
 That from this show'r, which then began to brew,
 No roof of tile or thatch he could come in
 Could serve him from being wet to the bare skin.
 At length this man bethought him of a cave
 In a huge rock, which likely was to save
 Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,
 As up the same a man could hardly creep;
 So that, except Noe's flood should come again,
 He never could be caught by any rain:
 Thither at length, tho' with much toil he clomb,
 List'ning to hear what would thereof become.
 It was not long ere he perceiv'd the skies
 Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
 Whose foggy grossness so oppos'd the light,
 As it would turn the noonstee to night.
 When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
 Into the tail of this approaching show'r,
 And it to lighten presently began,
 Quicker than thought from east to west that ran;
 The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
 And through the thick clouds with such fury drave,
 As Hell had been set open for the nonce,
 And all the devils heard to roar at once:
 And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
 That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
 So wondrously prodigious was the weather,
 As Heaven and Earth had meant to go together;
 And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the hurricano call;
 As the grand deluge had been come again,
 And all the world should perish by the rain.

And long it lasted ; all which time this man,
 Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
 What of this inundation would ensue,
 For he knew well the prophecy was true :
 And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
 And that the skies began to clear at last,
 To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
 To listen if he any thing could hear,
 What harm this storm had done, and what became
 Of those that had been soused in the same.
 No sooner he that nimble organ lent
 To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
 There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
 And all the dogs together by the ears,
 And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
 And to behold the baying had come in.
 Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas !)
 That what had been foretold, was come to pass ;
 Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus :
 ' 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
 Of all the rest, tho' in my wits I be,
 (I thank my Maker) yet it grieveth me
 To see my country in this piteous case ;
 Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace !
 But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
 And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
 We see how soon God turns him to a sot.
 To show myself yet a true patriot,
 I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
 Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may,
 By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
 Make them as perfect as at first they were.'
 And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man down ;
 When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
 He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
 Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
 To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
 Over the good man ; but he stept aside :
 And after her, another that bestrode
 A horse of service, with a lance she rode
 Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat
 Her frantic husband, in a broad-brimm'd hat,
 A mask and safeguard ; and had in his hand
 His mad wife's distaff for a riding-wand.
 Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
 As a strong man will easily pitch a bar,
 But that he found a youth in tissue brave,
 (A daintier man one would not wish to have)
 Was courting of a loathsome measled sow,
 And, in his judgment, swore he must allow
 Hers the prime beauty that he ever saw.
 Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)
 Whoon a dunhill in the loathsome gore
 Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
 At which this man in melancholy deep,
 Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
 Another fool, to fit him for the weather, [feather,
 Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
 And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
 Than in the rain-bow ever can be had ;
 Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly
 Up to the Moon upon an embassy.
 Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
 Her pamp'ring stomach, got her to a forge,
 And in her throat the feverous heat to quench,
 With the smith's horn was giving her a drench.
 One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
 So frantic, that he took him for a horse,
 And to a pond was leading him to drink.
 It went beyond the wit of man to think,

The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
 One man would to another married be ;
 And for a curate taking the town bull,
 Would have him knit the knot. Another gull
 Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
 Which he to worship on his knees doth fall ;
 To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
 Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
 And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
 They in procession bear him with a cry ;
 And him a lord will have at least, if not
 A greater man. Another sort had got
 About a pedlar, who had lately heard
 How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd ;
 And having nothing in his pack but toys,
 Which none except meer madmen and fond boys
 Would ever touch, thought verily that he
 Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
 Or else lose all ; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,
 Ere he could scarcely say, ' What do ye lack ?'
 But that they throng'd about him with their money,
 As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
 Some of these lunatics, these frantic asses,
 Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses :
 There should you see another of these cattle
 Give him a pound of silver for a rattle ;
 And there another, that would needsly scorse
 A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.
 For bells and babies, such as children small
 Are ever us'd to solace them withal,
 Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 That it was able to subvert a state.
 Which when this wise and sober man beheld,
 For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.
 ' Alas, that ere I saw this day !' quoth he,
 ' That I my native countrymen should see
 In this estate !' When out of very zeal
 Both to his native earth and common-weal,
 He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his speech :
 " Dear countrymen, I humbly ye beseech,
 Hear me a little, and but mark me well.
 Alas ! it is not long since first ye fell
 Into this frenzy, these outrageous fits ;
 Be not, I pray you, so out of your wits,
 But call to mind th' inevitable ill
 Must fall on ye, if ye continue still
 Thus mad and frantic ; therefore be not worse
 Than your brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
 Upon your nephews, so to taint their blood,
 That twenty generations shall be woo'd ;
 And this brave land, for wit that hath been fam'd,
 The Isle of Idiots after shall be nam'd :
 Your brains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
 And 'tis no question, but with temp'rate diet,
 And counsel of wise men, when they shall see
 The desperate estate wherein you be,
 But with such medicines as they will apply,
 They'll quickly cure your grievous malady.
 And as he would proceed with his oration,
 One of the chiefest of this Bedlam nation
 Lays hold on him, and asks who he should be :
 ' Thou fellow,' quoth this lord, ' where had we thee ?
 Com'st thou to preach to us that be so wise ?
 What ! wilt thou take upon thee to advise
 Us, of whom all now underneath the sky
 May well be seen to learn frugality ?
 Why surely, honest fellow, thou art mad.'
 Another standing by, swore that he had
 Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
 ' O,' quoth a third, ' this fellow do I know

This is an ardent coxcomb, a meer dizzard.
If ye remember, this is the same wizzard,
Which took upon him wisely to foretell
The show'r, so many years before it fell;
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Have made us such brave creatures as we are.
When of this nation all the frantic rout
Fell into laughter the poor man about:
Some made mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
With their fork-fingers pointed him the horn:
They call'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go
Amongst such fools as he himself was, who
Could not teach them. At which this honest man,
Finding that nought but hate and scorn he wan
Amongst these idiots and their beastly kind,
The poor small remnant of his life behind,
Determineth to solitude to give,
And a true hermit afterward to live."

The tale thus ended, "Gossip, by your leave,"
Quoth mother Bumby, "I do well perceive
The moral of your story, which is this
(Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
But first I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
And if some handsome players would it take,
It (sure) a pretty interlude would make.
But to the moral: this same mighty shower
Is a plague sent by supernatural power
Upon the wicked. For when God intends
To lay a curse on men's ungodly ends,
Of understanding he doth them deprive;
Which taken from them, up themselves they give
To beastliness; nor will he let them see
The miserable estate wherein they be.
The rock, to which this man for safety climbs,
The contemplation is of the sad times
Of the declining world. His counsels told
To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
Shows, that from such no goodness can proceed;
Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed."

Quoth mother Redcap, "You have hit it right."
Quoth she, "I know it, gossip; and to quit
Your tale, another you of me shall have,
Therefore a while your patience let me crave."

"Out in the north tow'rs Groenland, far away,
There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
As in those parts there many witches be;
Yet in her craft above all other she
Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
Which by her cunning she could make to float
Whither she list, as though it were a boat;
And where again she meant to have it stay,
There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
She could sell winds to any one that would
Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
What time she listed, tie them in a thread,
Which ever as the seafarer undid,
They rose or scanted, as his sails would drive,
To the same port whereas he would arrive.
She by her spells could make the Moon to stay,
And from the east she could keep back the day,
Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the light,
And with the noonsteds she could mix the night.
Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
Such as we satyrs pourtray'd out do find;

Another sort of a most ugly shape,
A bear in body, and in face an ape;
Others, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,
That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:
Besides, there were of sundry other sorts;
But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
Of all the rest that most resembles man,
Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
Which of all other (for that only he
Was full of tricks, as they are us'd to be)
Him in her craft so seriously she taught,
As that in little time she had him brought,
That nothing could afore this ape be set,
That presently he could not counterfeit:
She learnt him medicines instantly to make;
Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
She sent him for intelligence abroad.
Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
He went to practise all the world about.
He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose;
Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
By sly inquiry as he went about,
What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
Whom they most hated, or whom most they lov'd,
And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
Out of his skill would counterfeit to show it.
Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
And show you in a crucible or glass
Some rare extraction, presently and run
Through all the cures that he therewith had done.
An aspic still he carry'd in a poke,
Which he to bite him often would provoke,
And with an oil, when it began to swell,
The deadly poison quickly could expel:
And many times a juggler he would be,
(A craftier knave there never was than he)
And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
(As knavery ever falsifies the light)
He by his active nimbleness of hand
Into a serpent would transform a wand,
As those Egyptians, which by magic thought
Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.
There never was a subtilty devis'd,
In which this villain was not exercis'd.
Now from this region where they dwelt, not far,
There was a wise and learn'd astronomer,
Who skilful in the planetary hours,
The working knew of the celestial powers,
And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
Men in their actions wisely could direct;
And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,
That he e'en Hell in his subjection held;
He could command the spirits up from below,
And bind them strongly, till they let him know
All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
And what those did, with whom they had to do.
This wizard in his knowledge most profound,
Sitting one day the depth of things to sound,
For that the world was brought to such pass,
That it well-near in a confusion was;
For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
And those awry to rare perfection came:
And matters in such sort about were brought,
That states were puzzled almost beyond thought,
Which made him think (as he might very well)
There were more devils than he knew in Hell:

And thus resolves, that he would cast about
In his best skill to find the engine out
That wrought all this, and put himself thereto.
When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
And in this work had every way bestow'd,
He came to know this foul witch, and her factor,
The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd ;
Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
Out of the way this couple to remove,
Or (out of question) half the world e're long
Would be divided, hers^a and his among.
When turning over his most mystic books,
Into the secrets of his art he looks ;
And th' earth and th' air doth with such magics fill,
That ev'ry place was troubl'd by his skill ;
Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
Till at the last he with himself resolves,
One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
Another in the person of the ape
Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this,
Whether their pow'r were less, or more than his ;
Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
When soon that spirit, the witch that counterfeits,
Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
Into the place then of her home gets he :
And when the Babian came the news to bring
What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
And in the rest to know her dread intent,
Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
Her little play-feer, and her pretty bun ;
Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,
Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy ;
O most strange thing ; she chang'd her wonted
And doth to him most terrible appear ; [cheer,
And in most fearful shapes she doth him threaten
With eager looks, as him she would have eaten,
That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,
As from his death, or deadly enemy.
When now the second, which the shape doth take
Of the baboon, determining to make
The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
When he alone the cursed witch might catch ;
And when her factor farthest was remote,
Then he began to change his former note ;
And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories
Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their glories,
He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
The strange revolts of tributary states,
Things gotten back, which late they had for prize,
With new discoveries of their policies ;
Disgusts and dangers that had cross'd their cunning,
With sad portents, their ruin still foretelling :
That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,
As in despair do bid the world adieu.
When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days :
The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
Into the north past Thule takes her flight,
And in those deeps, past which no land is found,
Her wretched self she miserably drown'd."

The tale thus ended, mother Owl doth take
Her turn, and thus to mother Bumby spake :
" The tale our gossip Redcap told before,
You so well riddled, that there can no more

Be said of it ; and therefore as your due,
What you have done for her, I'll do for you.

" And thus it is : That same notorious witch,
Is the ambition men have to be rich
And great ; for which all faith aside they lay,
And to the devil give themselves away.
The floating isle, where she is said to won,
The various courses are through which they run
To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
Those damned villains, made the instrument
To their designs. That wond'rous man of skill,
Sound counsel is ; or rather, if you will,
The divine justice, which doth bring to light
Their wicked plots, not raught by common sight ?
For tho' they never have so closely wrought,
Yet to confusion lastly they are brought."

" Gossip, indeed you have hit it to a hair ;
And surely your morality is rare,"
Quoth mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
" Come, come, I know I was not very wide :
Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em three,
My honest gossips, listen now to me.

" There was a man not long since dead, but he
Rather a devil might accounted be :
For Judgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
Whether he were more devil, or more man :
And as he was, he did himself apply
T' all kind of witchcraft and black sorcery ;
And for his humour naturally stood
To theft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
By those damn'd hags, with whom he was in grace,
And us'd to meet in many a secret place,
He learnt an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
(For nature for the same did so provide,
As tho' from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at sun-set itself it did disclose,
And shut itself up as the morning rose)
That with thrice saying a strange magic spell,
Which, but to him, to no man they would tell,
When as soe'er that simple he would take,
It him a war-wolf instantly would make ;
Which put in practice, he most certain prov'd,
When to a forest he himself remov'd,
Thro' which there lay a plain and common road,
Which he the place chose for his chief abode,
And there this monster sat him down to thieve,
Nothing but stol'n goods might this fiend relieve,
No silly woman by that way could pass,
But by this wolf she surely ravish'd was ;
And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
What serv'd for lust, must also serve for food.
Into a village he sometime would get,
And watching there (as for the purpose set)
For little children when they came to play,
The fatt'st he ever bore with him away :
And as the people oft were wont to rise,
Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,
That he would still outstrip them by his sight ;
And making straight to the tall forest near,
Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets there.
And let the shepherds do the best they could,
Yet would he venture oft upon the fold ;
And taking the fatt'st sheep he there could find,
Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
But it no sooner could drop from the dam,
By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
Tho' with their weapons all the town should watch,

Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
 That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass
 Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
 A very perfect man in shape and skin;
 But by a witch (envying his estate)
 That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
 Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
 From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
 And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
 And in the pinfold many a time he lay;
 Yet held he still the reason that he had
 When he was man, altho' he thus was clad
 In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
 And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
 His present prey determin'd to make.
 He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people hear;
 But it fell out, no creature being near,
 'The silly ass, when he had done his best,
 Must walk the common way amongst the rest;
 When tow'rds his den the cruel wolf him tugs,
 And by the ears most terribly him lugs:
 But as God wold, he had no list to feed,
 Wherefore to keep him still he should have need.
 The silly creature utterly forlorn,
 He brings into a brake of briers and thorn,
 And so entangles by the mane and tail,
 That he might pluck and struggle there, and
 hale,
 Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
 Some one might come for his deliverance.
 At length the people grievously annoy'd
 By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
 Determin'd a hunting they would make,
 To see if they by any means could take
 This rav'nous war-wolf: and with them they bring
 Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string
 Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
 Bull, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
 Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
 The women, eager as their husbands were,
 With spits and fireforks, swear if they could catch
 him,
 It should go hard but they would soon dispatch
 This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
 What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
 And, by the noise, that they were near at hand,
 Thinking this ass did nothing understand,
 Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
 Which the ass noted, and immediately
 He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape left,
 In which so long he had committed theft.
 The silly ass so wistly then did view him,
 And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
 That he was sure to own this thief again,
 If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
 This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth shroud
 In a near thicket, till the boisterous crowd
 Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
 Upon the rear, not any of them all
 Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
 More diligent to find the wolf than he.
 They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the ground,
 But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
 But a poor ass entangled in the briers,
 In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
 To see the manner, and each one doth gather
 How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
 The ass yet being still in hold,
 Makes all the means that possibly he could

And he kneeled, he hums, he kneels, and cries,
 Strength his head, and turneth up his eys
 To meet their pity; that some said, 'twas sure
 This ass had sense of what he did endure:
 And at the last amongst themselves deceiv'd
 To let him loose. The ass no sooner freed,
 But out he goes the company among,
 And where he saw the people thick'st to throng,
 There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
 Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
 That he was likely to have thrown to ground
 Those in his way: which when the people found,
 Tho' the poor ass they seem'd to disdain,
 Follow'd him yet, to find what he should mean,
 Until by chance that he this villain met,
 When he upon him furiously doth set,
 Fast'n'ing his teeth upon him with such strength,
 That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
 Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;
 Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether can
 Conquer, the ass some cry, some cry the man:
 Yet the ass dragg'd him, and still forward drew
 Tow'rds the strange spring, which yet they never
 knew;
 Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to sway,
 The people made a lane, and gave them way.
 At length the ass had tugg'd him near thereto,
 The people wond'ring what he meant to do;
 He seem'd to show them with his foot the well,
 Then with an ass-like noise he seem'd to tell
 The story, now by pointing to the men,
 Then to the thief, then to the spring again:
 At length waxt angry, growing into passion
 Because they could not find his demonstration,
 To express it more, he leaps into the spring,
 When on the sudden (O most wond'rous thing!)
 To change his shape he presently began,
 And at an instant became perfect man,
 Recovering speech; and coming forth, accus'd
 The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
 The honest people, and such harm had done;
 Before them all and presently begun,
 To show them in what danger he had been,
 And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
 How he came chang'd again, as he had prov'd.
 Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,
 Some on the head, some on the back do clap him,
 And in their arms with shouts and kisses hap
 him;
 Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
 And up and down him on the earth they drew;
 Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
 And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
 Returning back with a victorious song,
 Bearing the man aloft with them along.
 Quoth gammer Gurton, "On my honest word,
 You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
 Good neighbour Owlet, and as ye have done
 Each one for other since our tales begun,
 And since our stand of ale so well endures,
 As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours.
 The fable of the war-wolf I apply
 To a man given to blood and cruelty,
 And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
 Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is exprest.
 The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
 Is the evasion after every rape
 He hath to start by. And the silly ass,
 Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,

Is some just soul, who though the world disdain,
Yet he by God is strangely made the mean
To bring his damned practices to light."

Quoth mother Owlet, "You have hit the white."
"I thought as much," (quoth gammer Gurtol.)
"then

My turn comes next, have with you once again.

"A mighty waste there in a country was,
Yet not so great as it was poor of grass.
'Twas said of old, a saint once curst the soil,
So barren and so hungry, that no toil
Could ever make it any thing to bear,
Nor would aught prosper that was planted there.
Upon the earth the spring was seldom seen,
'Twas winter there, when each place else was green;
When summer did her most abundance yield,
That lay still brown as any fallow field;
Upon the same some few trees scattering stood,
But it was autumn ere they us'd to bud;
And they were crookt and knotty, and the leaves
The niggard sap so utterly deceives,
That sprouting forth, they drooping hung the
head,

And were near wither'd ere yet fully spread.
No mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
Nor could be won to stay upon that place;
Only the night-crow sometimes you might see,
Croaking, to sit upon some ranspick-tree,
Which was but very seldom too, and then
It boded great mortality to men.

As were the trees, which on that common grew,
So were the cattle, starvelings; and a few
Asses and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
The very earth to fill the hungry maw;
When they far'd best, they fed on fern and brack,
Their lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their back.
Of all the rest in that great waste that went,
Of those quick carriages the most eminent
Was a poor mule, upon that common bred,
And from his foaling farther never fed;
The summer well-near ev'ry year was past,
Ere he his ragged winter coat could cast;
And then the jade would get him to a tree
That had a rough bark, purposely, where he
Rubbing his buttocks and his either side,
Would get the old hair from his starved hide;
And tho' he were as naked as my nail,
Yet he would whinny then, and wag the tail.

In this short pasture one day as he stood
Ready to faint amongst the rest for food,
Yet the poor beast (according to his kind)
Bearing his nostrils up into the wind,
A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
(Nothing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent;)
For that not far there was a goodly ground,
Which with sweet grass so greatly did abound,
That the fat soil seem'd to be over-fraught,
Nor could bestow the burthen that he brought;
Besides that bounteous Nature did it stick
With sundry sorts of fragrant flow'rs so thick,
That when the warm and balmy south-wind blew,
The luscious smells o'er all the region flew.
Led by his sense, at length this poor jade found
This pasture (fene'd tho' with a mighty mound,
A pale and quickset circling it about,
That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
And with himself thus wittily doth cast:
'Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,
If by some means accomplish'd it might be;
Round with the ditch immediately walks he;

And long tho' 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes too
It was his chance to light upon a gate [late]
That led into it: tho' his hap were good,
Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
And every bar that did to it belong
Was so well jointed, and so wondrous strong,
Besides a great lock with a double ward,
That he thereby of entrance was debar'd,
And thereby hard beset; yet thought at length,
'Twas done by sleight, that was not done by
strength.

Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,
And thrust, and shook, and labour'd, till at last,
The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
Began to loosen; when again he takes
Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and shakes,
Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,
And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels;
Then neighs and brays with such an open throat,
That all the waste resounded with his note.
The rest, that did his language understand,
Knew well there was some good to them in hand,
And tag and rag thro' thick and thin came running,
Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shunning;
And so desirous to see their good hap,
That with their thronging they stuck in the gap.
Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
More sweetness in the compass of one hour,
Than twice so many could in twice the time,
For now the spring was in the very prime;
Till prickt with plenty, eas'd of all their lacks,
Their pamp'rd bellies swolln above their backs,
They tread and waddle all the goodly grass,
That in the field there scarce a corner was
Left free by them; and what they had not
swallow'd, [wallow'd.

There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and
One with another they would lie and play,
And in the deep fog batten all the day.
Thus a long while this merry life they led,
Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd sides were fed.
But on a time the weather being fair,
And season fit to take the pleasant air,
To view his pasture the rich owner went,
And see what grass the fruitful year had sent:
Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
He in a rage upon them sets his cur,
But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands;
but he

Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stir them: when all would not do,
Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
And some of them he grindeth in the haunches,
Some in the flanks, that prickt their very paunches:
But when they felt that they began to smart,
Upon a sudden they together start,
And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
They flit, they jerk, they backward fluce and
fling,
As though the devil in their heels had been,
That to escape the danger he was in,
He back and back into a quagmire by,
Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
When they the peril that do not forecast,
In the stiff mud are quickly stabled fast:

When to the town he presently doth fly,
Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,
With cords and halters that came all at once,
For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:
For by that time th' had sunk themselves so deep,
That scarce their heads above ground they could
keep,

When presently they by the necks them bound,
And so they led them to the common pound."

Quoth mother Redcap, "Right well have you
done,

Good gammer Gurton; and as we begun,
So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
But first of my morality allow.
The common that you speak of here, say I,
Is nothing else but want and beggary,
In the world common; and the beasts that go
Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,
Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
The other cattle that doth seem to rule,
Some crafty fellow that hath slyly found
A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;
In his possession which not long hath been,
But he with riot and excess doth waste,
For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;
And with the law they lastly do contend,
Till at the last the prison is the end."

Quoth gammer Gurton "Well yourself you quit."
By this the dawn usurp'd upon the night,
And at the window biddeth them good day,
When they departed each their several way.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

WHAT time soft night had silently begun
To steal by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
The furious dog-star following the bright Sun,
With noisome heat infests his cheerful rays.
Filling the Earth with many a sad disease;
Which then inflam'd with their intemperate fires,
Herself in light habiliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with fresh beauty burnishing her brows,
Herself beholding in the gen'ral lake,
To which she pays her never-ceasing vows,
With the new day me willingly to rouse,
Down to fair Thames I gently took my way,
With whom the winds continually do play,

Striving to fancy his chaste breast to move,
Whereas all pleasures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tide doth shove,
And to keep back, they easily do blow,
Or else force forward, thinking him too slow;
Who with his waves would check the winds'
embrace,
Whilst they fan air upon his crystal face.

Still forward sallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,
Making such strange meanders in his course,
As to his fountain he would back again,
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;
Whose sundry soils with coy regard he grèets,
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,
Whose flight preach'd to me time's swift-posting
horns,

Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,
Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,
And looking back on London's stately tow'rs;
"So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,
Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plough doth eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
Which on the bank of this brave river stood,
Whose root with rich grass greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,
Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood;
Whose curled top envy'd the Heav'n's great eye
Should view the stock it was maintained by.

The lark, that holds observance to the Sun,
Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring base did run,
Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,
The place such pleasure gently did prepare;
The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to
steep,
And the mugh softness lulled me asleep.

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
Triumphal music from the flood arose,
As when the sov'reign we embarg'd see,
And by fair London for his pleasure rows,
Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:
The people swarming on the pester'd shores;
And the curl'd waters over-spread with oars.

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,
In the full end of this triumphal sound,
And me incompass'd, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselves about me in a round,
And so down set them on the easy ground,
Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace
Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies, came a goodly knight,
As newly brought from some distressful place,
To me who seem'd some right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miserably base,
And time had worn deep furrows in his face;
Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair hairs,
It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,
Leading this sad lord, scarcely that could stand;
The other fleeing in disdainful sort,
With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band;
When I perceived nearer as they came,
This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
(Whose train old Time obsequiously did bear)
Whereon in rich embroid'ry was enroll'd
The names of all that worthies ever were,
Which all might read depainted lively there,
Set down in lofty well-composed verse,
Fitt'st the great deeds of heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast she two broad tablets wore,
Of crystal one, the other ebony;
On which engraven were all names of yore
In the clear tomb of living memory,
Or the black book of endless obloquy:
The first with poets and with conquerors pill'd,
That with base worldlings ev'ry where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her present force and after during night,
Which softly spöke, far off were heard to thunder
About the world, that quickly took their flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light;
That still the farther off, the greater still
Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,
Changing her feature often in an hour,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lour,
And with one breath her words were sweet and
sour:

Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
And upon wise men coyly look ascance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
Torn diadems and broken scepters hung;
If any on her stedfastly did lean,
Them to the ground despitely she flung:
And in this posture as she pass'd along,
She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
Which she to sots and arrant ideots threw.

A dusky veil did hide her sightless eyes,
Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
Fools wearing crowns, and wise men clogg'd in
gyves;

How all things she preposterously contrives,
Which, as a map, her regency discovers.
In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

An easy bank near to this place there was,
A seat fair Flora us'd to sit upon,
Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter than this about us there was none:
Where they set down that poor distressed man,
Where to the purpose Fortune thus began.

"Behold this duke of Normandy," quoth she,
"The heir of William conqueror of this isle,
Appealing to be justify'd by thee,
(Whose tragedy this poet must compile)
He whom I have ever esteemed vile,
Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
And yet for him thou com'st prepar'd to stand.

"What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
Which never yet exactly were defin'd,
In whom no wise man e'er reposed faith,
Speaking of few well, until after death,
That from loose humour hast thy timeless birth,
Unknown to Heaven, not much esteem'd on Earth.

"First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,
On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
And like whom, long thou keep'st not any fashion;
But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,
Which as a post thee up and down doth send:
Without profane tongues thou canst never rise,
Nor be upholden, be it not with lies.

"In ev'ry corner prying like a thief,
And through each cranny like the wind dost creep,
Apt to report, as easy of belief:
What's he, whose counsel thou dost ever keep?
Yet into closets saucily dar'st peep,
Telling for truth what thou canst but suppose,
Divulging that which thou should'st not disclose.

"With extreme toil and labour thou art sought,
Death is the way which leadeth to thy cell,
Only with blood thy favour must be bought,
And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and sword do'st
dwell;

And when thou art in all this peril found,
What art thou? only but a tinkling sound.

"Such as the world doth hold to be but base,
Of human creatures and the most doth scorn,
That amongst men sit in the servil'st place,
These for the most part thou dost most suborn,
Those follow Fame, whose weeds are nearly
worn:

Yet those poor wretches cannot come to thee,
Unless preferr'd and dignify'd by me.

"Thy trumpet such supposed to advance,
Is but as those fantastically deem,
Whom folly, youth, or frenzy doth intrance;
Nor doth it sound, but only so doth seem,
(Which the wise sort a dotage but esteem)
Only thereby the humorous abusing,
Fondly their error and thy fault excusing.

"Except in peril thou dost not appear;
Yet scarcely then, but with entreats and wooing,
Flying far off when as thou should'st be near,
At hand diminish'd, and augmented going,
Upon slight toys the greatest cost bestowing,
Oft promising men's losses to repair,
Yet the performance but a little air.

"On baleful horses (as the fittest grounds)
Written with blood thy sad memorials lie,
Whose letters are immedicable wounds,
Only fit objects for the weeping eye;
Thou from the dust men's worths dost only try,
And what before thou falsely didst depave,
Thou dost acknowledge only in the grave.

"The world itself is witness of my pow'r,
O'er whom I reign with the eternal Fates,
With whom I sit in council every hour,
On th' alterations of all times and states,
Setting them down their changes and their dates,
In fore-appointing ev'ry thing to come,
Until the great and universal doom.

"The stars to me an everlasting book,
In that eternal register, the sky,
Whose mighty volumes I oft overlook,
Still turning o'er the leaves of Destiny,
Which man I too inviolate deny,
And his frail will thereby I see control'd,
By such strong clauses as are there enroll'd.

"Predestination giving me a being,
Whose depth man's wisdom never yet could sound,
Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
Searching where doubts do more thereby abound:
For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
To lighten those that will my glory see.

"Those names th' old poets to their gods did give
Were only figures to express my might,
To show the virtues that in Fortune live,
And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
Who all their altars to my godhead dight;
Which alterations upon Earth do bring,
And give them matter still whereon to sing.

"What though uncertain, varying in my course,
I make my changes aim one certain end,
Crossing man's forecast, to make known my force,
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
That all should find, I worthily bestow,
And 'tis a reason, that I think it so.

"Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliss,
All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
By me, man happy or unhappy is,
For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
And it is I am friendship's only band;
And upon me all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, all worldly love grows cold."

Pausing she frown'd, when suddenly withal
A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall
Within the thick waste of some ancient wood;
That in amazement ev'ry mortal stood,
As though her words such pow'rfulness did bear,
That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

When Fame yet smiling, mildly thus replies:
"Alas," (quoth she) "what labour thou hast lost!
What wond'rous mists thou cast'st before our eyes!
Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to
boast, [sort,
Which sett'st thy state out in such wond'rous
Which, but thy self, none ever could report?

"For what is Fortune only, but event
Breeding in some a transitory terror?
A what men will, that falls by accident,
And only named to excuse their error.
What else is Fortune? or who doth prefer her?
Or who to her so foolish is to lean,
Which weak tradition only doth maintain?

"A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
First soothed by uncertain observation,
Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
Fast'neth thereby on weak imagination;
Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,
Must to thyself be incidently loathing,
Most when thou would'st be, that art rightly
nothing.

"And with the world insinuating thus,
And under so allowable pretence,
Closely incroachest on man's genius,
In good and evil taking residence;
And having got this small preheminance,
When to thyself a being thou would'st frame,
Art in conclusion only but a name.

"These ignorant, which made a god of Nature,
And Nature's God divinely never knew,
Were those to Fortune that first built a stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being ador'd foolishly by few,
Grounded thy looser and uncertain laws
Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

"First Sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,
And thee with Ease dishonourably fed,
Deliv'ring thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base thoughts continually thee bred;
By Superstition idly being led,
It an imposture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

"Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,
But as thou art improvident, so light;
And this most wicked property thou hast,
That against Virtue thou bend'st all thy might,
With whom thou wagest a continual fight;
The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,
But art a mere slave to the constant mind,

"Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despite,
And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
Whom thou dost make thy only favourite:
None but the base in baseness do delight;
For wert thou heavenly, thou in love would'st be
With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

"But I alone the herald am of Heaven,
Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,
Through ev'ry coast upon the lightning driven,
As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,
By them I moant, and down by them I slide,
I register the world's long during hours,
And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

"Men to the stars me guiding them do climb,
That all dimensions perfectly express,
I am alone the vanquisher of Time,
Bearing those sweets which cure death's bitterness:
I all good labours plentifully bless,
Yea, all abstruse profundities impart,
Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

"My palace placed betwixt Earth and skies,
Which many a tower ambitiously up bears,
Whereof the windows are all glaz'd with eyes,
The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
Where ev'ry thing in Heaven and Earth appears;
Nothing so softly whisper'd in the round,
But through my palace presently doth sound.

"And under foot floor'd all about with drums,
The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
And all things past in memory do bear:
The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which man
saith,

"And hung about with arms and conquer'd spoils;
The posts whereon the goodly roof doth stand,
Are pillars graven with Herculean toils:
Th' achievements great of many a warlike hand,
As well in christ'ned, as in heathen land,
Done by those nobles that are most renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

"Here, in the body's likeness whilst it lives,
Appear the thoughts proceeding from the mind,
To which the place a glorious habit gives,
When once to me they freely are resign'd,
To be preserv'd here: and are so refin'd,
That when the corpse by death doth lastly perish,
Then doth this place the mind's true image
cherish.

"My beauty never fades, but still new-born,
As years increase, so ever waxing young,
My strength is not diminished, nor worn,
Time weak'ning all things, only makes me strong;
Nor am I subject to base worldly wrong:
The power of kings I utterly defy,
Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY. 139

"The brow of Heav'n my monuments contain,
(And is the mighty register of Fame)
Which there in fiery characters remain,
The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal fraime,
The constellations publishing my name,
Where my memorials evermore abide,
So by th' old poets was I glorify'd."

Fame having ended, Fortune soon began
Further to urge what she before had said;
"When lo;" quoth she, "duke Robert is the man,
Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do lead,
For whom thou cou'st against me here to plead,
Who I alone deprived of his crown;
Who can raise him, that Fortune will have
down?"

"A fitter instance" (Fame replying) "none
Than is duke Robert; Fortune, do thy worst,
Greater on man thy might was never shown,
Doing to him all that thou could'st or durst:
And since thy turn allotted is the first,
Proceed; see which the Norman duke shall have,
After so long being laid up in his grave."

Quoth Fortune, "Then I found th' unstedfast
Whose luckless working limited his fate, [star,
That mark'd his sad nativity with war,
And brothers' most unnatural debate,
As to be punish'd by his parents hate:
For that the kingdom, which the conqueror won,
Should be the wrack of him, his first-born son."

"By that which Nature did on him bestow,
In him her best that strained her to try,
Thereby himself I made him overthrow,
In human birth so powerful am I;
Marking his breast too openly to lie,
From both his brothers different too far,
Too mild for peace, too merciful for war."

"And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatness of his blood did take,
Though shrouded in so peaceable a spirit,
When once his wrongs came roughly to awake,
Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,
As made the world apparently to see
All human actions managed by me."

"That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
(In ev'ry thing opposed by my pow'r)
For him to lean to, nothing being left,
And danger him most threat'ned to devour,
To the last period of the utmost hour,
Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
There was no peril but I made him prove."

"For whilst his father with the Norman sword,
His prosperous entrance upon England made,
I laid the project, that this youthful lord
In the meantime did Normandy invade,
Upon his sire and made him draw his blade;
The mean whereby he thought he could not
miss,
That which he else might fail of to make his."

"That Robert daily in disgrace might run
With the great Conqueror, as he still did grow
Nearer his death; who vexed by his son,
(His pride which but too openly did show)
His state devised wisely to bestow
Upon his second, that his days to close,
Himself he might more quietly repose."

"And then, lest time might chance to cool his
blood,
That luckless war by ling'ring I supply'd,
That while duke Robert justly censur'd stood,
For disobedience and unnatural pride,
In heat of this the Conqueror William dy'd,
Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,
Leaving his eldest struggling for his own."

"Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,
(As sundry plagues on William's offspring sent)
Which soon rose to so violent a head,
That policy them no way could prevent,
When to destruction all things headlong went;
And in the end, as consuming all,
Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall."

"Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,
Once more with war to fright the English fields,
His brother (then king William) to invade,
To make him know the difference of their shields;
Where though his arms he ne'er so wisely wielded,
And though by him the kingdom were not taken,
His sceptre should be violently shaken."

"These sundry soils, in both of which was sown
(By so approv'd and fortunate a hand)
Seed, which to both might prosperously have grown,
Had they remain'd in friendship's sacred band:
In opposition when they came to stand,
Far wider wounds to either of them lent,
Than all the pow'r that Europe could have sent."

"Thus did I win king William in his life,
His conquer'd realm on Rufus to bestow;
What he had got by strength, to leave in strife,
Those to molest that from his stock should grow:
Which by my cunning I contrived so,
To plague his issue with a general ill,
Yet the extreme to fall on Robert still."

"That prelate Odo (that with William held)
To bishop Lanfrank for his deadly spite,
That William lov'd, against the king rebell'd,
With all his power abetting Robert's right,
Aided by Mortain's and Montgomer's might,
Upon this land to bring a second war,
Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar."

"And when he was in so direct a way,
Great friends at hand his enterprise to back,
Ready before him when his entrance lay,
Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
Yet won I him his enterprise to slack,
Stopping the course which rightly he had run,
All to undo that he before had done."

"Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,
Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,
And at my pleasure did the same assuage,
When this brave heat in stead might him have
stood,
So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,
And leaving them to animate his foes."

"That by concluding this untimely peace,
I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,
William on Robert might advantage win:
Thus let I treason secretly in,
Giving deceitful policy the key,
Into the closet where his counsels lay."

" Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
I drew into him a most dang'rous foe,
His wit that used to no other end,
But to clothe treason in a virtuous show,
Which he for current so contriv'd to go,
As he in secret hurt duke Robert more
By this soft peace, than in the war before.

" And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r address'd,
Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,
That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,
Robert to war I won thee to persuade,
With those that went the Soldan to invade,
With great duke Godfrey's pressing forth his
bands,
From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

" Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,
The only way to draw this duke abroad,
That whilst at home his presence most should need
In foreign parts to fasten his abode,
Him in this manner wisely I bestow'd;
That William dying, Robert being gone,
Henry might seat him on the English throne.

" His ear so seas'ning with the sound of arms,
As in aught else no music it could find,
Neither had any feeling of his harms,
On Palestine so placed he his mind,
(Clearly that show'd the greatness of his kind)
And him so high and with such force did bear,
As when he had most cause, he least did fear.

" Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,
Which though the mean devised was by me,
And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
Which none could hinder, tho' the most foresee,
Yet here I made an instrument of thee:
For where destruction I do once pretend,
All that man doth, still sorteth to that end.

" He gone, and Rufus being robb'd of breath,
And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,
Offer'd so fairly by king William's death,
Whilst Robert doth in Palestine remain,
Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain;
What by his pow'r and science to persuade,
Himself a monarch absolutely made.

" Whilst this great duke embraced was by thee,
Which thou as thine dost absolutely claim,
But finds mere shadows, only missing me,
And idle castles in the air doth frame;
Lo, such a mighty monarchess is Fame,
That what she gives, so easy is to bear,
As none therefore needs violence to fear.

" Till Robert safely from the holy wars
Returning, honour'd by the Pagans' flight,
From foreign battles into civil jars,
From getting others, for his own to fight,
Enforc'd to use the utmost of his might,
With that brave sword, in Pagan blood im-
bru'd,
To save himself, by his own friends pursu'd.

" When wanting sums, the sinews of a force,
(Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,
Ere he could put himself into his course)
Most strangely seem'd to mollify his mind;
And on the sudden Henry seeming kind,
Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,
So that fast to him, he the duke might tie.

" Thus of duke Robert wisely did he win,
Not then so well establish'd as he would,
Till he by craft had closely copen in,
Setting himself substantially to hold,
Offering him great sums of bewitching gold,
As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,
Quite to blot out all former injuries.

" Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,
Henry to pass his purposes so brought,
Whilst Robert yet suspected not that thief,
Which under-hand so cunningly him caught:
Of whom, the least when princely Robert thought,
Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
Than all those ills that happ'd to him before.

" Which to this lord (believing well) unknown,
And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,
For it a bait into his way was thrown,
Which to avoid, duke Robert look'd too high:
(Into good minds craft can eas'liest pry:)
For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
Well could I cast what form so'er I would.

" For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
Which he, the elder, to his England made;
His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
Which for a while by Henry being paid,
But after by him fraudulently stay'd,
As from a fountain, plenteously did spring
Th' efficient cause of Robert's ruining.

" When as his friends, so well to him that meant,
To take his part and did their force prepare,
Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,
And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare;
Upon king Henry platted all their care,
Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him to
make,
Gather'd at first the Norman part to take.

" And I, that friendly evermore had been
To the stout Normans, which by me had won,
To prove myself the Earth's imperious queen,
And show the world by me what can be done,
To spite this Robert, William Conq'r'r's son,
With England against Normandy do stand,
Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

" Their issue, which were conqu'rors of this isle,
At Hastings which the Englishmen did tame,
Here natives, graced with the English stile,
To their first country carry back their claim,
Conquest returning whence it lately came;
That once as England felt Nuestria's stroke,
To make Nuestria to bear England's yoke.

" Those angry brothers in the field of arms,
Than whom there were not two more deadly
foes,
Each seeking other in the hott'st alarms,
And at their meeting changing deadly blows,
Quickly that meant to win, or soon to lose:
Robert would fain release himself of thrall;
Henry again doth hotly put for all.

" On him, which late in Palestine I smil'd,
Return'd, at fatal Tenachbray I frown'd,
And from his dukedom him that day exil'd,
Which had he won it, might have worn a crown:
And to be sure him in mishap to drown,
Lastly himself he in the fight did lose,
Taken a prisoner by his trait'rous foes.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY. 141

" Which bound to England basely did him bring,
Baselier abus'd and moult at of his own,
A captive where he should have been a king;
Such was the lot by me upon him thrown :
There to lament his misery alone,

Prescrib'd to one poor solitary place,
Who should have progress'd all a kingdom's
space.

" Could human knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reason sound the depth of things divine,
The world amazed at duke Robert's state,
Might think no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
And wish the gods would all to me resign :

In this man's fall apparently might see,
Above the stars what might there rests in me.

" That blade on him, in battle which had pow'r,
Was too much blunted to abridge his days ;
Time, that so fast from all away doth scour,
Defers his end with dilatory stays,
Whilst he his brother's tyranny obeys,

That he in life a thousand deaths might die.
Where I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

" The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
Whose windows were but niggards of their light,
I wrought, this Henry's rage not to suffice,
But that he robb'd duke Robert of his sight,
To turn this little piece of day to night ;
As though that sense, whose want should be the
last

To all things living, he the first should taste,

" That Robert so unfortunately blind,
No outward object might disperse his care,
The better to illuminate his mind,
To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
To do so much to this great prince I dare.
By taking from him that which serv'd him best,
To his affliction to turn all the rest.

" And when he was bereaved of his ease,
With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,
Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,
And his sad heart so violently stung;
Yet made I nature in that prince so strong,
That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
Seen'd to preserve and keep him still alive.

" Him I forbade that any foe should kill,
Nor by his own hand suffer'd him to die,
That life to Robert should be loathsome still,
And that death from him evermore should fly,
Making them both to him an enemy ;
Willing to die, by life him doubly killing ;
Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

" So many years as he had worn a crown,
So many years as he had hop'd to rise,
So many years upon him did I frown,
So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
So many years in dying, ere he dies ;
So many years shut up in prison strong,
The sorrow make the shortest time seem long.

" Thus sway I in the course of earthly things,
To make time work him everlasting spite,
To show how I can tyrannize on kings,
And in the fall of great ones do delight,
In finite things my working infinite :
All worldly changes at my will disposed,
For that in me all wonder is enclosed."

At Fortune's speech amazed whilst they stand,
And Fame herself much wonder'd at his woe,
When from duke Robert, Fortune took her hand,
Whose misery she thus had let them know :
When now to answer her despitful foe,
Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,
For her dear client modestly thus spake.

" What time I held my residence in Rome,
Striving myself o'er Europe to advance,
To win her princes to regain the tomb,
Which had been lost by their misgovernance,
Awaking England, Germany, and France ;
All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

" Peter, that holy hermit putting on,
T' all Christian princes to preach out the loss,
And stirring brave duke Godfrey to be gone,
Under the banner of the bloody cross,
And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,
And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,
To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn should com-
mand :

" Thither did I all happy spirits exhort,
As to that bus'ness luckily to bring,
Allured by the confident report,
That from so great an enterprise did spring,
T' adventure in so popular a thing,
And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
That was found backward in this great design.

" What time this duke, great William Conq'r'or's
That in his native Normandy did rest :
For of what else his valiant father won,
His brother William Rufus was possess't,
Which, whilst he striveth from his hands to wrest,
This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
By my shrill trumpet sounded through the north.

" Which having got free entrance to his ear,
Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
As suffer'd no persuasion to be there,
From that high purpose to divert his mind :
For being most religiously inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer, wisely did prepare
Himself to furnish for this great affair.

" That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
And only that doth constantly respect,
Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
At whose dear death the very rocks did weep :
His crown of gold this Christian prince doth scorn,
So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with
thorn.

" And though his wants him grievously oppress'd,
Of those great sums which lately he had spent
In levying pow'r, which him should have possess'd
Of England, and much hinder'd his intent ;
Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
Although a while it seem'd delay to make
Of that, which he resolv'd to undertake.

" Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited lord,
Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay ;
And since his state no better could afford,
In gage to William Normanly doth lay,
Providing first his soldiers how to pay :
And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
His crown, than he that army would deceive.

" To his victorious ensign came from far
Th' insl'd Redshanks, touch'd with no remorse;
The nimble Irish, that with darts do war;
The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse;
The English archer, of a lion's force;

The valiant Norman, not the least among;
The Camber-Briton, hardy, big and strong.

" Which long enclos'd within these colder climes,
He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
And taught them how they should redeem the times,
Whence their eternal memory might spring,
To see the place whereas their heav'nly king
Their dear redemption happily began;
Living on Earth that was both god and man.

" Ye islanders, bound in the Ocean's chain,
Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerful day,
Your brave commander brought ye to the main,
Which to my court shou'd ye the open way,
And his victorious hand became the key
To let ye in to my rich treasure, where
None ever come, but those that I hold dear.

" And did thereto so zealously proceed,
That those fair locks, whose curls did him adorn,
Till he had seen the holy city freed,
He deeply vow'd he never would have shorn;
Which, for they so religiously were worn,
In every eye did beautify him more,
Than did the crown of Normandy before.

" No threats his hand could cause him to withhold,
As I the sequel briefly shall relate,
Yet bare himself right wisely as he could,
And best became his dignity and state;
Teaching how his themselves should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

" So did he all his faculties bestow,
That every thing exactly might be done,
That true foresight before the act might go,
Others gross errors happily to shun,
Wisely to finish well what was begun,
Justly directed in the course of things,
By the straight rule which sound experience
brings.

" Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
That man reputed to be noblest born,
Which was the most magnanimous and free,
In honour so impartial was he,
Esteeming titles meritless and nought,
Unless with danger absolutely bought.

" Giving the soldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
And in his need him maintenance affords,
To brave attempts encouraging the sound,
Never dismay'd in any danger found:
His tent a seat of justice to the griev'd;
And 'twas a court, when want should be re-
liev'd.

" So perfectly celestial was that fire,
Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
To that high pitch as rais'd his desire
Above the usual compass of his kind,
And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
And made him a fit subject for a story.

" Who on embassy to the emperor sent,
Passing along through Macedon and Thrace,
Ne'er came in bed, nor slept out of his tent,
Till he review'd duke Godfrey's rev'rend face;
Nor till he came into that hallow'd place,

Above three hours by night he never slept:
Such were the cares his troubled brain that
kept.

" O wherefore thou great singer of thy days,
Renowned Tasso, in thy noble story,
Wert thou so slack in this great worthy's praise,
And yet so much should'st set forth others' glory?
Methinks, for this thou canst not but be sorry,
That thou should'st leave another to recite
That, which so much thou didst neglect to
write.

" There was not found in all the Christian host,
Any, than he more forward to the field;
Nor could the army of another boast,
To bear himself more bravely with his shield;
So well his arms this noble duke could wield,
As such a one he properly should be,
That I did mean to consecrate to me.

" Of so approved and deliver force,
Handling his lance, or brandishing his blade:
For oft he had the leading of their horse,
That where he charg'd, he slaughter ever made;
At all assays so happy to invade,
That were he absent when they gave the chase,
It was suppos'd the day did lose the grace.

" In doubtful fights, where danger happ'd to fall,
He would be present ever by his will;
And where the Christians for supplies did call,
Thither through peril Robert pressed still,
To help by courage, or relieve by skill:
To every place so providently seeing,
As power in him had absolutely being.

" When in the morn his courser he bestrid,
He seem'd compos'd essentially of fire,
But from the field he ever drooping rid,
As he were vanquish'd, only to retire;
Nearest his rest, the furthest from his desire:
And in the spoils his soldiers shar'd the crowns;
They rich in gold, he only rich in wounds.

" And when they had the holy city won,
And king thereof they gladly would him make,
All sovereign titles he so much did shun,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
He the vain world so clearly did forsake;
So far it was from his religious mind,
To mix vile things with those of heav'nly kind.

" He would that him no triumph should adorn,
But his high praise for sinful man that dy'd;
By him no mark of victory was worn,
But the red cross, to tell him crucify'd;
All other glories he himself deny'd:
A holy life but willingly he leads,
In dealing alms, and bidding of his beads.

" And as a pilgrim he return'd again;
For glitt'ring arms, in palmers homely gray,
Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,
Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey:
A hermit's staff his careful hand did hold,
That with a lance the heathen foe controll'd.

" But now to end this long-continued strife,
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place;
Thy hate began and ended with his life;
By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace;
His body thine, his crosses witness be;
But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is free.

" Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his
breath,
And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,
And as thy conq'ror lastly come I in;
And all thou gott'st, from thee again I win:
To me thy right I call thee to resign,
And make thy glory absolutely mine.

" To the base world then, Fortune, get thee back,
The Earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
And on weak mortals only work thy will:
And since thou only dost delight in ill,
Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he."

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
The prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,
Whose places stood with blood up to the brim;
And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,
After deep sighs and lamentable throws,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

" Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
Where in your places buried is my joy,
With endless darkness compassed about,
Which death would scarce have dared to destroy;
To breed my more perpetual annoy,
That even that sense I only should forego,
That could alone give comfort to my woe.

" Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,
From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
The sepulchre of that most glorious Lord,
And seen that place where his dear wounds did
bleed,

Which with the sight my zealous soul did feed,
Sith from your functions night doth you disserve,
Seclude me now from worldly joys for ever.

" Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day;
Except a candle, ye beheld no light;
The thick stone walls those blessings kept away.
What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the night,
For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight;
O then, from whence should Henry's hate arise,
That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes?

" The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,
The very gnat, or what than that is least,
Of sight by nature kindly is made free.
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to see?
O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
Of that, which else all living creatures have!

" Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,
Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,
But now (ah me!) that comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,
My cares alone conceal'd I must keep.

O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,
Should above all things give my sorrow sight!

" Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,
A harbour fit for infamy and shame;
Which but with horror one can scarcely name:
Out of wh'le dark grates misery and grief,
Starved for vengeance, daily beg relief.

" The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,
Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh;
The other coming, vanissheth away.
But what availeth either night or day?

All's one to me, still day, or ever night;
My light is darkness, and my darkness light.

" O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
Th' all-covering Heaven, and glory that it bears,
No more that sight shall ere be seen of you!
The blessed Sun, that every mortal cheers,
Eclips'd to me eternally appears;
Robert, betake thee to the darksome cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell."

His speech thus ending, Fortune discontent,
Turned herself as she away would fly,
Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
As never touch'd with human misery;
As what she was, herself to verify,
And straight forgetting what she had to tell,
To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful Fame conveying thence her charge,
(As first with him she thither did resort)
Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
His life, set out though in this legend short,
To amaze the world with this so true report:
But Fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA THE FAIR.

Is yet a Muse there happily remain,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As caring not on foolish things to fan,
Will speak but what with modesty she ought;
If this be such, which I so long have sought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if such favour I might hap to find,
Here on this Earth but once to speak again,
And to disburthen my oppressed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerful pen,
In these my sorrows happy were I then:
Four hundred years by all men overpast,
Finding one friend to pity me at last.

O you, of him so happily elect,
Whom I entreat to prosecute my story,
Lady most dear, most worthy of respect,
The world's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,
It shall suffice, if you for me be sorry,
Reading my legend builded by his verse,
Which must hereafter serve me for a horse.

Be you the pattern, by whose perfect view,
Like your fair self he wisely may me make,
For sure alive none fitter is than you,
Whose form unspotted Chastity may take:
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright Rosamond exceedingly is graced,
Enrolled in the register of Fame,
Nay, in our sainted calendar is placed,
By him who strives to stellity her name,
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame:
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause,
After the envy of so many days;
And happy's he their glory high'st can raise.
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many:
Vice still finds friends, but Virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,
Ner would besee an honourable strain,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest:
All transitory titles I detest,
A virtuous life I mean to boast alone;
Our birth's our sires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that dost fetch thy long descent from kings,
If from the gods derived thou could'st be,
And show'st th' achievements of those wond'rous
things,
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,
These were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou dost stain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs.

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had usually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountiful to Earth,
As though her very utmost she had show'd,
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat Beauty in her pride,
To her beholders minist'ring her law,
And to them all her bounties so divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,
As that which only could true virtues measure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise;
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well instructed to observe the mean,
As if in Nature there were scarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did she her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;
Than they could be, as made them seem more
rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share;
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence Fame began my beauty first to blaze,
And soon became too lavish in the same:
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name.
For which, Report, thou too wert much to blame:
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,
Which hath been cause of many ladies' ill.

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings;
Now about Earth, now up to Heav'n she flies,
And here and there with every breath she flings,
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings;
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And princes' ears stand open to report,
All strive to blaze a beauty to a king,
Which is the only subject of a court,
Whither Fame carries, and whence she doth bring,
And which of either she doth loudly ring;
Thither (ah!) me unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be;
And of the same the most judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me:
So did I stand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a comet in the evening sky,
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye.

Which soon possess'd me of imperial Joha,
And of my sov'reign, him my subject made;
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reason could the king dissuade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
This held the reins which overrul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court,
And by his blood thought equal to the best,
Having his ear oft struck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest;
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,
Which still in court attend the prince's eyes.

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,
Yet sought he then the king's intent to sound,
And to himself as secrets he did keep,
What his foresight had providently found;
So well this wise lord could conceal his wound:
Yet wiselier cast how dang'rous it might
prove,
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this lustful king;
So found he too, if he should stop the same,
Upon us both what mischief it might bring:
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could use persuade,
Ere for my safety further means he made.

"Dear girl," quoth he, "thou seest who doth await
T' entrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
That is so fair and delicate a bait,
As every eye itself would here bestow,
Whose pow'r the king too sensibly doth know:
Of his desire that what the end may be,
Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth fore-
see:

"Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court,
Whose privilege doth every mean protect,
Where the ensample of the greater sort
Doth more than opportunity effect,
None thriving here that stand upon respect;
Being a lottery whereat few do win,
And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

"Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,
All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,
That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight,
Which with thy sex doth strike too great a stroke,
Having withal imperious power thy cloke,

With such strong reasons on his part pro-
pounded,

As may leave Virtue seemingly confounded.

"Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,
And when thy danger is the great'st of all,
Ev'n then thy succour is the most deny'd thee:
Sundry the means from Virtue to divide thee,
Having withal mortality about thee,
F frailty within, temptation near without thee.

"The lecher's tongue is never void of guile,
Nor wants he tears, when he would win his prey;
The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest style,
Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray:
Lust of itself had never any stay,
Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,
But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

"And to avail his pleasure is there aught,
That such a prince hath not within his power?
And thus he sure he'll leave no means unsought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,
Watching th' advantage of each fitting hour,
Where every minute serves to do amiss,
Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

"And when this lustful and unbridled rage,
Which in him now doth violently reign,
Time shall by much satiety assuage,
Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,
To after-ages ever to remain:
Sin in a chain leads on her sister Shame,
And both in gyves are fetter'd to Defame.

"Kings use their loves as garments they have
worn,
Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:
The saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn?
Or what is nectar, on the ground if shed?
What prince's wealth redeems thy maidenhead,
Which should be held as precious as thy breath,
Whose dissolution consummates thy death?

"The stately eagle from his highest stand,
Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,
Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,
But leaves the same a prey to every kite.
With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,
The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore."

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my bosom made so wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counsel as continually to preach,
My father so effectually could teach;
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The king, whose love deluded was the while,
Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,
Finding his hopes like flint r's to bequile,
And not one jot to further his desire,
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire;
And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,
His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himself resolv'd me to assail,
And other means doth utterly neglect:
In spite what fear could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And, me accosting, thus commenc'd his suit:

"Know, girl," quoth he, "that Nature thee or-
dained, ^{(bring,}
(As her brav'st piece, when she to light would
Wherein her former workmanship she stained)
Only a gift to gratify a king,
And from all other, as a self-seen thing,
Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,
To be the fair'st that e'er was made of earth.

"Hoard not thy beauty, when thou hast such store;
Wer't not great pity it should thus lie dead,
Which by thy lending might be made much more?
(For by the use should every thing be fed)
Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead,
Yet no more less'n'd than the Sun, whose sight,
Though it light all things, loseth not his light.

"From those two stars such streams of lightning
glide,
As through men's eyes do pierce the flintiest heart,
Which thou by closing striv'st in vain to hide,
For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,
Such power wise Nature did to them impart;
Those two bright planets, clearer than the seven,
That with their splendour light the world to
Heaven.

"Were Art so curious in herself to know
Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In beauty thy divinity to show,
Oh! it were able to transport the mind,
Beyond the bounds by Heaven to it assign'd:
But oh! in thee their excellence is such,
As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

"He is thy king, who is become thy subject;
Sometime thy lord, now servant to thy love;
Thy angel beauties be his only object,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dares prove.
A prince's pray'r should much compassion move:
Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

"Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,
With tides of tears continually frequented,
Where Love without food hunger-starven lies,
Which to betray me traitorously consented,
And for the fact being lawfully convented,
Is in these waters judg'd to have his being,
For his presumption thro' these eyes thee seeing.

"Sit thou commanding under mine estate,
Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,
A beauty destin'd for no meaner fate,
And make the proud'st to tremble with a frown,
Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee
Be thou alone the rectress of this isle, [down
With all the titles I can thee entitle.

"What if my queen, repining at our bliss,
Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep?
None I'll preserve, as that great god did his;
Nise Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to sleep.
Love ever laughs, when Jealousy doth weep.
When most she stirs, my pow'r shall keep her
under,
She may raise storms, but I do rule the thunder."

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
Which he believ'd assuredly in time
Of better news the messenger might prove,
By which he after to his joys might climb,
Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime, [me,
Leaves me, not knowing well which way to turn
Warm'd with the fire that unawares might burn
me.

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,
That in my breast a mutiny arose,
Fear and Desire a doubtful combat fought,
Like two most eager and ambitious foes,
Th' one fain would win, the other would not lose;
By this oft cleared, and by that accused,
Whilst still I fear'd by both to be abused.

And in myself, myself suspected treason,
Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
And in so fit and dangerous a season,
When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly every way about,
Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But setting all these sundry doubts aside,
From court resolv'd I secretly to go,
And to what place my happy stars should guide,
There I my self determin'd to bestow,
Until time might this passion overblow;
Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave sire, that never me forsook,
But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,
Much being pleased with the course I took,
As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynard's-castle make,
Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave
me

To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me exil'd,
Wherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time and happily beguil'd,
To think what peril I had lately past,
There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,
Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,
Which former danger warn'd to beware.

When the proud king, whose purposes were crost,
Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
And that those means to which he trusted most,
Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent,
Finding his suit preposterously went,
Another course bethinks himself to run,
Else farther off than when he first begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mass,
Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his suit the only hindrance was,
And (least expected) wrought him most despite,
Finding the cause why matters went not right,
He must forecast my father to remove,
Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly qualm,
And that my heart sat happily at ease,
But as a ship, that in a quiet calm
Floats up and down on the unsurging seas,
By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise,
Is driven back into the troubled main;
Even so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,
First seeks in court my father to disgrace,
Therely to give the people to suspect,
To fault in something sitting near his place,
Them by all means it urging to embrace:
To which, if clearly he could find the way,
He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promote his hate,
Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
Which he suborn'd my father to pursue;
By whose devices he soon overthrew
That noble lord, which succour should have
given
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,
Into the quarrel that did thoroughly look,
Nor our allies, that to their utmost might
'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,
And at our need us never once forsook,
Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,
But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his sovereign done,
In war courageous, and in counsel sound,
Which from king John compassion might have won
To him, who faithful evermore was found:
Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound!
Sure, first devised to no other end,
But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.

Forlorn and hopeless, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune basely thus betray'd,
Never poor maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid;
Such weight the Heaven upon my birth had laid!
But yet herself true Virtue never loseth,
'Gainst her fair course tho' Hell itself opposeth.

Embark'd for France, his sad dejected eyes
Swoll up with tears in most abundant store,
His ill luck threaten'd by the low'ring skies,
Fear him behind, and sorrow him before;
He under sail, from sight of either shore,
Wasteth withal his sad laments in vain,
To the rude waters only to complain.

When like a deer before the hounds embost,
When him his strength beginneth to forsake,
Leaves the smooth lawns, to which he trusted most,
And to the covert doth himself betake,
Doubling, and creeps from brake again to brake:
Thus still I shift me from the prince's face,
Who had me then continually in chase.

The coast thus clear'd, suspicion laid to rest,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleasure quieted his breast,
That every thing so prosperously went;
And if the rest successively consent,
Of former aid I being quite forsaken,
He hopes the fort might in short time be taken.

A prince's arms are stretch'd from shore to shore;
Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
Craft finds a key to open any door,
Little it boots myself in walls to pen;
The lamb was closed in the lion's den,
Whose watchful eyes too easily descry'd me,
And found me soon 'st, where sur'ly I thought to
hide me.

My paths by spies he diligently noted ;
 O'er me he held so vigilant a watch,
 And on my beauty he so fondly doated,
 That at each look he enviously did catch,
 And ready still attending at my latch
 He had those, that continually did ward,
 Treason my handmaid, Falsehood was my
 guard.

And since with me it fell so crossly out,
 That to my shifts so hardly he me drave,
 For some new course I thought to cast about,
 Where safer harbour happily to have :
 For this was not sufficient me to save,
 His power so spacious every way did lie,
 That still I stood in his ambitious eye.

And fear, which taught me every mean to prove,
 And with myself of many to debate,
 Me at the last it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
 To take upon me a religious state,
 (The holy cloister none might violate)
 Where after all these storms I did endure,
 There I at last might hope to live secure.

Wherefore to Dunmow I myself convey'd,
 Into an abbey, happily begun
 By Juga, of our ancestry, a maid,
 At whose sole charge that monast'ry was done,
 Wherein she after did become a nun,
 And kept her order strictly with the rest,
 Which in that place virginity profess'd.

Where I my self did secretly bestow
 From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
 Me my affliction taught myself to know,
 My youth and beauty gently that did chide ;
 And by instruction, as a skilful guide,
 Printed withal such coldness in my blood,
 That it might so perpetuate my good.

The king, who heard me safely thus to be
 Set in my cloister, strongly discontent,
 That me from thence he had not power to free,
 Which his sad breast seem'd strongly to torment :
 But since that I so wilfully was bent,
 And he past hope then ever to enjoy me,
 Resolv'd by some means lastly to destroy me.

And finding one most fit for such a fact,
 To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
 One, for his king, that any thing would act,
 And for the purpose wanted not his art,
 That had a strong hand and relentless heart,
 On him the king (with me, poor maid, enrag'd)
 Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haste the fatal deed to do,
 Thither repairs, but not as from the king :
 For well he knew what did belong thereto,
 Nor therein needed any tutoring ;
 But as one sent upon some needful thing,
 With a smooth count'nance and a settled brow,
 Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
 (As one to him a willing ear that lent)
 Himself to me he but too soon diselos'd,
 And who it was that hither had him sent,
 From point to point relating his intent ;
 Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this in-
 vasion,
 He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion :

" Hear but," saith he, " how blindly thou dost
 err,
 Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
 When as the king thee highly will prefer,
 Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection ;
 So indiscreetly sort not thy election,
 To shut that in a melancholy cell,
 Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

" Yet farther think, how dang'rous is his offer,
 If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it :
 Art thou not mad, that thus dost see a coffer
 Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it ?
 So far, that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
 Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,
 Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

" Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world de-
 prive
 Of these rare parts which Nature hath thee lent,
 'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,
 Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;
 For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
 Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
 Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

" What is this vain and idle reputation,
 Which to the show you seemingly respect ?
 Only the weakness of imagination,
 Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,
 And lesser can the worshipers protect ;
 That only standeth upon fading breath,
 And hath at once the being and the death.

" A fear that grew from doating superstition,
 To which your weak credulity is prone,
 And only since maintained by tradition,
 Into our ears impertinently blown,
 By folly gathered, as by error sown ;
 Which as still threatening, hind'reth our desires,
 Yet all it shows us be but painted fires.

" Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,
 Which youth and beauty justly may forsake ;
 Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,
 Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
 Who sends me else thy life away to take :
 For dead to him if needfully thou wilt prove,
 Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love."

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
 Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill ;
 The horror of the solitary place,
 Being so fit wherein to work his will,
 And at the instant he my life to spill ;
 All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
 By fear dissuaded, menaced by murder.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
 With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,
 With many a yielding, many a denial,
 Oft-times acquitted, often times convicted,
 Terror before me lively stood depicted ;
 When as it was, that but a little breath
 Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
 Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
 The resolution of so many hours,
 Whereon herself she confidently stay'd
 In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,
 Making the state which she maintained good,
 Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Must bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Check'd his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my answer only did abide;
Having a poison murd'ring by the scent,
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my veil disorder'd then,
My face discovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,
And was to him beholding it most like
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
That glows again ere suddenly it die.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he then such excellency saw,
Ruing the spoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at last could awe,
From his stern eyes as though it tears would
draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life grown faint, bies lastly to my heart,
The only fort to which she had to take,
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
A strong invasion instantly to make :
Yet ere she should me utterly forsake,
To him who sadly stood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold :

" Is this the gift the king on me bestows,
Which in this sort he sends thee to present me ?
I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
If this in token of his love he sent me ?
But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me :
Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
The gift king John bestow'd upon his love.

" When all that race in memory are set,
And by their statues their achievements done,
Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
From son to sire, from sire again to son,
Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they won :
Oh ! that of him it only should be said,
' This, was king John, the murth'rer of a
maid !"

" Oh ! keep it safely from the mouth of Fame,
That none do hear of his unhallow'd deed ;
Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
Iest after-ages hap the same to read,
And that the letters showing it do bleed !
Oh ! let the grave mine innocency hold,
Before of him this tyranny be told !"

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
The poison then that in my brain did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly express'd,
Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,
Longer for him it was no time to stay ;
And death call'd on, to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
The fact committed, and the murth'rer gone,
Arrived at the utmost point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Call'd all the rest, that in most woful plight
Came to behold that miserable sight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,
'Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The with'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,
Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauties show :
Amidst this goodly sisterhood even so,
Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
Whilst they about me piteously wailing made.

And my sad soul, upon her sudden flight,
So soon forsaken of each several sense,
With all the horror death could her affright,
Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
All comfort fled her ; for her last defence,
Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,
Which left her not, when all the rest forsake
her.

To show our pleasures are but children's toys,
And as there shadows, or like bubbles pass,
As years increase, so waning are our joys,
Forgotten as our favours in a glass,
A very tale of that which never was :
Ev'n so, death us and our delights can sever,
'Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

My spirit thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,
Glad to have got out of her earthly room,
My debt to nature faithfully discharg'd,
And at the hour appointed on my tomb :
Such was the Heaven's inevitable doom,
Me Baynard's castle to the world did bring,
Dunmow again my place of burying.

And scarcely was my breathless body cold,
But ev'ry where my tragedy was spread,
For tattling Fame in ev'ry place had told
My resolution, being lately dead,
Ruing my blood so prodigally shed ;
And to my father flies with this mischance,
That time remaining in the court of France.

His loss too great to be bewail'd with tears,
It was not words that could express his woe,
Grief had herself so settled in his ears,
No more might enter, nothing out might go ;
Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so :
Enough of sorrow is already shown,
And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
And bear myself the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have express'd my fate,
It's all I ask, and I obtain my will.
For that true sorrow needs not others' skill ;
Enough's that present bitterness we taste,
Without remembering of that which is past.

Some say, the king repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to think thereof him drave,
Poorly disguised in a pilgrim's weed,
Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but Heaven his sin for-
gave ;
And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise
 To you, dear madam, sitt'st with you to rest,
 Which all my virtues daily exercise,
 That be imprinted in your patient breast,
 By whom alone I rightliest am exprest;
 For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant;
 Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet lady, for a maiden's sake,
 To shed one tear if gently you but deign,
 For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,
 And be my pass to the Elysian plain.
 In your chaste eyes such pow'r there doth remain,
 As can th' afflicted prosperously deliver;
 Happy be they, who look upon them ever.

THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

From gloomy shadows of eternal night,
 Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,
 Oh! here behold me, miserable wight,
 Awhile releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
 Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,
 Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddess of arms and arts, Pallas divine,
 Let thy bright fauchion lend me cypress boughs,
 Be thou assisting to this poet of mine,
 With funeral wreaths engarlanding his brows;
 Pitying my woes, when none would hear me
 weep,
 That for my sorrows lays his own to sleep.

Thou mournfull'st maiden of the sacred Nine,
 That baleful sounds immoveably dost breathe,
 With thy swoln visage and thy blubber'd eirie,
 Let me to thee my sad complaints bequeath:
 Ne'er to thyself canst thou win greater glory,
 Than in exactly setting forth my story.

Tell how the Fates my giddy course did guide,
 Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
 By many a low ebb, many a lusty tide,
 Many a smooth calm, many a sousing show'r,
 The height whereto I lastly did ascend,
 Bend my beginning to my fatal end.

When our first Edward sat on England's throne,
 Longshanks, who long victoriously did reign,
 First of that name, and second yet to none,
 In what to knighthood ever did pertain;
 My life began, a life so full of bliss,
 Then in his days, those happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,
 That no promotion could be got with gold;
 For in his days he that desired fame,
 Bought it of him that it full dearly sold;
 Hateful excess did not so much devour,
 Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

And since swift Time so violently preys
 Upon those ages that ev'n holiest be;
 Let me remember those so happy days,
 In these sad hours which my vex'd eyes do see,
 With greater grief to make me to deplore
 These, when I think of those that were of yore.

Then, Muse, lo! I obsequiously appeal
 To thee, (my life since I intend to show)
 That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
 Even what the most inquisitive would know,
 Whilst here my soul embodied did abide [pride.
 In this vain world, which pampers me with

By birth a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,
 And of our house, the heir my father born,
 In all his wars that with king Edward went,
 To him his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,
 And in our country left his whole estate,
 To follow him, who seem'd to govern fate.

Whose trust that great king highly did employ,
 And near his person had him for the same,
 Who with myself, then but a little boy,
 Into the court of famous England came,
 Whereas the king, for service by him done,
 Made me a page to the brave prince his son.

All men in shape I did so far excel,
 (The parts in me such harmony did bear)
 As in my model Nature seem'd to tell,
 That her perfection she had placed here,
 As from each age reserving the rarest feature,
 To make me up her excellentest creature.

My looks so powerful, adamant to love,
 And had such virtue to attract the sight,
 That they could fix it, or could make it move,
 As though it follow'd some celestial light;
 That where my thoughts intended to surprise,
 I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if some great Apelles in his art
 Would that the world his masterpiece should
 know,
 Imagination doing then her part;
 When he had done the utmost he could do,
 For that rare picture to fit out a mind,
 This one was I, the wonder of my kind.

This dainty bait I laid for Edward's love,
 Which soon upon him got so sure a tie,
 As no misfortune e'er could it remove,
 When she the utmost of her force did try;
 Nor death itself had after power to sunder;
 O self-seen friendship, in the world a wonder!

Love, on this Earth the only mean thou art,
 Whereby we hold intelligence with Heav'n,
 And it is thou that only dost impart
 The good that to mortality is given.
 O sacred bond, by time that art not broken!
 O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!

Thus with young Edward bath'd in worldly bliss,
 Whilst tutors' care his wand'ring years did guide,
 I liv'd, enjoying whatsoever was his,
 Who ne'er my pleasure any thing deny'd:
 Whose watchful eye so duely me attended,
 As on my safety if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
 That won my youth such favour in his eye,
 Or it pleas'd Heav'n (to show it held me dear)
 To show'r on me this blessing from the sky,
 I know not; but it rightly could direct,
 That could produce so pow'rful an effect.

O thou dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
 Who hath so clear eyes as to look into thee?
 What is that man, by whom thou art controll'd,
 Or hath the key of reason to undo thee?
 When none but Heaven thy dark decrees can
 know,
 Whose depth we sound not which dwell here be-
 low.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
(By sympathy, to her by Heav'n assign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-seeing eye,
Which doth convey the image to the mind,
Without advisement, and can apprehend
That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth transcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,
Like sportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambrosial delicacies fed:
He might command, who was the sov'reign's son,
But my direction only must be done.

My will a law authentically pass'd;
My yea by him was never cross'd with no;
In his affection chain'd to me so fast,
That as my shadow still he seem'd to go;
To me this prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an Echo answer'd to my call.

My smiles, his life; so joy'd he in my sight,
That his delight was led by my desire,
From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.
He made thy cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous sport
With young Adonis in the pleasant shade,
Expressing their affections in that sort,
As though her utmost passion should persuade
The one of us the other still to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,
And many a Siren sweetly to us play'd,
But youth had not us therewith to suffice:
For we on that insatiately did feed,
Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spur'd up his untam'd desire,
Then sitting in the chariot of the Sun;
My blandishments were fuel to that fire
Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun
To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
Who on his back might bear me through the sky.

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win
Us, 'her false flatteries who too long did trust,
Till having lost the clue which led us in,
We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.
For when the soul is nuzzled once in vice,
The sweet of sin makes Hell a paradise.

Who to the full thy vileness, World, e'er told?
What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill;
Nothing in thee but villainy doth dwell,
And all thy ways lead headlong into Hell.

The king, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,
His son, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the skies,
Perceiv'd his course was perilous to be stay'd,
For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,
And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
Edward might eas'ly set his throne on fire.

This was a cor'sive to old Edward's days,
And without ceasing fed upon his bones,
That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,
Breaking his night's sleep with continual moans;
This more depress'd and sadlier weigh'd him down,
Than the care else belonging to his crown.

And though he had judicially describ'd
The cause from whence this malady first grew,
It was no cure, unless he could provide
Means to prevent the danger to ensue;
Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,
Against my courses that had ought to say.

When those in court my opposites that were,
This fair advantage and could finely take,
And for my fall what did to them appear
So fitly for their purposes to make,
Thereon their forces instantly to ground,
Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a scandal it might bring,
By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,
To sin in the unnaturallest thing,
And all forepassed outrages awake,
Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more straitly was bestow'd,
In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home;
Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
After my set day, on the English ground.

That, as astounded with a mighty blow,
I stood awhile insensible of pain,
Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,
By which I fainted hourly more and more,
Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
Sits shrouded in some solitary brake,
With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd:
Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
From the sweet presence of prince Edward gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the summer's sight,
Now foully beaten with bleak winter's storms;
My limbs were put to travel day and night,
So often hugg'd in princely Edward's arms;
Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her pride,
Saw fearful objects on their either side.

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely tost,
Myself confining in my native France,
By many a sad calamity still crost,
Inseparables to my sore mischance;
Others, that stemm'd the current of the time,
Whence I had fall'n, strove suddenly to climb.

Like the chamæleon, whilst Time turns the hue,
And with false Proteus puts on sundry shapes,
This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue,
One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:
Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim,
Some drown'd, and some do with much danger swim.

And some, on whom the Sun shone wond'rous fair,
Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,
For they were clouds hang in the troubled air,
Threat'ning that they of their desires might want;
Which made them flag, prepared else to fly,
Whilst with their falls they fading honour buy.

When posting Time, that never turns again,
Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the Sun,
By the fleet hours attending on his train,
His revolution fatally begun,
And in his course brought suddenly about
That, which before the wiser sort did doubt.

For whilst king Edward only doth attend
 A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
 For which the laity mighty sums did lend,
 E'en whilst this business hotly was in hand,
 See but to me what fortune there can fall,
 This conqueror's death hath quickly alter'd all !

Should I presume his praises to report,
 Thinking thereby to grace his so great name,
 My mean endeavours would fall far too short,
 And I too much should but impair his fame ;
 P'll leave that to some sacred Muse to tell,
 Upon whose life a poet's pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lepp'd up in the lead,
 Before his doleful obsequies were done,
 When England's crown was set on Edward's head,
 With whom too soon my joyful days begun,
 As the black night at the approaching day,
 My former sorrows vanished away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
 Whom Edward Longhanks banish'd to his death ;
 I, whom the father held most base and vile,
 Was to the son as precious as his breath : [blot,
 What th' old king writ, the young king forth did
 Th' alive's remember'd, dead men's words forgot.

The fair wind wafts me to that wish'd-for place,
 And sets me safely on that blessed shore,
 From whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
 That my return might honour'd be the more,
 There to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,
 Whose arms were cast wide open to receive me.

Who would have seen that noble Roman dame,
 O'ercome with joy, give up her vital breath,
 Her son returning sounded in by Fame,
 When thankful Rome had mourned for his death,
 Might here behold her personated right,
 At my approach to my dear Edward's sight.

My Jove now lord of the ascendant is,
 In an aspect to promise happy speed,
 And such on me that influence of his,
 As prais'd the course wherein we did proceed ;
 Yet most prodigious it to some appears,
 Telling the troubles of ensuing years.

When, like to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,
 Upon me show'r'd, as into Danae's lap,
 For I obtained any thing I would,
 So well had Fortune lotted out my hap :
 For princes' treasures like to oceans are,
 To whom all rivers naturally repair.

The Isle of Man the first to me he gave,
 He could not stay, until I would demand ;
 And to be sure to give ere I could crave,
 I next received from his bounteous hand
 Fair Wallingford, which many years had been
 The wealthy dow'r of Elenor the queen.

Those sums his father had been levying long
 By impositions for the war abroad,
 Others his princely benefits among,
 At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
 When some that saw how much on me he cast,
 Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintain his waste.

He gave me then his secretary's place,
 Thereby to train me in affairs of state ;
 Me in those rooms, that I was in, to grace,
 And earl of Cornwall frankly did create ;
 Besides, in court more freely to partake me,
 Of England he high chamberlain did make me.

And to the royal blood me to ally,
 (Which did but back my humour of ambition)
 In bands of wedlock did to me affy
 A lady of an excellent condition,
 Which Joan of Arches his dear sister bare
 To th' earl of Glo'ster, that right noble Clara.

O blessed bounty, giving all content !
 The only fautress of all noble arts,
 That lend'st success to every good intent,
 A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,
 By Heaven to none but happy souls infused,
 Pity it is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,
 Which in my heart still hated did abide,
 As they before by no means me endur'd,
 So were they now impatient of my pride :
 For emulation ever did attend
 Upon the great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,
 That from mean places lifted up by me,
 Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose
 Them, that perhaps too powerful else might be,
 That against envy raised by my hand,
 Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,
 To bolster me in my ambitious ways,
 I show'd the king my hate to be deriv'd
 From those high honours that he on me lays,
 Drawing him on (my courses to partake)
 Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,
 My heed was rashness to forerun my fall,
 My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
 My counsel serv'd myself but to enthal,
 Abusing me but with a vain illusion,
 And all together hasting my confusion.

When as king Edward hast'neth his repair,
 T' espouse the princess Isabel of France,
 Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,
 By which he thought his strength much to advance ;
 And here at home to perfect my command,
 He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withal,
 That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,
 When there was none me to account to call,
 All to my hands so freely render'd up,
 That Heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,
 Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
 With this abundance beyond measure blest,
 I thought t' embrace the benefit of time,
 Fully to take what freely I possess'd ;
 Holding for truth that he is worse than mad,
 Fondly to spare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I cross'd,
 As scorning their authority and blood,
 And those things that concern'd their honours most,
 In those against them evermore I stood,
 And things for public, privately did spend
 To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false Fortune, like a treacherous foe,
 Which had so long attended on my fall,
 In the plain path wherein I was to go,
 Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
 Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me
 Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.

For when the barons hotly went in hand,
 With tilts and tournaments for the king's return,
 To show the French the glory of the land,
 The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
 Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,
 Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus sought my fate me forward still to set,
 As though some engine seiz'd me with a slight:
 One mischief soon a second doth beget,
 The second brings a third but on too right,
 And every one itself employeth wholly
 In their just course to persecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain
 Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,
 And deeply felt, that under my disdain,
 Into contempt continually they ran,
 They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
 Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the king,
 A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,
 A secret thief of many a sacred thing,
 And that I led him to unlawful pleasure;
 Who never did in any thing delight,
 But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,
 Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been
 The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
 And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.

Thus was I scandal'd publicly of many,
 Who pitied none, nor pity'd was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,
 The king, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,
 Seeing them to pursue me with such spite,
 Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,
 Till with my peers my peace he might procure,
 Or might my safety otherwise assure.

Like one, whose house remedilessly burning,
 Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,
 The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,
 Taketh some one thing that he loveth most,
 And to some sure place doth with that retire,
 Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
 So it might serve to cover my disgrace,
 To make my absence otherwise to seem,
 And to the world to bear a fairer face,
 Lest my exile, suggested by their hate,
 In England here perhaps might wound my state:

By their wise counsel that were him about,
 Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,
 And caus'd it each-where to be given out,
 My journey therefore thither I did take,
 To stop their mouths, that gladly would embrace
 The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that princely sort,
 As in my place might purchase me renown,
 With no less bounty to maintain a court,
 Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
 Thither his bounty so much did me bring,
 That though he reign'd, yet there was I a king.

There were few weeks, but some the Channel cross'd
 With sundry presents of a wondrous price,
 Some jewel that him infinitely cost,
 Or some rich robe of excellent device,
 That they which saw what he upon me threw,
 Well might discern some change must needs ensue.

And since the flow me follow'd in this wise,
 The fullness I as amply entertain,
 It had been folly to have seem'd precise,
 To take that which fell on me like the rain,
 Such as before no age had ever seen,
 And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found
 The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
 That shifted me but to a surer ground,
 On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,
 Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,
 Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source,
 (Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
 Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,
 And that which should encircle it surrounds,
 That so innated in itself is blest,
 That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
 Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,
 They thought me better here to be bestow'd,
 And for the state more safely far therein,
 Where tho' my spoil they hop'd not to prevent,
 Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
 And did thereto but seemingly descend,
 But that the king immediately it caught,
 Nor car'd he by it what they did intend. [me,
 Plot what they could, so he thereby might gain
 Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is so hard, but majesty commands,
 Yea, and severely humbly with the eye?
 Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,
 In it such virtue secretly doth lie,
 Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,
 It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occasion could neglect,
 That aught me to my happiness might win,
 Did with such care my bus'ness effect,
 And ever was so fortunate therein,
 That he to pass in little time did bring,
 What most men thought to be a doubtful thing.

When posts away with their full packets went,
 Me out of Ireland instantly to call,
 Allow'd of by the general consent,
 Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;

Yet 'twas sufficient that it freedom gave me,
 But to be here where he desir'd to have me.

My proud sails swelling with a prosperous wind,
 The boist'rous seas did homage to mine eyes,
 And much above their usual course were kind,
 All low'ring clouds abandoning the skies,
 Nothing discern'd in any star to fear me,
 Fortune herself sat at the helm to steer me.

What time the king a progress needs would make
 Into North-Wales, his native place to see,
 Which was indeed but only for my sake,
 Who at West-Chester knew to meet with me,
 And there, with all the state he could devise,
 To do me honour in the people's eyes.

Where for my landing long he did provide,
 That nought might want to nourish my delight,
 And at each lodging as along we ride,
 He entertain'd me with some pleasing sight;
 And that the realm our friendship might report,
 We enter'd London in this royal sort.

Which prov'd sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
Lending the reigns to my lascivious will,
And put me forth upon my full career,
On places slippery, and my manage ill :
Small my foresight, and over-much my haste,
Which me, alas ! unfortunately cast.

King Edward's ear when having a command,
Who aught would have, he must me entertain ;
And yet before it pass'd my gripple hand,
I share the great'st part to my private gain ;
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might coin into my coffers bring.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the crown,
Transporting all the best commodities
Useful to England, needed of her own,
And basely sold all offices, till then
The due reward of well-deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
Held all things vile that suited not my vein ;
Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gain,
Giving vile terms and nick-names of disgrace,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their blood,
Themselves by oath against me they engage,
Who thus had all authority withstood,
And in the quarrel up their arms do take,
Or to mar all, or better it to make.

They durst affirm my mother was a witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her son, so rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her sorceries to me ;
Urging it on, for a most certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure massy gold,
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,
Which to king Arthur did belong of old,
Upon whose margin, as they did surmise,
There were engraven Merlin's prophecies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part should stand ;
The king suspending, should he not consent,
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force ;
Having withal the clergy to direct
Them the best way in their resistless course,
Till at the last king Edward they procure,
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,
Set out most lively in my star-crost state,
That doth remain in Fortune's managing,
Appearing in my variable fate :
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,
Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,
Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my ease :
That way is saf'st that soonest can be past,
All not my friends that were abroad at seas ;
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there myself, I doubted to secure,

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any ;
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,
My hateful life was publish'd to too many,
That as I pass'd through every street along,
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,
Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
What the proud barons had in managing ;
And labour'd then, as he had done before,
Me into England safely to restore.

For which relying on my sovereign's love,
To whom as life I had been ever dear,
Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,
Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
A dispensation for his former oath,
In their despite that thereto seem'd most loth.

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength,
And should for England, hap what could betide,
And in a ship that for my passage lay,
Thither myself to secretly convey.

Where safely landed on the wished shore,
With speed to court I closely me betook,
Yet gave the king intelligence before,
About what time he there for me should look,
Who was devising, when I should arrive,
The surest way my safety to contrive.

Which the lords finding, whilst their blood was hot,
That to themselves then only were to trust ;
For what before was done, avail'd them not,
And for my sake they found the king unjust,
Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,
Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distaste,
That thus the king his nobles should neglect ?
And those in court we for our purpose plac'd,
Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd us with the pleas'd'st eye,
Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made king Edward presently provide
A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,
To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd
With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends
To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence
He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
Not then to seek in so well known a thing,
And both the Marches they so strictly kept,
That none could enter to assist the king,
Only to chastise my abhorred sin,
Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,
Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this shore, and now tow'rds that doth ride,
As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,
The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou kingdom's cor'sive, home-begotten hate,
In any limits never that wast bounded,
When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
By thee that was not utterly confounded ?
How many empires be there that do rue thee ?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,
Only some small force that we had at sea,
For us to trust to, Fortune had us left,
On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,
Which we to hasten speedily do make,
Our former courses forced to forsake.

Our present peril happ'ning to be so,
That did for aid importunately call,
Wherefore in York, as safest from the foe,
He left me to the keeping of the wall,
Till his return me further aid might give,
Whom more and more he studied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford setting on,
Th' appointed rendy where they gath'ed head,
When they had notice that the king was gone,
Tow'rs Yorkshire with celerity them sped,
To seize my person purposed that were, [bear.
Whose presence else might make them to for.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,
With that small force the city had to lend me,
The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,
And of all other likeliest to defend me,
Which at the worst, from whence, in their
despite,

The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
Upon each passage set so watchful spies,
Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,
But on their light-horse after me they rise,
And suddenly they in upon me came,
Ere I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow'rs Oxford to convey me,
When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,
As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:

Each one rejoicing that I thus was caught,
Who on the land these miseries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
Where th' earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay'd,
To understand before they further pass'd,
What by the king could on my side be said
About this business, and tow'rs Edward went,
To acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' earl of Warwick (lying but too near)
The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
He whom I most suspected of them all,
Thither repairing with his powerful band,
Seized upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,
(Where he had long desired me to get)
With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puissant barony abet,
Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,
Hasten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,
A little hill in public view doth lie,
That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,
To which the lords me as a traitor led,
And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus express,
In the sad tenour of my tragic tale,
Let me return to the fair fields of rest,
Thither transported with a prop'rious gale,
And leave the world my destiny to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

THE LEGEND OF THOMAS CROMWELL EARL OF ESSEX.

Awak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread,
With the loud slander (by the impious time)
That of my actions every where is spread,
Through which to honour falsely I should climb:
From the sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appears, his wretched plight to show,
Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I should die,
What thing so strange of Cromwell is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd?
That with the world when I am waxed old, [than I?
Most 'twere unfit that Fame of me should lie,
With fables vain my history to fill,
Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill-deserved blame
Upon my legend publicly shall lay,
Would you forbear to blast me with defame,
Might I so mean a privilege but pray,
He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
Hear him a little, who hath heard you long.

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,
Who her religion pluck'd up by the root,
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth shoot;
That to excuse it, do the best I can,
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot:
Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,
Much to the mind herself it is to please.

O powerful number, from whose stricter law
Heart-moving music did receive the ground,
Which man to fair civility did draw,
With the brute beast when lawless he was found:
O, if according to the wiser saw,
There be a high divinity in sound,
Be now abundant, prop'iously to aid
The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,
Whose meanest cottage simply me did shroud,
To me as dearest of the English earth;
So of my bringing that poor village proud,
Though in a time when never less the dearth
Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,
That with the best she boldly durst prefer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.
Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear, [woo'd,
And the pale Genius of that aged flood,
To my sick mother labouring did appear,
And with a countenance much distracted stood,
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb should bear;
My speedy birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to forcel that much I came to do.

Who was reserved for those worse days,
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,
Only for which inmedicable blow,
Due to that time, he dooming Heaven ordain'd,
Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,
 Often predictions of most fearful things,
 As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
 Rising of commons, or the death of kings;
 But some strange news though ever it divine,
 Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
 Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
 To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,
 Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,
 Whom my great tower'dness strongly did persuade,
 In knowledge to have educated me;
 But death did him unluckily invade,
 Ere he the fruits of his desire could see,
 Leaving me young, then little that did know,
 How me the Heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,
 Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to
 Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose, [draw:
 Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
 Which still is settled upon outward shows,
 The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,
 Which the unworthiest sottishly do love,
 In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise, [know,
 But through this cloud were some that did me
 Which than the rest more happy, or more wise,
 Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
 Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,
 When to my height I afterward did grow,
 Them to requite, my bounties were so high,
 As made my fame through every ear to fly.

That height and godlike purity of mind,
 Resteth not still, where titles most adorn
 With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
 To names, and to be limited doth scorn:
 Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
 Richest and poorest both alike are born;
 And to be always pertinently good,
 Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
 That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
 Which first by noble industry he wan,
 His baser issue after should enhance,
 And the rude slave not any good that can,
 Such should thrust down by what is his by chance:
 As had not he been first that him did raise,
 Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandsire's
 praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end
 To heap such worldly dignities on thee,
 When upon Fortune only they depend,
 And by her changes governed must be?
 Besides the dangers still that such attend,
 Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in me,
 When that, for which I hated was of all,
 Soon'st from me fled, scarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boast your ancestors' proud stile,
 And the large stem whence your vain greatness
 grew,
 When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
 Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
 That all good spirits would utterly exile,
 Doubting their worth should else discover you,
 Giving yourselves unto ignoble things,
 Base I proclaim you, though deriv'd from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this Earth doth place,
 'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,
 To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
 Nor ceasing to pursue her with despite:
 Yet when of all she is accounted base,
 And seeming in most miserable plight,
 Out of her power new life to her doth take,
 Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
 For her dear sake that offereth him to die,
 For whom, when him the world doth disinherit,
 Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,
 What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
 Daring the proudest menaces defy,
 More worth than life, howe'er the base world
 rate him, [him,
 Belov'd of Heaven, although the Earth doth hate

Injurious Time, unto the good unjust,
 O! how may weak posterity suppose
 Ever to have their merit from the dust,
 'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?
 To thy report, O who shall ever trust,
 Triumphant arches building unto those,
 Allow'd the longest memory to have,
 That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
 As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
 Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
 Could win that place, which my high thoughts did
 That waxed still more prosperously great, [hold,
 The more the world me strove to have controll'd,
 On mine own columns constantly to stand,
 Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,
 To avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;
 Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,
 If that too much my wants did me not let:
 Wherefore myself above myself to bear,
 Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,
 To perfect that which in the embryo was,
 Whose birth, I found, time well might bring
 to pass.

But when my means to fail me I did find,
 Myself to travel presently I took:
 For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,
 That the vile world into my wants should look,
 Being besides industriously inclin'd,
 To measure others' actions with my book,
 My judgment more to rectify thereby,
 In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it happ'd, that Fortune, as my guide,
 Of me did with such providence dispose,
 That th' English merchants then, who did reside
 At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,
 (As though in me to manifest her pride)
 Whence to those principalities I rose,
 To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,
 Beyond her power that almost she had fear'd.

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
 In wise commerce most proper to that place,
 And from my country carefully me wain'd;
 As with the world it meant to win me grace,
 Where great experience happily I gain'd;
 Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
 For high employment otherwise ordain'd,
 Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,
The charge, thereof on Chambers being lay'd,
Coming to Flanders, happ'd to understand
Of me, whom he requested him to aid;
Of which, when I the benefit had scann'd,
Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,
Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
Under a cheerful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
In every project, that so powerful trine,
By whose kind working bravely I did stir,
Which to each high and glorious design
(The time could offer) freely did me spur,
As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,
(Showing success) t' attempt that could we
dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth itself to show,
To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher still it every day did grow;
And being in so excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,
How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
Myself and through the straitest ways I wound.
So could I act, so well I could persuade,
As meerly jovial in myself was I,
Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)
Of freemens catches to the pope I sing,
Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
Thither the which I was the first bid bring,
That were unknown to Italy till then:
Light humours them when judgment doth direct,
Even of the wise win plausible respect.

And those, from home that pensions were allow'd,
And there did for intelligence remain,
Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,
Russel and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,
When as their names they durst not have avow'd,
Me into their society t' retain,
Rising before me, mighty as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me
thera.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsoke,
That had before been deeply bound to me,
And would again I use of them should make,
But still my stars command I should be free,
And all those offers lightly from me shake,
Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;
And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
And means were weak, my mind was ever strong.

Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,
Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,
Thereby inforc'd with painful industry,
Against affliction manfully to strive,
Under her burthen faintly not to lie:
But since my good I hardly must derive,
Into the same I thought to make my way,
Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,
For so a while my need did me constrain,
With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gain:
Whereas when Fortune seem'd me low to tread
Under her feet, she set me up again,
Until her use bade me her not to fear,
Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' imperial pow'r did bend
'Gainst Rome, which Bourbon skillfully did guide,
Which fast-declining Italy did rend;
For th' right that him her holiness deny'd,
Wholly herself inforc'd to defend
'Gainst him that justly punish'd her pride,
To which myself I hastily did partake,
To see thereof what Fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great gen'ral serv'd,
When he first girt her stubborn waist with steel,
Within her walls who well-near being starv'd,
And that with faintness she began to reel,
Showing herself a little as she swerv'd:
First her then noting I began to feel,
She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,
What in herself she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,
Where hers their subtle practices did vie,
Amongst that mighty confluence of men,
French plots propt up by English policy,
The German powers false shuffling, and again
All countermin'd by skillful Italy;
Each one in possibility to win,
Great rests were up, and mighty hands were
in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,
(My inclination finding it to please,
This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
To temper in so dangerous assays,
Which did strange forms of policies beget;
Besides in times so turbulent as these,
Whereto my studies wholly I did bend,
To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
Into the secrets of those times to see,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Those slights of state deliver'd there to me,
Int' which there then were very few that sought,
Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
Which after did most fearful things effect,
Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last
Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,
When many perils strangely I had past,
As many sad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the Moon when I began to cast,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the mighty known,
How they would seem compared with their
own.

Or if that there the great should me neglect,
As I the worst that vainly did not fear,
To my experience how to gain respect,
In other countries that do hold it dear,
I no occasion vainly did reject,
Whilst still before me other rising were,
And some themselves had mounted to the sky,
Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
Lately begot by luxury and pride,
In their great'st fullness peremptory stood;
Some that those courses diligently ey'd,
Slily were fishing in that troubled flood,
For future changes wisely to provide,
Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,
Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appal,
Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
Having nought left to fasten it withal,
Thus with the time by gulf'ring I do strive,
Into what harbour doubtful yet so fall;
Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Casting the fair'st, my fortune due to advance.

Making myself to mighty Woolsey known,
That Atlas, which the government up-stay'd,
Who from mean place in little time was grown
Up to him, which that weight upon him lay'd;
And being got the nearest to this throne,
He the more easly this great kingdom sway'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,
Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath.

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,
Men in those times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their rank and worthily did get,
There as their proud competitor to sit.
One excellence to many is the mother,
Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of kings,
Whose veins with more than usual spirit were fill'd,
A man ordained to the mighti'st things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Christ a college, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
There me employs, whose industry he found
Worthy to work upon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear
Coin might fall short; yet with this work on fire,
Wherefore such houses as religious were,
Whose being no necessity require,
But that the greater very well might bear,
From Rome the card'nal cunningly did hire,
Winning withal his sovereign to consent,
It colouring with so holy an intent.

This, like a symptom to a long disease,
Was the forerunner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadvisedly did seize
Upon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the work been of so many days,
And more again recover hardly shall:

But lo, it sunk, which time did long up-hold,
Where now it lies even level'd with the mould.

Thus thou, great Rome, here first wast over-
thrown,

Thy future harms that blindly couldst not see,
And in this work they only were thine own,
Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not shown,
Ne'er had those secrets been descry'd by me,

Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow,
Worn those high types wherein they flourish
now.

For which my master Woolsey might and main,
Into such favour with the king me brought,
Tow'rd's whom. myself so well I did demean,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retain,
With what before that card'nal had me taught,
From whose example, by those cells but small,
Sprang the subversion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ran so steadily and right,
And many a snare my adversaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power, much with
their slight,

Wisely perceiving that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the utmost of their might,
To my ascendant hasting then to climb,
There as the first predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did woo,
Which I through Woolsey happen'd had to find,
And could the path most perfectly unto,
The king thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might do,
If so great power me fully were assign'd,
By all their means against me strongly wrought,
Lab'ring as fast to bring their church to nought.

Whilst to the king continually I sue,
And in this bus'ness faithfully did stir,
Strongly to prove my judgment to be true,
'Gainst those who most supposed me to err;
Nor the least means, which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purposes perfer,
Did I omit, till I had won his ear [hear.
Most that me mark'd, when least he seem'd to

This wound to them thus violently given,
Envy at me her sharpest darts did rove,
Affecting the supremacy of Heaven,
As the first giants warring against Jove,
Heap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,
The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove:
So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,
That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,
So momentary worldly favours are,
That till the utmost of their spite was spent,
Had not my spirit maintain'd a manly war,
Risen they had, when I had lain full low,
Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great king, their strange reports that
took,

Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,
Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,
Me at the first so violently shook,
That they this frame were likely down to bear,
If resolution with a settled brow
Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my counsers force me to forsake,
After this shipwreck I again must try,
Some happier voyage hopeful still to make:
The plots that barren long we see do lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take:
One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore
What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,
How it this while had managed my state;
My soul in counsel summoning to sit,
If possible to turn the course of fate;
For ways there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate :
And since I once was got so near the brink,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

Russel, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd most,
And reverend Hailes, who but occasion crav'd
To show his love, no less that I had cost,
Who to the king perceiving me disgrac'd,
Whose favour I unluckily had lost,
Both with him great, a foot set in withal,
If not to stay, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,
And once more get me into Fortune's lap,
Which well myself might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,
As the two props by which I only rose,
When most suppress, most trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
Int' which the heedless prelacy were ran,
That back unto the papacy did fly,
Sworn to that see, and what before was done,
Due to the king, dispensed were thereby,
Int' which first ent'ring offer'd me the mean,
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that overflowing source,
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
Whose speedy current with unusual force
Bare me into the bosom of the king,
By putting him into that ready course,
Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,
Where those which late imperiously control'd me,
Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold me.

When State to me those ceremonies show'd,
That to so great a favourite were due,
And Fortune still with honours did me load,
As though no mean she in my rising knew,
Or Heaven to me more than to man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other sparing of her store,
Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferences he upon me lay'd,
To make the world me publicly to know,
Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergo;
Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,
Until I so abundantly did flow,
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
Danger bad fear, if further I should roam.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the jewel-house my lot,
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a privy counsellor I got,
Then of the garter; and then earl to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great viceregency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these dignities besit,
And honour so me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name :
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report
Of hospitable Friscobald and me,
And show in how reciprocal a sort
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,
When as my meals in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd? less that would not be,
When I of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounty lib'rally repay'd.

The manner briefly, gentler Muse, relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavoydied fate,
That famous merchant, reverend Friscobald,
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certain goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had.

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
Though with long travel both by land and seas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
And if he found that friendship here were feign'd,
Yet at the worst, it better should him please,
Far out of sight to perish here unknown,
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily espy'd,
Whose outward looks much inward grief did show;
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, methought more precisely I should know :
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithal so joyed with his sight,
(With the dear sight of his so reverend face)
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace :
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the public place,
Check'd my affection, till some fitter hour
On him my love effectually might show'r.

"Never," quoth I, "was Fortune so unjust,
As to do wrong to thy most noble heart :
What man so wicked could betray the trust,
Of one so upright, of so good desert?
And tho' obey necessity thou must,
As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou art ;
Let me alone the last be left of all,
That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall."

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wise and discreet that well I knew to be,
Show'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once look'd up at me :
"Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,"
(Quoth I) "bespeak him reverently you see;
Scorn not his habit; little canst thou tell,
How rich a mind in those mean rags doth dwell."

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
 Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
 That long time had been fixed on his feet,
 To look no higher than his misery,
 Thinking him more calamity did greet,
 Or that I had supposed him some spy ;
 With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
 Quoth he, " His will accomplish'd be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,
 He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,
 To think upon this accident begun,
 And on himself suspicious to be run,
 Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
 Off himself cheering, off himself forsook :
 Strangely perplex'd, he to his house doth come,
 Not knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his doom.

My servants set his coming to attend,
 That were therein not common for their skill,
 Whose usage yet the former did amend :
 He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill ;
 But as a man, whose thoughts were at an end,
 " Fortune," quoth he, " then work on me thy will :
 Wiser than man I think he were that knew
 Whence this may come, or what will it ensue."

His honour'd presence so did me inflame,
 That being then in presence of my peers,
 I 'dained not to meet him as he came,
 (That very hardly could contain my tears)
 Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
 And off together ask him how he cheers :
 Which still along maintaining the extreme,
 The man thought sure he had been in a dream.

At length to wake him gently, I began
 With this demand, " If once he did not know
 One Thomas Cromwell, a poor Englishman,
 By him reliev'd, when he was driven low,"
 When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
 Yet with his tears it silently did show,
 I wept for woe, to see mine host distress'd ;
 But he for joy, to see his happy guest.

Him to the lords I publish'd by my praise,
 And at my table carefully him set,
 Recounting them the many sundry ways
 I was to this good gentleman in debt ;
 How great he was in Florence in those days,
 With all that grace or reverence him might get :
 Which all the while yet silently he hears,
 Moistening among his viands with his tears.

And to lend fulness lastly to his fate,
 Great sums I gave him, and what was his due,
 Made known, myself became his advocate,
 And at my charge his creditors I sue,
 Recovering him unto his former state :
 Thus he the world began by me anew,
 That shall to all posterity express
 His honour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

But, Muse, recount before thou farther pass,
 How this great change so quickly came about,
 And what the cause of this sad downfall was,
 In every part the spacious realm throughout,
 Being effected in so little space ;
 Leave not thereof posterity to doubt,
 That the world obscured else may be,
 If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church rely,
 Having full pow'r kings to account to call,
 That to the world run only policy,
 Besides Heaven's keys to stop or let in all,
 Let me but know from her supremacy
 How she should come so suddenly to fall :
 'Twas more than chance sure put a hand thereto,
 That had the power so great a thing to do.

Or aught there were had bidding under Sun,
 Who would have thought those edifices great,
 Which first Religion holly began,
 The Church approv'd, and Wisdom richly seat,
 Devotion nourish'd, Faith allowance won,
 With what might make them any way complete,
 Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,
 But that begun and ended from the sky ?

And the king, late obedient to her laws,
 Against the clerk of Germany had writ,
 As he the first that stirr'd in the Church's cause,
 Against him greatl'est that oppugned it ;
 And wan from her so grateful an applause,
 Then in her favour chiefly that did sit,
 That as the prop whereon she only stay'th,
 Him she instil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did place

In the first rank, the oracles of state,
 Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
 Which through the land received was of late,
 Then aught at all prevailed in this case.
 O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
 Whose depth not weak mortality can know !
 Who can up-hold what Heaven will overthrow ?

When time now universally did show
 The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
 With most abundance then when she did flow,
 Yet every hour still prosperously she wax'd,
 But the world poor did by loose riots grow,
 Which served as an excellent pretext,
 And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
 Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside.

Likewise to that, posterity did doubt
 Those at the first not rightly to adore,
 Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
 Had to the church contributed their store,
 And to recover only went about
 What their great zeal had lavished before,
 On her a strong hand violently lay'd,
 Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the king set in a course so right,
 Which I for him laboriously had tract,
 (Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his might)

I still to prompt his power with me to act,
 Into those secrets got so deep a sight,
 That nothing lastly to his furtherance lack'd,
 And by example it to him was shown,
 How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrow'n.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
 He suddenly not brake off every band,
 But took the power first from the papal name,
 After, a while let the religion stand,
 When limb by limb he daily did it lame ;
 First, took a leg, and after took a hand,
 Till the poor semblance of a body left,
 But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some abbey happen'd void to fall,
By death of him that the superior was,
Gain, that did first church-liberty enthal,
Only supreme promoted to the place,
Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all,
Under the colour of some other's grace,

That by the slander which from him should
spring,

Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from Heaven when by a secret course
Dissension universally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary source)

P' th' Church believing, as Mahumetan,
When Luther first did these opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,
Which powerful fate had limited to time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,
From that proud height to which it long did climb,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,
Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length just-dooming Heaven de-
creed,

That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

Th' authority upon her she did take,
And use thereof in every little thing,
Finding herself how oft she did forsake,
In her own bounds herself not limiting,
That awful fear and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed holiness did bring,
From slight regard and brought her into hate,
With those that much dislik'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,
Belief to her great miracles to win,
To the wise world were every day bewray'd,
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
Damnation yet to question what she said,
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,
Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,
But what their fathers gave her being dead,
The sons rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And those her buildings most of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers' coffins bruise'd.

The wisest and most provident but build
For time again but only to destroy,
The costly piles and monuments we gild,
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy;
Vicissitude impartially will'd,
The goodliest things be subject to annoy,
And what one age did studiously maintain,
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did err,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others soon raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On such before as were obscure and base, [go,
Who would with her, they likewise down should
And o'erthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sight
The wisest thought they justly did reject,
They after saw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceived right
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect:
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there have been, and shall be still in all.

But negligent Security and Ease,
Unbridled Sensuality began,
That only sought his appetite to please,
As it in midst of such abundance sat:
The church not feeling others should her praise,
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat,
Herself to too much liberty did give,
Which someperceiv'd that in those times did live.

Pierce, the wise ploughman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was afraid
The seven great sins to Hell him like to draw,
And to wise clergy mainly cry'd for aid;
Fall'n ere he wist (whom peril much did awe)
On unclean priests whilst faintly he him staid,
Willing good clergy t' ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong giants hotly had in chase.

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not well,
He listed not their dressing to endure,
When in his ear Need softly did him tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they did
make,
For which on them the charge of souls they take.

And voluntary poverty profess,
By food of angels seeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the best,
That most to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increase
"If so," quoth Conscience, "thee may I believe,
Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow,
If beyond number like they be to grow."

The frier soon feeling Conscience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocrisy did thrive,
That many teachers every where did wound,
For which Contrition miserably did grieve:
Now in deceit to show himself profound,
His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
Gets the pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise from Conscience to escape.

And so tow'rd's goodly Unity he goes,
A strong-built castle standing very high,
Where Conscience liv'd to keep him from his foes,
Whom, lest some watchful sentinel should spy,
And him should to the garrison disclose,
His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,
It doth unpin, and prays him God to save,
And after salving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The frier low louting, crossing with his hand,
"To speak with Contrition," quoth he, "I would
crave."

"Father," quoth Peace, "your coming is in vain,
For him of late Hypocrisy hath slain."

"God shield!" (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,) "To former health I hope him to restore,
For in my skill his sound recovery lies;
Doubt not thereof, if setting God before."
"Are you a surgeon?" (Peace again replies.)
"Yea," quoth the frier, "and sent to heal his sore."
"Come near," quoth Peace, "and God your coming speed,
Never of help Contrition had more need."

And for more haste he haleth in the frier,
And his lord Conscience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer:
"O sir," quoth he, "I fear that I could
To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,
Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocrisy of late,
Now lieth in most desperate estate."

"Sir," quoth the frier, "I hope him soon to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
Will he awhile my dressing but endure."
And to Contrition therewith cometh he,
And by fair speech himself of him assure,
But first of all going thorough for his fee:
Which done, quoth he, "if outwardly you show
Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly assailing of his sin,
No other medicine will he to him lay,
Saying, that Heaven his silver him should win:
And to give friers, was better than to pray;
So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his patient he so long did play,
Until Contrition had forgot to weep.
This the wise ploughman show'd me from his sleep.

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,
Others again our weaknesses shall see:
For this is sure, he hideth not with men,
That shall know all to be what they should be:
Yet let the faithful and industrious pen
Have the due merit; but return to me,
Whose fall this while blind Fortune did devise,
To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceive,
That me maligning, lifted at my state,
The king to marry forward still I heave,
(His former wife being repudiate)
With Ann the sister of the duke of Cleve,
The German princes to confederate,
To back me still 'gainst those that 'gainst me lay,
Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to pass could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The only man her safety that had sought,
Of her again and only favoured,
Which was the cause he hasted to my end,
Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemp'rature of blood,
Who was so great whose life he did regard?
Or what was it that his desires withstood,
He not invested, were it ne'er so hard?
Nor held he me so absolutely good,
That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd:
But with those things I lastly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

VOL. IV.

When Winchester, with all those enemies
Whom my much power from audience had de-
barr'd,

The longer time their mischiefs to devise,
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
When I had done the king what did suffice,
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the king his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did sway,
What late was truth, now turn'd to heresy:
When he by me had purchased his prey,
Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,
Leaves me but late his instrument therein.

Those laws I made myself alone to please,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)
Upon me now as violently seize,
By which I lastly perish'd by my skill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due)
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes,
My actions strangely censured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees
The pit wherein I likely was to fall.
O, were the sweets of man's felicities
Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,
He would forget by his o'erweening skill,
Just Heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
As in the corn, the fluxure when we see
Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear,
Rotting that time in ripening it should be,
And being once down, itself can never rear:
With us well doth this simile agree,
(By the wise man) due to the great in all,
By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,
And more than his prosperity doth wound?
Into the deep but fall how can he chuse,
That over-strides whereon his foot to ground?
Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
And to himself doth after-ill propound,
Unto his height who happily doth climb,
Sits above Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not choosing what us most delight doth bring,
And most that by the general breath is freed,
 wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,
Which in itself is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongst the most but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
By flatt'ring princes with a servile tongue,
And being soothers to their tyrannies,
Work our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And unto others tending injuries.
Unto ourselves it happen'ing oft among,
In our own snares un luckily are caught,
Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

M

The council-chamber place of my arrest,
Where chief I was, when greatest was the store,
And had my speeches noted of the best,
That did them as high oracles adore:
A parliament was lastly my request,
That was myself a parliament before,
The Tower-hill scaffold lest I did ascend:
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers:
Forth rovd I by the sliding rills,
To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The Echoes wonder'd at.
When me upon my quest to bring,
That pleasure might excel,
The birds strove which should sweetliest sing,
The flow'rs which should sweetest smell.
Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the Echo doth reply
To my last word—"Go on."
At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.
Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.
And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.
Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.
Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.
The clear drops, in the steps that stood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.
The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly show'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.
When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw:
I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white -
They from their fellows were?"
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet "Why
It sadly hung the head?"
It told me, "Cynthia late pass'd by,
Too soon from it that fled."
A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace;
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place:
I of a shrub of those enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to our mind):
"As the base herb which we see such,
The poisoned'st weed that grows,
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
Transform'd us to the rose:
"Since when those frosts that winter brings,
Which candy every green,
Renew us like the teeming springs,
And we thus fresh are seen."
At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with plinks was platted;
The bank with daffadillies dight,
With grass like sleeve was matted:
When I demanded of that well,
What pow'r frequented there;
Desiring, it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear:
It told me "it was Cynthia's own,
Within whose cheerful brims,
That curious nymph had oft been known
To bathe her snowy limbs;
"Since when that water had the pow'r
Lost maidenhoods to restore,
And make one twenty in an hour,
Of Aeson's age before."
And told me "That the bottom clear,
Now lay'd with many a fet
Of seed pearl, ere she bath'd her there,
Was known as black as jet:
"As when she from the water came,
Where first she touch'd the mould,
In balls the people made the same,
For pomander and sold."
When chance me to an harbour led,
Whereas I might behold
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;
The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down, the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.
The wealthy spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.
The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.
Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties bless'd,
No limb of her's but might have made
A goddess at the least.

She flies by chaïce mesht in her hair;
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And beard the egantine.

The dew which on the tender grass
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir:
Whilst tuning to the waters' fall,
The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I too plainly see
A thousand Cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me."

"Into these secret shades," quoth she,
"How dar'st thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallow'd mould?"

"Those words," quoth she, "I can pronounce,
Which to that shape can bring
Thee, which the hunter had, who once
Saw Dian in the spring."

"Bright nymph," again I thus reply,
"This cannot me affright:
I had rather in thy presence die,
Than live out of thy sight."

"I first upon the mountains high
Built altars to thy name,
And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
To propagate thy fame."

"I taught the shepherds on the downs
Of thee to form their lays:
'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
With ditties of thy praise."

"Thy colours I devis'd with care,
Which were unknown before:
Which since that, in their braided hair
The nymphs and sylvans wore."

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be:
Yea, what must hateful is to man,
So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.
Quoth she, "Most welcome to these woods,
Too mean for one so true."

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
A den of mere despite:
To idiots only that doth give,
Which be her sole delight."

"To people the infernal pit,
That more and more doth strive;
Where only villainy is wit,
And devils only thrive."

"Whose vileness us shall never awe:
But here our sports shall be,
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free."

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill."

"The waxen palace of the bee,
We seeking will surprise,
The curious workmanship to see
Of her full-laden thighs."

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the gods' wine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine."

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the syrupt leaves;
And tell the bees, that their's is gall
To this upon the greaves."

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes;
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes."

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
And when it takes the bee,
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
The innocent to free."

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hook,
Which him our prey shall make."

"Of meddling with such subtle tools,
Such dangers that enclose,
The moral is, that painted fools
Are caught with silken shows."

"And when the Moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When Fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds."

"And have a flock of turtle-doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest."

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On Earth Heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside."

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

DORILUS, in sorrows deep,
Autumn waxing old and chill,
As he sat his flocks to keep,
Underneath an easy hill,
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside
On those fields, where he had seen
Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,
Sporting on the pleasant green:

To whose walks the shepherds oft
 Came, her godlike foot to find;
 And in places that were soft,
 Kiss'd the print there left behind:
 Where the path which she had trode,
 Hath thereby more glory gain'd,
 Than in Heav'n that milky road,
 Which with nectar Hebe stain'd.
 But bleak-winter's boist'rous blasts
 Now their fading pleasures chide,
 And so fill'd them with his wastes,
 That from sight her steps were hid.
 Silly shepherd, sad the while
 For his sweet Siren: gone,
 All his pleasures in exile,
 Laid on the cold earth alone:
 Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd cur
 With his mirthless master plays,
 Striving him with sport to stir,
 As in his more youthful days.
 Dorilus his dog doth chide,
 Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,
 And his sheep-hook casts aside,
 "There," quoth he, "together lie."
 When a letter forth he took,
 Which to him Sirena writ,
 With a deadly downcast look,
 And thus fell to reading it.
 "Dorilus, my dear," quoth she,
 "Kind companion of my woe,
 Though we thus divided be,
 Death cannot divorce us so:
 Thou whose bosom hath been still
 Th' only closet of my care,
 And in all my good and ill
 Ever had thy equal share:
 Might I win thee from thy fold,
 Thou should'st come to visit me;
 But the winter is so cold,
 That I fear to hazard thee.
 The wild waters are wax'd high,
 So they are both deaf and dumb;
 Lov'd they thee so well as I,
 They would ebb when thou should'st come:
 Then my cot with light should shine
 Purer than the vestal fire;
 Nothing here but should be thine,
 That thy heart can well desire:
 Where at large we will relate
 From what cause our friendship grew,
 And in that the varying fate,
 Since we first each other knew:
 Of my heavy passed plight,
 As of many a future fear,
 Which, except the silent night,
 None but only thou shalt hear.
 My sad heart it shall relieve,
 When my thoughts I shall disclose,
 For thou canst not choose but grieve,
 When I shall recount my woes.
 There is nothing to that friend,
 To whose close uncrannied breast
 We our secret thoughts may send,
 And there safely let 'em rest:
 And thy faithful counsel may
 My distressed ease assist;
 Sad affliction else may sway
 Me, a woman, as it list.
 Hither I would have thee haste,
 Yet would gladly have thee stay,

When those dangers I forecast,
 That may meet thee by the way,
 Do as thou shalt think it best,
 Let thy knowledge be thy guide;
 Like thou in my constant breast,
 Whatsoever shall betide."

He her letter having read,
 Puts it in his scrip again,
 Looking like a man half dead,
 By her kindness strangely slain:
 And as one who inly knew
 Her distressed present state,
 And to her heart had been true,
 Thus doth with himself dilate.

"I will not thy face admire,
 Admirable though it be,
 Nor thine eyes, whose subtle fire
 So much wonder win in me:
 But my marvel shall be now,
 (And of long it hath been so)
 Of all woman-kind that thou
 Wert ordain'd to taste of woe.
 To a beauty so divine,
 (Paradise in little done)
 O that Fortune should assign
 Aught but what thou well might'st shun!
 But my counsels such must be,
 (Though as yet I them conceal)
 By their deadly wound in me,
 They thy hurt must only heal.
 Could I give what thou dost crave,
 To that pass thy state is grown,
 I thereby thy life may save,
 But am sure to lose mine own.
 To that joy thou dost conceive,
 Through my heart the way doth lie,
 Which in two for thee must cleave,
 Lest that thou should'st go awry.
 Thus my death must be a toy,
 Which my pensive breast must cover;
 Thy beloved to enjoy,
 Must be taught thee by thy lover.
 Hard the choice I have to chose;
 To myself if friend I be,
 I must my Sirena lose;
 If not so, she loseth me."

Thus whilst he doth cast about
 What therein were best to do,
 Nor could yet resolve the doubt,
 Whether he should stay or go:
 In those fields not far away
 There was many a frolic swain,
 In fresh russets day by day,
 That kept revels on the plain.
 Nimble Tom, sirnam'd the Tup,
 For his pipe without a peer,
 And could fiddle Trenchmore up,
 As t'would joy your heart to hear:
 Ralph, as much renown'd for skill,
 That the tabor touch'd so well:
 For his gittern little Gill,
 That all other did excel:
 Rock and Rollo every way,
 Who still fed the rustic ging,
 And could troul a roundelay,
 That would make the fields to ring:
 Collin on his shalm so clear,
 Many a high-pitch'd note that had,
 And could make the Echoes near
 Shout as they were waxen mad:

Many a lustly swain beside,
That for nought but pleasure car'd,
Having Dorilus espy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd,
Thought from him they would remove
This strong melancholy fit;
Or so, should it not be love,
Quite to put him out of's wit:
Having learnt a song which he
Sometime to Sirena sent,
Full of jollity and glee,
When the nymph liv'd near to Trent;
They behind him softly got,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected it,
Thus the jovial shepherd song.

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places:
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong'd to them
Most to renown her.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her,

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better:
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,
Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever,
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner;
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over:
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth;
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her:
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Straight to renew them;
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth:
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive agood
Them to intangle;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter;
Therewith to pave the mould
Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

When she looks out by night,
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,
Such most delightful balm
From her lips breaketh.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

In all our Britanny
 There's not a fairer,
 Nor can you fit any,
 Should you compare her.
 Angels her eyelids keep,
 All hearts surprising;
 Which look whilst she doth sleep
 Like the Sun's rising:
 She alone of her kind
 Knoweth true measure,
 And her unmatched mind
 Is Heaven's treasure.
 cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.
 Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
 Boast ye your beauties,
 To Trent your mistress here
 Yet pay you duties.
 My love was higher born
 Tow'rd's the full fountains,
 Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
 And the Peak mountains;
 Nor would she none should dream
 Where she abideth,
 Humble as is the stream,
 Which by her slideth.
 cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.
 Yet my poor rustic Muse,
 Nothing can move her,
 Nor the means I can use,
 Though her true lover:
 Many a long winter's night
 Have I wak'd for her,
 Yet this my piteous plight
 Nothing can stir her.
 All thy sands, silver Trent,
 Down to the Humber,
 The sighs that I have spent
 Never can number.
 cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.
 Taken with this sudden song,
 Least for mirth when he doth look,
 His sad heart more deeply stung
 Than the former care he took.
 At their laughter and amaz'd,
 For a while he sat aghast;
 But a little having gaz'd,
 Thus he them bespake at last.
 "Is this time for mirth," (quoth he)
 "To a man with grief oppress?
 Sinful wretches as you be,
 May the sorrows in my breast
 Light upon you one by one;
 And as now you mock my woe,
 When your mirth is turn'd to moan,
 May your like then serve you so."
 When one swain among the rest
 Thus him merrily bespake:

"Get thee up, thou arrant beast,
 Fits this season love to make?
 Take thy sheep-hook in thy hand,
 Clap thy cur and set him on;
 For our fields 'tis time to stand,
 Or they quickly will be gone.
 Roguish swineherds, that repine
 At our flocks, like beastly clowns,
 Swear that they will bring their swine,
 And will root up all our downs:
 They their holly whips have brac'd,
 And tough hazel goads have got;
 Soundly thy your sides will baste,
 If their courage fail them not.
 Of their purpose if they speed,
 It is neither Drayn nor Reed,
 Shepherds, that will serve your turn.
 Angry Olcon sets them on,
 And against us part doth take,
 Ever since he was out-gone,
 Off'ring rhymes with us to make.
 Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,
 Dearly shall our downs be bought;
 For it never shall be told,
 We our sheep-walks sold for naught.
 And we here have got us dogs,
 Best of all the western breed,
 Which though whelps shall lug their hogs,
 Till they make their ears to bleed:
 Therefore, shepherd, come away."
 When as Dorilus arose,
 Whistles Cut-tail from his play,
 And along with them he goes.

THE POLY-OLBION.

PREFACE.

TO THE GENERAL READER,

[WHEN MR. DRAYTON PUBLISHED EIGHTEEN SONGS
 ONLY OF THIS FORM.]

In publishing this my poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humourous world must hear of nothing that either savours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind: whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possessed with such stupidity and dullness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, chooseth to remain in the thick fogs

and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the Tenipe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their lively images; from whose height thou may'st behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle-gliding brooks; in which thou may'st fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thyself to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceeds from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore, having promised this poem of the general island so many years, I now publish only this part of it; I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somewhat also to have advanced me. But I instantly saw all my long-nourished hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther understanding of my poem, thou hast two especial helps: First, the argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the Muse makes her journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next, hast thou the illustration of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs

beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my poem, but it is the first of Wales) which are these:

And ere seven books have end, I'll strike so high
a string, [I sing.]

Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst

Speaking of seven books, you shall understand that I continue Wales through so many; beginning in the fourth song (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester, Worcester, and Salop, that lie on the west of Severn, with their ancient mother Wales: in which if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country, (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his majesty's goldsmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERMIT me thus much of these notes to my friend. What the verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full knowing reader, lets slip; or in winding steps of personating fictions as sometimes) so infolds, that sudden conceit cannot abstract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and plainness (as the one endured the other) I have joined; purposely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whensoever it happens, either (the page or margin (especially for gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my historical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and censure. The author, in passages of first inhabitants' name, state, and monarchic succession in this isle, follows Geoffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Westminster, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alleged for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters' credit, comparison with more persuading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural

amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brennus mistook by all writers of later time, following Justin's epitome of Trogus ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's story of king Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo, first duke of Normandy, his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vexed me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and bardish impostures, as well from ignorance as assumed liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of our nation, thrust into the world by later time. As (to give a taste) that of Randall Higden, affirming the beginning of wards in 6 Henry III. Polydore's assertion (upon mistaking of the statute of 1 Henry VII.) that it was death by the English laws for any man to wear a vizard; with many like errors in his history, of our trials by twelve, sheriffs, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and other like; Bartol's delivering the custom in this isle to be, *quod primogenitus succedit in omnibus bonis*¹. The Greek Chalcondylas his slanderous description of our usual form of kind entertainment, to begin with the wives' courteous admission to that most affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (he was deceived by misunderstanding the reports of our kissing salutations², given and accepted amongst us with more freedom than in any part of the southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps, that every kiss must be thought seconded with that addition to the seven promised by Mercury in name of Venus to him that should find Psyche; or as wanton as Aristophanes his *Μανδύλαρος*:) and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our British monarchy; within that time, from Brute, supposed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then judge of Israel) unto some fifty-four before Christ, (about when Julius Cæsar visited the island) no relation was extant, which is now left to our use. How then are they, which pretend chronologies of that age without any fragment of authors before Gildas, Taliessin, and Nennius (the eldest of which was since 500 of Christ) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the finding of Hiero's ship-mast in our mountains³, which is collected upon a corrupted place in Athenæus, cited out of Moschion; or that Ptolemy Philadelph sent to Reutha, king of Scots, some 1900 years since, for discovery of this country, which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæsar built Arthurs-hofien in Stirling sheriffdom: or that Britons were at the rape of Hesione with Hercules,

¹ Ad C. de summ. Trinit. l. 1. num. 42.

² Unum blandientis, ad pulsus linguæ longè melitum. Apuleius de Aur. Asin. 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in Plautus Curcul. Qui vult cubare pangit saltem suaviū; and such more in other wanton poets, with the opinion of Baldus, that a kiss in those southern nations, is sufficient consent to imperfect espousals, nothing of that kind but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being so.

³ *Ἐν τοῖς ἑσπεί τοις Βρετανίαις, ἀπὸ τοῦ Βερνικίου, quæ nempe verior videtur lectio.*

as our excellent wit, Joseph of Excester (published falsely under name of Cornelius Nepos) singeth: which are even equally warrantable, as Ariosto's narrations of persons and places in his Rowland's Spenser's elfin story, or Rabelais's strange discoveries. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) never quit their belief of wrong; although some Elias or Delian diver should make open what is so inquired after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote near 1800 since (for Aristotle *ῥεγὶ Κόρινθον* is clearly counterfeited in title) no Greek mentions the isle; until Lucretius (some hundred years later) no Roman hath expressed a thought of us; until Cæsar's commentaries, no piece of its description was known, that is now left to posterity. For time therefore preceding Cæsar, I dare trust none; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ancient matter since, I rely on Tacitus and Dio especially, Vopiscus, Capitolin, Spartian (for so much as they have, and the rest of the Augustan story) afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is left of them, and that of the last very imperfect) Bede, Asserio, Ethelwerd (near of blood to king Alfred) William of Malmesbury, Marian, Florence of Worcester (that published under name of Florence hath the very syllables of most part of Marian, the Scot's story, fraught with English antiquities; which will show you how easily to answer Buchanan's objection against our historians about Athelstan's being king of all Albion, being deceived when he imagined that there was no other of Marian but the common printed chronicle, which is indeed but an epitome or deforation made by Robert of Lorraine, bishop of Hereford, under Henry I.) and the numerous rest of our monkish and succeeding chronographers. In all, I believe him most, which, freest from affection and hate (causes of corruption) might best know, and hath with most likely assertion delivered his report. Yet so, that, to explain the author, carrying himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical poet, I insert oft, out of the British story, what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind are those prophecies out of Merlin sometime interwoven: I discharge myself; nor impute you to me any serious respect of them. inviting, not wresting in occasion, I add sometime what is different from my task, but such as I guess would any where please an understanding reader. To aid you in course of times, I have in fit places drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients; and, for matter of that kind, have admonished (to the fourth canto) what as yet I never saw by any observed, for wary consideration of the Dionysian cycle, and misinterpreted root of his dominical year. Those old rhymes, which (some number) you often meet with, are offered the willing, both for variety of your mother tongue, as also because the author of them (Robert of Gloucester) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy Chaucer: whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this farned allusion in his Troilus, by ignorance hath endured:

I am till God me better mind send,
At Dulcarnon, right at my wits' end⁴.

⁴ Chaucer explained.

It is not Necham, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of Dulcaroon to be Pythagoras's sacrifice after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of *فر القرنين* i. e. two-horned: which the Mahometan Arabians use for a root in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat, in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in Seleucius Nicenor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's son, whose statue was with rams' horns, both his own and his successors' coins were stamp'd with horned images: else in respect of his two pillars erected in the East, as a nihil ultra of his conquest; and some say, because he had in power the eastern and western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated Cresseide at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the logicians' dilemma express; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the Astrolabe (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of Messahalah) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to myself. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians, I abstain; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned nourice of antiquity,

— τὴν τὴν καὶ τηλόθε γαίαν
Τὴν ἀντὶ Ἀγαθὸς,

my instructing friend Mr. Camden Clarendieux. From him and Girald of Cambria also comes most of my British; and then may Mercury and all

* Epocha Seleucidarum.

† Christman. Commentar. in Alfragan. c. 11. Lysimachi Cornuvm apud Cael. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12. hic genuina interpretatio.

‡ Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitem verò illum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cujus historia magnam partem quasi *Βασίλειον* chorographica substructio plerâq; ad antiquitatis amussim, ab eruditissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam suppilata, est) adeo inhumanum fuisse miror, ut benè merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quàm clariss. vñi syllabis et inventis codicem suum sæpius perquam ingrâtè suffarinet. Atque id ferè genus plagiariorum, rudes omnino, et *Ἀποδύους*, et vernáculos nimirum nostrates jam nunc imponere sarcinam video indignanter & ringor.

the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn! Let them vent judgment on me which understand: I justify all, by the self authors cited, crediting no transcribers, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compelled me always seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the river's nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting, (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge, (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time, which was but little more than since the poem first went to the press, and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching historical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

Sunt quibus in verbis videorq; obscurior, hoc est, Evandri cum matre loqui, I aunisq; Numaq; Nec secus ac si auctor Salliaris carminis essom.

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much against that form: but withal, this later age, wherein so industrious search is among admired ruins of old monuments, hath, in our greatest Latin critics, Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lipsius, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in philology, it is now grown familiar; and, as he saith, Verba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos assertatores habent, sed etiam afferunt orationi majestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione. Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not justify it without exception, disliking not that of Phavorin, Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus; and as coin, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used, although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to endeavour imitation allows me more than the bare title of blameless. The purblind ignorant I salute with the English of that monitory epigram,

— Εἰ δὲ γὰρ πᾶντα
Νῦν ἔφους Μουσίου, ἔφους δὲ μὴ νοῦς¹⁰.

reprehension of them, whose language and best learning is purchased from such volumes as Rablais reckons saint Victor's library, or barbarous glosses,

Quàm nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furnished in our old story, only out of the common Polychronicon, Caxton, Fabian, Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holingshed, (perhaps with gift of understanding) Polydore, and the rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventurous Thesites daring find fault even with the very Graces, in a strain

Cornua quod vincatque tubas

* Janus Anglorum.

† Quintilian.

¹⁰ If thou hast no taste in learning, meddle no more with what thou understandest not.

I regard as metamorphosed Lucius's looking out at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at it. By sections [§] in the verses you know what I meddle with in the illustrations: but so, that with latitude, the direction admonishes sometimes as well for explaining a following or preceding passage, as its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wish your best desires; to the author I wish, (as an old cosmographical poet did long since to himself)

Ἀλλὰ σοὶ ὕμνον
Ἀδύπον ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιός ἦν ἀμειβή¹¹.

To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love passions, and sweet embracements feigned by the Muse amongst hills and rivers. Whatsoever tastes of description, battle, story, abstruse antiquity, and (which my particular study caused me sometime remember) law of the kingdom, to the more severe reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other, happy attendance of their chosen Muses.

From the Inner Temple;

May 9, 1612,

¹¹ That the godlike sort of men may worthily guerdon his labours.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwall's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and describes
How all those riverets fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and sings his first arrive:
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.

OF Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I
write,
The sundry varying spoils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the
heat, [great,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth
wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long)
What help shall I invoke to aid my Muse the while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drowning
flood, [brood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to show
Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers
flow;

Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy valleys
lie; [ing's pride,

From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morn-
And check the surly imps of Neptune when they
chide,

Unto the big-swoll'n waves in the Iberian stream¹,
Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
And oft his flaming locks in luscious nectar steeps,
When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
That from th' Armoric sands², on surging Nep-
tune's leas, [seas)

Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Vergivian
My verse with wings of skil may fly a lofty gait,

§. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
Till thro' the sleepy main to Thuly³ I have gone,
And seen the frozen isles, the cold Deucalidon⁴,
§. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet re-
mains, [chains.

Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine
Ye sacred bards⁵, that to your harps' melodious
strings [kings)

Sung th' ancient heroes' deeds (the monuments of
And in your dreadful verse engrav'd the prophecies,
The aged world's descents and genealogies;

If, as those Druids⁶ taught, which kept the British
rites, [with sprites

And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling
(But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
As since clear truth hath show'd to their posterity)

When these our souls by death our bodies do for-
sake,

§. They instantly again do other bodies take;
I could have wish'd your spirits redoubled in my
breast,

To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.

Thus scarcely said the Muse, but hovering while
she hung. [sung:

Upon the Celtic wastes⁷, the sea-nymphs loudly
"O ever-happy isles! your heads so high that bear,
By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to fear
On Neptune's wat'ry realms when Eöus raiseth
wars, [the stars:

And every billow bounds, as though to quench
Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the deep,
Peculiarly that boasts thy double-horned sheep:
Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey, bravely
crow'd [ground

With rough-embattled rocks, whose venom-hating
The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad dost
send:

Thou Ligon her belov'd, and Serk, that doth attend
Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow, them at need,
With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies, that dost
feed: [see

Ye seven small sister isles, and Sorlings, which to
The half-sunk seaman joys; or whatsoever you be,
From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic shore,
To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns of
yore [shapes they please;

§. Gave answers from their caves, and took what
Ye happy islands set within the British seas,

¹ The western or Spanish ocean.

² Bretagne coasts.

³ The farthest isle in the British ocean.

⁴ The sea upon the north of Scotland.

⁵ The old British poets.

⁶ Priests of the ancient Britons.

⁷ The French seas.

With shrill and jocund shouts, th' unmeasur'd
 deeps awake,
 And let the gods of sea their secret bow'rs forsake,
 Whilst our industrious Muse great Britain forth
 shall bring, [the spring;
 Crown'd with those glorious wreaths that beautify
 And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many an
 amorous lay
 Sing our invention safe unto her long-wish'd bay." Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's frowning beak,
 Where Bresán⁹ from the land the tilting waves doth
 break;
 The shore let her transcend, the promont⁹ to descry,
 And view about the point th' unnumber'd fowl that
 fly;
 Some rising like a storm from off the troubled sand,
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow all the land;
 Some sitting on the beach to prune their painted
 breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did possess;
 Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself she firmly sets
 The bourns, the brooks, the beckes, the rills, the
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her way [rivulets,
 That streight'ned tongue of land, where at Mount
 Michael's bay,
 Rude Neptune cutting in, a cantele forth doth take;
 And on the other side, Hayle's vaster mouth doth
 make
 A chersonese¹⁰ thereof, the corner clipping in;
 Where to th' industrious Muse the Mount doth
 thus begin: [shore,
 "Before thou further pass, and leave this setting
 §. Whose towns unto the saints that lived here of
 yore [shames)
 (Their fasting, works and pray'rs, remaining to our
 Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar
 names, [have,
 The builders' honour still; this due and let them
 As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
 Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge
 stood: [good.
 For surely in themselves they were right simply
 If credulous too much, thereby th' offended heaven,
 In their devout intents yet be their sins forgiven."
 Then from his rugged top the tears down trickling
 And in his passion stirr'd, again began to tell [fell;
 Strange things, that in his days time's course had
 brought to pass: [was;
 That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm fore-land
 And that a forest then, which now with him is flood,
 §. Whereof he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the
 wood;
 Relating then how long the soil had laid forlorn,
 As that her genius now had almost her forsworn,
 And of their ancient love did utterly repent,
 Sith to destroy herself that fatal tool she lent,
 To which th' insatiate slave her entrails out doth
 draw,
 That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden maw;
 And for his part doth wish, that it were in his
 To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour. [pow'r
 Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth
 blame his rage,
 And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his age.
 For Hayle, (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous
 play,
 And having quick recourse into the Severn sea,

⁹ A small island upon the very point of Cornwall.

¹⁰ A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the sea.

With Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
 One never touch'd with care, but how herself to
 keep
 In excellent estate) doth thus again entreat;
 §. "Muse, leave the wayward Mount to his dis-
 temper'd heat, [of spite,
 Who nothing can produce but what doth taste
 I'll show thee things of ours most worthy thy de-
 light. [stand,
 Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they
 By nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
 Who varieth them in forms, both curiously and oft;
 Which for she (wanting power) produceth them
 too soft,
 That virtue which she could not liberally impart,
 She striveth to amend by her own proper art.
 Besides the sea-holm here, that spreadeth all our
 shore,
 The sick-consuming man so powerful to restore,
 Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth in-
 So strongly to perform the Cytherean game, [flame
 That generally approv'd both far and near is
 sought; [thought
 §. And our main-amber here, and burien trophy,
 Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wonders with
 the rest."
 But the laborious Muse, upon her journey prest,
 Thus uttereth to herself: "To guide my course
 aright,
 What mound or stiddy mere is offered to my sight
 Upon this outstretch'd arm, whilst sailing here at
 ease,
 Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian seas,
 I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still do
 wane; [again;
 That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed
 Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural
 mother)
 To grow into a stream, but buried in another."
 When Choe doth call her on, that wholly doth
 betake
 Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
 Through that impatient love she had to entertain
 The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks
 restrain,
 Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves:
 And in his rageful flow, the furious king of waves
 Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing
 seems to cool, [pool:
 Till he have wrought his will on that capacious
 Where Menedge, by his brooks, a chersonese¹⁰ is
 cast,
 Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;
 A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
 That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Neptune's
 mouth, [greeteth.
 Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him he
 Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Menedge)
 meets [rocks
 Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the
 (Set out into those seas) enforcing through his
 shocks
 Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny strand,
 By their meand'ring creeks indenting of that land,
 Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals
 hurl'd,
 Near from the mid-day's point throughout the
 western world.

¹⁰ A place almost surrounded by the sea.

Here Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
To Falmouth¹¹; and by whom, it famous ever
lives,

Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
Her haven angled so about, her harb'rous sound,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descry'd;
Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring
rivers told,

Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold :

“ Let Camel¹² of her course and curious wind-
ings boast, [coast

In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that
Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours
forth her pride ;

And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day side
Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us all,
By thine own named town made famous in thy fall,
As low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
With all our sister nymphs, that to the noonstied
look,

Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
Betwixt your high-rear'd banks, resort to this our
shore ; [less

Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves no
Than those upon their side, the setting that possess.”

Which Camel over-heard : but what doth she re-
spect [neglect ?

Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth
As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled with
her flood. [breath,

For as that river best might boast that conqueror's
So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death ;
Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon
fought,

Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought :
As though no other place on Britain's spacious earth
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth :
And careless ever since how she her course doth
steer, [there :

This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and
“ Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did
dwell,

And nature (in the least) but seemed to excel,
Time cannot make such waste, but something will
appear,

To show some little tract of delicacy there,
Or some religious work, in building many a day,
That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay ;
Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruinous
mass,

The richness will declare in glory whilst it was :
But time upon my waste committed hath such
theft,

That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left.”

The nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth
entertain,

Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
As fits so brave a flood, two countries that divides:
So to increase her strength, she from her equal
sides [kind,

Receives their several rills ; and of the Cornish
First taketh Atré in ; and her not much behind
Comes Kensey : after whom, clear Enjan in doth
make, [take.

In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest that scarcely

Then Lyner, tho' the while aloof she seem'd to
keep, [ful deep,

Her sovereign when she sees t' approach the surge ;
To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings ;
This honours Tamer much, that she whose plente-
ous springs

Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwelly and his friend
High Rowter, from their tops impartially commend,
And is by Carew's¹³ Muse the river most renown'd,
Associateshould her grace to the Devonian ground,
Which in those other brooks doth emulation breed.
Of which, first Car comes crown'd with osier, segs
and reed : [throws

Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thrushel,
Herself amongst the rocks ; and so incavern'd goes,
That of the blessed light (from other floods) debarr'd,
To bellow underneath she only can be heard,
As those that view her tract, seems strangely to
affright : [right

So Toovy straineth in ; and Plym, that claims by
The christning of that bay, which bears her nobler
name :

Upon the British coast¹⁴ what ship yet ever came,
That not of Plymouth bears, where those brave
navies lie, [defy ?

From cannons' thund'ring throats that all the world
Which to invasive spoil, when th' English list to
draw, [awe :

Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft in
Oft furnishing our dames with India's rar'st devices,
And lent us gold, and pearl, rich silks, and dainty
spices.

But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her here,
A faithful bound to both ; and two that be so near
For likeness of soil, and quantity they hold,
Before the Roman came ; whose people were of old
§. Known by one general name, upon this point
that dwell,

All other of this isle in wrestling that excel :
With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm at-
length, [strength ;

Like bulls set head to head, with meer deliver
Or by the girdles grasp'd, they practise with the
hip, [the trip¹⁵,

The forward, backward, falx, the mar, the turn,
When stript into their shirts, each other they in-
vade

Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,
According to the law. Or when the ball to throw,
And drive it to the goal, in squadrons forth they go ;
And to avoid the troops their forces that forelay,
Through dikes and rivers make, in this robustious
play ;

By which the toils of war most lively are exprest.
But Muse, may I demand, why these of all the
rest, [strong ?

(As mighty Albion's eld'st) most active are and
From Corin¹⁶ came it first, or from the use so long ?
§. Or that this foreland lies farth'st out into his
sight, [light ?

Which spreads his vigorous flames on every lesser
With th' virtue of his beams, this place that doth
inspire, [fire,

Whose pregnant womb prepar'd by his all pow'rfal

¹³ A worthy gentleman, who wrote the descrip-
tion of Cornwall.

¹⁴ The praise of Plymouth.

¹⁵ Terms of art in wrestling.

¹⁶ Our first great wrestler, arriving here with Brute,

¹¹ The bravery of Falmouth haven.

¹² This is also called Alan.

Being purely hot and moist, projects that fruitful seed, [breed :

Which strongly doth beget, and doth as strongly
The well-disposed Heaven here proving to the Earth
A husband furthering fruit, a midwife helping birth.

But whilst th' industrious Muse thus labours to relate

Those rillets that attend proud Tamer and hei' state,
A neighbour of this nymph's, as high in fortune's grace,

And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in
Is poured from her spring, and seems at first to flow

That way which Tamer strains; but as she great
Rememb'reth to foresee what rivals she should find
To interrupt her course; whose so unsettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her persuade:

"Now Neptune shield, bright nymph, thy beauty
The object of her scorn which (for thou can'st not
Upon the southern side so absolute as she) [be
Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair flood, recoil,

And where thou may'st alone be sov'reign of the soil,

There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and
Turn, Towridge, let us back to the Sabrian sea,
Where Thetis' handmaids still, in that recoursesful deep,

With those rough gods of sea continual revels
There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of the lake."

Wise Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth
The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with
amorous gales,

And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian
Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that
gently bathe;

Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver
swathe,

She bears unto that bay where Barstaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there enfolds.

The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in
Dertmoor, bred

Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely spread,
And in this spacious shire the near'st the centre set
Of any place of note, that these should bravely get
The praise from those that sprung out of her pearly lap:

Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plenteous
No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother
trip,

And in their speedy course strive others to outstrip.
The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dert-
moor fed,

And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought to
bed;

That these were not of power to publish her desert,
Much-griev'd the ancient moor; which understood
by Dert

(From all the other floods that only takes her name,
And as her eld'st, in right the heir of all her fame)
To show her nobler spirit it greatly doth behave.

"Dear mother, from your breast this fear"
(quoth she) "remove;

Defy their utmost force; there's not the proudest
That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore, shall
make good

Her royalty with mine, with me nor can compare:
I challenge any one to answer me that dare;

That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puissant
fleet

At Totness first he touch'd; which shall renown
(§. Which now the envious world doth slander for
a dream);

Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate arriv'
In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let me win,
Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful handmaid
been,

So now, my only brook, assist me with thy spring,
Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I sing.

"When long-renowned Troy lay spent in hostile
fire,

And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames
Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
And his most rev'rend sire, the grave Anchises,

From 's shoals of slaughtering Greeks) set out from
And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of
toiling oars,

Raught Italy at last; where king Latinus lent
Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests
rent:

When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and fair,
Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir,
Upon the Trojan lord her liking strongly plac'd,
And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast
embrac'd:

But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian king,
A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,

By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
But by the Teucric power courageously subdu'd,
Bright Cytheræa's son the Latin crown obtain'd;
And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.

§. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute
again:

Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did
The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute should
be

§. His parents' only death: which soon they liv'd
For, in his painful birth his mother did depart;

And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
He with a luckless shaft his hapless father slew:
For which, out of his throne their king the Latin
threw.

"Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at last
Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with want
beset,

He of the race of Troy a remnant bapt to find,
There by the Grecians held; which (having still
in mind

Their tedious ten years' war, and famous heroes
slain)

In slavery with them still those Trojans did
Which Pyrrhus thither brought, (and did with
hate pursue,

To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Paris
There by Pandrasus kept in sad and servile awe:
Who when they knew young Brute, and that brave
shape they saw,

They humbly him desire, that he a mean would be,
From those imperious Greeks his countrymen to
free.

"He, finding out a rare and sprightly youth, to
His humour every way, for courage, power, and wit,
Assaracus, (who though that by his sire he were
A prince among the Greeks, yet held the Trojans
dear;

Descended of their stock upon the mother's side,
For which he by the Greeks his birth-right was
deny'd)

Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute
arose, [chose,

And of the Trojan youth courageous captains
Rais'd earthquakes with their drums, the ruffling
ensigns rear,

And gath'ring young and old that rightly Trojan
were, [strong:

Up to the mountains march, thro' straits and forests
Where taking in the towns pretended to belong
Unto that Grecian lord¹⁷, some forces there they
put: [shut,

Within whose safer walls their wives and children
Into the fields they drew, for liberty to stand.

"Which when Pandrasus heard, he sent his
strict command

To levy all the power he presently could make:
So to their strengths of war the Trojans them be-
take. [or where

"But whilst the Grecian guides (not knowing how
The Teucrians were entrench'd, or what their
forces were)

In foul disorder'd troops yet straggled, as secure,
This looseness to their spoil the Trojans did allure,
Who fiercely them assail'd: where stanchless fury
rap'd

The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one escap'd;
Yea, proud Pandrasus' fight himself could hardly
free.

Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to be,
And by his present loss his passed error found,
As by a later war to cure a former wound,
Doth reinforce his power, to make a second fight;
When they, whose better wits had over-match'd
his might,

Loth what they got to lose, as politically cast
His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
(Surpris'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired were
Into the Grecian camp th' insuing night to go,
And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies to
show [pride;

How they might have the spoil of all the Trojan
And gaining them belief, the credulous Grecians
guide

Into th' ambushment near, that secretly was laid:
So to the Trojans' hands the Grecians were betray'd;
Pandrasus self surpris'd; his crown who to redeem
(Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan race
esteem)

Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly release:
And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)
Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus gave,
And furnish'd them a fleet, with all things they
could crave

To set them out to sea. Who lanching, at the last,
They on Lergecia light, an isle; and, ere they
Unto a temple built to great Diana there, [pass'd,
The noble Brutus went; wise Trivia¹⁸ to inquire,
To show them where the stock of ancient Troy to
place. [Trojan race,

"The goddess, that both knew and lov'd the
Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the
west, [blest;

§ He should descry the isle of Albion, highly

With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now
decay'd: [staid:

By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there be
Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant kings
should rise, [scant suffice,

Whose conquests from the west, the world should
"Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea they
put again,

And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
With sights of sundry shores, which they from far
descry:

And viewing with delight th' Azarian mountains
high, [say

One, walking on the deck, unto his friend would
(As I have heard some tell) "so goodly Ida lay."

"Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-
burnt Afric keep

Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the deep)
For Mauritania make: where putting in, they
find [kind,

A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan
By brave Antenor brought from out the Greekish
spoils

(O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy toils,
What country had not heard?) which to their
general then

Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal men:
To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will they
show.

"Who easily being won along with them to go,
They all together put into the wat'ry plain:

Of times with pirates, oft with monsters of the
main

Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids to fear.
Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great son
did rear, [tains roll,

And cussing those stern waves which like huge moun-
(Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive;

Whom strongly to repulse when as those recreants
strive, [fleet,

They (anchoring there at first but to refresh their
Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to greet)
Unshipp'd their warlike youth, advancing to the
shore,

The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger at the
door,

Their king Groffarius get to raise his powerful force;
Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot and
horse,

Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus ran
With slaughter thro' the thick-set squadrons of
the foes,

And with his armed ax laid on such deadly blows,
That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopp'd up
quite.

"Groffarius having lost the honour of the fight,
Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give them
breath: [death;

When they, which must be freed by conquest or by
And conquering them before, hop'd now to do no
less,

(The like in courage still) stand for the like success.
Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid shape;
And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave did,
gape [fall,

To swallow both at once; which strove as both shall
When they with slaughter seem'd to be encircled
all;

¹⁷ Assaracus.

¹⁸ One of the titles of Diana.

Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's valiant
son
(By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly
won) [strength:]
Six hundred slew outright through his peculiar
By multitudes of men yet over-press'd at length,
His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
§. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the
same.

"For Albion sailing then, th' arrived quickly
here, [were,
(O! never in this world men half so joyful
With shouts heard up to Heaven, when they beheld
the land)

And in this very place where Totness now doth
stand, [shore;
First set their gods of Troy, kissing the blessed
Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them before,
Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants
sought,

Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appal the Trojans,
brought [tear:
Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots could
So mighty were (that time) the men who lived
there:

But, for the use of arms he did not understand
(Except some rock or tree, that coming next to
hand

He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
He challenge makes for strength, & offereth there
his gage.

Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.

"All doubtful to which part the victory would
go, [Hoe,
Upon that lofty place at Plymouth call'd the
Those mighty wrestlers" met; with many an ire-
ful look

Who threatened, as the one hold of the other took:
But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their spark-
ling eyes. [lies,

And whilst at length of arm one from the other
Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:
Their feet such trampling make, as tho' they forc'd
to drive

A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with the
weight: [height,

Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the greatest
Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning
shift,

Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise
doth make

Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth take
The giant 'twixt the grains; and voiding of his hold
(Before his cumbersome feet he well recover could)
Pitch'd headlong from the hill; as when a man
doth throw

An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the toe
Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent fall
Struck Neptune with such strength, as shoulder'd
him withal;

That where the monstrous waves like mountains
late did stand, [sand

They leap'd out of the place, and left the bared
To gaze upon wide Heaven: so great a blow it gave.
For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus brave

This horn of land bestow'd, and mark'd it with his
name;

§. Of Corin, Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame."
Clear Dert delivereth thus the famous Brute's
arrive, [strive

Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets
So highly her to raise, that Ting (whose banks
were blest

By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which address,
And fully with herself determined before
To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
When hither from the east they came in mighty
swarms, [arms,
Nor could their native earth contain their numerous
Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at
last

To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;
And by their impious pride how hard she was bested,
When all the country swam with blood of Saxons,
shed:

This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
The deluge of the Danes exactly to have song,
It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to bring
From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found her
course,

Than Credly cometh in, and Forto, which enforce
Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;
As Colum wins for Ex clear Wever and the Clist,
Contributing their streams their mistress' fame to
raise.

As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;
Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the court,
To win an idle name, that keeps a needless port;
'And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers' store
The landlord to enrich, the tenants wondrous poor:
Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes his
own, [thrown:

That with most vain expense upon the prince is
So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
As, Otrej (that her name doth of the others take,
Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost
make

To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to revive.
For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did drive,
Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn shut:
Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For
where

Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring Trojans,
§. His offspring (after long expulst the inner land,
When they the Saxon power no longer could
withstand) [first

Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and Otrej
Gave these poor souls to drink, oppress with
grievous thirst.

Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds to
meat: [sweat.
The land grows large and wide; my team begins to

ILLUSTRATIONS.

¹⁹ Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus
and Gogmagog.

If in prose and religion it were as justifiable, as in
poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for
anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have

supposed to every country a singular genius) (*a*) I would therein join with the author. Howsoever, in this and all *ἐκ διὸς ἀρχέμεθα* (*b*); and so I begin to you.

As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.

When pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate isles to Lewis earl of Clermont, by that general name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and purposing their Christian conversion) the English ambassadors at Rome seriously doubted lest their own country had been comprised in the donation (*c*). They were Henry of Lancaster earl of Derby, Hugh Spenser, Ralph L. Stafford, the bishop of Oxford, and others, agents there with the pope, that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party interested, should determine of Edward the Third's right to France: where you have this ambassage in Walsingham (*d*), correct regnum Angliæ, and read Francia. Britain's excellence in earth and air (whence the Macares, and particularly Crete (*e*) among the Greeks, had their title) together with the pope's exactions, in taxing, collating, and providing of benefices (an intolerable wrong to laymen's inheritances and the crown-revenues) gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in the conceit of them which derive Albion from *ἀλβιος* (*f*); whereto the author in his title and this verse alludes. But of Albion more, presently.

Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father Saturn, is well known; and that after deposing him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually imprisoned him. Homer (*g*) joins Japet with him, living in eternal night about the utmost ends of the Earth: which well fits the more northern climate of these islands. Of them (dispersed in the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the northwest, it is reported (*h*), that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits, continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of Fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the vast seas, and at last, in this Saturnian isle (*i*) (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature, and the mathematics, which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymies as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of

Dædalus' labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautics, and almost the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that des Mucraons (*k*) which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father (*l*) out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which, with this, are always laid by Homer about the *νίστα πύργα γαίης* (*m*); a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially (*n*) noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of authors (*o*) show you.

They instantly again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transmigration (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipsius had to make it a Roman, by turning *μετεμύωσις*) (*p*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock, and his Negromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and Phædrus with his followers. Lipsius doubts (*q*) whether Pythagoras received it from the Druids, or they from him, because in his travels he convers'd as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophers. Out of Cæsar and Lucan inform yourself with full testimony of this their opinion, too ordinary among the heathen and Jews also, which thought our (*r*) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias upon this error: irreligious indeed, yet such a one, as so strongly erected moving spirits, that they did never

— reditura parcere vitæ (*s*),

but most willingly devote their whole selves to the public service; and this was in substance the politic envys wherewith Plato and Cicero concluded their common-wealths, as Macrobius hath observed. The author, with pity, imputes to them their being led away in blindness of the time, and errors of their fancies: as all other the most divine philosophers (not lightened by the true

(*k*) Rablais.

(*l*) Clem. Alexandrin. stromat. *cc.* Odyss. 2. Iliad. 4.

(*m*) Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finisterre, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. 9.

(*n*) Plin. Hist. natur. 16. c. 44.

(*o*) Fustath. ad Iliad. *cc.* Herodot. lib. *cc.* Suid. in *γυνή*. Censorin. de die nat. c. 17.

(*p*) A passing of souls from one to another.

(*q*) Physiolog. Stoic. l. 8. dissert. 12.

(*r*) Just. Mart. dialog.

(*s*) Spare in spending their lives, which they hoped to receive again.

(*a*) Rabbin. ad 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3. c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. dist. 10. art. 3. alii.

(*b*) God afore.

(*c*) Rob Avesburiens. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The fortunate isles.

(*d*) Hypodigmatis Nenstriæ lotus emendatus, sub ann. 1344.

(*e*) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(*f*) Happy.

(*g*) Iliad. 4. & Hesiod in Theogon.

(*h*) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & J. de defect. Oracul.

(*i*) *Κεῖνον πῖλαρος*.

word) have been, altho' (mere human sufficienci's only considered) some of them were sublimate far above earthly conceit; as especially Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first learning the soul's immortality of Pherecydes a Syrian) (t) Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last two, in a Greek hymn of an eastern bishop (u), are commended to Christ for such as came nearest to holiness of any untaught Gentiles. Of the Druids more large in fitter place.

Gave answer from their caves, and took what shapes they please.

In the Seam (an' isle by the coast of the French Bretagne) nine virgins consecrate to perpetual chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have Gallicenas vocant; where the great critic Turneb reads Gelli zenas, or lenas vocant (x). But White of Basingstoke will have it cenas (y), as interpreting their profession and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds, (as of later time the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, more than natural medicine, and such like; their kindness being in all chiefly to sailors (z). But finding that in the Syllies were also of both sexes such kind of professors, that there were Samnitæ (a), strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an isle of this coast, (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians (twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called Samanai (b), and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes: I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read Cenaz or Senaz (c), as contracted from Samanai; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers. But of this too much.

Whose town unto the saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish: a people anciently (according to the name of the Holy Island given to Ireland) (d) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Casara, niece to Noah, their Bartholan (e), their Ruan, who, as they affirm, first planted religion before Christ among them: nor desire I your

(t) Cicero. Tusculan. 1.

(u) Joann. Euchaitens. jampridem Etoniæ græcè editus.

(x) The Gauls calls them Jupiter's priests, or bawds.

(y) Vain.

(z) Solin. Polyhist. c. 35.

(a) Ἀμνίται Dionys. Afro in *originy*. multis, n. pro arbitrio antiquorum S litera adest vel abest. v. Casaubon, ad a. Strab.

(b) Origen. *κατὰ Κτλ.* lib. α. Clem. Alex. Strom. α. & β. Diog. Laert. lib. α.

(c) Conjecture upon Mela.

(d) Fest. Avieno insul. sacra dicta Hibernia.

(e) Giraldus Cambrens. diss. 3. c. 2.

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belief of this Ruan's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and christened by saint Patric) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, whose feigned continuance of life and restless travels (f), ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note out of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times, it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of Gildas (g) also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

From which he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's mount; which is Careg Cows in Clows (h), i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber here, and Burien trophy—

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone, (not far from Pensance) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burien trophy is nineteen stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by king Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Near Camel about Camblan, was Arthur (i) slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, east from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorlois prince of Cornwall, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards 'twixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatened, betook himself in other forts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfín Rhicaradoch, one of his knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic, personated like Gorlois, and Ulfín like one Jordan, servant to Gorlois, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that *Nobis et collatæ γυναικὶ ἀμύμονος* (k); although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois'

(f) Assuerus Cordonnier (dictus in hist. Gallicâ Victoris ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) cujus partes olim egisse videntur Josephus Chartophylaciis (referente episcopo Armeniaco apud Matt. Paris in Henr. III.) & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologiâ sic indigitatus) Butta-dens.

(g) In biblioth. Floriacens. edit per Joann. à Bosco.

(h) Carcw descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(i) Dictus hinc in Merliui vaticinio, Aper Cornubiæ.

(k) Euripid. Andromach. Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

N

death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of basely to the heir of a crown. For other taking Igem to wife, left Arthur his successor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryon, a Sosias, and a Mercury: nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Damnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwall; whence the Lizard-promontory is called Damniun (*l*) in Marcan Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from Duff neint, i. e. low valleys, in British; wherein are most habitations of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

Or that this foreland lies furth'st out into his sight, Which spreads his vigorous flames—

Faller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to show why about the Magellanic streights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black (*m*), yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny Moors, when as in the East Indian isles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this northern latitude, compared with the southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the Sun, than the special horsemanship in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy, German liberty, Spanish puff-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state-government, Haste and Delay, which as inbred (*n*) qualities, were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Ethiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously fetcht (*o*) from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the Heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the Sun's distance. And I am resolved that every land hath its so singular self-nature, and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnish'd with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious disputes.

Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream.

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for

(*l*) Τὸ δάμνον ἄγρον.

(*m*) Ortelius theatror:

(*n*) Thucyd. *α.* & passim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thæbis & Chalcide. v. Columell. *α.* de re rustic. cap. 4.

(*o*) Onesicrit. apud Strabon. lib. *α.*

Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long a catalogue: and indeed, this critic age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians, not Hispanus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scota to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brita, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by Varro (*p*), unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all doubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author: although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas, speak of him; and that his name were not publish'd until Geoffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Taliessin (*q*) a great bard, more than a thousand years since affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into his text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make him son to one Isicio or Hefichio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more in the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining these words (*r*): "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon (*s*) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me, sir, why, omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; altho' with diligent search I oft inquired it: yet this year in my journey towards Rome, in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute;" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geoffrey by one Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, and

(*p*) Apud Censorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Christophor. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec, ut accuratius temporum subauctioni hoc loco incumbamus, res postulat; verum & ille satis accuratè, qui Samuelis prefecturam Ann. 3850. hæc iniquo computo posuit.

(*q*) Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.

(*r*) Ex vetust. & perpulchrè MS. Nennio sub titulo Gildas.

(*s*) Lib. de summitatibus rerum c. 10. est historiarum in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquisition added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obsignatis ferè tabulis sum potis adserere,

hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and bishop of Saint Asaph's under king Stephen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; most of our country historians of middle times, and this age, speaking so certainly of him, that they blazon his coat (*l*) to you, "two lions combatant, and crowned or, in a field gules;" others, "or, a lion passant gules;" and lastly, by doctor White of Basingstoke, lately living at Doway, a Count Palatine; according to the title bestowed (*u*) by the Imperials upon their professors. Arguments are there also drawn from some affinity of the Greek tongue (*x*), and much of Trojan and Greek names, with the British. These things are the more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, through that universal desire, bewitching our Europe, to derive their blood from Trojans, which for them might as well be (*y*) by supposition of their ancestors' marriages with the hither deduced Roman colonies, who by original were certainly Trojan, if their antiquities deceive not. You may add this weak conjecture; that in those large excursions of the Gauls, Cimmericians, and Celts, (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, having with them community of nation, manners, climate, customs; and Brennus himself is affirmed a Briton) which, under indistinct names, when this western world was undiscovered, over-ran Italy, Greece, and part of Asia, it is reported (*z*) that they came to Troy for safeguard; presuming perhaps upon like kindness, as we read of 'twixt the Trojans and Romans, in their wars with Antiochus (*a*) (which was loving respect through contingency of blood) upon like cause remembered to them by tradition. Briefly, seeing no national story, except such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Cæsar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, the late Guicciardin, Commines, Machiavel, and their like, which were employed in the state of their times, can justify themselves but by tradition; and that many of the fathers and ecclesiastical historians (*b*), especially the Jewish rabbins (taking their highest learning of Cabaia, but from antique and successive report) have inserted upon tradition many relations current enough, where holy writ crosses them not: you shall enough please Saturn and Mercury, presidents of antiquity and learning, if with the author you foster this belief. Where are the authorities (at least of the names) of Jannes and Jambres, the writings of Enoch (*c*), and other such like, which we know by divine tradition were? The same question might be of that infinite loss of authors, whose names are so frequent in Stephen, Athenæus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer, (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, delivered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite omissions) to Moses' infallible context. Nay he

(*l*) Harding. Nich. Upton de re militar. 2.

(*u*) C. tit. de professorib. l. unica.

(*x*) Girald. descript. c. 15.

(*y*) Camden.

(*z*) Agesilaus apud Strab. lib. 17.

(*a*) Trog. Pomp. lib. 31.

(*b*) Melchior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de his plurima.

(*c*) Origen. ad 35. Matth.

with his successor Joshua is copious in the Israelites' entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergesites, Jebusites (*d*), and the rest out of the holy land: yet no witness have they of their transmigration, and peopling of Afric, which, by testimony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John Leland (*f*), with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

Next Sylvius him succeeds——

So goes the ordinary descent; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophecy was given:

—Serum Lavinia conjunx,
Educi sylvis regem regumque parentem (*g*);

as you have it in Virgil.

His parents' only death——

From these unfortunate accidents (*h*) one will have his name Brutus, as from the Greek βροτός, i. e. mortal; but rather (if it had pleased him) from βροτός, i. e. bloody.

He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest.

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentameters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story: the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of Apollo) (*i*) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a translation; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remember'd in Pliny, Marcian, the book πείσις, falsely attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of Bury (*k*) calls Henry the Fifth,

——Protector of Brute's Albion,

often using that name for the island. From Albina, daughter to Dioclesian (*l*) king of Syria, some fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaïds; affirming their arrival (*m*) here, copulation with spirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any such king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any such daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly married (*n*), after slaughter

(*d*) See the sixth song.

(*e*) Procopius de bell. Vandilic. lib. 3.

(*f*) Ad Cygn. Cant.

(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods, father of kings.

(*h*) Basingstoch. lib. 1.

(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.

(*k*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi sæpius.

(*l*) Chronic. S. Albani.

(*m*) Hugo de Genes. apud Harding. c. 3.

(*n*) Pausanias in Laconica.

of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from king Albion, Neptune's son; from the Greek Ἀλβιος (o) others, or from (I know not what) Olibius, a Celtish king, remember'd by the false Manethon. Follow them rather which will it ab albis rupibus (p), whereby it is specially conspicuous. So was an isle in the Indian sea called Leuca, i. e. white; and another (q) in Pontus, supposed also fortunate, and a receptacle of the souls of those great heroes Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called Albiona (r); and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cause had their denomination; Alpum in the Sabine tongue (from the Greek ἄλφον) signifying white. Some much dislike this derivation, because (s) it comes from a tongue (suppose it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this isle. For my part, I think (clearly against the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to strangers before Albion. I could vouch the finding (t) of one of the masts of Hiero's ship, in τοῖς ἔρεσι της Βρετανίας (u), if judicious correction admonished me not rather to read Βρεττανίας, i. e. the now lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for store of ship timber; commended (x) by Alcibiades to the Lacedæmonians. But with better surety can I produce the express name of Βρετανικὴν νῆσον (y), out of a writer (z) that lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whose time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other isles) and Herodotus (to whom these western parts were by his confession unknown) never so much as speak of us by any name. Afterward was Albion imposed upon the cause before touched, expressing the old British name Inisguin (a): which argument moves me before all other, for that I see it usual in antiquity to have names among strangers, in their tongue just significant with the same in the language of the country to which they are applied; as the red sea is (in Strabo, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from a king of that coast called Erythræus, (for to speak of red sand, as some, or red hills, as an old writer (b), were but refuges of shameful ignorance) which was surely the same with Esau, called in holy writ Ædom (c); both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So the river Nile, in Hebrew and Ægyptian (d) called נילוס i. e. black, is observed by that mighty prince of learning's state, Joseph Scaliger,

to signify the same colour in the word Αἰθίοπτις, used for it by Homer (e); which is inforced also by the black statues (f) among the Greeks, erected in honour of Nile, named also expressly (g) Melas: so in proper names of men; Simon (h) Zelotes in Luke, is but Simon the Canaanite, and Τδωγανής (i) in Orpheus the same with Moses, Janus with Cnотrus: and in our times those authors, Melancthon, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, Fountain de Dieu, Storke. Divers such other plain examples might illustrate the conceit; but these sufficient. Take largest etymological liberty, and you may have it from Ellan-ban (i), i. e. the white isle, in Scottish, as they call their Albania; and to fit all together, the name of Britain from Brith-inis, i. e. the coloured isle, in Welsh; 'twixt which and the Greek Βέριον (k) or Βερίτιον (used for a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I would with the French Forcatulus think affinity, (as Italy was called Cnотria, from the name of wine) were it not for that Βέριον may be had from an ordinary primitive, or else from Βερίον, i. e. sweet (as Solinus teaches, making Britomart signify as much as sweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But this is to play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

The city Turon built——

Understand Tours upon Loire, in France, whose name and foundation the inhabitants (l) refer to Turnus (of the same time with Æneas, but whether the same which Virgil speaks of, they know not); his funeral monuments they yet show, boast of, and from him idly derive the word Tourneaments. The British story says Brute built it (so also Nennius) and from one Turon, Brute's nephew there buried, gives it the name. Homer is cited for testimony: in his works extant 'tis not found. But because he had divers others (which wrongful time hath filcht from us) as appears in Herodotus and Suidas: you may in favour think it to be in some of those lost; yet I cannot in conscience offer to persuade you that he ever knew the continent of Gaul, (now, in part, France) although a learned German (m) endeavours, by force of wit and etymology, to carry Ulysses (which he makes of Elizza in Genesis) into Spain, and others before him (n) (but falsely) into the northern parts of Scotland. But for Homer's knowledge, see the last note to the sixth song.

(o) Happy.

(p) From white cliffs.

(q) Παρά την λευκὴν ἀκτὴν, uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm οὐκίνα δι τὰ παρρησιονώμεν τὰ λευκὰ σίνουσαι, quod canit Dionysius Afer.

(r) Strab. lib. 3. & Sixtus Pompeius in Alpum.

(s) H. Lhuid. in Breviar.

(t) Moschion apud Athen. dipnosoph. 1.

(u) In the hills of Britany.

(x) Thucyd. hist. 6.

(y) British isles.

(z) Polyb. hist. 7. qui Jul. Cæsarem ducentos ferme annos enteveritit.

(a) The white isle.

(b) Urauius in Arabic. apud Steph. περί πιλ. in Ερυθρά.

(c) Gen. 36. Num. 20.

(d) Isai. 23. Jerem. 2.

(e) Odyss. 2. — Αἰθίοπτιοι διήπειρος ποταμοῖα.

Fortè tamen fluvius Ægypti, ut Heb. נהר מצרים Gen. 15. commat. 17.

(f) Pausan. Arcadic. 4.

(g) Festus in Alcedo.

(h) Nebrissens. in quinquag. cap. 49.

(i) Camden.

(k) Vocabulo Βέριον usi sunt Æschylus, Sophocles, Hellaniens, Archilochus, Hecateus apud Athenæum, dipnosoph. 10. ἀντὶ τοῦ κρημένου ἔνιου, ejusdem ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe apud Dioscoridem lib. 2. cap. 57. & 58. fortè παρὰ τὸ βέριον.

(l) André du Chesne en les recherches des villes 1. cap. 221.

(m) Goropius in Hispanic. 4. v. Strab. geograph. 7. & alios de Olyssippone.

(n) Solini polyhist. cap. 35.

So mighty were that time the men that lived there.

If you trust our stories, you must believe the land then peopled with giants, of vast bodily composure. I have read of the Nephilim, the Rephaim, Anakim, Og, Goliath, and other in holy writ: of Mars, Tityas, Antæus, Turnus, and the Titans in Homer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's stature (according to Jewish (*o*) fiction) equalling at first the world's diameter; yet seeing that Nature (now as fertile as of old) hath in her effects determinate limits of quantity, that in Aristotle's (*p*) time (near two thousand years since) their beds were but six foot ordinarily (nor is the difference, 'twixt ours and Greek dimension, much) and that ~~For~~ the same length was our Saviour's sepulchre, as Adamnan informed (*g*) king Alfrid; I could think that there now are some as great statures, as for the most part have been, and that giants were but of a somewhat more than vulgar (*r*) excellence in body, and martial performance. If you object the finding of great bones, which, measured by proportion, largely exceed our times; I first answer, that in some singulars, as monsters rather than natural, such proof hath been; but withal, that both now and of ancient time (*s*), the eye's judgment in such like hath been, and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. Claudius (*t*) brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read (*u*) that he terribly affrighted the Britons with sight of one at Coway-stakes) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwall from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a horn (*x*), which in most tongues is Corn, or very near. Thus was a promontory in Cyprus called Cerastes (*y*), and in the now Candy, or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Chersonesus) another titled *Κεῖν μύρρον* (*z*): and Brundisium in Italy had name from Brendon or Bren-tion (*a*), i. e. a hart's-head, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But Malmesbury (*b*) thus: "They are called Cornwalshmen, because being seated in the western part of Britain; they lie over-against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say

(*o*) Rabbi Eleazar apud Riccium in epit. Tal-mud. cæterum in hac re allegoriam v. apud D. Cyprian. serm. de montibus Sina & Sion.

(*p*) Προβλημ. μετ. κ. α.

(*q*) Bed. hist. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

(*r*) Εμμεγίδιος καὶ ἰστογραφίον πόλεμον. Baruch. cap. 9. Console, si placet, Scaliger. exercitation. Bezan. heceselan. 2. August. Civ. Dei. 15. c. 23.

Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant. & c.

(*s*) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.

(*t*) Dio. Cass. lib. 8.

(*u*) Polyæn. stratagemat. 7. in Cæsare.

(*a*) Cornugallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio, alijs.

(*b*) Strabo lib. 8. & 1. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. passim.

(*c*) Ram's-head.

(*d*) Seleucus apud Stephan. Βερενης. & Suidas in Bezan.

(*e*) De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the British called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old rhimer (*c*):

The vewe that wer of hom bileved, as in Cornwail and Wailis,

Brutons ner namore ycluped, ac Waleys ywis.

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.

In the fourth year of Brithric (*d*), king of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates entered: the king's lieutenant, offering inquisition of their name, state, and cause of arrival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent eruptions, from this time till the Norman conquest; 'twixt which intercedes two hundred seventy-nine years: and that less account of two hundred and thirty (*e*), during which space this land endured their bloody slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at king Ethelwulph: to whose time Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under king Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their king swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand pounds (*f*) (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until king Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph, abbot of Crowland, tells you: yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess, that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three kings, Cnut, Hardenuit, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

After some one thousand five hundred years from the supposed arrival (*g*) of the Trojans, their posterity were, by encroachment of Saxons, Jutes,

(*c*) Robertus Glocestrens.

(*d*) Anno 787.

(*e*) Audacter lege ducentos vice 400 trecentos in fol. 237. Hovedeni, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt showed against a common error both in remission and institution.

(*f*) Mariano Scoto 3600 librar, & Florentio Wigorn.

(*g*) Chronologiam huc spectantem consulas in illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

Angles, Danes, (for among the Saxons that noble Douz (k) wills that surely Danes were) Frisians (i), and Franks, driven into those western parts of the now Wales and Cornwales. Our stories have this at large, and the Saxon heptarchy; which at last, by public edict of king Ecbert, was called Eng'elond. But John, bishop of Chartres (k), saith it had that name from the first coming of the Angles; others from the name of Hengist (l), (a matter probable enough) whose name, wars, policies, and government, being first invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above all the other Germans most notable in the British stories: and Harding

— he called it Engestes land,
Which afterward was shorted, and called England.
Hereto accords that of one of our country old poets (m):

— Engisti lingua canit insula Bruti (n).

If I should add the idle conceits of Godfrey of Viterbo, drawing the name from I know not what Angri, the insertion of *I* for *r* by pope Gregory, or the conjectures of unlimi-able phantasy, I should unwillingly, yet with them impudently, err.

(k) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.

(i) Procopius in fragm. 2. lib. Gothic. sp. Camden. Name of England.

(k) Polieratic. lib. 6. c. 17.

(l) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. Scotorum hist. 7.

(m) J. Gower epigram. in confess. amantis.

(n) Britain sings in Hengist's tongue.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Marshwood way commands
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
To fetch in Fromm and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
The wanton wood-nymphs' revellings.
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
Chants Bevis of Southampton's praise,
She southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the isle of Wight,
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,
Their swaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampshire-ward her way she bends;
And visiting her forest friends,
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:
Which she her second pause doth make.

MARCH strongly forth, my Muse, whilst yet the
temperate air

Invites us easily on to hasten our repair.
Thou pow'rful god of flames (in verse divinely great)
Touch my invention so with true genuine heat,
That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;

But as my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
And to the varying earth so suit my varying vein,
That, Nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r
avow:

That as thou first found'st Art, and didst her rules
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best, in imitating thee:
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a
wood,

These things so in my song I naturally may show;
Now, as the mountain high; then, as the valley
low;

Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath be
Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, though
rare.

Thro' the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open view,
My progress I again must seriously pursue,
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on to
make:

(As Phæbus getting up out of the eastern lake,
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour prest;
Even so the labouring Muse, here baited with this
rest.)

Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,
Brings on the neighb'ring Bert, whose batt'ning
mellow bank, [frank,
From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely
Doth bear away the best; to Bert-port, which hath
gain'd

That praise from every place, and worthily obtain'd
Our cordage from her store¹, and cables should be
made,

Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.
Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil lifts
Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and smould'ring
drifts,

Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little
hills:

Whose vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune
fills, [ride

Upon a thousand swans² the naked sea-nymphs
Within the oozy pools, replenish'd every tide:
Which running on the isle of Portland pointeth out;
Upon whose moisted skirt, with sea-weed fring'd
about, [brack,

The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the
A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to
black:

Which th' ancients for the love that they to Is
(Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her
hair.

Of which the Naiads and the blue Nereids³ make
Them tangles⁴ for their necks: when sporting in
the lake,

They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the
main; [rocks,

Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with
Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly
flocks;

Most famous for her folk excelling with the sling,
Of any other here this land inhabiting;

¹ By act of parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.

² The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesils, noted in this poetical delicacy.

³ Sea-nymphs.

⁴ A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

That therewith they in war offensively might wound,
If yet the use of shot invention had not found.

Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage Wey
doth path, [hath
Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day,
The glories that belong unto a complete port;
Though Wey the least of all the Naiads that resort
To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.

Then From (a nobler flood) the Muses doth
implore [wail,
Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would be-
Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a sail,
As they themselves that thought the largest shades
to spread: [fed,

But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not
Hath hew'd her timber down: which wounded,
when it fell, [to tell

By the great noise it made, the workmen seem'd
The loss that to the land would shortly come there-
Where no man ever plants to our posterity: [by,
That when sharp Winter shoots her sleet and
harden'd hail,

Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shield them from
the wind. [alas! we find

"Dear mother," quoth the From, "too late,
The softness of thy sward, continued thro' thy soil,
To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil;
When scarce the British ground a finer grass doth
bear: [were)

"And wish I could," quoth she, ("if wishes helpful
§. Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst
been known,

But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was
thine own.

For why? that change foretold the ruin of thy state:
Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to innovate!"

By this, her own-nam'd town ' the wand'ring
From had past,

And quitting in her course old Dorchester at last,
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham, on her
way,

As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,
Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,
Fair Purbeck she beholds, which do where hath her
peer:

So pleasantly en-is'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Employ'd in woods and lawns her deer to feed and
kill: [will,

§ On whom the wat'ry god would oft have had his
And often her hath woo'd, which never would be
won:

But Purbeck, as profest, a huntress and a nun,
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his pow'r respects;
Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly orks*, that for their lord the Ocean woo.

Whilst From was troubled thus, where nought
she hath to do,

The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble feet,
In falling to the Pool her sister From to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks she
fills, [lent,

To whom since first the world this later name her
Who anciently was known to be entiled Trent',

Her small assistant brooks her second name have
gain'd. [tain'd]

Whilst Piddle and the From each other enter-
Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away:
"When Pool*", quoth she, "was young, a lusty
sea-born lass,

Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor was;
And bare himself so well, and so in favour came,
That he in little time upon this lovely dame
§. Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and de-
light: [hight;

The eldest, Brunksey call'd; the second, Fursey
The youngest and the last, and lesser than the
other, [mother.

Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of her
And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis' train,
Who scorn'd a nymph of her's her virgin-band
should stain,

Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry goddess
would [could)

Both on the dam and brats take what revenge she
I' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd;
First Brunksey, Fursey next, and little Hellen last;
Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool
about,

To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite) out:
Against whose lordly might she musters up her
waves; [and raves."

And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness scolds
When now from Pool, the Muse (up to her pitch
to get)

Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plente-
ous springs,

Where Stour* receives her strength from six clear
fountains fed;

Which gathering to one stream from every several
head, [feed!

Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely yields;
And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields;
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a god were
meet, [sweet

Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'reign
The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure
mixt) [them betwixt,

Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness
The forest her bespake: "How happy, floods,
are ye,

From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be!
Which only with the fish which in your banks do
breed, [feed!

And daily there increase, man's gormandise can
But had this wretched age such uses to employ
Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,
Your channels they would leave as barren by their
spoil,

As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.
Insatiable Time thus all things doth devour:
What ever saw the Sun, that is not in Time's power?
Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a
day, [strongest prey."

But on more steadfast things Time makes the
§. Now tow'rs the Solent sea as Stour her way
doth ply,

On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye

* Frampton.

* Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.

? The ancient name of Piddle.

* The story of Pool.

? Stour riseth from six fountains.

From whose foundation first such strange reports
arise, [phacies;]

§. As brought into her mind the Eagle's pro-
Of that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain
swept, [crept,

From that which highest flew, to that which lowest
Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expel,
And all that thereupon successively befel. [race;

How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon
And, next, the Norman took possession of the place:
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,
The British line restor'd, the Norman lineage out.
§. Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she began,
Which afterward again the Britons' wrack fore-ran;
How here the owl at noon in public streets was
seen, [been.

As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts
And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth
crawl,

And makes his fulsome stool amid the prince's hall,
The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the
ground; [turn,

The seas, against their course, with double tides re-
And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to
burn. [main;

Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rds the
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears her
train [bring:

From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute
When, like some childish wench, she loosely wanton-
ing, [shore.

With tricks and giddy turns seems to inisle the
Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth
scow'r,

Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:
Which calmly cometh down from her dear mother
chase¹⁰, [see

Of Cranbourn that is call'd; who greatly joys to
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.

Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately
plac'd,

With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
A sudden noise from Holt¹¹ seems to congratulate
With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily be-
stow'd: [show'd

Where, to her neighb'ring chase, the courteous forest
So just-conceived joy, that from each rising hurst¹²,
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,
The Sylvens in their songs their mirthful meeting
tell; [dwell,

And Safyrs, that in slades and gloomy dimbles
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder hands.

As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly
lands [veins,

(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from Sarum
plains

Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
& And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed so full of dread,
Whereby she (now so proud) became first forested:
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd
to lie,

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,

¹⁰ Cranbourn chase.

¹¹ Holt forest.

¹² A wood in English.

Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted
then, [men;

Whose lawless will from hence before had driven
That where the hearth was warn'd with winter's
feasting fires,

The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers:
The aged ranpic trunk, where ploughmen cast
their seed, [weed,

And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and
By conq'ring William first cut off from every trade,
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here before.

But she, as by a king and conqueror made so great,
By whom she was allow'd and limited her seat
Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,

And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus be-
spake: [Bere¹³;

"Thou Buckholt¹³, bow to me; so let thy sister
Chute¹³, kneel thou at my name on this side of the
shire: [adore,

Where, for their goddess, me the Dryads¹⁴ shall
[shore

With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-worn
See at the southern isles the tides at tilt to run;
And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising Sun,
With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs) and
with you, [due.

Proud Pamber tow'rds the north, ascribe me worship
Before my princely state let your poor greatness
fall;

And vail your tops to me, the sovereign of you all."
Amongst the rivers, so, great discontent there fell.
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)

Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,
That she, to her own wrong, and every other's grief,
Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:

For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should
not lose [choose;

§. Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to
§. And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester
prefers,

Whose old round-table yet she vaunteth to be hers;
And swore, th' inglorious time should not bereave
her right;

But what it would obscure, she would reduce to
light.

For, from that wondrous pond¹⁵, whence she de-
rives her head,

And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
(Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle
way,

And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,
And for a demigod she would related be.

"Sweet sister mine," quoth Test, "advise you
what you do; [two:

Think this; for each of us, the forests here are
Who, if you speak a thing whereof they hold can
take,

Re't little, or he't much, they double will it make."
Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handsome proper
flood,

In courtesy well skill'd, and one that knew her go-
[]

¹³ The forest of Hampshire, with their situations.

¹⁴ Nymphs that live and die with oaks.

¹⁵ A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an un-
usual abundance of water.

"Consider," quoth this nymph, "the times be curious now,
And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
Besides, the Cause hath next the British cause in hand,
About things later done that now she cannot stand."

The more they her persuade, the more she doth persist; [list.

Let them say what they will, she will do what she
She stiles herself their chief, and swears she will command;

And, whatsoever she saith, her oracles must stand.
Which when the rivers heard, they farther speech forbade.

And she to please herself that only seem'd to care)
To sing th' achievements great of Bevis thus began:

"Redoubted knight," quoth she, "O most renowned man!

Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother durst
(Most wickedly seduced by th' unlawful love

Of Mordure, at that time the Almaia emperor's son)
That she thy sire to death disloyally had done."

Each circumstance whereof she largely did relate;
Then in her song pursu'd his mother's deadly hate;

And how (by Saber's hand) when she suppos'd him dead,

Where long upon the downs a shepherd's life he led;
Till, by the great recourse, he came at length to know

The country thereabout could hardly hold the show
His mother's marriage-feast to fair Southampton

drew, [slew:
Being wedded to that lord who late her husband

Into his noble breast which pierc'd so wondrous deep,

That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went;

As having in his heart a resolute intent
Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong:

Where pressing at the gate the multitude among,
The porter to that place, his entrance that forbade,

(Supposing him some swain, some boisterous country-lad)

Upon the head he lent so violent a stroke,
That the poor empty skull like some thin potsherd

broke, [wall.
The brains and mingled blood were spirtled on the

Then hasting on, he came into the upper hall,
Where murd'rous Mordure sat embraced by his

bride:

Who (guilty in himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,
His bones had with a blow been shatter'd: but by

chance

Heshifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to hit,

And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:
Which struck his mother's breast with strange and

sundry fears,

That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and

doubt.

And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,

Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst engage,

To execute her will: who shipping him away
(And making forth their course into the midland

sea)

As they had got before, so now again for gold
To an Armenian there that young Alcides sold:

Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest thing,
And fittest wherewithal to gratify his king)

Presented that brave youth; the splendour of whose eye

A wondrous mixture show'd of grace and majesty:
Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless

stature, took [look

The king; that often us'd with great delight to
Upon that English earl. But though the love he

bore [more

To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times
Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour

that first

His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her

guest,

Already had resign'd possession of her breast.

Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to sport, [ful sort,

And those damna'd Paynims heard, who, in despite-
Derided Christ the Lord; for his Redeemer's sake

He on those heathen hounds did there such

slaughter make, [they drew,

That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies

They headlong went to Hell. As also how he slew

That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole fields of grain

(And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;

Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and wondrous

deep, [leapt)

As that, into whose mouth the desperate Roman¹⁶

And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear:

The foresters, that came to intercept it there,

How he their scalps and trunks in chips and pieces

cleft, [left.

And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies

As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous

fight

The great Armenian king made noble Bevis knight:

And having raised power, Damascus to invade,

The general of his force this English hero made.

Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,

And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant

deed [strain'd,

Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a buskin¹⁷

Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,

That dreadful battle where with Brandamont he

fought; [wrought,

And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders

As even amongst his foes him admiration won;

Encount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,

And lopping off his arms, th' imperial standard

took.

At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe forsook

The field; where, in one day so many peers they

lost,

So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,

As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus

down,

Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.

And how at his return the king (for service done,

The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)

In marriage to this earl the princess Josian gave.

As into what distress him Fortune after drove,

To great Damascus sent ambassador again;

When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,

(And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd

Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,

¹⁶ Curtius.

¹⁷ Lofty.

Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust)
They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon thrust;
In whose black bottom, long two serpents had
remain'd

(Bred in the common sewer that all the city drain'd)
Impoisoning with their smell; which seiz'd him for
their prey: [blood and clay]

With whom in strugg'ling long (besnear'd with
He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison
scap'd. [rap'd]

As how adult'rous Jour, the king of Mambrant,
Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed:
Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare
away.

And with two lions how he held a desperate fray,
Assailing him at once, that fiercely on him flew:
Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the
necks them drew, [shoulders burst;
And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws and
And that (Goliath-like) great Ascupart enforc'd
To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.

At Colein as again the glory that he won
On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy;
Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did
destroy [brass;

As doth a general plague: his scales like shields of
His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,
Ev'n bruis'd the solid earth. Which boldly having
song

With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,
Whilst yet she shapes her course how he came back
to show, [stow;

What powers he got abroad, how them he did be-
In England here again, how he by dint of sword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
New-forest cry'd "Enough!" and Waltham, with
the Bere, [would hear.

Both bade her hold her peace; for they no more
And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would
But slipping to their banks, slid silently away. [say;

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even
flight,

Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight¹⁸;
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war;
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's
grace:

Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign fav'reth
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus. [thus,
For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
'Twixt Penwith's¹⁹ farthest point and Goodwin's¹⁹
queachy sand,

Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other
Most justly may account great Britain for her
mother.

A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'ermatch'd by any
coast. [soft,

To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her
oft.

Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every
need;

¹⁸ Isle of Wight.

¹⁹ The forelands of Cornwall and Kent.

And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels
stand

To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand;
And to the north, betwixt the fore-land and the
firm,

She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term;
Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights
they meet, [greet:

With boist'rous shocks and roars each other rudely
Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make
retreat. [beat,

Upon the bulwark't forts of Hurst and Calsheot²⁰.
Then to South-hampton run: which by her shores
supply'd, [pride;

(As Portsmouth by her strength) doth vint'ge
Both roads, that with our best may boldly hold
their plea, [than they;

Nor Plymouth's self hath borne more braver ships
That from their anchoring bays have travelled to
find [Ind,

Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the either:
The pearly rich Peru; and with as prosperous fate
Have born their full-spread sails upon the streams
of Plate: [renew,

Whose pleasant harbours oft the sea-man's hope
To rigg his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton
clue; [songs,

Where they with lusty sack, and mirthful sailors'
Defy their passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's
wrongs:

The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
Who half so merry now as master and his mate?
And victualling again, with brave and manlike
minds [winds.

To seaward cast their eyes, and pray for happy
But, partly by the floods sent thither from the
shore,

And islands that are set the bord'ring coast before;
As one amongst the rest, a brave and lusty dame
Call'd Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth
hath her name; [compar'd

By her, two little isles, her handmaids (which
With those within the Pool, for deftness not out-
dar'd)

The greater Haling hight; and fairest tho' by much,
Yet Thorney very well, but somewhat rough in
touch:

Whose beauties far and near divulged by report,
And by the Tritons²¹ told in mighty Neptune's
court, [herd,

Old Proteus²² hath been known to leave his finny
And in their sight to sponge his foam-bespawled
beard.

The sea-gods, which about the watry kingdom keep,
Have often for their sakes abandoned the deep;
That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath com-
plain'd, [disdain'd:

How for those wanton nymphs her ladies were
And there arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
That soon the noise thereof through all the ocean
rang. [might grow,

§. When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her
In that their mighty stir might be her overthrow,
She strongly straighteneth-in the entrance to her bay:
That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to the sea,

²⁰ Two castles in the sea.

²¹ Trumpeters of Neptune.

²² A sea-god, who changes himself into any
shape.

(Each small conceived wrong helps on distemper'd rage)

No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage:
When every one suspects the next that is in place
To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
Some coming from the east, some from the setting

Sun,
The liquid mountains still together mainly run;
Wave woundeth wave again, and billow, billow
goes;

And topsy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.
From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought,
might st. [land.

Amongst those things which we call wonders of our
towing up that stream²³, so negligent of
fame,

As till this very day she yet conceals her name;
By Bert and Waltham both that's equally em-
bra'c'd,

And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd:
Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the aged
Stone²⁴, [be gone.

The Muse those countries sees, which call her to
The forests took their leave: Bere, Chute, and
Buckholt, bid

Adieu; so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did:
And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the
heart;

When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
To her last farewell, thus, the goodly forests song.

"Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at
last hath brought, [thought,

Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every
When thou ascend'st the hills, and from their
rising shrouds [the clouds;

Our sisters shalt command, whose tops once touch'd
Old Arden²⁵ when thou meet'st, or dost fair Sher-
wood²⁶ see, [we:

Tell them, that as they waste, so every day do
Wish them, we of our griefs may be each other's
heirs; [theirs."

Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn for
Then turning from the south, which lies in pub-
lic view

The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue;
And pointing to the plains, she thither takes her
way; [stay.

For which, to gain her breath, she makes a little

²³ Tichfield river.

²⁴ Another little hill in Hampshire.

²⁵ A great ancient forest in Warwickshire.

²⁶ A forest near Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse, yet observing her began course of
chorographical longitude, traces eastward the
southern shore of the isle. In this second sings
Dorset and Hampshire; fitly here joined, as they
join themselves, both having their south limits
wash'd by the British Ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis
bare.

Juba (a) remembers a like coral by the Trog-
loditic isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it

(a) Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13. c. 15.

Isidis plocamos (b). True reason of the name is no
more perhaps to be given, than why *adianthum*
is called *capillus Veneris*, or sengreep barba
Jovis. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and
Apuleius such variety of Isis' titles, and, in Clemens
of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that
it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this
northern climate, than in Egypt: especially we
having three rivers of note (c) synonymies with her.
Particularly to make her a sea-goddess, which the
common story of her and Osiris her husband (son
to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affurance,
that in his travelling over the world he first taught
the Britons to make beer instead of wine) does not;
Isis Pelagia (d), after Pausanias's testimony, hath
an old coin (e). The special notice which antiquity
took of her hair is not only showed by her attri-
bute (f) of *λοξίκεμος* (g), but also in that her hair
was kept as a sacred relic in Memphis (h), as
Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea,
and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our
coral just with her colour, *Æthiopis solibus* Isis
furva (i), she is called by Arnobius (k). Gentle-
women of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn
to them) have no simple pattern of that part in
this great goddess, whose name indeed compre-
hended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and
more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon, (a
man very judicious in the provoking motives of
wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mis-
tress that one of the titles of womens special
ornament, well-haired (l), thought of this, when he
gave his painter direction to make her picture
black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been
known.

Very likely from the soil was the old name
Black-more. By report of this country, the
change was from a white hart, reserved here from
chase by express will of Henry III. and afterward
killed by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of
these parts. For the offence, a mulct imposed on
the possessors of Black-more (called (m) white-
hart silver) is to this day paid into the exchequer.
The destruction of woods here bewailed by the
Muse, is (upon occasion too often given) often
seconded: but while the Muse bewails them, it is
Marsyas (n) and his country-men that most want
them.

On whom the wat'ry god would oft have had his will.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an isle, being
joined to the firm land) stored with game of the
forest.

(b) Isis' hair.

(c) Ouse. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.

(d) Isis of the sea.

(e) Goltz. thes. antiq.

(f) Loose hair'd.

(g) Philostrat. in *viz.*

(h) Lucian. in *viz.*

(i) Æthiopian sun-burnt.

(k) Adv. gent. l. Black-hair.

(l) *καλλιπλοκαμος*, & *καλλίσφυρος*, i. e. well-
haired and pretty-footed; two special commen-
dations, dispersed in Greek poets, joined in Lu-
cilius.

(m) Camden.

(n) Destruction of woods.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions, the author well calls her an huntress and a nun. Nor doth the embracing force of the Ocean (whereto she is adjacent) although very violent, prevail against her stony cliffs. To this purpose the Muse is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

That in little time up 'n this lovely dame
Begat three maiden isles, his darlings and delight.

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom that first name of this Britain was supposed, is well fitted to the fruitful bed of this Pool, thus personated as a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as words may certify your eyes, saving all impropriety of object) is, that in the Pool are seated three isles (*o*), Brunksey, Fursey, and St. Helen's, in situation and magnitude as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the isles improper; seeing Greek antiquities (*p*) tell us of divers in the Mediterranean and the Archipelagus, as Rhodes, Delos, Hiera, the Echinades, and others, which have been as it were brought forth out of the salt womb of Amphitrite,

But tow'rs the Solent sea, as Stour her way doth
On Shaftsbury, &c. [p]ly,

The straight betwixt the Wight and Hampshire is titled, in Bede's story, Pelagus latitudinis trium millium, quod vocatur Solente (*q*); famous for the double, and thereby most violent floods of the ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis 'twixt Sicily and Italy in Homer) expressed by the author towards the end of this song, and reckoned among our British wonders. Of it the author tells you more presently. Concerning Shaftsbury (which, beside other names, from the corpse (*r*) of St. Edward, murdered in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his stepmother Ælfith, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding:

Caire Paladoure, that now is Shaftsbury,
Where an angel spake sitting on the wall
While it was in working over all (*s*).

Speaking of Rhudhudibras's fabulous building it. I recite it, both to mend it, reading (*t*) aigle for angel, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies.

This Eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the Seventh, grandchild to Owen Tyddour, hath been observed (*u*), as fulfilled. This in particular is

(*o*) Isles newly out of the sea.

(*p*) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 7. Strab. Pausanias.

(*q*) A sea three miles over, called Solent. lib. 4. hist. eccl. cap. 16.

(*r*) Malmesb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edward. 979.

(*s*) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.

(*t*) Harding amended.

(*u*) Twin, in Albion. 2. See the fifth song.

peremptorily affirmed by that count Palatine of Basingstoke. Et aperte dixit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium denuo sit ad veteres Britannos post Saxonas & Normannos reditum (*x*), are his words of this eagle. But this prophesy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus' secret, Canace's ring in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes' comedy of birds, I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon, for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities (*y*) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss out of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophecy (*z*): Henricus IV. (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account inregard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-Jempress, crowned in his father's life, is in Bracton and others called the Fourth) concessit omne jus & clameum, pro se & heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normanniæ imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ejus sigillum & mutatum; nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conquestu ducis Willielmi bastardi; & ideo dicitur aquila, separabitur gladius à sceptro. Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as Buchanan of Merlin's (*a*),

Then those prodigious signs to ponder she began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

Obseditque frequens castorum limina bubo: and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Cannæ; and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well guess the like.

And at New-forest' foot into the sea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England,

(*x*) He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.

(*y*) Distinct. Aquil. Sceptoniz. A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.

(*z*) A sceptre instead of a sword first in Henry the Third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of those times give no warrant for it: and even in king Arthur's, Leland says, there was a fleury sceptre; but that perhaps as feigned, as this false.

(*a*) Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.

except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss of eyes (*b*) punishment for taking his ventry: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapez, and others, although the author of *Distinctio Aquilæ*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, even breathing antiquity (*c*):

Game of houndes he lovede inou, and of wild best,
And is (*d*) forest, and is wodes, and mest the niwe
forest,

And in Suthamtesseire, for thulke he lovede inow,
And astored well mid (*e*) bestes, and lese (*f*) mid
gret wou: [route,

Dor he cast out of house and hom of men a great
And binom (*g*) their lond thritti mile and more
thereabout, [fede,

And made it all foreste and lese the bests vor to
Of pouer men diserited he nom let el hede:

Theruoere therein vell mony mischeuing, [king,
And is sone was thereine issote (*h*) William the red
And is o (*i*) sone, that het Richard, caght there is
deth also, [thereto,

And Richard is o (*i*) neuve, brec there his neck
As he rod an honteth, and perauentre his horse
sprend, [trend,

The vuriglit ido to pouer men to such mesauntre.

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return
to the pleasanter Muse.

Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to choose.

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous
with title of earl of Southampton; Duncton in
Wiltshire known for his residence. What credit
you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in her
relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the
author's censure in the admonition of the other
rivers here personated, I presume, will direct.
And it is wished that the poetical monks in
celebration of him, Arthur, and other such worthies,
had contained themselves within bounds of likeli-
hood; or else that some judges, proportionate to
those of the Grecian games (*k*), (who always by
public authority pulled down the statues erected,
if they exceeded the true symmetry of the victors)
had given such exorbitant fictions their desert. The
sweet grace of an enchanting poem (as unimitable
Pindar (*l*) affirms) often compels belief; but so
far have the indigested reports of barren and
monkish invention expatiated out of the lists of
truth, that from their intermixed and absurd
falsities hath proceeded doubt, and, in some, even
denial of what was truth. His sword is kept as a
relic in Arundel castle, not equalling in length
(as it is now worn) that of Edward III. at West-
minster.

(*b*) Matth. Paris post Henric. Huntingd. And
under Will. I. it was capital to steal deer.

(*c*) Rob. Glocestrens.

(*d*) Hisi

(*f*) Pastures.

(*h*) Shot by Walter Tirell

(*k*) Ἑλληνοδίκαι. Lucian. περί σικόν.

(*l*) Olymp. u. & Nem. 7. σοφία διελκυσσιν παράγειται
μύθοις.

(*e*) With.

(*g*) Took.

(*i*) His own.

And for great Arthur's seat her Winchester prefer
Whose old round table yet, &c.

For him, his table, order, knights, and places
of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might
grow.

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, com-
ing in by Portsmouth endures the forcible violence
of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells you in
this fiction of wooing.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this third song great threat'nings are,
And tending all to nymphish war.

Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,

Depraving Stonedg's estate.

Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,

Each pleading her prerogative.

The plain the forests doth disdain:

The forests rail upon the plain.

The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,

To find the fountain of great Thames;

Falls down with Avon, and describes

Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries:

Then views the Somersetian soil;

Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,

To Avalon to Arthur's grave,

Sadly bemoan'd of Ochey cave.

Then with delight she bravely brings

The princely Parret from her springs;

Preparing for the learned plea

(The next in song) in the Severn sea.

Up with the jocund lark (too long we take our rest)
Whilst yet the blushing dawn out of the cheerful
east

Is ushering forth the day to light the Muse along;
Whose most delightful touch, and sweetness of her
song,

Shall force the lusty swains out of the country towns,
To lead the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's
woods that be, [thee.

Their oaken wreaths, O Muse, shall offer up to
And when thou shap'st thy course tow'rd's where
the soil is rank,

The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's bank
Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou art
coming on)

Brought from marshy grounds by aged Avalon¹.
From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence
it stood

By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
Where her imperious fane² her former seat dis-
dains, [plains.

And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbouring
What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd most
In any place, but poor unto the plenty here? [dear,

¹ Glastonbury.

² Salisbury church.

The chalky Chiltern³ fields, nor Kelmaish self
compares

With Everley⁴, for store and swiftness of her hares:
A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,
Not any where 'twixt Kent and Caledon⁵ is found.
Nor yet the level south can show a smoother race,
Whereas the ballow⁶ nag outstrips the winds in
chase;

As famous in the west for matches yearly try'd,
As Garterley⁷, possess of all the northern pride;
And on his match as much the western horseman
lays,

As the rank riding Scots upon their gallowsays⁸.
And as the western soil as sound a horse doth
breed, [Twiced:

As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and
No hunter, so, but finds the breeding of the west⁹.
The only kind of hounds for mouth, and nostril
best;

That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-hail;
As standing in the flight, as pleavant on the trail;
Free hunting, eas'ly check'd, and loving every
chase; [pace:

Straight running, hard and tough, of reasonable
Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth
breed;

Nor as the northern kind, so light and hot of speed,
Upon the clearer chase, or on the foiled train,
Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or on
plain. [bear

Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that doth
The name to be the first (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonednge there should
stand: [land¹⁰

She, first of plains; and that, first wonder of the
She Wausdike also wins, by whom she is embrac'd,
That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler waist:
Who (for a mighty mound sith long he did remain
§. Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the West-Saxons'
reign,

And therefore of his place himself he proudly bare)
Had very oft been heard with Stonednge to com-
pare; [t' upbraid,

Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonednge pleas'd
The old man taking heart, thusto that trophy said:
" Dull heap, that thus thy head above the rest
dost rear, [there;

Precisely yet not know'st who first did place thee
But traitor-basely turn'd, to Merlin's skill dost fly,
And with his magics dost thy maker's truth bely:
Conspirator with time, now grown so mean and
poor, [before;

Comparing these his spirits with those that went
Yet rather art content thy builder's praise to lose,
Than passed greatness should thy present wants
disclose. [story;

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their
That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for
their glory:

³ Two places famous for hares, the one in
Buckinghamshire, the other in Northampton-
shire.

⁴ Everley warren of hares.

⁵ The farthest part of Scotland.

⁶ Gant.

⁷ The best kind of Scottish nags.

⁸ A famous Yorkshire horse-race.

⁹ The western hounds generally the best.

¹⁰ Stonednge, the greatest wonder in England.

For all their wondrous cost, thou that has serv'd
them so,

What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we cas'ly
know." [complain,

In these invectives thus whilst Wansdike doth
He interrupted is by that impious Plain¹¹,

§. To hear two crystal floods to court her, that
apply [her eye.

Themselves, which should be seen most gracious in
First, Willy boasts herself more worthy than the
other,

And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
Fair Selwood¹², and to bring up Diver¹³ in her
train; [restrain,

Which, when the envious soil would from her course
A mile creeps under earth, as flying all resort!
And how clear Nader waits attendance in her
court;

And therefore claims of right the Plain should hold
her dear, [names the shire¹⁴.
Which gives that town the name; which likewise
The eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon her
take

To be the only child of shadeful Savernake¹⁵,
As Ambray's ancient flood, herself and to enstyle
The Stonednge's best-lov'd, first wonder of the isle;
And what (in her beboof) might any want supply,
She vaunts the goodly seat of famous Sal'sbury;
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a kind
embrace, [place.

Betwixt their crystal arms they clip that loved
Report, as lately rais'd, unto these rivers came,
§. That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious through
her fame) [disdain,

Their dalliance should deride; and that by her
Some other smaller brooks, belonging to the Plain,
A question seem'd to make, whereas the shire sent
forth [worth;

Two Avons, which should be the flood of greatest
This stream, which to the south the Celtic¹⁶ sea
doth get,

Or that which from the north saluteth Somerset.
This when these rivers heard, that even but
lately strove [best love.

Which best did love the Plain, or had the Plain's
They straight themselves combine: for Willy
wisely weigh'd,

That should her Avon lose the day for want of aid,
If one so great and near were overprest with power,
The foe (she being less) would quickly her devour.
As two contentious kings, that on each little jar,
Defiances send forth, proclaiming open war,
Until some other realm, that on their frontiers lies,
Be hazarded again by other enemies,
Do then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
To countercheck that sword, else like to conquer
all: [bear.

So falls it with these floods, that deadly hate do
And whilst on either part strong preparations were,
It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there
have been,

Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally between)

¹¹ Salisbury plain.

¹² A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Sommer-
shire.

¹³ Of diving under the earth.

¹⁴ Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.

¹⁵ A forest in Wiltshire.

¹⁶ The French sea.

Forewarn'd them to desist, and off their purpose
brake;

When in behalf of plains thus gloriously she spake:

"Away¹² ye barb'rous woods; however ye be
plac'd

On mountains or in dales, or happily be grac'd
With floods, or marshy fells¹³, with pasture, or
with earth

By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth
The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the
fruitfull'st ground.

For, in respect of plains, what pleasure can be found
In dark and sleepy shades? where mists and rotten
fogs

Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unstedfast
[bogs,
slipping from the boughs, the o'er-grown trees
among,

With caterpillars kells, and dusky cobwebs hong.

"The deadly screech-owl sits, in gloomy covert
hid:

Whereas the smooth-brow'd plain, as liberally doth
The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trembling
wing [hymns to sing

In climbing up tow'rsd Heaven, her high-pitch
Unto the springing day; when 'gainst the Sun's arise
The early dawning strews the goodly eastern skies
With roses every where: who scarcely lifts his head
To view this upper world, but he his beams doth
spread

Upon the goodly plains; yet at his noonsted's height,
Doth scarcely pierce the brake with his far-shooting
sight.

[sheep:

"The gentle shepherds here survey their gentler
Amongst the bushy woods luxurious satyrs keep.
To these brave sports of field, who with desire is won,
To see his grey-hound course, his horse (in diet) run,
His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-wing'd
hawk to fly.

To these most noble sports his mind who doth apply,
Resorts unto the plains. And not a foughten field,
Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the spear
and shield,

But plains have been the place; and all those tro:
That ancient times have rear'd to noble memory:
As, Stouendge, that to tell the British princes slain
By those false Saxons' fraud, here ever shall remain.
It was upon the plain of Mamre (to the fame
Of me and all our kind) whereas the angels came
To Abraham in his tent, and there with him did
feed;

To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be,
In which the Son of God they in the flesh should see.
But forests, to your plague there soon will come
an age,

In which all damned sins most vehemently shall
An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall rise,
So senseless of the good of their posterities,
That of your greatest groves they scarce shall leave
a tree,

(By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd be)
Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
And for your long excess shall turn ye all to pain."

Thus ending; though some hills themselves that
do apply

leave the goodly Plain, still standing in her eye,
The Plain of Salisbury's speech in defence of
plains.

Boggy places. A word frequent in Lanca-

Did much applaud her speech (as Haradon¹⁴, whose
head

Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his sted,
Surveying of the Vies, whose likings do allure
Both Ouldby and Saint Ann; and they again
procure [aloof,

Mount Marting-sall: and he those hills that stand
Those brothers Barbury at d Badbury, whose proof
Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high dis-
dain

Plain
The forests takè her words, and swear the prating
Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so much
Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly
touch)

That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face;
And Aldbryn with the rest, though being but a
chase, [atloot

At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon all
When it was told to her set open such a throat,
That all the country rang. She calls her barren
jade, [be made
Base quean, and rivel'd witch, and wish'd she could
But worthy of her hate, (which most of all her
grieves)

The basest beggar's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
Then Pensham, and with her old Blackmoor (not
behind) [wind,

Do wish that from the seas some sultry southern
The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs would
sweep, [sheep,

And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her
But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with
these things,

She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,

§. By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts
that learned tongue, [song;

Where to Great Britain first the sacred Muses
Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous
head, [be spread;

As telling that her fame should through the world
And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after came,
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely
Tame: [adore,

Whose beauty when they saw, so much they did
That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back
no more. [source:]

Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her
Which southward making soon in her most quiet
course,

Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising side,
First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peusham
with her pride [the West)

Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to
Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties blest
That Nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal force
doth bring; [smell,

As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and
Which taught the world at first the virtue of that
well; [ledge drew

What quickest it could cure: which men of know-
From that first mineral cause: but some that little
knew

(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)

§. Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither
brought,

¹⁴ Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

As, by that learned king the baths should be begun;
Not from the quick'ned mine, by the begetting Sun
Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous
sweat,

Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
In passing through the veins, where matter doth
not need; [breed:

Which in that mineros earth inseparably doth
So Nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
The baths their native power for ever shall retain:
Where time that city built, which to her greater
fame,

Preserving of that spring, participates her name;
The tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did
please)

Some to Minerva¹⁵ gave, and some to Hercules:
Proud Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal
course, [force,

§. When on this point of earth he bends his greatest
By his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:
Which boiling in her womb projects (as to a birth)
Such matter as she takes from the gross humorous
earth; [clear,

Till purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion
She smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful
cheer. [that met

Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods
Fair Avon entering into fruitful Somerset,
With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth
bring, [spring,

Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred
To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
To Bristol¹⁶ her to bear, the fairest seat of fame:
To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
And striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.
As when some wealthy lord prepares to entertain
A man of high account, and feast his gallant train;
Of him that did the like, doth seriously inquire
His diet, his device, his service, his attire;

That varying every thing (exempl'd by his store)
He ev'ry way may pass what th' other did before:
Even so this city doth; the prospect of which place
To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
Well fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,
As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
For easement, that to health is requisite and meet;
Her piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
Hereto, she hath her tides; that when she is opprest
With heat or drought, still pour their floods upon
her breast. [inclines,

To Mendip then the Muse upon the south
Which is the only store and coffer of her mines;
Elsewhere the fields and meads their sundry traffics
suit; [fruit,

The forests yield her wood, the orchards give her
As in some rich man's house his several charges lie,
There stands his wardrobe, here remains his trea-
sury; [neat,

His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here
again [tain:

Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to main-
So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
Or that which through exchange a smaller want
supplies.

¹⁵ Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these
fountains.

¹⁶ The delicacies of Bristol.

Yet Ochry's dreadful hole still held herself
disgrac'd,

§. With th' wonders¹⁷ of this isle that she should
not be plac'd;

But that which vext her most, was, that the Peak-
ish cave¹⁸

Before her darksome self such dignity should have;
And th' wyches¹⁹ for their salts such state on them
should take; [lake²⁰;

Or Cheshire should prefer her sad death-boding
And Stonedge in the world should get such high
Which imitating art but idly did erect: [respect,
And that among the rest, the vain inconstant Dee²¹,
By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;
A of another sort, wood turn'd to stone²², among
Th' anatomized fish²³, and fowls²⁴ from planchers
sprung: [d'rous springs²⁵

And on the Cambrian side those strange and won-
Our beasts²⁶ that seldom drink; a thousand other
things [mount,

Which Ochry inly vext, that they to fame should
And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small
account; [meer,

That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or
That held not Ochry's wrongs (for all held Ochry
dear) [disgrace

§. In great and high disdain: and Froom for her
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her
face;

But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the
Bath: [wreak,

§. And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not
Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was like
to break [cave

The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who
doth rave [begun

At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe
For Ochry, as the isle of ancient Avalon?

Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend relief;
The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:

"O three times famous isle, where is that place
that might

Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastenbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:

O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their
skill? [rightly weigh'd)

Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
Then present to assist, at that foundation lay'd;
On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay the
crime?

Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their error such, that thou couldst not pro-
tect [zeal erect?

Those buildings which thy hand did with their

¹⁷ A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.

¹⁸ The Devil's arse.

¹⁹ The salt wells in Cheshire.

²⁰ Bruerton's pond.

²¹ A river by Westchester.

²² By sundry soils of Britain.

²³ Our pikes, ript and sow'd up, live.

²⁴ Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.

²⁵ Wondrous springs in Wales.

²⁶ Sheep.

To whom didst thou commit that monument to
keep, [sleep?

That suffereth with the dead their memory to
§. When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy
Joseph's grave²⁷, [save;

From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles
fought.

What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?

For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom²⁸, and bear their sum-
mer's green. [cast,

What! did so many a sigh from her full stomach
Which issued thro' her breast in many a boisterous
blast; [condole,

And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.

Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth try;
§. Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely
Bry, [was]

On whom the Fates bestow'd, (when he conceived
He should be much belov'd of many a dainty lass;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh
But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon; [none,
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-
flank'd marsh do prove

To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First Sedgmore²⁹ shows this flood, her bosom all
unbrac'd,

And casts her wanton arms about his slender waist:
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Audry seeks:

And Godey softly steals sweet kisses from his
cheeks.

One takes him by the hand, entreating him to stay;
Another plucks him back, when he would fain away:
But, having caught at length, whom long he did
pursue,

Is so entranc'd with love, her goodly parts to view,
That al'th'right quite his shape, to her he doth appear,
And casts his crystal self into an ample meer;
But for his greater growth when needs he must de-
part, [heart]

And forc'd to leave his love (tho' with a heavy
As he his back doth turn, and his departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the Severn sea surrounds his plenteous
springs. [thou dwell,

But, dallying in this place so long, why dost
So many sun-bry things here having yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,
Which (striking with the wind the vast and open
air) [roves,

Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys
those groves; [mound,

The baful pastures fenc'd, and most with quickset
The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where ploughmen cleanse the earth of rubbish,
weed, and filth, [tilth;

And give the fallow lands their seasons and their
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fitt'st
to keep, [sheep;

Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing for

The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mould,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays
be cold; [with want;

With plenty where they waste, some others touch'd
Here set, and there they sow; here prune and
there they plant. [resort,

As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and waste,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:

This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bowers,
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with
flowers [wool,

Of rank and mellow glebe; a sword as soft as
With her complexion strong, a belly plump and full.

Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these
various things, [teous springs

Clear Parret makes approach, with all those plen-
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarchical
sway

She fortifies herself against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd to
try:

For, from the Druids' time there was a prophecy,
That there should come a day (which now was near
at hand [strand,

By all fore-running signs) that on the eastern
If Parret³⁰ stood not fast: upon the English side,
They all should be suppress: and by the British
pride

In cunning over-come; for why, impartial fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons' crazed state)
Forbade they yet should fall; by whom she meant
to show [owe

How much the present age, and after-times should
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore press'd
Her tributary streams, and wholly her address'd
Against the ancient foe; first, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one name³¹, which seem as tho' they
stay'd [take:

Their empress as she went, her either hand that
The first upon the right, as from her source, doth
make

Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-rendered name: that on her left, de-
scends [that forest born,

From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which, of
Her rival's proffer'd grace opprobriously doth scorn.
She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-isle,
And for the greater state, herself she doth instille
§. The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's an-
tient seat, [so great,

Which made the Britons' name thro' all the world
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave
achievements sprung.

As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser head
(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:
So, almost thro' the world his fame flew from this
realm; [wrong,

That justly I may charge those ancient bards of
So idly to neglect his glory in their song:

³⁰ A supposed prophesy upon Parret.

³¹ Ivel; from which the town Ivel is denomi-
nated.

²⁷ Joseph of Arimathea.

²⁸ The wondrous tree at Glastenbury.

²⁹ Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.

For some abundant brain, oh there had been a
 story [our glory.
 Beyond the blind man's³² might to have inhauc'd
 Tow'rd's the Sabrinian sea then Parret setting on,
 To her attendance next comes in the beauteous
 Tone, [array'd,
 Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeous
 With all th' enamel'd flowers of many a goodly
 mead: [boughs
 In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring
 Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
 Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch stand-
 ing by;
 The sweetness of her soil thro' ev'ry coast doth fly.
 What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the
 sound: [ground:
 Of Taunton's fruitful dean³³ † not match'd by any
 By Athelney³⁴ ador'd, a neighbourer to her land:
 Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone that
 stand,
 Her coadjuting springs with much content behold,
 Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he
 control'd, [unound,
 And Black-down inland born, a mountain and a
 As tho' he stood to look about the country round:
 But Parret as a prince, attended herè the while,
 Enrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
 Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rd's her
 fall:
 Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
 Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely
 clear, [shire;
 From Somerton sent down the sovereign of the
 Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing
 in excess, [press,
 Whilst like a prince she vaunts amid the wat'ry
 The breathless Muse awhile her wearied wings shall
 ease, [seas.
 To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian

³² Homer.

³³ One of the fruitful places of this land.

³⁴ Interpreted the noble isle.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DISCONTINUING her first course, the Muse re-
 turns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt
 the Severn and Hantsire; as the song here joins
 them:

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence
 it stood.

Old Salisbury, seated north-east from the now
 famous Salisbury, some mile distant, about Richard
 Cœur de Lion's time, had her name and inhabitants
 hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and
 Aderborn; where not long after she enjoyed,
 among other, that glorious title of admiration for
 her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of
 my authors* thus:

— in the yeare of grace
 Twelf hundred and to and twenti, in the vaine place
 Of the noble munstre of Salesburi hii leide the
 verste stone,

That me not in Christindom vairore work non.
 Ther was Pandulf the legat, and as heyt of echon,
 He leide vire the verste stones: as vor the pope
 put on,

* Rob. Glocestrens.

The other vorvre yonge king (a), the thridde as me
 seye

Vor the gode erle of Salisburi, William the Longe-
 spei (b),

The verth vor the contesse, the vifte he leide tho
 Vor the bishop of Salesburi (c), and he ne leide
 na mo.

This work then began, was by Robert Bingham,
 next succeeding bishop to that excellency, prose-
 cuted.

Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonehenge there should
 stand.

Upon Salisbury plain, stories of huge weight and
 greatness, some in the earth pitch, and in form
 erected, as it were circular; others lying cross
 over them, as if their own poise did no less than
 their supporters give them that proper place, have
 this name of Stone-henge:

But so confus'd, that neither any eye
 Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
 What force brought them to so unlikely ground.
 As the noble Sidney (d) of them.

No man knows, saith Huntingdon (e) (making
 them the first wonder of this land, as the author
 doth) how, or why, they came here. The cause
 thus take from the British story: Hengist, under
 colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Ames-
 bury, his falsehood's watchword to his Saxons
 (provided there privily with long knives) being
 Nimep youh rexry (f), there traitorously slew
 ch. ix. noble Britons, and kept the king prisoner.
 Some thirty years after, king Ambrose (to honour
 with one monument the name of so many mur-
 dered worthies) by help of Uterpen-dragon's forces,
 and Merlin's magic, got them transported from
 off a plain (others say a bill) near Naas (g), in
 Kildare, in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy
 not of victory, but of wronged innocency. This
 Merlin persuaded the king that they were me-
 dicinal, and first brought out of the utmost parts
 of Afric by giants, which thence came to in-
 habit Ireland. Non est ibi lapis qui medicamento
 caret (h), as in Merlin's person Geoffrey of Mon-
 mouth speaks; whose authority in this treacherous
 slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as
 Nennius, Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of West-
 minster, and others, who report it as I deliver.
 Whether they be naturally solid, or with cement
 artificially composed, I will not dispute. Although
 the last be of easier credit; yet I would, with our
 late historian White, believe the first sooner, than
 that Ulysses' ship was by Neptune turned into one
 stone, as it is in the Odyssey, and that the Egyp-
 tian king Amasis had a house cut out in one
 marble (which, by Herodotus' description, could
 not after the workmanship have less content than
 cto. cto. ccc. xciv. solid cubits, if my geometry.

(a) Henry III.

(b) Willielm de Longa spatha.

(c) Richard Poor.

(d) In his sonnets.

(e) Histor. lib. 1.

(f) i. e. Take your swords.

(g) Girald. Cambrensis Topograph. Hib. dist. 2.
 cap. 18. Chorca gigantum.

(h) "Not one of the stones but is good for some-
 what in physic."

fail me not) or that which the Jews (*i*) are not ashamed to affirm of a stone, with which king Og, at one throw from his head, purposed to have crushed all the Israelites, had not a lapwing strangely pecked such a hole through it, that it fell on his shoulders, and by miracle his upper-teeth, suddenly extended, kept it there fast from motion. It is possible they may be of some such earthy dust as that of Puzzolo, and by *Ætna*, which cast into water turns stony, as Pliny after Strabo of them and other like remembers. And for certain I find it reported (*k*), that in Caernarvon, upon Snowdon hills, is a stone (which miraculously, somewhat more than sixty years since, raised itself out of a lake at the hill's foot) equalling a large house in greatness, and supposed not moveable by a thousand yoke of oxen. For the form of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one, which Hercules (*l*) is wondered at for the carriage, was but a cart-load (*m*), which he left for a monument in Otranto, of Italy: and except Geoffrey of Monmouth, with some which follow him, scarce any affirm or speak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmesbury; the first living somewhat near the supposed time.

Betwixt the Mercian rule and the West-Saxons' reign.

So thinks our antiquary and light of this kingdom; that, to be a limit of those two ancient states, sometime divided by Avon, which falls into Severn, Wansdike crossing the shire westward over the plain, was first cast up. Wodensdike, the old name, is supposed from Woden; of no less (if not greater) esteem to the Saxons, than Arsaces, Pelops, Cadmus, and other such to their posterity; but so that, I guess, it went but for their greatest god Mercury (he is called rather Wonden from Win, that is, gain, by (*n*) Lipsius) as the German and English antiquities discover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honour of him being by name president of ways, and by his office of heraldship pacifex, i. e. peace-maker, as an old stamp titles him, they called it Wodenslike; as not only the Greeks (*o*) had their *ἑρμῆος στήλαι τετραγώναι* (statues erected) for limits and direction of ways; and the Latins their Terminus, but the ancient Jews also, as upon interpretation of *כֹּהֵן נֹסֵחַ* (*p*) in the Proverbs, i. e. into an heap of Mercury, (in the vulgar) for a heap of stones in that sense, Goropius in his hieroglyphics affirms, somewhat boldly deriving Mercury from Merc, which signifies a limit in his and our tongue, and so fits this place in name and nature. Stonehenge and it not improperly contend, being several works of two several nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To hear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.

Willibourne (by the old name the author calls her Willy) derived from near Selwood by War-

mister, with her creekly passage crossing to Wilton, naming both that town and the shire, and on the other side Avon taking her course out of Savernak, by Marlborow, through the shire southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisburies, (new Salisbury, being her episcopal city) both watering the plain, and furnished with these reasons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear themselves in her love: and, prosecuting this fiction, the Muse thus adds:

How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her fame.

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before showed you, which falls through Dorset into the ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of Gloucester: and with her snaky course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Bradford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention (whose proportionate example is a special elegance for the expressing of diversity, as in the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politic observation (*q*), that "Outward common fear is the surest band of friendship."

To Grecklake, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue.

The history of Oxford in the proctors' book, and certain old verses (*r*), kept somewhere in this tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain Greek philosophers, from whose name and profession here it was thus called, and as an university afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company of physicians retiring to Lechlade (*s*) in this shire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his story to Henry the Seventh.) But Godwin, and a very old anonymous cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus, in Cilicia, (made archbishop of Canterbury by pope Vitalian, under Egbert, king of Kent) very skillful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies (*t*) will that Penda, king of Mercia, first deduced a colony of Cambridge-men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirklade, with variety of names: but I suspect all, as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecklade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, saith Leland (*u*), affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough,

(i) Apud Munster. ad Deuter. 3. If among them there be a whetstone, let the Jew have it.

(k) Powell ad lib. 2. cap. 5. Girald. itinerarii.

(l) Aristot. *περί θύων. αποστ.* (*m*) *Ἀμαζαῖος.*

(n) Ad Germ. facit. Woden or Wonden.

(o) In munrull, Sax. Mercury, Adam Bremens, cap. 5. And hence Irmingsstrate. Pausan. sepius, & Theocrit. *ἐν. ποτ.* (*p*) Proverb. 26. v. 8.

(q) In Thucyd. & Liv.

(r) Leland. ad cyg. cant. in Iside.

(s) i. e. The physicians' lake.

(t) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert. antiq. Oxon.

(u) Ad Cyg. Cant. in Iside & Isid. vad. Curvus Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1.

seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the Western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the Sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind, as some will; but either passage through metallic, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as Empedocles (x) first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (y), buried in Prochyta; where to Strabo refers the best baths in Italy) my learned and kind friend, Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious Philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhymes (z) I found express: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it:

Two tunne there beth of bras,
And other two inaked of glas.
Seve seats there bush inne
And ether thing imaked with ginne:
Quick brimston in them also,
With wild fier imaked thereto:
Sal gemmæ and sal petre,
Sal armonak there is eke,
Sal albrod and sal alkine,
Sal gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal comin and sal almetre bright,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
And borneth both night and day,
That never quench it ne may.
In your welsprings the tonnes liggett *,
As the philosophers us siggeth.
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about.
The two welsprings earneth mere,
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maked full iwis
That king's bath icluded is.
The rich king Bladud
The king's sonne Lud,
And when he maked that bath hot,
And if him failed ought
Of that that should thereto,
Herkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would flee,
And thulke day selfe againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke, and swith fell
Tho the master was ded
And is soule wend to the Qued,
For God ne was not yut ybore,
Nor deth suffred him bivore.

(x) Senec. Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.

(y) Pyndar. Pyth. α.

(z) Ex antiq. sched.

* See the author's eighth song.

I will as soon believe all this; as that St. Devi (a) or Julius Casar (b), (who never came near it) was author of it, or that he made knights of the Bath. They are not wanting which have durst say so.

When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the sun-beams make their strongest angles of incidence) it purges itself (as boiling) of unclean excrements, nor then do any enter it; which the Muse here expresses in a fervent sympathy of love 'twixt the water and the Sun, and the more properly, because it had the name of *Aquæ Solis* (c).

With th' wonders of the isle that she should not be plac'd.

Wockey-hole (d) (so called, in my conceit, from poczd (e), which is the same with pic, signifying a hollow or creek passage) in Mendip-hills, by Wells, for her spacious vaults, stony walls, creeping labyrinths, unimaginable cause of posture in the earth, and her neighbours' report (all which almost equal her to that grotta de la Sibylla (f) in the Apennine of Marca Anconitana, and the Dutch song of little Daniel) might well wonder she had not place among her country wonders. One that seems to increase Samuel Beaulan upon, Nennius, reckons thirteen by that name, but with yain and false reports (as that of the Bath to be both hot and cold, according to the desire of him that washes) and in some the author of Polychronicon follows him; neither speaking of this. But the last, and Henry of Huntingdon, reckon only four remarkable; the Peake, Stonehenge, Chedder-hole, and a hill out of which it rains. That wonder of human excellence, sir Philip Sidney, to fit his sonnet, makes six; and to fit that number conceitedly adds a froward but chaste lady for the seventh. And the author here tells you the chiefest.

—that Froom, for her disgrace,
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her face.

Out of Mendip-hills Froom springeth, and through the coal-pits, after a short course eastward, turns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction of her besmeared face happens the better, in that Froom, after our old mother language, signifies fair, as that paradoxical Becanus (g), in exposition of the Egyptian pyramis in Herodotus (h), would by notation teach us.

And Chedder, for mere grief, his teen he could not wreak.

Near Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vaulted, by continual distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving twelve mills within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax, derived out of Wockey.

(a) Bal. cert. 1.

(b) Malmesbury lib. 2. Pontific.

(c) Antoninus in itinerario.

(d) Or, Gchy.

(e) Beat. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.

(f) Ortelius theat. mundi.

(g) Hermathen. lib. 5.

(h) Euterpe.

When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.

Henry the Second, in his expedition towards Ireland, entertained by the way in Wales with bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed, that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then abbot, to make search for the corpse: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder) some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone (*l*), on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterward the skulls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Prise, divers others (although Polydore make slight of it) have more copious testimony. The bards' songs suppose, that after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, where traitorous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded, Morgain le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it: which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read these attributed to the best of the bards (*k*), expressing as much:

Morgain suscepit honore,
Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem
Fulcra, manque sibi detexit vultus honestâ
Inspexitque diu: tandemque re-lire salutem
Posse sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo
Esset, et ipsius vellet medicamine fungi.

Englished in metre for me thus by the author:

Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of state doth cause him to repose;
Then with a modest hand his wounds she doth un-
close, [to doubt:
And having search'd them well, she bade him not
He should in time be cur'd, if he would stay it out,
And would the med'cine take that she to him would
give.

The same also in effect, an excellent poet of his time thus singing it (*l*):

He is a king crowned in Fairie,
With scepter and sword and with his regally
Shall resort as lord and sovereigne
Out of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:
And repaire againe the round table (*m*).
By prophesie Merlin set the date,
Among princes king incomparable,
His seat againe to Carlon to translate,
The Parchas sustren sponne so his fate,
His epitaph (*n*) recordeth so certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigene againe.

(i) Chronicon. Glasconiens.

(k) Taliessin. ap. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.

(l) Dan. Lidgat. lib. 8. vers. Boccat. cap. 24.

(m) Nænius ad has refert Alanus de Insulis illud Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.

(n) Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam rexque
Luturus.

Worthily famous was the abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that *Εὐρυχάρων Βουλᾶτης* (*o*), as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence, in a charter of liberties by Henry the Second to the abbey (made in presence of Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, *Ofin a quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, alius tumulus sanctorum (p), quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquorum autoritas.*" It goes for current truth, that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, "Trees yet in winter," &c. You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrace'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely
Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which, after a winding course from Bruton, (so culled of the river) through part of Sedgemore, and Andremore, comes to Glastenbury, and almost enisles it; thence to Godney-inoor, and out of Brent-marsh into Severn.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's ancient
seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and 'twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. Among Roman coins there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horseshoe there digged up in the memory of our fathers: *Dii boni*, saith Leland, *quot hic profundissimarum fossarum? quot hic egestæ terræ valla? quæ demum præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse & Artis & Naturæ miraculum (q).* Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his round table, as the Muse here sings. But of this more in the next canto.

(o) Noble counsellor.

(p) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.

(q) "The workmanship of the ditches, walls, and strange steepness of them, makes it seem a wonder of art and nature."

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

England and Wales strive, in this song;
To whether Lundy doth belong:
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By music mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask:
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd:
The English, both with still and loud,
The Britons chant king Arthur's glory;
The English sing their Saxons' story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,

To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide.

THIS while in Sabrin's court strong factions strange-
ly grew,
Since Cornwall for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was said to Cambria to be-
long, [wrong:
Who oft had sought redress for that her ancient
But her inveterate foe, borne out by England's
might, [right)
O'ersways her weaker pow'r; that (now in either's
As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly mean,
But that the natural spring (her force which doth
maintain) [free
From this or that¹ she takes; so from this faction
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.

This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her mind
To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
§. And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:
A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and
high,

That often had bewitch'd the sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the inlaid isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret
deeps [seem,
(To love her Barry² much and Scilly though she
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem)
This noblest British nymph³ yet likes her Lundy
best, [rest.

And to great Neptune's grace prefers before her
Thus, Cambria⁴ to her right that would herself
restore,

And rather than to lose Loëgria⁵, looks for more.
The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth
invade, [dissuade:
To trial straight will go, though Neptune should
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
And only wanting strength to wreak their angry teen,
For skill their challenge make, which every one
protest,

And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
Sweet Music, rightly match'd with heavenly Poësy,
In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.

Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is wond'rous
wise)

And that it were in vain them better to advise,
Sith this contention sprang from countries like
ally'd, [side,
That she would not be found t' incline to either
To mighty Neptune sues to have his free consent.
Due trial they might make: when he incontinent
His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to proclaim.

No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful name,
But such a shout was sent from every neighb'ring
spring, [ring:

That the report was heard through all his court to

And from the largest stream unto the lesser brook.
Them to this wond'rous task they seriously betook.
They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smallest
beck [neck;

But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her
Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public
view,

Enameling the white with veins that were as blue;
Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing
rich array

To set their rivers forth against this general day.
'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such
heave and shove,

Since Albion⁶ wielded arm⁷ against the son of Jove.
When as the English part, their courage to de-
clare,

Them to th' appointed place immediately prepare.
A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her
brings, [springs⁸)

(As she that hath the charge of wise Minerva's
From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny mine.
And Ax^{*}, no less employ'd about this great de-
sign,

Leads forth a lusty rout; when Bry^{*}, with all her
throng, [long)

(With very madness swoln, that she had stay'd so
Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens
below: [show)

That Parret^{*} (highly pleas'd to see the gallant
Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness
way. [with pearl,

Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore deckt
Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant girl
§. Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would have
estrang'd her fall: [fall,

Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them
As drew down many a nymph from the Cornubian
shore, [ore.

That paint their goodly breasts with sundry sorts of
The British, that this while had stood a view to
take, [make,

What, to her utmost power, the public foe could
But slightly weigh their strength: for, by her nat-
ural kind,

As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their
cause,

For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.

At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew;
To make a likely choice of some most expert crew,
Whose number coming near unto the other's dow'r,
The English should not urge they were o'er-borne
by pow'r. [to lay,

§. Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes
For that she hath commerce with England every
day; [respect;

§. Nor Ross; for that too much she aliens doth
And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.
The Venedotian floods⁹, that ancient Britons were,
The mountains kept them back, and shut them in
the rear: [much worth,

But Brecknock, long time known a country of
Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains
forth:

⁶ Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules.

⁷ The baths.

^{*} All these rivers you may see in the 3d song.

⁹ Floods of North-Wales.

¹ From England or Wales.

² Certain little isles lying within Severn.

³ Severn.

⁴ Wales.

⁵ England.

For almost not a brook of Morgany⁹, nor Gwent,
But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high
descent.

For Brecon, was a prince once fortunate and great,
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat)
With twice twelve daughters¹⁰ blest, by one and
only wife:

Who for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,
To rivers were transformed; whose pureness doth
declare

How excellent they were, by being what they are:
Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
To tell their former love to the unmarried state,
To Severn shape their course, which now their form
doth bear;

E'er she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
And from the seas with fear they still do fly:
So much they yet delight in maiden company

Then most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient
place,

Which still hast been the nurse of all the British
Since Nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd vine,
Which others' temples chafes with fragrant spark-
ling wine;

And being now in hand to write thy glorious praise,
Fill me a bowl of meath, my working spirit to raise:
And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high
a string,

Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder, whilst
§. That Taliessen, once which made the rivers
dance,

And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their
Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the
skies;

Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb where-
First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Usk shall
tell,

And what to every nymph attending her, befel:
Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth retain,
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping
Brean,

With Isker, and with her comes Hodny fine and
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the
shire:

And Grony, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.
But entering (at the last) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increase her goodly
Menie,

Short Kebby, and the brook that christ'neth Aber-
With all her wat'ry train, when now at last she
came

Unto that happy town which bears her only name¹¹,
Bright Birthin, with her friend, fair Olwy, kindly
meet her;

Which for her present haste, have scarcely time
But earnest on her way, she needsly will be gone:
So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon.

When Avon cometh in, than which amongst them
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall. [all,
Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy; which
forelay

Her progress, and for Usk keep entrance to the
When Munno, all this while, that (for her own
behooft)

From this their great recourse had strangely stood

Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her,
by fate,

Of all the rest herein observed special state.

For once the bards foretold she should produce a
king¹²,

Which everlasting praise to her great name should
Who by his conquering sword should all the land
surprise,

Which 'twixt the Penmenmaur¹³ and the Pyeni¹⁴
She therefore is allow'd her leisure; and by her

They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she doth
stir

Her powerful help to lend: which else she had
Because herself so oft to England she ally'd:

But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away she
goes,

Which when as Throggy goes, herself she headlong
Into the wat'ry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.

That Renny, when she saw these gallant nymphs
of Gwent,

On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,
Entreats the Taff along, as gray as any glass:

With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian¹⁵
lass:

Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmere, that would yet be there as soon as
they,

By Avon called in: when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beau-
ties known;

Besides her double head, to help her stream that
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hespsey, and
Tagrath)

From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and
By Morgany¹⁶ do drive her through her wat'ry
saugh¹⁶;

With Tawy, taking part t' assist the Cambrian
§. Then Llu and Logor, given to strengthen them
by Gower.

'Mongst whom some bards there were, that in
their sacred rage

Recorded the descents and acts of every age.
Some with their nimble joints that struck the
warbling string;

In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing
Unto the others' harp: of which you both might
find

Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
§. That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise,
Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays:

Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden
times,

Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhymes.
In Englin¹⁷ some there were, that on their subject
strain;

Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearse their high conceits in Cowiths: other
some

In Owdeils theirs express, as matter haps to come;

¹² Henry the Fifth, styled of Monmouth.

¹³ A hill in Caernarvonshire.

¹⁴ Hills dividing Spain and France.

¹⁵ Glamorgan.

¹⁶ A kind of trench.

¹⁷ Englin Cowiths, and Awdells, British forms
of verses. See the Illustrations.

⁹ Glamorgan and Monmouthshires.

¹⁰ A supposed metaphorical Brecon's daughters.

¹¹ Monmouth.

So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures metrical:
For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their births so much to poësy,
That in the mountains those who scarce have seen
a book, [took.

Most skilfully will make¹⁸, as though from art they
And as Loëgia spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian strond;
Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent,
diamond:

So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them
wond'rous brave; [rare,
The sacred virgin's well¹⁹, her moss most sweet and
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear:
And Goldcliff²⁰ of his ore in plenteous sort allows,
To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous
brows. [priz'd,

And lastly, holy Dee (whose pray'rs were highly
As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd:
Who, changing²¹ of his fords, by divination had
Foretold the neighbouring folk of fortune good or
bad)

In their intended course sith needs they will proceed,
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.
And tho' there were such haste unto this long-
look'd hour,

Yet let them not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.
For, who will have his work his wished end to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.

Wherefore the English part, with full devout intent,
In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,
There off'ring at their tombs for every one a tear,
§. And humbly to St. George their country's patron
pray,

To prosper their design now in this mighty day.
The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds
are crown'd, [round,

The valley Ewias²² lies, immur'd so deep and
As they below that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in
the sky:

Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:
Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year
The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do
wear: [crave,

Where, of that holy man, as humbly they do
That in their just defence they might his fur-
th'rance have. [fore,

Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power be-
Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore;

¹⁸ A word, used by the ancients, signifying to
versify.

¹⁹ Saint Winifrid's well.

²⁰ A glist'ring rock in Monmouthshire.

²¹ See the eighth song.

²² In Monmouthshire.

The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,
Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.

To tell each various strain and turning of their
rhymes, [climbs,
How this in compass falls, or that in sharpness
(As where they rest and rise, how take it one from
As every several, shord hath a peculiar tone) [one,
Even memory he self, th'ugh striving, would come
short:

But the material things, M^{use}, help me to report.
As first, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons'
right, [knight;

With Arthur they begin, their most renowned
The richness of the arms their well-made worthy²³
wore,

The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble
spear; [could bear;

With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof
His baubric how adorn'd with stones of wond'rous
price,

§. The sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device;
These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons
song. [but too long.

Now, doubting lest these things might hold them
His wars they took to task; the land then over-laid
With those proud German pow'rs: when, calling
to his aid

His kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the less,
Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
The Saxon, here that sought through conquest all
to gain. [the plain

On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln: where
Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the
dead. [fled,

And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there,
Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated
strain. [that day,

§. They sung how he, himself at Badon bore
When at the glorious gale his British sceptre lay:
Two days together how the battle strongly stood:
Pendragon's²⁴ worthy son, who waded there in
blood, [hand,

Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant
And (after call'd, the Pict and Irish to with-
stand)

How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
Pursuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:
There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he
subdu'd.

How Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,
So oft as he presum'd the envious Pict to aid:
And having slain the king, the country waste he
laid. [forth

To Goth-land how again this conqueror maketh
With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest
north:

Where, Ireland first he won, and Orkney after got.
To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat:
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian
seat, [trol:

How this courageous king did Denmark then con-
That scarcely there was found a country to the pole

²³ Arthur, one of the nine worthies.

²⁴ King Arthur.

That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell. [befel]

And after these, in France th' adventures him
At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought;
The emperor Léon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought. [knights]

Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these
On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights: [assail'd,

As with what marv'ls his force each other they
How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd;
For best advantage how they travers'd their grounds,
The horrid blows the silent, the world-amazing wounds,

Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.

Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled board, [table round;

The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that
Which, truest in their loves; which, most in arms renown'd: [report;

The laws, which long up-held that order, they
§. The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,

Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves:
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.

The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,

And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.

Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance, [France,

To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in
By Lucius thither led; those armies that while-ere
Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear:

Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
In that most famous field he with the emperor wan:

• As how great Rytho's self he slew in his repair,
Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Helena the fair;

And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chanted they

The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought:

The certain day and place to memory they brought;
Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd to fall,

The hour of his decease, his place of burial.

When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their song: [long,

But they, which knew to this more matter must be-
Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,

But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely laid: [try's crowd,

'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their coun-
And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang aloud;
How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wond'rous might, [night:

From Ireland hither brought the Stonenge in a
§. And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have brought to pass,

About it to have built a wall of solid brass:

And set his friends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil: some, that still enforc'd the flame:

But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf [self.
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by him-

For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,

In which he oft before his nigromancies wrought:
And going in thereat his magics to have shown,
She stopp'd the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone; [did stand,

Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he
She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.

Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fetters bound, [d'ring sound,

With bellows' rumbling groans, and hammers' thun-
A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep;
As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.

When now the British side scarce finished their song,

But th' English, that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,
Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument;
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)
On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st fing'ring strikes, [express.

Whereby their height of skill might liveliest be
The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best, [choice:

In sets which there were seen, the music wond'rous
Some likewise there affect the gamba with the voice,
To show that England could variety afford.

Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,
The cythron²⁵, the pandore, and the theorbo strike:

The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learned strife, [fife,

Loud instruments that lov'd; the cornet and the
The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder, and the flute:
Even from the shrillest shaum unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country round:

The tabor and the pipe, some take delight to sound.
Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame, [came,

From whence their noble sires the valiant Saxons
Who sought by sea and land adventures far and near;

And seizing at the last upon the Britons here,
Surpris'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs they hold: [old,

As in that country's praise how in those times of
§. Tuisco, Gomer's son, from unbuild Babel²⁶ brought [ledge fraught,

His people to that place, with most high know-
And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode;

Whom his Tudeski since have honour'd as a god:
Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.

And as they boast themselves the nation most un-
mixt, [fixt,

Their language as at first, their ancient customs
The people of the world most hardy, wise, and strong;

So gloriously they show, that all the rest among
The Saxons, of her sorts the very noblest were:
And of those crooked skains they us'd in war to bear,

²⁵ The sundry music of England.

²⁶ Gen. xi. 8, 9.

Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans
handseax name, [same]

§. They Saxons first were called: whose far-extended
For hardness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid:
From whom they after rest Loëgia as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it being
grown. [of wit,

This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler strains
Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by bastard William brought
Upon this conquer'd isle: than which fate never
wrought

A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace;
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race:
Upon their several ways, two several times that
went [sent

To forage for themselves. The first of which she
§. To get their seat in Gaul: which on Nuestria
light,

And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
Possess'd that fruitful place, whereonly from their
name [that came,

§. Call'd North-men²⁷ (from the north of Germany
Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their rooms
supply) [mandy.

This, first Nuestria nam'd, was then call'd²⁸ Nor-
That by this means, the less (in conquering of the
great) [seat,

Being drawn from their late home unto this ampler
Residing here, resign'd what they before had won;
§. That as the conquerors' blood did to the conquer'd
So kindly being mixt, and up together grown, [run:

As sever'd, they were hers; united, still her own.

But these mysterious things desisting now to show
(The secret works of Heaven) to long descents they
How Egefred (the sire of Edward the last king [go:
Of th' English-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma,
bred [one head

Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from
Bear several ways (as though to sundry seas to
haste)

But by the varying soil, int' one again are cast:
So chanced it in this the nearness of their blood.
For when as England's right in question after stood,
Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the sceptre having
won [son;

From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Edward's
The valiant Bastard this his only colour made,
With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to
invade.

Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon-strain;
From Margaret that was made the Scottish Mal-
com's bride,

Who to her grandsire had courageous Ironside:
Which outlaw'd Edward left; whose wife to him
did bring.

This Margaret queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
That Margaret brought forth Maud; which gracious
Malcolm gave

To Henry Beaucherk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to have)
§. Who him a daughter brought; which Heaven
did strangely spare:

And for the special love he to the mother bare,

²⁷ The Normans and the Saxons of one blood.

²⁸ The Normans lost that name and became
English.

Her Maud again he nam'd, to th' Almain emperor
wed: [dead]

Whose dowager whilst she liv'd (her puissant
Cæsar dead)

She th' earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
The second Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the sceptre thus doth bring.

Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
The sundry forefathers the Englishmen had
fought. [they thought

Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain)
That if they still went on as thus they had begun,
Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy
would be won.

And therefore from their first they challeng'd them
And (idly running on with vain prolixity) [to fly;
A larger subject took than it was fit they should.

But, whilst those would proceed, these threat'ning
them to hold,

Black-mountain²⁹ for the love he to his country
bare,

As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care,
(In whose defence t'appear more stern and full of
dread)

Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
Which quickly all the rest by their examples draw.
As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will
stand. [band,

To these three mountains, first of the Brekinian
The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,
On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in
might,

In hunting that had set his absolute delight)
Caught up his country hook³⁰; nor cares for future
harms,

But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
Which quickly put Penvayl³¹ in such outrageous
heat, [sweat,

That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth
The Bloreuch looketh big upon his bared crown:
And tall Temberlow seems so terribly to frown,
That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none
Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been
known,

Such strange tumultuous stirs upon this strife
ensue, [renew:

As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still
That Severn thus forewarn'd to look unto the
worst [first)

(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than the
The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while
delay'd,

Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;
A period that doth put to my discourse so long,
To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

²⁹ These rest following, the most famous hills in
Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.

³⁰ Welchhook.

³¹ So named of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OVER Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle be-
twixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are trans-
ported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse
are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the
south maritime shires.

And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Osney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, et struconas, quos vocat Alexander Nechamus (so you must read (*a*), not Nechristum, as the *Francfort* print senselessly mistook with Conday, for Lundey) Ganymedis aves. What he means by his birds of Ganymede is the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the catamite's ravishment) and this French-Latin word of the translator would collect not. But rather read also palamedis (*a*); (i. e. cranes) of which Necham (*b*) indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have
estrang'd her fall.

For she rising near Hartland, wantonly runs
to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the
southern ocean; but returning, there at last is
discharged in the Severn sea.

Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes to
lay.

Wales had (*c*) her three parts, North-wales,
South-wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle
betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to
Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester
to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to
great Roderic) bears this accusation, because it
comprehends, for the most part, both nations
and both tongues. But see for this division to the
seventh song.

Nor Ross, for that too much she aliens doth respect.

Under Henry the First, a colony of Flemings
driven out of their country by inundation, and
kindly received here in respect of that alliance
which the king had with their earl (for his mother
Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to
Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterward upon dif-
ference betwixt the king and earl Robert, were out
of divers parts, but especially Northumberland,
where they most of all (as it seems by Hoveden)
had residence, constrained into Ross (*d*) in Pem-
broke, which retains yet in name and tongue ex-
press notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons.
See the author in his next song.

That Taliessen, once which made the rivers dance.

Taliessin (not Telesin, as Bale calls him) a
learned bard, styled (*e*) Ben Beirdd, i. e. the
chiefest of the bards, master to Merlin Sylvester,
lived about Arthur's reign, whose acts his Muse
hath celebrated.

With Lhu and Lhogor given, to strengthen them
by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this

(*a*) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.

(*b*) De rerum natur. lib. 1.

(*c*) Girald. descript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc.
Lancarvan.

(*d*) So called perhaps because it is almost in-
closed within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scot-
land, expressing almost an isle, Buchanan. hist.
5, in Eugenio 4.

(*e*) Pris, in descript. Walliæ.

Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as
a chersonese; out of it on the west, rise these
two rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise.

Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of
the British poets and minstrels, for trial (*f*) of
their poems and music sufficiencies, where the
best had his reward, a silver harp. Some example
is of it under Rees ap Griffith, prince of South-
wales, in the year cto. c. lxx. vi. A custom so
good, that, had it been judiciously observed, truth
of story had not been so uncertain: for there was,
by suppose, a correction of what was faulty in
form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers
upon what was recited. As (according to the
Roman use, it is noted (*g*), that Girald of Cambria,
when he had written his Topography of Ireland,
made at three several days several recitals of his
three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some
have wished a recontinuance, that either amend-
ment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing,
might prevent blazoned errors. The sorts of
these poets and minstrels out of doctor Powel's
inserted annotations upon Caradoc. Lhancarvan, I
note to you; first Beirddhs, otherwise Prydvds
(called in Athenæus, Lucan and others bards)
who, somewhat like the *ῥαψωδοὶ* among the
Greeks, fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis com-
posita versibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis (*h*)
cantitarunt (*i*), which was the chiefest form of the
ancientest music among the gentiles, as Zarlino (*k*)
hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds,
was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein
their line ascendant went from the Petruccius to
B. M. thence to Sylvius and Ascanius, from
them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his
B. M. in some copies by transcription (*l*) of
ignorant monks (forgetting their tenet of per-
petual virginity, and that relation (*m*) of Theo-
dosius) turned into Beata Mariam (*n*), whereas
it stands for Belinum Magnum (that was Heli, in
their writers, father to Lud and Cassibelin) to
whom their genealogies had always reference. The
second are which play on the harp * and crowd;
their music for the most part came out of Ireland
with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North-wales,
about king Stephen's time. This Gruffith re-
formed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular
statute, extant to this day. The third are called
Atcanæid; they sing to instruments play'd on by
others. For the Englyns, Cy8dhs and A8dls;
the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and
fourteen feet and called paladines, pensels, the
second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety

(*f*) Antiquis hujusmodi certamina fuisse doce-
mur à scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano serm.
de Aleator.

(*g*) Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit.
Anglic. Norm. &c.

(*h*) "Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men
to the sweet melody of the harp."

(*i*) Ammian. Marcellin. hist. 15.

(*k*) Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.

(*l*) Dav. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.

(*m*) Suid. in *Ind*.

(*n*) Saint Mary. For the * harp and other
music instruments, their form and antiquity, see to
the sixth song.

in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumrac language by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer read this: Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multiplicitè multisque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turbâ canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blandâ, consonantiam & organicam convenientia melodiam. A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you see they especially affected the mind-composing Doric (which is showed in that of an old author (e), affirming that *Ἡμετέριος Χόρον*, (f) the western people of the world constituted use of music in their assemblies, though the Irish (g) (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightly Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the water nymphs) seems to allude to the course used of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our law-annals (r) appears. For saint George (s), that he is patron to the English, as saint Denis, saint James, saint Patric, saint Andrew, saint Antony, saint Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish, Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant Pasirates, Simeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surins. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth, a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him; an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Hésione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired Spenser (t) hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order:

— but for God's pleasure
And his mother, and in significance
That ye ben of saint George's livery,
Doeth him service and knightly obeisance:
For Christ's cause is his, well known yee.

Others interpret that picture of him assume country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in

(e) Marcan. Heracleot. in *περιγῆσις*.

(f) To make them gentle natur'd.

(g) Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.

(r) 30. Ed. 3. fol. 20.

(s) Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græco apud Baronium, forte *Ῥοπαλοφῶρος* sive *Τροπαιοφῶρος*. quid n. Tropelophorus?

(t) Fairy Q. lib. 1.

Usuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard Celly his description of Frederic duke of Wittemberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (u) hath disallowed in these words: That not so much as any scandal may rise to the holy Roman Church, the passions of saints George and such like, supposed to be written by heretics, were not read in it. But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry-man horned with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally (x) also saint Maurice and saint Sebastian) was anciently called on by Christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say (y) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Edward the Third consecrated to saint George the knightly order of the garter, soon (z) after the victory at Calais against the French, in which his invocation was ha saint Edward, ha saint George. Some authority (a) refers this to Richard Cœur de Lion, who supposed himself comforted by saint George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarenes. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederic the Third's institution (b) of the quadripartite society of saint George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted (c), that the Irish should leave their Cramaboo and Butecraboo, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under saint George, and the king of England. More proper is saint Dewy (we call him saint David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria, a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan, and successor to Dubrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk (whereto (d) a long time the British bishoprics, as to their metropolitane see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now Saint David's in Pembroke. He was a strong oppugner of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that (e) Calixtus the Second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The sacred Virgin's shape he bare for his device.

Arthur's (f) shield Pridwen (or his banner) had

(u) C. Sancta Rom. eccles. 3. dist. 15. Gelasius PP.

(x) Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.

(y) Harding cap. 72.

(z) Th. de Walsing. A. M. cccc. & 24. Edw.

3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.

(a) Ex antiq. M. S. ap. Camd. in Berkscir.

(b) cix. cn. xxviii. Die gesceisch aft S. Georgen schiltis. Martin. Crus. annal. Suevic. part. lib. 9.

(c) 10. Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis.

(d) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.

(e) Bal. cent. 1.

(f) Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. & lib. 7. cap. 2.

in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father called Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of *Τεργολόφος*, proper to Menelaus but applied to others in Aristophanes, and *Αλκίνοος* in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitched in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the minotaur, horse, eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bare it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirm'd of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein Lipsius (*h*) unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek authors (*i*) is copious witness of as much.

They sing how himself he at Badon bare the day.

That is Bausedown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas (*k*), different from that published by Josselin.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw, in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictur'd with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first Justinian's device (*l*); and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest (*m*), ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses) and a scepter fleury in his right, calls him Britannicæ, Gallicæ, Germanicæ, Daciæ Imperator (*n*). The bards' songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Sticho (*o*) his geography, laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains, and some idle monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norguey,

(*g*) Æschyl. *ἰστ. ἐν Ὀνή.* Euripid. in Phœniss.

(*h*) Lips. com. ad Polyb. 4. dissert. 5.

(*i*) Pindar. Pythonic. *ιδ. η.* Homer. *Iliad. λ.* Suid. Epaminon. Hæsiod. *Ἀστ. Ἡρακλ.* Plutarch. Lysand. Euripid. in *Ιφύγ. ἡ ἐν Ἀυλίδ.*

(*k*) Camden.

(*l*) Suid. in Justinian.

(*m*) Ingulphus.

(*n*) "Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark;" for so they falsely turned Dacia.

(*o*) Plaut. in Sticho.

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latinists, (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my liberally versifier to no less punishment than Marſyas his excoꝛiation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this elogy. "This is that Arthur of whom the Britons, even to this day, speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;" as the monk of Malmesbury, of him:

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon, in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitsuntide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts: he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves*. For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it; but among the Greeks, one Sphyromachus first instituted it (*p*). Tournaments and jousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of precedence (a form much commended by a late writer (*q*) for the like distance of all from the salt, being center, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight, attended by his esquire (*ἑταίροισιν*† Athenæus (*r*) calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's, at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edward III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Gloucester, John Lidgat, monk of Bury, and English rhymes in divers hands sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volaterran, Philip of Bergamo, Lily, Aubert Miræ, others, but very diversly. White, of Basingstoke, defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel, kings of Armoric Britain, of six of each of their worthiest peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of Mansfield (*s*), in old Saxony, is hence affirmed, because Heger, earl thereof, was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places

* Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.

(*p*) Scholiast. ad Aristophan. *ἐκκλησιαστικ.* & Suidas.

(*q*) Gemos. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.

† Armigeri, which is express in the word Schilpors in Paul Warnfred. lib. 2. de gest. Longobard. c. 28.

(*r*) Dipnosoph. lib. 2.

(*s*) Hoppenrod. & spangherb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Pris. defens. hist. Brit. & Cadair Arthur, i. e. Arthur's chair in Brecknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & Arthur's oven in Stirling, of Scotland.

of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot, in Somersetshire. Some put his number twelve. I have seen them anciently pictured twenty-four, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Llan-sannan, on the side of a stony hill, in a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some twenty-four seats unequal, which they call Arthur's round table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as Rabelais (*t*) can justify that sir Lancelot du Lac flays horses in Hell, and that, "Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient peuvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur passer les riveres de Cocyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau, come font les basteliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passe ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny (*u*). Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abstain, as I may.

And for Caermardhin's sake——

Two Merlins (*x*) have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South-Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for rather in British his name is Merdhu) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an incubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his lady of the lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian Ariosto (*x*): which perhaps is as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next song, and to it more.

Tuisco Gomer's son from unbuilt Babel brought.

According to the text (*y*), the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the Earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berossus' testimony, it is affirmed that Tuisco (son of Noah, gotten with others after the flood (*z*) upon his wife Arca) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Deutsch, which we call Dutch, through Germany. Some (*a*) make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name,

(*t*) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(*u*) "The knights of the round table used to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillip on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread."

(*w*) Giral. Itiner. Camb. 2. cap. 8.

(*x*) Orland. Furios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Qu. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(*y*) Gen. 10.

(*z*) Munster. Cosm. l. 3.

(*a*) Goropius in Ind. Scythic.

deriving Tuiscon or Tuisto (for so Tacitus calls him) from the hoodt-son, i. e. the eldest son. Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take (*b*) him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (*c*) Aschenazim) whose relics probably indeed seem to be in Tuisco, which has been made of Aschen, either by the Dutch prepositive article tie or lie, as our *the* (according to *u* motto for Atergatis (*d*), which should be Adardas in Ctesias; and Dandubius for Adubenus in Ctesius, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scaliger observes; as Theudibald for Ildibald, in Procopius, and Diceneus for Ceneus among the Getae) or through mistaking of *s* or *u* or *n* in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanum *n* for *n* (*e*) being Dodanum, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybes, from Tubal, by taking *n* or *s* for *n*; for in ruder manuscripts, by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity betwixt the same, meant proper names (especially eastern as, this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus, in Ctesias, is Bacabazus, in Justin, who calls Aaron, Aruas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Asarhaddon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures, are thus, Sardana-palus, Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminus, in Caesar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederic, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrian with Q. Curtius, very many; like as also in the life of saint John the evangelist, anciently written (*f*) in Arabic, you have Asubasianus, Thithajuse, Damthianus, for Vespasian, Titus, Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Caesar's Mandubratius. From Tuisco is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star, and observe withal that against the vulgar opinion, the planetary account of days is (*g*) very ancient) discovers affinity with Aschenaz, in whose notation (as some body (*b*) observes) *ws* signifies fire.

They Saxons first were call'd——

So a Latin rhyme in Engelhuse (*i*) also;

Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and of whom an old poet (*k*), as most others in their epithets and passages of the Scythians,

Τῆς Σακκῆ φερόντες ἃ μάλιστα ἄλλος ἐλέγχετο
Τόξωτες, οὐ γὰρ σφί βέρις ἀνεμάλια βάλλοντες.

(*b*) Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Tacit. Germaniam. & Pantaleon lib. 1. prosopogr.

(*c*) Elias Levit. in Thib. Arias Mont. in Peleg.

(*d*) Strab. lib. 7. *αβ* & *αγ*. de aliis quæ hic congerimus.

(*e*) Broughton in concent. præf.

(*f*) Pet. Kirstenius. Grammaticæ Arabicæ subjunxit.

(*g*) Scalig. in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.

(*h*) Melancthon ap. Becan. in Indoscyth.

(*i*) Ap. Camdenum.

(*k*) Dionys. Afer in Περσικῶν.

* The shooting Sacæ none can teach them art:
For what they loos'd at, never escapes their dart.

A faculty for which the English have had no small honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius, with long argument in his *Becceselana*, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's sons. According hereto is that name of *Sacasena* (*l*), which a colony of them gave to part of Armenia, and the *Sasones* (*m*) in Scythia, on this side of *Caesus*. Howsoever, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some community was betwixt the name of *Sacæ* or *Sagæ*, and a certain sharp weapon called *sagaris*, used by the Amazons, *Sacans*, and *Persians*, as the Greek stories inform us (*n*).

The Britons here allur'd to call them to her aid.

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nennius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geffery of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent, with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help king Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embassage of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, that among the Cimbrians, Gauls, Goths, Dacians, Scythians, and especially the *Sacans* (*o*) (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance, to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their *Ver* (*p*) *Sacrum*) retain that name, signifying banished (says Trogu;) not unlikely, from the Hebrew *paratz* (*q*), which is to separate, and also to multiply in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and state, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Most put it under CD. XL. IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD. L. of Christ: whereas indeed, by apparent proof, it was in CD. XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian, the emperor. So Prise and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Fasciculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times, in Bede and others; by those which fell into the same error with Florence of Worcester, and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Christian account but twelve years before the pas-

sion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but a defloration (*r*) by Robert of Lorrain, bishop of Hereford, under Henry the First, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet he lays it also, according to the Roman abbot, Dionysius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's error, than following his opinion. For when he (about Justinian's time) made his period of D. XXXI. years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews' passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be but in the twelfth (*s*) year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repented) and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This account (in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical twenty-two years to such times as were before true; and so came CCCC. XXVIII. to be CCCC. XLIX. and CCCC. L. which White, of Basinstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C. I. VI. year for king Lucius' letters to pope P'leutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of antichronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

To get their seat in Gaul, which on Nuestria light.

And a little after,
Call'd North-men, from the north of Germany
that came.

What is now Normandy is, in some, stiled Nuestria and Nuestria, corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is, West-rich, i. e. the West kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of Austrich or Oostrich, i. e. the East kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archdukedom hath his name at this day. Rollo (*t*), son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes, Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D. CCCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tincture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received (*u*) of Charles the Simple, with his daughter (or sister) Gilla, this tract as her dower, containing (as before) more than Normandy. It is reported (*v*), that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his

(*l*) Strabo. l. *aa*.

(*m*) Ptolem. *geograph. lib. 7. cap. 22*.

(*n*) Herodot. *Polytyron. Xenoph. anabasis. 2. Strabo, lib. 11*—See the eighth song.

(*o*) Justin. *lib. 24. & 41*. Herodot. *Clio Wal-singh. Hypodig. Neust. Genetiscens. lib. 1. cap. 4*. *Sabinis & Græcis morem hunc fuisse memini legisse me apud Varronem & Columellam*.

(*p*) Festus in eod. & Mamertinis.

(*q*) *Gen. 28. 14. Isai. 54. 3*.

(*r*) Malmesb. *lib. 4. de Pontificib.*

(*s*) Paul. de *Mildeburgo part. 2. lib. 5*.

(*t*)—See Song XII.

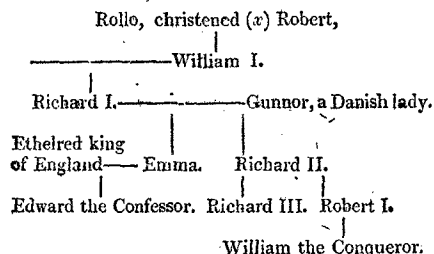
(*u*) Paul. *Æm. hist. Franc. 3*.

(*v*) Guil. *Genetiscens. lib. 2. cap. 17*.

knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors' blood did to the conquer'd run.

Our author makes the Norman invasion a reuniting of several kindred, rather than a conquest by a mere stranger, taking argument as well from identity of countryship (being all Germans by original, and the people of the Cimbrica Chersonesus (w) now Denmark, anciently called Saxons) as from contingency of blood 'twixt the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman dukes, thus expressed:



Object not that duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of barlot) his concubine, nor that consanguinitatis & agnitionis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur (y), as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguished with a bend sinister: Nicolas Upton calls it, fissura, eò quod finditur à patriâ hereditate (z); which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract de liberâ hominis nativitate, where you shall find a kind of legitimization of that now disgraceful name bastard: which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, saint Edward's adoption, and king Harold's oath, aided by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although William of Poitiers affirms (a), that on his death bed he made protestation, that his right was not hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and loss of many lives.

Who him a daughter brought, which Heaven did strangely spare.

After composition of French troubles, Henry the first returning into England, the ship wherein his sons William and Richard were, betwixt Bar-

(w) Marcian. Heracleot. *περί τ. β.*

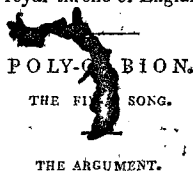
(x) Gemiticens. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.

(y) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. §. 8. Sciendum. "Right of blood and kindred comes only by lawful marriage."

(z) "A division, because he is separated from his father's inheritance." *cis. l. x. vi.*

(a) Histor. Cadomens.

besieu and Southampton, was cast away, so that Heaven only spared him this issue, Maud, the empress, married, at last, to Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, from whom, in a continued race through Henry the Second (son to this Maud) until Richard the Third, that most noble surname possessed the royal throne of England.



In this song, Severn gives the doorn
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance hy-da-gies amongst the hills,
The Muse them to Canarlen brings;
Where Merlin's wondrous birth she sings.
From thence to Pembroke she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scattered islands there doth tell:
And, visiting saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

Now Sabrina, as a queen, miraculously fair,
Is absolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of crystal richly wrought, that gloriously did shine
Her grace becoming well, a creature so divine:
And as her godlike self, so glorious was her throne,
In which himself to sit great Neptune had been known;

Whereon there were engrav'd those nymphs the
And every several shape wherein for love he su'd;
Each daughter, her estate and beauty, every song
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had won.

No fish in this wide waste, but with exceeding
Was there in antique work most curiously embost.
She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave;
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd below,

To grace her goodly steps. And where she meant
The path was strew'd with pearl: which though they orient were,
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so wond'rous
To whom the mermaids hold her glass, that she may see

Before all other floods how far her beauties be: [wise,
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies,
By Thetis' special care; as Chiron¹ erst had done
To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling son.

For her wise censure now, whilst ev'ry list'ning
(When reason somewhat cool'd their late distemper'd mood)

Inclos'd Severn in; before this mighty rout,
She sitting well prepar'd, with count'nance grave and stout,
Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty
Well furnish'd with the force of arguments and laws,

¹ Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

And every special proof that justly may be brought;
Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled
thought,

And at the point to give the last and final doom:
The people crowding near within the pester'd room,
A slow soft murmuring moves amongst the won-
d'ring throng, [tongue:

As though with open ears, they would devour his
So Severn bare herself, and in silence so she wan,
When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:

"My near and lovely nymphs, good hap ye both
betide: [reply'd:

Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well
Which to succeeding times shall memorise your
stories [glories.

To either country's praise, as both your endless
And from your list'ning ears, sith vain it were to
hold [told,

What all-appointing Heaven will plainly shall be
Both gladly be you pleas'd: for thus the powers
reveal, [fail

That when the Norman line in strength shall lastly
(Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.

A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top shall
get,

Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,
The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth
wither: [it thither

That power which bare it thence, again shall bring
By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain driven,

§. To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be
given; [arrive;

As thy wise prophets, Wales; foretold his wish'd
§. And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly

For from his issue sent to Albany before, [thrive.

Where his neglected blood, his virtue did restore,
He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd

The Steward's nobler name; and afterward attain'd
The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.

This stem, to Tudor's ²join'd, (which thing all-
powerful fate

So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed,
Whose marriages conjoin'd the white rose and the
red) [wide,

Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself so
As in his arms shall clip the isle on every side.

By whom three sever'd realms in one shall firmly
stand, [land:

As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd the
And Cornwall, for that thou no longer shalt contend,

But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient friend,
Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's high blood

to be; [to thee;

And what hath hapt to her, the like t' have chanc'd
The Britons to receive, when Heaven on them did
lower, [power

Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Saxons'
Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'nous

wastes bestow'd, [abode:

Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them
Why strive ye then for that, in little time that
shall

(As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
Then take my final doom pronounced lastly, this;

That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is."

² James the fourth, surnamed Steward, married
Margaret, eldest daughter to Henry the seventh,
king of England.

Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the
session brake:

When to the learned maids again invention spake;
"O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things,

Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,
That on Pierus born, and named of the place,

The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often grace;
In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,

That often have been known to bathe your crystal
limbs, [fast'ned clue,

Conduct me through these brooks, and with a
Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view

Of all the wand'ring streams, in whose entrancing
gyres,

Wise Nature oft herself her workmanship admires,
(So manifold they are, with such meanders wound,

As may with wonder seem invention to confound)
That to those British names, untaught the ear to

please,

Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,
That all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,

With music of my verse, amaz'd may list'ning
stand; [call,

As when his Tritons' trumps do them to battle
Within his surging lists to combat with the whale."

Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian Gowr,
Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's

pow'r)

Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too great,
She with extended arms unbounds her ancient seat:

And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
What sovereignty herself but lately did retain.

Next, Loghor leads the way, who with a lusty crew
(Her wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly

pursue) [on,

Still forward is enforc'd: as Amond thrusts her
And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)

Entreats her present speed; assuring her withal,
Her best beloved isle, Bachannis, for her fall

Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.
When Guendra with such grace deliberately doth

glide,

As Tovy doth entice: who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a prince, attended with a guard:

Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of kin
Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy lin³,

Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to
meet [greet,

Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly
As to entreat their stay she gladly would prevail.

Then Tranant nicely treads upon the wat'ry trail:
The lively-skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick

goes, [lose,

In Tovy's wand'ring banks themselves that scarcely
But Mudny, with Cleddagh, and Sawtly, soon

resort, [court,

Which at Langaddoe grace their sovereign's wat'ry
As when the servile world some gathering man

espies, [may rise,

Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth
And through his prince's grace his followers may

prefer,

Or by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
All louting low to him, him humbly they observe,

And happy is that man his nod that may deserve:
To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way

Which thus displays the spring within their view
that lay.

³ A pool or watery moor.

"Near Denevoir, the seat of the Demetian⁴ king
Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and
flourishing, [abide
There is a pleasant spring⁵, that constant doth
Hard by these winding shores wherein we nimbly
slide;

Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious hand
First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.
And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia be,
Whose features might allure the sea-gods more
than she,

His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes :
(Who e'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind
Cupid strikes?) [of sea,

Which great and constant faith, shew'd by the god
This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth repay,
As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes.
With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly
flows.

To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
Observing every law and custom of the deep."

Now Tovy tow'd her fall (Langaddoc over-gone)
Her Dulas forward drives : and Cothy coming on
The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
Ere she Caermarden get : where Gwilly, making
haste,

Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
Which her great prophet⁶ bred, who Wales doth
so renown :

And taking her a harp, and tuning well the strings,
To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings :
Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not
hear?

The world shall still be full of Merlin every where.
A thousand lingering years his prophecies have
run, [done :

And scarcely shall have end till time itself be
Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she
play'd

With a seducing spirit, which won the godly maid ;
(As all Demetia through, there was not found her
peer) [near,

Who, be'ng so much renown'd for beauty far and
Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain they
prov'd : [lov'd ;

§. That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only
Which taking human shape, of such perfection
seem'd,

As (all her suitors scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.
Who, feigning for her sake that he was come from
And richly could endow (a lusty batcheler) [far,
On her that prophet got, which from his mother's
womb

Of things to come foretold until the general doom."

But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
Suspect me not, that I this dreamed incubus
By strange opinions should licentiously subside ;
Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves
With bodies, to commix with frail mortality, [supply
And here allow them place, beneath this lower
sphere

Of the unconstant Moon ; to tempt us daily here,
Some, earthly mixture take ; as others, which
aspire,

Them subt'ler shapes resume, of water, air, and fire,

⁴ Of Southwales.

⁵ Ebbing and flowing with the sea.

⁶ Merlin, born in Caermarden.

Being those immortals long before the Heaven, that
fell,

Whose deprivation thence, determined their Hell :
And losing through their pride that place to them
assign'd,

Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,
They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still
Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill :
And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer
blood,

Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,
And teach it all the sleights the soul that may excite
To yield up all her power unto the appetite.

And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
Which search the gloomy shades of deep philo-
sophy, [show,

They reason so will clothe, as well the mind can
That contrary effects, from contraries may grow ;
And that the soul a shape so strongly may conceit,
As to herself the while may seem it to create ;
By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led
To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.

But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry
doubts replete, [furious heat :

Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this
Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in her
course [source,

Tow'rd the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from her
Takes Towa, calling then Karkenny by the way,
Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to convey ;
A forest, with her floods environ'd so about,
That hardly she restrains th' unruly wat'ry rout,
When swelling, they would seem her empire to
invade :

And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her shade
Were by the streams entic'd, abode with them to
make.

Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth take :
Cair coming with the rest, their wat'ry tracts that
tread,

Increase the Cowen all ; that as their general head
Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expense :
Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the Muse her still doth
Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep, [keep,
By Cowdra coming in : where clear delightful air,
(That forests most affect) doth welcome her repair ;
The Heliconian maids in pleasant groves delight :
(Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills
below,

With wise Apollo meet, (who with his ivory bow
Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)
And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer
pursue ; [wear,

Those beams then lay'd aside he us'd in Heaven to
Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
That with her curled top her neighbour would
astound, [brokian ground,

Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pen-
When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
Amongst his well grown woods, the shag-hair'd
satyrs stand [high,

(The syl'vans' chief resort) the shores then sitting
Which under water now so many fathoms ly :
And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd
poplar stood.

Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.
But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,

Transferr'd the English names of towns and house-
holds hither, [gether.

With the industrious Dutch since sojourning to-
When wrathful Heaven the clouds so lib'rally
bestow'd, [t'rous load)

The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their bois-
Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd stomachs
cast,

That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
The Flemings were enforc'd to take them to their
oars,

To try the setting main to find out firmer shores ;
When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly brow:
These nations', that their tongues did naturally
Both generally forsook the British dialect : [affect,
As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
That ancient Rome should stoop from her im-
perious state,

With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
Which to her civil bounds their barbarous customs
brought,

Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
From Tyber's hallowed banks to old Bizantium's
born :

Th' abundant Latins then old Latium lastly left,
Both of her proper form and elegancy reft ;
Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that did
prefer,

And in her tables fix'd their ill-shap'd character.
A divination strange the Dutch-made English
have, [it gave)

Appropriate to that place (as though some power
§. By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side
par'd, [bar'd :

Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing there-
upon, [agone ;

Things long to come foreshows, as things done long
Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far ;
Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
The reigns and death of kings they take on them
to know : [show.

Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth
You goodly sister floods, how happy is your
state ! [fate,

Or should I more commend your features, or your
That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth
call

Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall ?
Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like
her own ?

She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's proudest road,
And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match : so absolute is she.
And Clethly coming down from Wrenyvaur her sire
(A hill that thrusts his head into th' ethereal fire)
Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as
much :

And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
Said, he would bear her out ; and that they all
should know. [show

And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd to

His head below the Heaven, when he of Milford
spake :

But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found :
Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy
head

The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
With his encount'ring wave no longer there con-
tends ;

But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way so e'er it blow,
And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry brow.
The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from
the seas,

On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her passed storms she holds but mean and
base, [place,

So she may reach at length this most delightful
By Nature with proud cliffs environed about,
§. To crown the godly road : where builds the
falcon stout, [wings,

Which we the gentil call ; whose fleet and active
It seems that Nature made when most she thought
on kings : [flight,

Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant
The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to
hover,

And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover :
That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorch-
ing sky

Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary ;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's forests¹⁰
wide [do hide,

Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows
Out-brave not this our kind in metal, nor exceed
The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do
breed :

Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
That from the British shores by Neptune are em-
brac'd ; [do rave,

Which stem his furious tides when wildest they
And break the big swollen bulk of many a boisterous
wave : [glory

As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in their
Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling
south ; [mouth,

As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So Gresholm¹¹ far
doth stand : [nearer land

Scalme, Stockholm, with saint Bride, and Catholme,
(Which with their veiny breasts entice the gods of
That with the lusty isles do revel every day) [sea,

As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward
bends, [sends ;

From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia
Since, holy David's seat ; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place,
Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous
fanes, [hold :

This saint before the rest their patron still they
§. Whose birth, their ancient bards to Cambria
long foretold,

⁷ The colony of Flemings here planted. See to
the fourth song.

⁸ Now Constantinople.

⁹ Spain.

¹⁰ The places from whence the highest flying
hawks are brought.

¹¹ Islands upon the point of Pembrookshire,

And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and
dry,

No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that
order'd stand

Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,
Do raise their rugged heads (the seaman's noted
marks)

Call'd, of their mitred tops, the Bishop and his
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:
Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased Heaven
neglect,

And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:
Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fishful
brooks,

Do never stray their course, how stern so e'er he
Which with his shipping once should seem to have
commenc'd,

Where Fiscard as her flood doth only grace the first.
To Newport falls the next: there we a while will
rest;

Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things address.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the ocean, and affinity 'twixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that father (a) of the Muses who derives Agamemnon's sceptre to him by descent, joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles' armour from Vulcan's bounty; Helen's nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydama, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift possess.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.

At Milford haven arrived Henry earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth, in Leicester, the day and crown were soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Llewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.

Turn to the eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth (b), king of Scotland (mov-

ed by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo, a noblethane of Loquahaly, should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others' hoped-for greatness, murdered Banquo, but miss'd his design; for one of the same posterity, Fleance, son to Banquo, piously fled to Gryffith ap Ilewelin, then prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta, the prince's daughter, was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted), and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland out of whose loins Robert II. was derived since whom that royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united with the white and red roses (c), in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James IV. his majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shows you what the Muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that: "Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the isle shall be stiled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish:" as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That spirit to her unknown this virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits' faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the rabbinic conceit (d) upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those which St. Augustine (e) calls Dusii (f), in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, fauns, satyrs, and sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-haelohim in holy writ (g), passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdlin, as you see to the fourth song, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigern was, that his father was a Roman con-

Henrico II. obstrinxit Willielmus Scotorum Rex, leguntur inter testes Willielmus de Curcy Seneschallus, Willielmus filius Aldelmi Seneschallus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus, Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen paret. Horum bini desunt apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpti.

(c) York and Lancaster.

(d) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hammon apud Munst. ad 2. Genes.

(e) Lib. 15. de Civ. Dei. cap. 23.

(f) Forte Drusii (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. daemonoman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.

(g) Gen. vi. 2.

(a) *Iliad.* β & γ. *Odyss.* β.

(b) Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. lib. 7. qui eosdem ævo ceteriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos olim Thanos nuncupabant. Thani vero quæstores erant regii per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certè in charta illa quâ jure clientelari se

snl (*h*), (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite Muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

— the messagers to Kermerdin come,
And hou children bivore the yate pleyde hii toke
gome,

Tho sede on to another, “Merlin wat is the,
Thou faderlese srewre (*i*) vy mislostou me,
Dor icham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought
worth a fille,

Nor thou naddest nevere nanne fader, therevore hold
the stille.”

Tho the messagers hurde this hii astunte there,
And essie at men aboute wat the child were,
Me sede that he ne had nevere fader that me might
understand,

And is moder au king's daughter was of thulke
lond,

And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

His mother (a nun, daughter to Pubidius, king of Mathraval, and called Matilda, as by poetical (*k*) authority only I find justifiable) and he being brought to the king, she colours it in these words:

— whanneich ofte was,
In chambre mid mine fellows, there come to me
bi cas,

A suithe vaire man mid alle, and bi clupt me well
softe,

And semblance made vaire ynou, and cust me
well ofte.

And tells on the story which should follow so kind
a preface. But enough of this.

By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side
par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Henry II. one William Mangonel (*l*), a gentleman of those parts, finding by his skill of prediction that his wife had play'd false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equalling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importing her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copu-

(*h*) *Illustres sapiens viros indigetant historici nostri Consules, unde & Ætium & in repudloquuntur Saxones Cos. quem tametsi Consulem fuisse haut asserent Fasti, illustriss. tu. blicâ nobilissimum Procopii aliorumque historiarum Gothicarum produnt.*

(*i*) Shrew, now a word applied to the shrewish sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgat, and Gower, to the quieter also.

(*k*) Spenser's Faery Queen, lib. 3. cant. 3.

(*l*) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11.—*Quæ te dementia cepit, Quære sollicitè quod reperire times ? Th. Mor. Epig.*

lation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen; the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in osteomancy I will tell you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt de la coquage (*m*), might have had other manner of resolution than Rondibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon
stout.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goss-hawk at one of these: but the goss-hawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this ravage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyresses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the haggarts, (which they call peregrins) or falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer + argue: but this I know, that the reason of the name of peregrins is given, for that they came from remote and unknown places (*n*), and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read, in no less than imperial authority (*o*), that peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, dia Kiphaos, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle, an eyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth per Rostochium. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

Whose birth the ancient bards to Cambria long
foretold.

Of St. Dewy and his bishopric you have more to the fourth song. He was prognosticated (*p*) above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of that credulous age) caused him to be almost paralleled in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incarnate author of our redemption. The translation of the archbishopric was also foretold (*q*) in that of Merlin: “*Mene via shall put on the pall of Cæstleon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.*” That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria, then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

(*m*) Of cuckoldry. Rablais.

(*n*) Albert. de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(*o*) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap.

4.

(*p*) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. 'Girald. Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcent. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(*q*) Alan. de insul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds :
Next, proud Plynillimon she plies ;
Where Severn, Wy, and Rydoll rise.
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to show ;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the British name :
Then musters all the wat'ry train
That those two rivers entertain :
And viewing how those rillels creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen :
And bringing all their riverets in,
There ends ; a new song to begin.

SITH I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet
before

The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian
coast ; [boast

Which of thy castors once, but now canst only
The salmons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there
be ; [kind

Then naiads, or ye nymphs of their like wat'ry
(Uato whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes
delight) [cite,

Assist her : and whilst she your dwelling shall re-
Be present in her work : let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them lively she may show ;
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-
nymph brought [caught

Amongst the grisly rocks, were with your beauties
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the Phlegrian¹
size, [rise)

The Titans, that once against high Heaven durst
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did
hide, [glide ;

And cover'd every vale through which you gently
Even for those inly heats which through your loves
they felt,

That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt,
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her win.

Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that
do stay.

Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.
Which when Lanbeder sees, her wond'rously she
likes ; [strikes,

Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
But she (so pure a stream) transported with her
pride, [shade

The offer idly scorns ; though with her flattering
The sylvan her entice with all that may persuade

¹ Giants.

A water-nymph ; yea, though great Thetis self
she were : [there
But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to
make.

Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake :
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.
Then, Keach and Kerry help : 'twixt which on
either side,

To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the shire.
Now, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.

When as the salmon sees a fresher stream to
find [kind ;

(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his
As he in season grows) and stems the wat'ry tract,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a cataract²,
Fore'd by the rising rocks that there her course
oppose, [enclose ;

As though within their bounds they meant her to
Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot
arrive, [strive,

And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth
His tail takes in his teeth ; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth
throw :

Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and firted from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast ; so doth the salmon vault,
And if at first he fail, his second summersaut³
He instantly assays ; and from his nimble ring,
Still jerking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago, than for the salmon's
leap,

For heavers Tivy was in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourish'd :
Where Nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd⁴
beast,

His property did seem t' have wond'rously exprest ;
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail,
As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his strong castle built of branched twigs and
clay :

Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
To this side or to that ; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to pre-
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh, [pure,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber : which
laid by,

He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When, with what he hath got, the other do him
load ; [found.

Till lastly, by the weight, his burthen he have
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having
bound

As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he grip'd
Some stronger stick : from which the lesser branches
stript,

He takes it in the midst ; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
Going backward, tow'ards their home their loaded
carriage led, [useful sled.

From whom, those first here born, were taught the

² Or water-fall.

³ The word in tumbling, when one casteth him-
self over and over.

Then builded he his fort for strong and several fights;
His passages contriv'd with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter off he issu'd undiscern'd,
As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;
§. Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.

Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

But here why spend I time these trifles to reced?
Now, with thy former task, my Muse, again proceed.
To show the other flood; from the Cerettic⁴ shore
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store:
With Bidder first begin, what bendeth all her force
The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course
The way the other went, with Werry, which doth win

Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,

Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.
Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread:
Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kniver making head
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.

Plynillimon's high praise no longer, Muse, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be,

That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.

The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
§. Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung
In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandsire and the boy,

With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air
(As when with crowned cups unto the Elian god⁵
Those priests high orgies held; or when the old world saw

Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to
Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted sround,

Of beaten tinkling brass still ply'd her with the
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do bear,

With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks that be

Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
Which to her elder's court her course doth still apply.

But Rydoll, young'st, and least, and for the others'
Not finding fitting roomth upon the rising side,
Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
For, though Moynvadian bear his craggy top so high,

As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
His love to Severn shows as though his own she were,

Thus comforting the flood: "O ever-during heir
Of Sabine⁶, Loocrine's child (who of her life bereft,
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)

Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did wed;
But soon th' unconstant lord abandoned her bed
(Through his unchaste desire) forauteous Elstred's love.

Now, that which most of all her mighty heart
Her father, Cornwall's duke, great Corineus dead,
Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.

When she, who to that time still with a smoothed brow
Had seem'd to bear the breach of Loocrine's former
Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;
Grown big with the revenge which her full breast did bear,

And aided to the birth with every little breath
(Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,
In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)
She first implores their hate to aid him whom she found;

Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to
To Cornwall then she sends (her country) for supplies:

Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.
Then with her warlike power her husband she pursued,

Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.
The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse,

As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her
Him suddenly surpris'd, and from her ireful heart
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,
Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore.

Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Loocrine bore,

And those which serv'd his sire to his obedience
Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought
The mother and the child: whose beauty when she saw,

Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to
A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid pearl,

Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee,

Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabine
As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage,

Whom kingly Loocrine's death suffic'd not to assuage:
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast

Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks agast
Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly dream

Your corses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear:

The same in water now, that once in locks they And, as you wont to clip each other's neck before,
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring shore."

But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
The often-wand'ring Wye (her passages to view,
As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course)
And muster every flood that from her bounteous source

Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous
Twixt the Brecknockian earth, and the Radnorian ground)

⁴ Of Cardigan.

⁵ Bacchus.

⁶ The story of Severn.

She every brook receives. First, Clwren cometh in,
With Clwry: which to them their consort Eland
win

To aid t' eir goodly Wye; which Ithon gets again:
She Dulas draws along: and in her wat'ry train
Clowdcock hath recourse, and Comran; which she
brings [springs:

Unto their wand'ring flood from the Radnorian
As Edwy her attends, and Matchwy forward heaves
Her mistress. When, at last, the goodly Wye
perceives

She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east to
west, [way,

In length from north to south, her midst is every
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
Which she might term the heart. The ancient
Britons here [were

The river calls to mind, and what those British
Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the west.

To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself
address'd, [in,

From the Brecknockian bound when Irvon coming
Her Dulas, with Conmarch, and Wevery that doth
win,

Persuading her for them good matter to provide.
The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian
side, [call

As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckle's forest,
To Wye, and bade her now bestir her for them all:
For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace,
That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons
says: [praise

"What spirit can lift you up", to that immortal
§. You worthily deserve? by whom first Gaul was
taught [wrought

Her knowledge: and for her, what nation ever
The conquest you achiev'd? And, as you were most
dread,

So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when stern
hosts have stood

With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)
§. One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords
hath staid; [had said,

In her most dreadful voice as thund'ring Heaven
'Stay, Britons!' when he spake, his words so
pow'rful were. [here,

"So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely could
discern [to learn,

Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good
Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by
year,

Instructed in our rites with most religious fear.
And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
Her surcease could not keep, grown for her soil too
great

(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)
§. Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their com-
mixed arms

Join'd with the German powers (those nations of
the north

Which overspread the world) together issued forth:
§. Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly
fought, and long;

And after conquests got, residing them among,

Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons.

First planted in those parts our brave courageous
brood: [blood,

Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise
so far did sound, [nown'd.

Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so re-
"Nor could the Saxons' swords (which many a
ling'ring year

Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
'Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds de-
ject; [would detect,

But that even they which fain'st our weakness
Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that
breed [feed,

Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains
Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our Welch-
men were:

Besides, in all the world no nation is so dear
As they unto their own; that here within this isle,
Or else in foreign parts, yea, forced to exile,
The noble Briton still his countryman relieves;
A patriot, and so true, that it to death him grieves
To hear his Wales disgrac'd: and on the Saxons'
swords

Of hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll stand to hear abus'd.
Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
With true poetic rage, that in their measures, art
Doth rather seem precise, than comely; in each
part

Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest kind.
And some to rhyming be so wondrously inclin'd.

Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine
vein, [attain.

Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er
"O memorable bards! of unmixed blood, which
still

Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
That in your noble songs, the long descents have
kept

Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours have
disdain'd; [you gain'd!

How much from time, and them, how bravely have
Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be re-
nown'd, [crown'd;

And with three several wreaths immortally be
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the English
king,

And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,
Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was interr'd;
In which, those retchless times had long and blindly
err'd,

And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever was.
But when king Henry² sent th' reported place to
view, [was true.

He found that man of men: and what thou said'st
"Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
Against those fools that all antiquity defame,

Because they have found out, some credulous ages
laid [mour staid;

Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on ru-
And that one forward time (perceiving the neglect
A former of her had) to purchase her respect,

With toys then trimm'd her up, the drowsy world
t'allure, [cure

And lent her what it thought might appetite pro-

See the fourth song. Henry the Second.

To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue ;
And therefore to those things whose grounds were
very true,
Though naked yet and bare (not having to content
The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament ;
And fitter thought, the truth they should in
question call, [and all,
Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go
And surely I suppose, that which this froward
time [crime,
Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous
That her most preserv'd : for, still where wit
bath found [ground :
A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's
Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to
them both : [grow'th,
From which, as from a root, this wood'red error
At which our critics gird, whose judgments are so
strict,
And he the bravest man who most can contradict
That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
Upon tradition) tells ; esteeming it so mean,
As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
(Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away
will fling,
These men (for all the world) like our precisians
be, [see
Who for some cross or saint they in the widow
Will pluck down all the church : soul-blinded sots
that creep
In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are
they
§. That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)
Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his ; except t'were of his
powers :
Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew ;
Like whom, great Nature's depths no men yet ever
knew, [spir'd ;
Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet in-
Who at their proud arrive th' ambitious Romans
fir'd, [mortal state
When first they heard them preach the soul's im-
And even in Rome's despite, and in contempt of
fate,
Grasp'd hands with horrid death : which out of hate
and pride
They slew, who through the world were revered
beside. [though we
“ To understand our state, no marvel then
Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
What anciently we were ; when in our infant war,
Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great bards did
sing, [bring
Except some few poor words ; and those again to
Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.
But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
The wars we had at home, the conquests where
we went, [here
He never understood. And though the Romans
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they do
object,
The ruins and records we show, be very small
To prove ourselves so great : even this the most
of all

(’Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
That yet those should be found so general as they
be; [Due,
The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the
All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
Of many a noble book, as impious hands should
sack
The centre, to exirp all knowledge, and exile
All brave and ancient things, for ever from this
isle.” [the sing,
Expressing wondrous grief, thus wand’ring Wye
But back, industrious Muse; obsequious to
bring [dole strain
Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she
Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
Brought forth the first of all by Bragan: which to
make
Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take,
Moynvadian, his much love to Severn then to show,
Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow
fool; [train,
Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ’d,
Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
In Severn’s sovereign banks, that give attendance
due.
Thus as she swoops along, with all that goodly
Upon her other bank by Newtown: so again
§. Comes Dulas (of whose name so many beavers be,
As of none others is) with Mule, prepar’d to see
The confluence to their queen, as on her course
she makes:
Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in she
takes;
Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot: is grow-
ing rank, [fields;
She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gomerian
Than which in all our Wales, there is no country
yields
An excellent horse, so full of natural fire,
As one of Phoebus’ steeds had been that stallion’s
sire [kind,
Which first their race begun; or of th’ Asturian
§. Which some have held to be begotten by the
wind, [receives,
Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it
And in a little time her pregnant part appears.
But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
The Muse prepares herself unto another song.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan : both washed by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald (*a*) describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the salmon: but that here are no

(a) Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

beavers now, as good authority of the present time (*b*) informs you.

Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung.

Of the bards, their singing, heraldship, and more of that nature, see to the fourth song. Ireland (*c*) (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls tympanum: Scotland the harp tympan, and chorus: Wales the harp, pipe, and chorus. Although tympanum and chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of saint Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictur'd in Ottomar Luscinus his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer myself to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is cithara, which (if it be the same with lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the bards' music, like that exprest in the lyric (*d*):

—bibam

Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and observe with them, that the Pythagoreans used (*e*), with music of the harp (which in those times, if it were Apollo's, was certainly but of seven (*f*) strings) when they went to sleep, to charm (as the old Scots were wont to do, and do yet in their isles, as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compose their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpose, that in comparing it with the British music, and the attributes thereof before remembered out of Heracleotes and Girald, you may see convenience of use in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in pipes as harp; if you remember the poetic story of Marsyas. And withal forget not that in one of the oldest coins that have been made in this kingdom, the picture of the reverse, is Apollo having his harp incircled with Cunobelin's name, then chief king of the Britons; and for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song.

By whom first Gaul was taught her knowledge.

Understand the knowledge of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers called Druids (of whom to the tenth song largely). Their discipline was first found out in this isle, and afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were sent hither as to an university for instruction in their learned professions: Cæsar (*h*) himself is author of

(*b*) Powel, & Camden.

(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.

(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.

(*e*) Plutarch. de Isid. & Osiride.

(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Epeu. Serv. Honorat. ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio Caducei precio erasse Apollinem septemque discrimina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndus Diodor. Sicul. lib. a.) unde Ἐπτάλυσσοι, Ἐπτάφθογγοι &c. dicitur Græcis.

(*g*) Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmachio.

(*h*) Comment. 6.

as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might seem that Britain was requited, if the satyrist (*i*) deceive not in that;

Gallia caudicicos docuit facunda Britannos (*k*).

Which, with excellent Lipsius (*l*), I rather apply to the dispersion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First in this Druidian doctrine, next in the institution of their now famous university of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is called also Albin, and was first sent ambassador to the emperor by Offa, king of Merceland) seconded by those Scots, John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus (*m*). But I know great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit passage, I commit to my reader.

One bard but coming in their murd'rous swords
hath staid.

Such strange assertion find I in story of these bards' powerful enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious harmonies (*n*), not their own only, but withal their enemies' armies have suddenly desisted from fierce encounters; so, as my author says, did Mars reverence the Muses. This exactly continues all fitness with what is before affirmed of that kind of music; 'twixt which (and all other by authentic affirmation) and the mind's affections there are certain Μυμήσαται * (*o*), as in this particular example is apparent. But how agreeth this with that in Tacitus, which calls a musical incentive to war among the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would there (*p*) read Barritus, which in Vegetius and Ammian especially, is a peculiar name for those stirring up alarms before the battle used in Roman assaults (equal in proportion to the Greeks' ἀλαλαγμοι, the Irish Kerns' Pharroh, and that Roland's song of the Normans, which hath had his like also, in most nations). But, seeing Barritus (in this sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the Latin; and, that this use was notable in those Northerns and Gauls (*q*), until wars with whom, it seems Rome had not a proper word for it (which appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that the cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I should think some-

(*i*) Juvenal. Satur. 15.

(*k*) "Eloquent Gaul taught the British lawyers."

(*l*) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Virgilium ad Justin. tit. Instit. quib. non est permiss. fac. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris instituted.

(*m*) Balæus cent. 1.

(*n*) Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiq. lib. 6. * Imitations.

(*o*) Aristot. Polit. η. cap. 5.

(*p*) Lips. ad Polyb. 4. Dialog. 11.

(*q*) Locus Tacitū in de morib. Germ.

what confidently, that Barrhitus (as the common copies are) is the truest reading*; yet so, that Barditus formed by an unknowing pronunciation is, and by original, was the selfsame. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from Baren in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from Har Har (which is as Haron in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word Beare for imitation of that beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express mention of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to conjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this martial purpose skill in that kind of music, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) *Ὀργανιστικὴ Παθητικὴ καὶ Ἐνθουσιαστικὴ*, as it were, madding the mind with sprightly motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollifying Pæans (r) to Apollo, the *Γόμλλα & Καλλήνικος* after victory, did among the Greeks in another strain move with their Pæans to Mars, their *Ὀρβια*, and provoking charms before the encounter; and so meets this in our bards dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

Our Cimbri with the Gauls——

National transigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Canibrians, all coming from Gomer Japhet's son (s), to whom with his posterity was this north-western part of the world divided), expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also Kumry. The author alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Beliaus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen swords——

The author thus teaches you to know, that, among the ancients, brass, not iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scythes, wherewith they cut their herbs for enchantments (t), their priests' razors, ploughshares for describing the content of plotted cities, their music instruments, and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector manifesteth (u):

—πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκῶφι χαλκός †.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a

* Locus. Gallice & Britannicè Cantor. Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum Dagobartum & similia vocabula hinc (malè verò) deducit.

(r) Suid. in *Παιαν*.

(s) Genes. 2.

(t) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobius Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pausan. in Laconic. γ. & Arcadic. η. Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.

(u) Iliad. λ.

† "Brass rebound from brass."

willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, *Φαρμακώδης* (x), as Aristotle expresses it (y). But that our Britons used it also it hath been out of old monuments by our most learned antiquary observed (z).

That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical poet (a) (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

Nam quid Britannum cœlum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quâ mundi claudicat axis?

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon Cornelius Nepos (c) among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hesione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the Muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman:

—Sine remigis usu

Non nosset Memphis Roman, non Indus Hiberum,
Non Scythia Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia Gallum.

And in the same book to Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury:

At tu dissimilis longè cui fronte serenâ
Sanguinis egregii lacrum, pacemque litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque
cacumen

In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse
Prorsus, vel proprias lætus sociaret habenas.

Of him a little before:

—quo præside floret

Cantia (d), & in prisca respirat libera leges.

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph of Excester (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) famous

(r) Of remedial power.

(y) Problem. æ. Sect. λ.

(z) Camd. in Cornub.

See for this more in the tenth song.

(a) Lucret. de Rer. Nat. 6.

(c) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an English wit.

(d) Ita n. legendum, non Tantia aut Pontia, ut ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merenti suam inviderunt coronam in Codice Typis excuso.

in this and other kinds of good learning, under Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among those verses in this form :

Te sacræ assumunt acies divinaque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum mecum spargere per orbem.

Which must (as I think) be intended of Baldwin, whose undertaking of the cross and voyage with Cœur de Lion into the holy land, and death there, is in our stories (e); out of which you may have large declaration of this holy father (so he calls Thomas Becket) that bought peace with price of his life; being murdered in his house of Canterbury, through the urging grievances intolerable to the king and laity, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeavoured derogation, for maintenance of Romish usurped supremacy. For these liberties, see Matthew Paris before all other, and the epistles of John of Salisbury (f), but lately published; and, if you please, my Janus Anglorum, where they are restored from senseless corruption, and are indeed more themselves than in any other whatsoever in print. But thus too much of this false Cornelius. Compare with these notes what is to the first song of Britain and Albion; and you shall see that in Greek writers mention of our land is long before any in the Latin: for Polybias, that is the first which mentions it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in the rest of Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.

In those western parts of Spain, Galicia, Portugal, and Asturia, many classic testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturalists, historians and geoponics, as Varro, Columel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus, have remembered these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west-wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the ova subrentanea (g) are bred in hens) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory (h) to the expressing only of their fertile breed and swiftness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the father (i) of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balios, two of Achilles' horses :

τὸ ἄμα πνῆσι πεποιθὲν
Τους εἶπε Ζεφύρου ἄνιμ' Ἀρσένια Πόδαρχον
Βοτταρμένην λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥέει' Ὀκεανῶ (k).

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as

(e) Chronicis adde & Girald. Itin. Camb. 2. cap. 14.

(f) Sarisburiens. Epist. 159. 210. 220. & 268.

(g) ὑπὸ πνῆμα windy eggs, bred without a cock.

(h) Justin. hist. lib. 44.

(i) Iliad. α.

(k) "These did fly like the wind, which swift Podarga foaled to their sire Zephyrus, feeding in a meadow by the ocean."

upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon, the Elysians, and other such you have: Strabo (l); But for Lisbon, which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Ulixbon, being commodly written Olisippo or Ulyssippo, in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὀλυσῖππος, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

(l) Geograph. α. Ὀλυσῖππος Ptolemeo. Iota sublato vera restat lectio Paull. Merul. cosmog. part 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean,
Sees Severn; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys:
Where for a while herself she stays.

High matters call our Muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking
from aloft) [more soft

Survey'd coy Severn's course: but now to shores
She shapes her prosperous sail; and in this lofty
song,

The Herefordian floods invites with her along,
§. That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their
superfluous waste,

Manure the battul March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's sovereign arms; with whose tumultuous
waves [raves¹;

§. Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wildly
And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbouring
shores to fly,

Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring,
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it doth
fling: [brood

Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the
flood; [not lanch,

O'eturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful
As when we haply see a sickly woman fall [panch:

Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the grieved womb she feels the pain
arise,

Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed cries,
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with
those [oppose,

That gainst her rising pain their utmost strength

! A simile expressing the boar or higre.

Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses,
 spurns and sprauls,
 Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
 But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so,
 One well might muse from whence this sudden
 strength should grow.

Here (queen of forests all, that west of Severn lie)
 Her broad and bushy top, Dean holdeth up so high,
 The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
 And standing in such state upon the winding
 marge,

§. Within her hollow woods the satyrs that did
 wone [sun,
 In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with summer's
 Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
 Oft ravished the choice of Sabrin's wat'ry train;
 And from their mistress' banks them taking as a
 prey,

Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
 Then from her inner groves for succour when they
 cry'd, [hide

She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs' scapes to
 Unto their just complaint not once her ear in-
 clines:

So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
 That Leden which her way doth through the desert
 make,

Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to forsake
 Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bushes
 hide, [spy'd)

Lest by the sylvans (should she chance to be
 She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
 So many were the rapes done on the wat'ry brood,
 That Sabine to her sire (great Neptune) forc'd to
 sue,

The riots to repress of this outrageous crew,
 His armed orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
 To drive them back to Dean that troubled all the
 deep. [overlooks

§. Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn
 (Attended on in state with tributary brooks)
 And how the fertile fields of Hereford do lie,
 And from his many heads, with many an amorous
 eye, [rise,

Beholds his goodly site, how towards the pleasant
 Abounding in excess, the vale of Eusham lies,
 The mountains every way about him that do stand,
 Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth com-
 mand;

On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:
 "Olympus, fair'st of hills, that Heaven art said
 to be,

I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make;
 Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I forsake:
 Nor would I, as thou dost, ambitiously aspire
 To thrust my forked top into th' etherial fire.
 For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face do
 breathe,

Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy beneath:
 Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,
 Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
 And more, in our defence, to answer those, with
 spite

That term us barren, rude, and void of all delight;
 We mountains, to the land, like warts or wens to
 be, [see;

By which, fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they
 This strongly to perform, a well-stuff'd brain would
 need. [heed.

And many hills there be, if they this cause would

Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
 (From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were
 than I

The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
 Mouchdenay, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and
 the Clees, [they,

And many more as great, and nearer me than
 But thinks, in our defence they far much more
 could say.

Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
 'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pasture,
 plain,

And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
 Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
 The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
 Above the other soils that Nature doth inthrona.
 For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
 With eyes erect to Heaven, of whence themselves
 they find,

Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself,
 Doth never further look than how to purchase self,
 And of their batful sites, the vales that boast them
 thus, [us:

Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for
 For, from the rising banks that strongly mound
 them in,

The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
 And almost not a brook, if she her banks do ill,
 But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or
 from hill. [take,

If mead, or lower slade, grieve at the room we
 Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth
 make

The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth
 glide,

Who with our winter's waste maintain their sum-
 mer's pride:

And to you lower lands if terrible we seem,
 And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy steam
 The powerful Sun exhales, that in the cooler day
 Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay.
 And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her
 to be grac'd,

If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,
 Where she her curled head unto the eye may show?
 For in the easy vale if she be set below,
 What is she but obscure? and her more dampy
 shade

And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made?
 Besides, we are the marks, which looking from
 on high,

The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye
 Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth
 pursue [view.

The way, which long before lay tedious in his
 "What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not
 in awe [saw?

Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain
 To none but to a hill such grace was ever given:
 As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up
 Heaven.

"So Latmus by the wise Endymion² is
 renown'd;

That hill, on whose high top he was the first that
 found

Pale Phœbe's wand'ring course; so skilful in her
 sphere,

As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.

² Endymion found out the course of the moon.

"And those chaste maids, begot on Memory by Jove,
Not Tempe only love, delighting in their grove;
Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious brims,
They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal limbs;
But high Parnassus have, their mountain, whereon
Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
Of these I more could tell, to prove the place our
own,

Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius shown."
For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had
he told;

Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might behold
The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be:
For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard that
doth glide;

And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do guide,
To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian
plain

At Prestain coming in; where he doth entertain
The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes:
Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shows,
As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make,

Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients
known,

When honour was herself, and in her glory shown,
He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.

Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's farthest
shore,

To whom did never sound the name of Lemster?
That with the silkworm's web for smallness doth
compare:

Wherein, the winder shows his workmanship so
As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser
clew;

As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew;
Of each in high'st account, and reckoned here as
fine,

§. As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Taren-
From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dis-
pose,

To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he goes;
And makes his journey short, with strange and
sundry tales

Of all their wondrous things; and, not the least, of
Wales;

Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as
That little fishes' bones continually doth cast.

Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to
know,

A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth
Her rising spires aloft; when as the princely Wye,
Him from his Muse to wake, arrests him by
and by.

Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd
grace

Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace;
For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
That with the sound thereof, which thorough Hay-
wood went,

The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest
To know the sudden cause, and presently they run

3 The excellency of Lemster wool.

With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye to
see

[married he
(The flood that grac'd her most) this day should
To that more lovely Lug; a river of much fame,
That in her wandering banks should lose his glori-
ous name

For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the goodly
shire,

And with his plenteous stream so many brooks doth
Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.

But Marcelly, griev'd that he (the nearest of
the rest,

And of the mountain kind) not bidden was a guest
Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)

§. Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did
rive;

The trees and hedges near, before him up doth
And dropping headlong down, three days together
fall:

Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so
That they him passage made, who coats and chap-
pels crush:

So violently he into his valley rush. [restrain,
But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing can
In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)
To Ross her course directs; and right her name
to show,

Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.
Meander, who is said so intricate to be, [she.
Hath not so many turus, nor cranking nooks as
The Herefordian fields when well near having
past,

As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last
That soil her kindly sends, to guide her on her way;
Neat Gamar, that gets in swift Garran: which do lay
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her train,
To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by Dean.

Beyond whose equal spring unto the west doth lie
The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious scents do
fly

More free than Hybla's sweets; and 'twixt her
The air with such delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to
bear.

Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as be
Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of Jove
One of his labours made, and with the dragon strove,
That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to guard;

As if' enrich this place, from others, nature spar'd:
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to
keep the plain,

Fields batul, flow'ry meads, in state them to
Floods, to make fat those meads, from marble
veins that spout,

To show, the wealth within doth answer that with-
So brave a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,
As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none
should dare.

And forth she sends the Doire, upon the Wye to
Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth entreat
(For Eskle, her most lov'd, and Olcon's only sake)
With her to go along, till Wye she overtake.

To whom she condescends from danger her to shield,
That th' Monumethian parts from th' Herefordian
field.

4 Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her
sinuosity, or turning.

Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of the shire,

On the Wigornian waste when northward looking near, [born chase],

On Corswood casts his eye, and on his home-
Then constantly holds, with an unusual pace,
Team with her tribute come unto the Cambrian queen⁶,

Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely seen,
That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any spring [bring]

But what with her along from Shropshire she doth
Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends her in, [grace that win,

And Laughern though but small: when they such
There thrust in with the brooks enclosed in her bank.

Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,
As though she would contend with Sabine, and doth crave

Of place (by her desert) precedence to have:

* Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
By no means she could hold, but needly she must show

Her liking; and herself doth into Sabine throw.

Not far from him again when Malvern doth perceive [do not heave,

Two hills, which though their heads so high they
Yet duly do observe great Malvern, and afford
Him reverence: who again as fits a gracious lord,
Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name:
Which, though in their mean types small matter doth appear,

Yet both of good account are reckon'd in the shire,
And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.

When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was so high

* Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace sold,
(And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
The misery wherein her sister forests be)
Of Erisichon's⁷ end begins her to bethink,
And of his cruel plagues doth wish they all might drink [despite;

That thus have them despoil'd: then of her own
That she, in whom her town, fair Eadly, took delight, [pride,

And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a
In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,
So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,
As she that lov'd her most, her now the most doth scorn; [she stroke,

With endless grief perplex'd, her stubborn breast
And to the deafen'd air, thus passionately spake;

"You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live and die,

Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings fly:
Upon this monstrous age and not reverse our wrong?

For cutting down an oak that justly did belong
To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Thesaly that grew
In the Dolonian grove (O nymphs!) you could pursue

⁶ Malvern chase. ⁶ Severn.

⁷ A fable in Ovid's *Metamor.*

The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir
That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her:

Who, with a dreadful frown did blast the growing grain: [maintain,

And having from him reft what should his life
She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,
And thrusts her down his throat, into his stanchless maw:

Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient were,
With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did tear.

"This did you for one tree: but of whole forests they [decay

That in these impious times have been the vile
(Whom I may justly call their country's deadly foes) [punish'd goes.

'Gainst them you move no power, their spoil un-
How many griev'd souls in future time shall starve,
For that which they have rapt their beastly lust to serve! [were,

"We, sometime that the state of famous Britain
For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far and near, [ground,

Are ransack'd; and our trees so hack'd above the
That where their lofty tops their neighbouring countries crown'd, [stand,

Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked
As for revenge to Heav'n each held a wither'd hand:
And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd harts did gaze

Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only graze
The gall'd-back carrion jade, and hurtful swine do spoil

Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil."

This utter'd she with grief: and more she would have spoke,

When the Salopian floods her of her purpose broke,
And silence did enjoin; a list'ning ear to lend
To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty things intend.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings the inner territories, with part of the Severn story, and her English neighbours.

That fraught from plenteous Powse with their
Manure the batful March—— [superfluous waste

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and Powis; this last is here meant, comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor, and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of Eoderic the great, Mervin, Cadell, and Anarawt (a), who possessed them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms these tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the division and gift is different in Caradoc Llancharvan from that of Girald; but no great consequence of admitting either here. Those three princes were called in British *yritwysoe talathioe* (b), because every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold (c), being a broad lace or head-

(a) Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.

(b) "The three crowned princes."

(c) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Llancharvan.

band, indented upwards, set and wrought with precious stones, which in British or Welsh is called *talaeth* (*d*), which name nurses give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crowns, as appears, in the description of the *cidaris*, and tiara of the Persians in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of oak, grass, parsley, olives, myrtle, and such among the Greeks and Romans, and in that express name of diadema, signifying a band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that banda, derived of the Carian into Italian (*e*), expressing victory, and so, for ominous good words, is translated to ensigns and standards (as in oriental stories the words *Bavda* and *Βασιλόφρος* often show) I must not here inquire. Molmutius first used a golden crown among the British (*f*), and as it seems by the same authority, Athelstan among the Saxons. But I digress. By the March understood those limits between England and Wales; which continuing from north to south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shropshire, and the English part, and were divers baronies, divided from any shire until Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales, others to England (*g*). The barons that lived in them were called lord marchers, and by the name of marchiones (*h*), i. e. 'marquises. For so Roger of Mortimer, James of Audclegh, Roger of Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo L'estrangle, Hugh of Turbervil (*i*), (which by sword adventured the ransom of Henry III. out of Simon of Montfort his treacherous imprisonment, after the battle of Lewes) are called marchiones Wallie (*k*); and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer earl of March, as if you should say, of the limits 'twixt Wales and England (*l*), marc, or merc, signifying a bound or limit: as to the third song more largely. And hence is supposed the original of that honorary title of marquis, which is as much as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; although I know divers others are derivations which the feudists have imagined (*m*). These marchers had their laws in their baronies, and for matter of suit, if it had been 'twixt tenants holding of them, then was it commenced in their own courts and determined; if for the barony itself, then in the king's courts at Westminster, by writ, directed to the sheriff of the next English shire adjoining, as Gloucester, Hereford, and some others. For the king's writ (*n*) did not run in Wales as in England, until by statute the principality was incorporated with the crown; as appears in an old report where one was committed for esloigning a ward into

Wales (*o*), *extra potestatem regis under Henry III.* Afterward Edward I. made some shires in it (*p*), and altered the customs conforming them in some sort to the English, as in the statute of Ruthland you have it largely; and under Edward II. to a parliament at York were summoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales (*q*). But notwithstanding all this, the Marches continued as distinct; and in them were, for the most part, those controverted titles, which in our law-annals are referred to Wales. For the divided shires were, as it seems, or should have been subject to the English form; but the particulars hereof are unfit for this room: if you are at all conversant in our law, I send you to my margin (*r*); if not, it scarce concerns you.

——the Higre wildly raves.

This violence of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so express in an old monk (*s*), which, about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the satyrs that did won.

By the satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this maritime forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn, in Gloucester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically describ'd, the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles satyrs, that name coming from an eastern root (*t*), signifying to hide, or lie hid, as that all-knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us (*u*): The English were also ill entreated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the statute's preamble (*x*), which satisfies the action.

Whilst Malverne king of hills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self, understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Ploughman, done, as is thought, by Robert Langland (*y*), a Shropshire man, in a kind of English metre: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who finished it 16 Ed. III.

(*d*) Crowns, diadems, band.

(*e*) Stephan. *περί πολι. Ἀλάβανδα*. v. Gorop. Beceselan. 2. & Pet. Pithæl. adversar. 2. c. 20. de Bandā, cui & Andatcm apud Dionem conferas, & videsis in altero alterius reliquæ.

(*f*) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.

(*g*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

(*h*) Lib. Rub. Scaccar.

(*i*) Matth. Westmonast. lib. 2.

(*k*) Marquises or lord marchers of Wales.

(*l*) For the limits see to the next song.

(*m*) Ad Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur Dux. & Juriconsulti sæpius.

(*n*) But see to the ninth song more particularly.

(*o*) 13 Hen. 3. tit. Guard. 147.

(*p*) Stat. Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.

(*q*) 14 Ed. 2. dors. claus. mem. 13.

(*r*) V. 18 Ed. 2. tit. Assise 382. 13 Ed. 3. jurisdict. 23. 6 Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1 Ed. 3. f. 14. & sæpius in annalibus Juris nostri.

(*s*) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum,

(*t*) *סתר*.

(*u*) *Πανμοσχολον*. lib. de Satyra. Meritò indigitatur hoc epitheto longe doctissimus à doctissimo Dan. Heinsio in annot. ad Horatium.

(*x*) Stat. 9 Hen. 6. cap. 5.

(*y*) About time of Edward III.

As there th' Apu'lian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for finest excellence (z): in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to clothe their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other kind of pains about it, that it scarce requited cost.

—himself in two did rive.

Alluding to a prodigious division of Marcell's hill, in an earthquake of late time (a); which most of all was in these parts of the island.

(z) Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib. 7. cap. 4. (a) 1575.

POLY-OLBION.

THE EIGHTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The goodly Severn bravely sings
The noblest of her British kings;
At Cæsar's landing what we were,
And of the Roman conquest here:
Then shows, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly christ'n'd they became,
And of their constancy doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely tost:
Then doth the Saxons' landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the west of Severn lie;
Calls down each riveret from her spring,
Their queen upon her way to bring;
Whom down to Brugg the Muse attends:
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

To Salop when herself clear Sabrina comes to show,
And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
South-westward cast her course; and with an
amorous eye [ing by):

Those countries whence she came surveyeth (pass-
Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd
her due,

For refuge when to her th' oppressed Britons flew;
By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted
meers, [shires,

Her sure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry
Which she her Marches made: whereby those hills
of fame [shame,

And rivers stood disgrac'd; accounting it their
§. That all without that mound which Mercian Offa
cast [waste,

To run from north to south, athwart the Cambrian
Could England not suffice, but that the straggling
Wye, [lie,

Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.
That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus offer'd
her,

Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held: yet loth that her dis-
grace

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Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers
near

Austerly to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear children's right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian
shore,

§. Who drave the giants hence that of the earth
were bred,

And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward every
way, [betake:

The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them
When Severn lowing low, thus gravely them be-
spake: [to be,

"How mighty was that man, and honoured still
That gave this isle his name, and to his children
three, [deny,

Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth now
With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.

"Loegria¹, though thou canst thy Locrine
easily lose, [chose,

Yet Cambria², him, whom Fate her ancient founder
In no wise will forego; nay, should Albania³ leave
§. Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian
cleave.

And though remorseless Rome, which first did us
enthrall, [call;

As barbarous but esteem'd, and stick'd not so to
The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd:

§. Three hundred years before Rome's great
foundation laid;

And had a thousand years an empire strongly stood,
Ere Cæsar to her shores here stemm'd the circling
flood; [Hum,

§. And long before, borne arms against the barbarous
Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:

And following them in flight, their general Humbert
drown'd [now'd?

In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-
And her great builders had, her cities who did rear
With fanes unto her gods, and flamens⁴ every
where.

Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;

But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand
York lifts her towers aloft: which scarcely finish'd
was,

But as they, by those kings, so by Radhudibras,
Kent's first and famous town⁵, with Winchester,
arose:

And others, others built, as they fit places chose.

"So Britain to her praise, of all conditions
brings,

The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous kings,
Brute Greenshield: to whose name we providence
impute,

Divinely to revive the land's first conqueror, Brute.
"So had she those were learn'd, endu'd with
nobler parts: [arts)

As he from learned Greece, that (by the liberal
§. To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd Athens to
transfer;

Wise Bladdu, of her kings that great philosopher;
Who found our boiling baths; and his knowledge
high,

Disdaining human paths, here practised to fly,

¹ England. ² Wales. ³ Scotland.

⁴ Priests among idolatrous gentiles.

⁵ Canterbury.

"Of justly vexed Leire, and those who last did
In worse than civil war, the sons of Gorbodug⁶ [tag
(By whose unnatural strife the land so long was
tost)

I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast;
But, of that man which did her monarchy restore,
Her first imperial crown of gold that ever wore,
And that most glorious type of sovereignty regain'd;
Muhmutius: who this land in such estate maintain'd
As his great belsire Brute from Albion's heirs it
won. [proud streets begun

"§. This grand-child, great as he, those four
That each way cross this isle, and bounds did them
allow.

Like privilege he lent the temple and the plough:
So studious was this prince in his most forward zeal
To the celestial power, and to the public weal.

"Bellinus⁷ he begot, who Dacia proud subdu'd;
And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pursu'd,
Asham'd of civil strife; at home here leaving all:
And with such goodly youth, in Germany and Gaul
As he had gather'd up, the Alpine mountains pass'd,
And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas'd
The Romans (that her stream distained with their
gore) [ensign bore:

And through proud Rome, display'd his British
§. There balancing his sword against her baser
gold,

The senators for slaves he in her forum sold.
At last, by power expell'd, yet proud of late success,
His forces then for Greece did instantly address;
And marching with his men upon her fruitful face,
Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessaly, and
Thrace;

His soldiers there enrich'd with all Peonia's spoil;
And where to Greece he gave the last and deadliest
foil, [day,

In that most dreadful fight, on that more dismal
O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermopylæ;
And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have ta'en
Those sacred things enshrin'd in wise Apollo's fane:
To whom when thundering Heaven pronounc'd her
fearful'st word, [sword,

§. Against the Delphian power he shak'd his ireful
"As of the British blood, the native Cambri here
(Sooft my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri were
(When Britan with her brood so peopled had her
seat,

The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)
Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,
And to that strait'ned point, that utmost chersonesse,
§. My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cyn-
brica it took:

Yet long were not compris'd within that little nook,
But with those Almain powers this people issued
forth:

And like some boist'rous wind arising from the north,
Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it did
move,

The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to shove,
And only meant to claim the universe its own.
In this terrestrial globe, as though some world un-
known,

By pamper'd Nature's store too prodigally fed
(And surfeiting therewith) her surcrease vomited;
These roaming up and down to seek some settling
First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum, [room,

⁶ Ferrex and Porrex.

⁷ Bellinus and Brennus.

And with his Roman powers Papyrius overthrew;
Then, by great Belus⁸ brought against those
legions, slew

Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus led;
And afterward again, as bravely vanquished
The consuls Cæpio, and stout Manlius on the plain,
Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins slain.

"In greatness next succeeds Belus's worthy son,
Gurgustus: who soon left what his great father won,
To Guyuteline his heir: whose queen⁹, beyond her
kind, [mind,

In her great husband's peace, to show her upright
§. To wise Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first did
frame:

From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.

"So Britain forth with these, that valiant bastard
brought, [fought
Morindus, Darius' son, which with that monster¹⁰
His subjects that devour'd; to show himself again
Their martyr, who by them selected was to reign.

"So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,
Who with his people was of such especial trust,
That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly state)
Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd:

But long he had not reign'd, ere happily it chanc'd,
In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,
The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd
From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;
Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet,
Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so
strook,

That he (the British rule who lately on him took
At th' earnest people's pray'rs) him calling to the
court,

There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,
Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,
With so effectual speech imploring their high grace,
That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent his
days. [praise,

"Then Elidure again, crown'd with applause,
As he a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd,
And put into the tow'r: where miserably enclos'd,
Outliving yet their hate, and the usurpers dead,
Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend
head. [came

"When more than thirty kings in fair succession
Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name
§. Great London still shall live (by him rebuilded)
while

To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.

"And when commanding Rome to Caesar gave
the charge,

Her empire (but too great) still further to enlarge
With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to
pass [was

From these parts into Gaul, show'd here some nation
Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dreadful
name, [tame.

That durst presume to aid those she decreed to
Wherefore that matchless man, whose high
ambition wrought [sought

Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely
(Here prowling on the shores) this island to desery,
What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did
[lie:

⁸ A great general of those northern nations.

⁹ Martia.

¹⁰ A certain monster often issuing from the sea,
devoured diverse of the British people.

Where scarce a stranger's foot defil'd her virgin
breast, [to rest ;
Since her first conqueror Brute here put his powers
Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her feed
With trifles, which she took for niceness more than
need :

But as another world, with all abundance blest,
And satisfy'd with what she in herself possess'd ;
Through her excessive wealth (at length) till wanton
grown, [their own)

Some kings (with others' lands that would enlarge
By innovating arms an open passage made
For him that gap'd for all (the Roman) to invade.
Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores did
greet,

And terriblest did threat with his amazing fleet,
Those British bloods he found, his force that durst
assail, [of hail

And poured from the cliffs their shafts like showers
Upon his helmeted head ; to tell him as he came,
That they (from all the world) yet feared not his
name : [conqueror feel,

Which, their undaunted spirits soon made that
Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-
bloody'd steel ; [wondrous skill

And in their chariots charg'd : which they with
Could turn in their swift'st course upon the
steepest hill, [ground,

And wheel about his troops for vantage of the
Or else disrank his force where entrance might be
found : [could throw ;

And from their armed seats their thrilling darts
Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords bestow,
And with an active skip remount themselves again,
Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the
plain,

And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply ;
As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.

" Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons' faithful guide,
Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be
deny'd,

But would this isle subdue ; their forces to fore-lay,
Thy forests thou didst fell, their speedy course to
stay : [horse to gore,

§. Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck'st, their
Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy shore :
Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst allow,
To whom (thyself except) the western world did
bow. [not win,

§. And more than Cæsar got, three emperors could
Till the courageous sons of our Canobelin

Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to discuss
The former Roman right, by arms again, with us.
Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could prevail
In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop their
sail. [hopes,

Yea, had not his brave son, young Titus, past their
His forward father fetch'd out of the British troops,
And quit him wondrous well when he was strongly
charg'd,

His father (by his hands so valiantly enlarg'd)
Had never more seen Rome ; nor had he ever
spilt

The temple that wise son of faithful David built,
Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that city
waste,

Which God, in human flesh, above all other grac'd.
" No marvel then though Rome so great her
conquest thought,

In that the isle of Wight she to subjection brought,

Our Belgæ¹¹ and subdu'd (a people of the west)
That latest came to us, our least of all the rest ;
When Claudius, who 'hat time her wreath imperial
wore, [shore,

Though scarce he show'd himself upon our southern
It scorn'd not in his stile ; but, due to that his
praise, [plays ;

Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly
The noblest naval crown, upon his palace pitch'd ;
As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who had
enrich'd. [prefer ;

" Her Caradoc (with canse) so Britain may
Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'er brought
forth by her : [head,

For whilst here in the west the Britons gather'd
This general of the rest, his stout Silures¹² led
Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this place
With Rome's high fortune (then the high'st in
fortune's grace) [tain,

A long and doubtful war with whom he did main-
Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons slain,
He grievously beheld (o'erprest with Roman power)
Himself well near the last their wrath did not
devour. [most,

When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as trusting
Another day might win, what this had lately lost)
To Cartimandua, queen of Brigants¹³, for her aid,
He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.

Who, as a spoil of war, 't adorn the triumph sent
To great Ostorius due, when through proud Rome
he went, [eyes)

That had herself prepar'd (as she had all been
Our Caradoc to view ; who in his country's guise,
§. Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to his
waist, [chas'd

Girt with a chain of steel ; his manly breast en-
With sundry shapes of beasts. And when this
Briton saw [not awe

His wife and children bound as slaves, it could
His manliness at all : but with a settled grace,
Undaunted with her pride, he look'd her in the
face :

And with a speech so grave as well a prince became,
Himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.

" Then Rome's great tyrant¹⁴ next, the last's
adopted heir, [clear ;

That brave Suetonius sent, the British coasts to
The utter spoil of Mon¹⁵ who strongly did pursue
(Unto whose gloomy strengths, th' revolted Britons
flew) [dread :

There ent'ring, he beheld what strook him pale with
The frantic British froes, their hair dishevel'd,
With fire-brands ran about, like to their furions eyes ;
And from the hollow woods the fearless Druides ;
Who with their direful threats, and execrable vows,
Enforc'd the troubled Heaven to knit her angry
brows.

" And as here in the west the Romans bravely
So all upon the east the Britons over-ran : [wan,
§. The colony long kept at Maldon, overthrown,
Which by prodigious signs was many times fore-
shown,

¹¹ A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset. Wilt.
and Somersetshires.

¹² Those of Monmouth, and the adjacent shires.

¹³ Those of Yorkshire, and thereby.

¹⁴ Nero.

¹⁵ Anglesey, the chief place of residence of the
Druides.

And often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers: when
 Brave Voadicia made with her resolved'st men
 To Virolam¹⁶; whose siege with fire and sword she
 ply'd,

Till Jevell'd with the earth. To London as she hy'd,
 The consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
 The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that delay'd)
 Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to try,
 With words that courage show'd, and with a voice
 as high [shield,

(In her right hand her lance, and in her left her
 As both the battles stood prepared in the field)
 Encouraging her men: which resolute, as strong,
 Upon the Roman rush'd; and she, the rest among,
 Wades in that doubtful war: till lastly, when she
 saw

The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
 The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did
 disdain,

And lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)
 §. By poison ends her days, unto that end prepar'd,
 As lavishly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.

"Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having
 won,

But bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,
 Agricola here made her great lieutenant then:
 Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
 Appointed by the powers apparently to see
 The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
 Beneath his fatal sword the Ordovics¹⁷ to fall
 Inhabiting the west; those people cast of all
 Which stout'est him withstood, renown'd for
 martial worth. [north,

"Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost
 When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent and
 Tweed,

Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to feed,
 He there some Britons found, who (to rebate their
 spleen,

As yet with grieved eyes our spoils not having seen)
 Him at mount Grampus¹⁸ met: which from his
 height beheld [compell'd

Them lavish of their lives; who could not be
 The Roman yoke to bear: and Galgacus their
 guide [dy'd.

Amongst his murder'd troops there resolutely
 "Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that
 war began;

Great Julius Cæsar first, the last Domitian.

A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
 That would in no wise stoop to Rome's imperious
 will,

Into the strait'n'd land with theirs retired far,
 In laws and manners since from us that different
 are; [drew

And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they
 (On them off breaking in, who long did them
 pursue)

§. A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
 Than Rome, with much expense that us had
 conquered. [were grown,

And when that we great Rome's so much in time
 That she her charge durst leave to princes of our
 own, [elect)

(Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should
 §. Arviragus, born ours, here first she did protect;

¹⁶ By Saint Albans.

¹⁷ North Wales men.

¹⁸ In the midst of Scotland.

Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.

Then he, our flames' seats who turn'd to bishops'
 sees; [owe

Great Lucius, that good king: to whom we chiefly
 §. This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

"As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian
 faith, [death

After (that word-made man) our dear Redeemer's
 Within two hundred years; and his disciples here,
 By their great master sent to preach him every
 where, [ferr'd;

Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-
 Interring him¹⁹, who erst the son of God interr'd.

"So Britain's was she born, though Italy her
 crown'd, [nown'd,

Of all the christian world, that empress most re-
 §. Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning worldly
 loss,

Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
 Whereon our saviour dy'd: which found, as it was
 sought, [brought.

From Salem²⁰ unto Rome triumphantly she
 "As when the primer church her councils pleas'd
 to call, [all;

Great Britain's bishops there were not the least of
 §. Against the Arian sect at Aries having room,
 At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.

"Now, when with various fate five hundred
 years had past, [at last;

And Rome of her great charge grew weary here
 The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a power-
 ful head

All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
 To much-endanger'd Rome sufficient warning gave,
 Those forces that she held, within herself to have.
 The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.

"Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry for-
 tunes prov'd

With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with war.
 And twixt the froward sire, licentious Vortiger,
 And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
 Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they
 interpose [ed grew.

By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we weaken-
 The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
 A nation nurst in spoil, and fit'tst to undergo
 Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate
 foe. [the shore,

"When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to
 Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
 And subt'ly had found out how we infeebl'd
 were;

They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
 The British peers invite, the German healths to
 view

At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully slew.

"Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armoric
 possess'd,

Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so distress,
 Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to die:

We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
 §. Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends
 again, [strain;

In wedlock to be link'd with them of Brute's high
 That none with Brute's great blood, but Britons
 might be mix'd:

Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy betwixt,

¹⁹ Joseph of Arimathea.

²⁰ Jerusalem.

Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Arthur
spring;

Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be as long
As Britain's name is known: which spread them-
selves so wide,

As scarcely bath for fame left any roomth beside.

"My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy
Britons stand

Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.

Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those of
thine, [line,

From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous

§. Than from the Scythian poor; whence they
themselves derive, [drive.

Whose multitudes did first you to the mountains

Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mercian

(Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring) [king
include thee; when myself, and my dear brother
Dee²¹.

By nature were the bounds first limited to thee."

Scarce ended she her speech, but those great
mountains near,

Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,

With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one
about [them out,

To find their several springs; and bade them get

And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,

In Britons' ancient right so bravely that had stood.

When first the furious Team, that on the
Cambrian side

Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,

As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave

That of those lesser brooks the leading she might
have; [came:

The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress

Which of a forest²² born that bears her proper

Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd, [name,

Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,

The longer that she grows, the more renown doth
win: [in,

And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth

Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.

When fiercely making forth, the strong and lusty

Team [embrace,

A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth

Herself that bravely bears; twixt whom and Bring-
wood-chase, [deck'd,

Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-
and in their safer shades they long time her pro-
tect. [doth fling:

Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them

When to her further aid, next Bow and Warren
bring [doth take:

Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up

By whose united powers, their Team they mightier
make;

Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,

Where Corve into her stream herself doth headlong
cast. [Rhea.

With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the

Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the
sea, [adieu,

Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns

Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.

When at her going out, those mountains of
command [stand)

(The Clees, like loving twins, and Stitterston that

Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rd the
rise,

And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria lies.

Then Stipperton a hill, though not of such renown

As many that are set here tow'rd the going down,

To those his own allies, that stood not far away,

Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say:

"Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd
of me, [be,

And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought to

To Cortoc strongly cleave, as to our ancient friend,

And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us lend.

For though that envious time injuriously have
wrung

From us those proper names did first to us belong,

Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us
stand." [hand,

Here, every neighbouring hill held up a willing

As freely to applaud what Stipperton decreed:

And Hockstow when she heard the mountains thus
proceed, [express'd,

With echoes from her woods, her inward joys

To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd her
best, [mountains stir,

Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring

So to advance that place which might them both
prefer; [frain.

That she from open shouts could scarce herself re-

When soon those other rills to Severn which re-
tain, [show

And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do

The service that to her they absolutely owe.

First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,

Her source in Severn's banks that safely having
laid, [meet,

Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth

To see with what a grace she that fair town doth
greet; [throws,

Into what sundry gyres her wonder'd self she

And oft inisles the shore, as wantonly she flows;

Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace;

As though she only were enamour'd of that place,

Her fore-intended course determined to leave,

And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave:

With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,

Her journey tow'rd the sea doth seriously pursue.

Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth
sweep,

Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.

And as she lends her eye to Bruge's lofty sight²³,

That forest-nymph mild Morff doth kindly her in-
vite [make:

To see within her shade what pastime she could

Where she, of Shropshire; I, my leave of Severn
take.

²³ Bruge-North.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL are won in the Welch march, and the
chorography of this song includes itself, for the
most, within Shropshire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa
cast.

Of the Marches in general you have to the next
before. The particular bounds have been certain

²¹ The ancient bounds of Wales.

²² Clun forest.

parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike (*a*). The ancientest is Severn, but a later is observed in a right line from Strigoil-castle, upon Wye (*b*), to Chester upon Dee, which was so naturally a mere between these two countries, Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either side, superstitious judgment was used to be given of success in the following years' battles of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had besides his before-possessed Merceland, acquired by conquest even almost what is now England. King Harold made a law (*c*), that whatsoever Welch transcended this dike with any kind of weapon, should have, upon apprehension, his right hand cut off; Athelstan, after conquest of Howel Dha, king of Wales, made Wye limit of North-Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West-Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shows you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read, *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensium & Constantinum regem Scotorum cadere regnis compulit* (*d*). For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the south and western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North-Wales; 'twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallensium* (for in Florence of Worcester, and Roger of Hoveden, that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonum*) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuïd's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river Cambia (*e*) the frontier towards Cornwall: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read Tamra, i. e. Tamar, dividing Devonshire and Cornwall; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter itself enough persuades.

Who drave the giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Dioclesian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries, as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and *Αυτοχθόνες*, as also for imitation of those epithets of *Ἰνγυσις*, and *Ἰλλυγγόνες* (*f*) among the Greeks, *Terræ filii* among

(*a*) Caradoc Lhancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy, Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript. cap. 15.

(*b*) By Chepstow, in Monmouth. Claudh-Offa. See to the tenth song for Dee. An. D.C.C.LXXX.

(*c*) Higden. in Polychronic. 1. cap. 49.

(*d*) "He compelled Ludwal, king of all Wales, and Constantine, King of Scots, to leave their crowns." *Emendatio Historiæ Malmesburiensis lib. 2. cap. 6.* (*e*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*f*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived.

Οὐρανῶν ἑνὲντρο καὶ ἀμυρὸς Οὐρανῶ (g).

Which misconceit I shall thiuk abused the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation and allegoric greatness (*h*), touched before out of Jewish fiction.

Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber, and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was styled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here showed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the Muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their name from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them *Scotols* (*i*) (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Græcians called the northern all Scythians (*k*), perhaps the original of that name being from shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lucian's title of *Toxaris*, is, as if you should say, an archer. For the word shoot being at first of the Teutonic (which was very likely disperse largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *schyth*, as among other testimonies, the name of *scyte finger* (*l*), i. e. the shooting finger, for the forefinger among our Saxons (*m*).

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for between Æneas Sylvius, king of the Latins, under whose time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whose second year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until Cæsar.

And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of Humber, king of Huns (a people that being Scythian, lived about those parts which you now call Mar (*n*) delle Zabach) his attempt and victory against Albanact, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation, weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great antiquary *o*) that the name was

(g) "Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of Heaven," Orpheus ap. Nat. Com. Mytholog. 6. cap. 21.

(h) ארם terra.

(i) Herodot. Melpomene 2.

(k) Ephor. ap. Strab. 2.

(l) In *שׁצ* *Scyte*, forsan reliquæ vocabuli *שׁצ* p. i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittarius, v. Goropium Becceselan. 8. sive Amazonic.

(m) Alured, leg. cap. 40.

(n) Agathias lib. 4. Maotidis Palus,

(o) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

first (or thence derived) Habren or Aber (*p*), which in Kritish, as appears by the names Abergevenni, Abertewi, Aberhodni, signifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tewi, Rhodni, is as much as a river's mouth in English (*q*), and fits itself specially, in that most of the Yorkshire rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn first Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transfer.

Look to the third song for more of Bladud and his baths. Some testimony is (*r*), that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at Stamford, in Lincolnshire; but, of any persuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the scholars (reigning Edward III.) a division in Oxford was into the northern and southern faction, the northern (before under Henry III. also was the like to Northampton) made secession to this Stamford, and there profess'd, until upon humble suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king by edict (*s*), and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White, of Basingstoke, otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that supposed prophecy of Merlin:

Doctrinæ studium quod nunc viget ad vada
Boum (*t*),

Ante finem sæcli celebrabitur ad vada Saxi (*u*).

Which you shall have englished in that solemnized marriage of Thameis and Medway, by a most admired Muse of our nation (*x*), thus with advantage:

And after him the fatal Welland went

That, if old saws prove true (which God forbid)

Shall drown all Holland (*y*) with his excrement,

And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,

Then shine in learning more than ever did

Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.

Nor can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

— As he those four proud streets began.

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

There balancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by senatorial authority, P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committee to transact

(*p*) Abus dictum isthoc æstuarium Ptolemæo.

(*q*) Girald. Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.

(*r*) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem & Balæus.

(*s*) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3, apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seqq.

(*t*) Oxenford. (*u*) Staneford.

(*x*) Spens. Faery Q. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz. 25.

(*y*) The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river.

with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed four hundred pound of gold (*z*); unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus, to the first injustice of the balance, added the poise of his sword also; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying *Vae victis* (*a*), came that to be as proverb applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet shak'd his ireful sword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus: Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year three hundred and sixty (*b*), after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken (*c*)) tell us. About cx years after, were tripartite excursions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgus or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgus had with Ptolemy, surnamed *Kigævus* (*d*), is discovered in the same authors (*e*), which relate to us Brennus his wasting of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace, about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnorus, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in Gallogræcia (*f*), left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classic authors will justify as much (*g*); nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars; only Trogus epitomized by Justin, is therein, by confusion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which hath caused that

(*z*) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.

(*a*) "Wo to the conquered," v. verò Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. Philosoph. qui hæc inter examinandum fœdè, ast cum aliis, in historiâ ipsâ lapsus est.

(*b*) Halicarnass. *æx.* a. Liv. 5.

(*c*) V. Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit. qui nimium hinc errore involutus.

(*d*) "Thunderbolt." (*e*) Pausanias in Phocic.

(*f*) Strab. lib. 13.

(*g*) Polyb. 1. a. §. 3. & 4. & Liv. dec. 1. lib. 5. dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. 2. Pausan. Phocic. 1. Appian. Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo. Cæterum plerisque Delphis injectâ à Phœbo grandine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum conductos sub stipendiis Ptolemæi Philadelphæi meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn. Callimach. in Delum.

error of those which take historical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Brennus, which sacked Rome, and him, that died at Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes it apparently false; nor indeed doth the British chronology endure our Brennus to be either of them, as Polydore and Buchanan have observed. But want of the British name moves nothing against it; seeing the people of this western part were all, until a good time after those wars, styled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and those which would have ransacked the oracle, are said by Callimachus to have come

ἀφ' Ἑσπέρου Ἰσχυαίωντος (h).

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much also observe, that those names of Brennus and Belinus, being of great note, both in signification and personal eminency; and, likely enough, there being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain, in several ages such identity made confusion in story. For the first in this relation appears what variety was of it; as also Urenhin and Brennin, in the British, are but significant words for king; and peradventure almost as ordinary a name among these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Egypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arsaces, Nicomedes, Alevada, Sophi, Caesar, Oiscing, among the Parthians, Bithynians, Thesallians, Persians, Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course of history shows you. For the other, you may see it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin in Caesar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus and Dio, and perhaps Cambaules in Pausanias, and Belin (whose steps seem to be in Abellius, a Gaulish, and Bela-tucadre, a British (i) god) was the name among them of a worshipped idol, as appears in Ausonius; and the same with Apello, which also by a most ancient British coin, stamped with Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with Cuno-belin, is showed to have been expressly among the Britons. Although I know, according to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which was the first part of many of their regal names, as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congolitan, and others) to make a significant word, as if you should say, the yellow king; for belin in British is yellow. But seeing the very name of their Apollo so well fitted with that colour, which to Apollo is commonly attributed (k), (and observe that their names had usually some note of colour in them, by reason of their custom of painting themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their title, as we see in the names of Merodach, and Evil-merodach, among the Babylonian kings, from Merodach, one of their false gods (l); and like examples may be found among the old emperors. Observe also that in British genealogies, they ascend always to

(h) "From the utmost west."

(i) Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jos. Scalig. ad Auson. l. 1. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigin. lib. 17. cap. 28. Plura de Belino, sive Beleno, i. Apolline Gallico Pet. Pitheus advers. subsec. lib. 1. cap. iii. qui Belenum παραρτὶ Ἑσπέρου Phœbi epitheton autumat. yid. notas Camd. ad Numismata, & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(k) Περὶ Ἀπὸλλωνος.

(l) Jerem. cap. 50.

Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to Lud and Cassibelin) as you see to the fourth song; and here might you compare that of Hel in the Punic tongue (m), signifying Phœbus, and turned into Belus; but I will not therewith trouble you. Howsoever, by this I am persuaded (whensoever the time were of our Belinus) that Belgins in Pausanias, and Belgins in Justin, were mistook for Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (n) supplying oftentimes the room of (p) generated of Brennus corrupted(n). In the story I dare follow none of the modern erroneously transcribing relators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might, took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon them, for trial, I put myself.

—whence Cymbrica it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part of the Danish kingdom, is called in geographers Cymbrica Chersonesus, from name of the people inhabiting it. And those which will the Cymbrians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Cambr, may with good reason of consequence imagine, that the name of this Chersonese is thence also, as the author here, by liberty of his Muse. But if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their followers, you come nearer truth, and derive them from Gomer(o), son to Japhet, who, with his posterity, had the north-western part of the world; then shall you set, as it were, the accent upon Chersonese, giving the more significant note of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmerians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance, being very comprehensive in these climates (p); and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees' latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolemy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of darkness to the Cimmerians (q), it had more specially this title.

To wise Molmutius' laws per Martian first did frame.

Particulars of Molmutius' laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers others are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred Meppenlage. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of laws (r), in the Saxon heptarchy, Mercian-lage, Dan-lage γερρεαχεν-lage, i. e. the Mercian, Danish, and West-Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by Cnut (s), and

(m) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. 1. cap. 6.

(n) Eustath. ad Dionys. περιγρ. uti Ἀμπερᾶ, ἀντὶ τοῦ Ἀμπερᾶ, & Νησὶ Πεταωνικᾷ ἀντὶ τοῦ Βετανικᾷ.

(o) Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently, often, and easy, as Lipsius shows, lib. de pronuntiatio. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

(p) Plutarch. in Mario, & Herod. lib. 2.

(q) Odys. λ. Περὶ καὶ νύκτιν κακὰ λυμένον.

(r) Look to the eleventh song.

(s) Gervas. Tilburiensis de Scaccario.

examined in that Norman constitution of their new common-wealth. But as the Danish and West-Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercland, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word *Mapc* (†), because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

— in whose eternal name,
Great London still shall live —

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but looked on Ludgate's inner frontispiece; and in old rhymes thus I have it exprest (x):

Walls he lete make al aboute, and yates up and doune (x),

And after Lud, that was his name, he clupede it Lud's town.

The herte yate of the toun that yut stont there, and is,

He let it clupie Ludgate after is own name iwis.

He let him tho he was ded bury at thulke yate.

Therefore yut after him me clupeth it Ludgate.

The toun me clupeth that is wide conth,

And now me clupeth it London, that is lighter in the mouth.

And new Troy it het ere, and now it is so ago,

That London it is now icluped and worth ever mo.

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first *Lhan Dien*, i. e. the temple of Diana, as *Lhan-Dewi*, *Lhan Stephan*, *Lhan Padern Dauwr*, *Lan Dair*; i. e. *Saint Dewy's*, *Saint Stephen's*, *Saint Patern the Great*, *Saint Mary*; and *Verulam* is by *H. Lhuil*, derived from *Der-Lhan*, i. e. the church upon the river *Ver*, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into *Londinium*, and the like. For, that *Diana* and her brother *Apollo* (under name of *Belin*) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, *Cæsar's* testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where *Paul's* is, relation in *Camden* discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by *Beth-el* among the Hebrews, *Heliopolis* (which in holy writ (y) is called *בית שמש*) in *Ægypt*, and the same in Greece, *Phenicia*, elsewhere; and by Athens, named from *Minerva*. But especially from this supposed deity of *Diana* (whom in substance *Homer* no less gives the epithet of *Ἰουλιανή* (z),

(†) A limit or bound.

(x) Rob. Glocestrenus.

(x) But it is affirmed that king *Coil's* daughter, mother to *Constantine the Great*, walled this first, and *Colchester* also. *Huntingdon*. lib. 1. & *Simon Dunelmensis*. ap. *Stow*. in *notitia Lond*. I shall presently speak of her also.

(y) *Jerem.* cap. 43. com. ult.

(z) "Patron of cities," v. *Homer*. ad *Dian*. *Stephan*. *παις θεῶν*. in *Βρυγας*. *Herodot.* lib. 2.

than to *Pallas*) have divers had their titles: as *Artemisium* in Italy, and *Eubœa*, and that *Bubastis* in *Ægypt*, so called from the same word, signifying in *Ægyptian*, both a cat and *Diana*.

Those armed stakes in Thames —

He means that which now we call *Cowaystakes*, by *Otelands*, where only the Thames being without boat passible, the Britons fixed both on the bank of their side, and in the water sharp stakes (a), to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

And more than *Cæsar* got, three emperors could not win.

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of *Julius*, i. e. *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, and *Caligula*, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king *Canobelin's* son *Adminius* his traitorous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made all arm to the British voyage (b), but suddenly on the German shore, (where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to his waist.

In this *Caradoc* (being the same which at large you have in *Tacitus* and *Dio*, under name of *Caratacus* and *Cataracus*, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed of the Gauls (c), down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terrour of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which they painted themselves (d). It is justifiable by *Cæsar*, that they used to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later times (e), about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding *Absalon's* misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon. —

Old historians and geographers call this *Camalodunum*, which some have absurdly thought to be *Camelot* (f), in the Scottish sheriffdom of *Stirling*, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (*Camden*) hath surely found it at this *Maldon*, in *Essex*, where was a Roman colony, as also at *Gloucester*, *Chester*, *York*, and perhaps at *Colchester* (g), which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions de-

(a) *Bed. lib.* 1. cap. 2.

(b) *Suet. lib.* 4. cap. 44. & 46. & *Dio Cassius*.

(c) *Polyb. Hist.* 2.

(d) *Solin. polyhist.* c. 35.

(e) *Girald. de script.* c. 10.

(f) *Hæc. Boët. lib.* iii.

(g) *Antiq. Inscript. Lapidææ & Numm. Vid. Fortescot. de laud. leg. Ang.* cap. 17. & *Vit. Basingstoech. lib.* 4. not. 36.

duced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Icens and Trinobants (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus, king of the Icens, by the Romans (*h*), which the king (as others in like form) thought but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nero, then emperor, his heir. The signs which the author speaks of, were a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howlings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

By poison end her days.——

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversely Voadicia, Boodicia, Bundoica, and Boudicca: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before.

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Ferguze, affirm the Picts (*i*) (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland, some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots' first entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until king Kenneth, about eight hundred and forty years after Christ, utterly supplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discords) says, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderic, their king, (for so you must read in Monmouth (*k*), and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly opposed by Marius, then king of Britons, Roderic slain, and Caithness given them for habitation. This Marius is placed with Vespasian, and the gross differences of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguished only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

(*h*) Agellius, l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio. lib. 5.

(*i*) Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictorum, ita n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Paucyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantium encomiis adloquitur, & si placet adeas Humfred. Lhuid. Brev. Brit. & Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotie. aut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos, Rob. Glocestrensi dicuntur Picars.

(*k*) Galfridus Monmeth. correctus, & ibidem. vice *et* Macsmarius lege Vestmaria.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Genissa, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employed in the British war, the common story relates. This is Armitagus, which Juvenal speaks of (*l*). Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the poet then flourished (*m*). That fabulous Hector Boetius, makes him the same with Phasviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth song) this Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received, at the hands of Eufatius and Damianus (*n*), holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it without warrant (*o*), affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

And gave him then a shilde of silver white,
A cross endlong and overthwart full perfect,
These arms were used through all Britain
For a common sign each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certain,
S. George's arms——

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer, king of Indy, converted by Saint Thomas (*p*), or Abagar, king of Edessa (*q*), to whom those letters written, as is supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in Constantinople until the emperor Isaacius Angelus (*r*), as my authors say, were sent) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of (*s*) Tertullian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald, first christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two christian aids, is said to have, in room of three arch-flamens and twenty-eight flamens (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three arch-

(*l*) Satyr. 4. (*m*) Suidas in Juvenali.

(*n*) These names are very differently written.

(*o*) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Ast Codices ii, quos consuluisse me Nennii antiquos contigit hujusce rei parum sunt memores.

(*p*) Abdias hist. Apostolic. lib. 9. Euseb. lib. 1. cap. 15.

(*q*) Nicet. Choniast. in Andronic. Comnen. lib. 2.

(*r*) Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.

(*s*) Distinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens P.P.

bishoprics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Uske, and twenty-eight bishoprics; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwall. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon Saint Peter's own command, to make substitution of archbishops or patriarchs to arch-flamens, and bishops to flamens, if you believe a pope's assertion (*l*). For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's, in Cornhill, until translation of the pall to Canterbury by Augustine (*n*), sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophecy of Merlin, that christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth, bishop of London, to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great clerk of the same time (*x*). If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velsar, and others, have enough remembered it.

Constantius' worthy wife. —————

That is Helen, wife to Constantius, or Constans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Constantine the Great, daughter to Coil, king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum, of Bithynia, or Jul. Firmicus (*y*), that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (*z*) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian: nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastic relation (in passages of her invention of the cross and such like) allowed also by cardinal Baronius, make her tis a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Ipsiarius durst expose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: *Liberauit ille* (he means his father) *Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriundo fecisti*; and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beator terris Britannia, quæ Constantinum Cæsarem prima vidisti?* These might persuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time; and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admissions of state (*a*) (newly published by Jo: n Meursius, professor of Greek story at Leiden) the emperor

Constantine Porphyrogenetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in saint Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, *ἐν καὶ αὐτοῖς τὴν γένειν ἀπὸ τῶν τοῦτον Ἑλλήνων* (*b*), which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogenetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call all (*c*) (especially the western) Europeans, by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whose name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us Incilins (*d*); and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shows as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (*e*) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London: others think he was born at York: of that I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxt for no small faults by ecclesiastical writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons want not unjustly: as in that spoken to king Arthur.

Now it worth iended that Sibile the sage sede
bivore,

That there sheld of Brutain thre men be ybore
That shold winne the aumpyr of Roune; of tweye
ydo it is, [thredde y wis.

As of Bely (*f*) and Constantine, and thou art the

Against the Arian sect at Arles having run.

In the second council at Arles, in Provence, held under Constantine and Silvester, is subscribed the name of Restitutus, bishop of London, the like respectively in other councils spoken of by the author. It is not unfit to note here, that in the later time the use hath been (when and where Rome's supremacy was acknowledged) to send always to general councils, out of every christian state, some bishops, abbots, and priors: and I find it affirmed by the clergy under Henry II. (*g*) that, to a general council, only four bishops are to be sent out of England. So, by reason of this course added to state-allowance afterward at home, were those canons received into our law: as of bigamy in the council of Lions, interpreted by parliament under Edward I. Of pluralities in the

(*l*) V. Kenulph. in Epist. ad Leonem PP. apud G. Malmesb. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide Basingstoch. hist. 9. not. 11.

(*n*) Stow's Survey of London, p. 479.

(*x*) Joann. Carnotens. in Episto^{la}. 272.

(*y*) Mathes. l. 1. cap. 4.

(*z*) Lips. de Rou: magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 11.
minium laps.

(*a*) Constant. Porphyrog. de administ. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric. 5. haut multum hic moramur.

(*b*) "Because he was born in their parts."

(*c*) Histor. Orientales passim. & Themata Constantini, cum supra citato libro.

(*d*) Nicet. Choniot. 2. Isaac. Angel. §. ult.
Iγνάλισαι.

(*e*) G. Steph. de Londino. Basingstoch. Hist. 6. not. 10.

(*f*) Belinus.

(*g*) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

Council of Lateran, held by Innocent III. reigning our king John; and the law of lapse in benefices had so its ground from that council of Lateran, in the year eleven hundred seventy-nine, under Alexander the third, whither, for our part, were sent Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Norwich, Robert bishop of Hereford, and Rainold bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, where the canon was made for presentation within six months (*h*), and title of lapse given to the bishop in case the chapter were patron, from the bishop to them if he were patron: which although, in that, it be not law with us, nor also their difference between a lay and ecclesiastic patron (*i*), for number of the months, allowing the layman but four, yet shows itself certainly to be the original of that custom anciently, and now used in the ordinary's collation. And hither Henry of Bracton refers it expressly (*k*); by whom you may amend John le Briton, and read Lateran instead of Lions, about this same matter. Your conceit, truly joining these things, cannot but perceive that canons, and constitutions in popes' councils, absolutely never bound us in other form than, fitting them by the square of English law and policy, our reverend sages and baronage allowed and interpreted them (*l*), who in their formal writs (*m*), would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again.

Our common story affirms, that in time of Gratian, the emperor, Conan, king of Armorica Britain (which was filled with a colony of this isle by this Conan and Maximus, otherwise Maximian, that slew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, desired of Dinoth, regent of Cornwall, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearness of blood so to establish and continue love in the posterity of both countries) that he might himself match with Dinoth's daughter Ursula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be sent over to furnish his unwived batchelors: whereupon were eleven thousand of the nobler blood with Ursula, and sixty thousand of meaner rank (selected out of divers parts of the kingdom) shipt at London for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of Gaul, they were by tempest disperst; some ravished by the ocean; others for chaste denial of their maidenheads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated against Maximus, as usurping title of the British monarchy) were miserably put to the sword on some German coast, whither misfortune carried them. But because the author slips it over with a touch, you shall have it in such old verse as I have (*n*).

This maidens were ygadred and to London come,
Mani were glad ther of and well sorri some

(*h*) G. Nubr. (cujus edit. nuperam & Jo. Picardi annotationes consulas) l. 3. & Hovedenus habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constit.

(*i*) Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.

(*k*) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. Verum cum unic.

(*l*) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.

(*m*) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis ecclesiastic. Regist. Orig. f. 42.

(*n*) Rob. Glocestrens.

That hij (*o*) ssold of londe wende and neu est
hor (*p*) frend y se,

And some to lese hor maidenhood wives vor to be,
Tho hii were in ssipes ydo, and in the se ver were
So gret tempest ther come that drof hem here and there.

So that the mestedel (*q*) adreined were in the se.
And to other londs some ydrive, that ne come
never age (*r*).

A king there was of Hungry, Guaine was his name,
And Melga, K. Picardy (*s*) that couthe inou of fame,

The waters vor so soki aboute the se hii were

A company of this maydens so that hii met there

To bor folie hii wolde honie nime (*t*) and bor men
also [thereto]

At the maydens wold rather die than concenty
Tho wende worth the luther (*u*) men and the maidens
slow echone, [none.]

So that to the lasse Brutaine there ne come alive

Some lay all this wickedness absurdly (for time endures it not) to Attila's charge (*x*), who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (about sixty years after Gratian) and affirm their suffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others also particularly tell you that there were four companions to Ursula, in greatness and honour, their names being Pymosa (*y*), Cordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under these were to every of the eleven thousand one president, Iolan, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicta, Odilia, Celyndris, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, custom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The strange multitude of seventy one thousand virgins thus to be transported, with the difference of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of history by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not justify it, but only admonish thus, that those our old stories are in this followed by that great historian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of Basingstoke, and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius, beside the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thousand have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they can stand with what in some copies of Nennius we read (*z*), I cannot see: it is reported, that those Britons which went thither with Maximus (the same man and time with the former) took them Gaulish wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possess their children of Gaulish language; whence our Welsh called them afterward Lehit-widion (*a*), because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there is great affinity betwixt the British Armorica, and the Welsh, the first (to

(*o*) They. (*p*) Their. (*q*) Most part,

(*r*) Again. (*s*) Of the Picts,

(*t*) Them take. (*u*) Lewd.

(*x*) Hector. Boet. Scotici. 7. ex antiquioribus, verum falsi reis.

(*y*) Usuard. Martyrolog. 2. c. Octob.

(*z*) Sunt enim antiqui codices quibus hoc merito deest, nec n. ut glossema illud non irrepitasse, sentire sum potis,

(*a*) Half silent,

give you a taste) saying, Hon tad pehunü son en efaou, the other En tad yr hwn ydwt yn y nefoedd, for "Our Father which art in Heaven"; but I suspect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, our historians mix with it Gratian's surviving Maximus (b), a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themselves derive.

He means the Saxons, whose name, after learned men, is to the fourth song derived from a Scythian nation. It pleases the Muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future, having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors' glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report of themselves (c), then can you not make them less than descended by Targitaus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and styled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrus, Gelonus, and Scythia, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Dicæneus, and Anacharsis, before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were called Æthiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerners were styled Scythians; as Ephorus is author (d). I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup, sent from Heaven, wittily enough delivered by Goropius (e), with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

(b) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 15.

(c) Herodot. Melpom. 3.

(d) Apud Strab. l. æ.

(e) Amazon, Becceselan. 8.

POLY-OLBION.

THE NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chants,
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from descent:

The rivers for them showing there
The wonders of their Fimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native princes' deeds.
The Muse then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druids' guise,
And manner of their sacrifice.
Her rillets she together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

Of all the Cambrian shires their heads that bear
so high, [ous eye,
And farth'st survey their soils with an ambi-
Mervinia¹ for her hills, as for their matchless
crowds, [clouds,
The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring
Especial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That she of all the rest neglected was so long:
Alledging for herself; when through the Saxons'
p. le,

The godlike race of Brute to Severn's setting side
Were cruelly inforc'd, her mountains did relieve
Those, whom devouring war else every-where did
grieve. [might]

And when all Wales beside (by fortune or by
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
A constant maiden still she only did remain,

§. The last her genuine laws which stoutly did
retain. [things;

And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and
springs,

And holds herself as great in her superfluous
waste, [grac'd.

As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their
lins².

Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;

"Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbour-
ing floods surmount [account]

(Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth
Hath Angel³ for her own, and Keriog she doth
clear,

With Towin, Gwedol then, and Dulas, all as dear,
Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:
Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall

My country calleth hers, with many another
brook, [look.

That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian
To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward
drives,

Lingoril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives

The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
Clear Kessigum comes in, with Hergum by and
by. [Cain,

So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth
Which in one channel meet, in going to the
main, [aids;

As to their utmost power to lend her all their
So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.

And Velenrid the like, observing th' other's law,
Calls Cannel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth
draw,

¹ Merionethshire.

² Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.

³ The rivers as in order they fall into the
Irish sea.

That from their mother earth, the rough Mervinia,
 pay
 Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser bay
 §. Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,
 Which through Gwinethia⁴ be so famous every
 where, [unound,
 On my Caernarvon side by nature made my
 As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
 The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
 Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
 So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that head-
 long throw [doth flow.
 §. Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmix'd
 Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native
 lin; [doth win,
 Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself
 Along with him his lord full courteously doth
 glide:
 So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do guide
 Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness
 way,
 Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey."
 The lofty hills, this while attentively that stood,
 As to survey the course of every several flood,
 Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way
 so shrill,
 With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)
 That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivian
 main [constrain
 To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,
 That mighty god of sea t'awake: who full of
 dread, [head,
 Thrice throw his three-fork'd mace about his griesly
 And thrice above the rocks his forehead rais'd, to
 see [be.
 Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should
 So that with very sweat Cadoridric did drop,
 And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kissing
 top, [enrage;
 Amongst the furious rout whom madness did
 Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to as-
 suage,
 Upon a modest sign of silence to the throng,
 Consorting thus, in praise of their Mervinia, sung;
 "Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time
 ne'er shall prey,
 O Edgar; who compell'dst our Ludwal hence to
 pay [thee:
 Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto
 And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou
 be, [destroy'd
 O conquer'd British king, by whom was first
 §. The multitude of wolves, that long this land
 annoy'd; [flocks,
 Regardless of their rape, that now our harmless
 Securely here may sit upon the aged rocks;
 Or wand'ring from their walks, and straggling here
 and there
 Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs never
 fear; [creep
 But from the threat'ning storm to save itself may
 Into that darksome cave where once his foe did
 keep: [having fed,
 That now the clamb'ring goat all day which
 And climbing up to see the Sun go down to bed,
 Is not at all in doubt her little kid to lose,
 Which grazing in the vale, secure and safe she
 knows.

⁴ North-wales.

"Where, from these lofty hills such spacious
 Heaven do threat,
 Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature set,
 We talk how we are stor'd, or what we greatly
 need, [feed,
 Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds do
 When else the hanging rocks, and vallies dark and
 deep, [keep.
 The summer's longest day would us from meeting
 "Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom these our
 mountains please,
 And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light Orades⁵,
 §. Saint Helen's wondrous way, and Herbert's let
 us go,
 And our divided rocks with admiration show."
 Not meaning there to end, but speaking as
 they were,
 A sudden fearful noise surprised every ear.
 The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that fre-
 quent, [dew besprent,
 With brows besmear'd with ooze, their locks with
 Inhabiting the lake, in sedgy bow'rs below,
 Their inward grounded grief that only sought to
 show [did take,
 Against the mountain kind, which much on them
 Above their wat'ry brood, thus proudly them be-
 spake; [threat
 "Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus you
 Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great?
 To make you know yourselves, you this must un-
 derstand,
 That our great Maker laid the surface of the land
 As level as the lake until the general flood,
 When over all so long the troubled waters stood:
 Which, hurried with the blasts from angry Heaven
 that blew; [threw;
 Up on huge massy heaps the loosen'd gravel
 From hence we would ye know, your first beginning
 came; [tain's name.
 Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did moun-
 So that the Earth, by you (to check her mirthful
 cheer) [poured were
 May always see (from Heaven) those plagues that
 Upon the former world; as 'twere by scars to
 show [blow:
 That still she must remain disfigur'd with the
 And by th' infectious slime that doonful deluge
 left,
 Nature herself hath since of purity been reft;
 And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal man
 Was shorten'd. With these plagues ye mountains
 first began.
 "But, ceasing you to shame; what mountain is
 there found
 In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island
 round)
 That truly of himself such wonders⁶ can report,
 As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort?
 That when Dee in his course fain in her lap would
 lie, [deny,
 Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth
 By his complexion prov'd, as he through her doth
 glide.
 Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth
 divide. [abound,
 Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously
 Are never seen in him; nor are his salmons found

⁵ Nymphs of the mountains.⁶ The wonders of Linteged, or Pemblemere.

At any time in her : but as she him disdains ;
So he again, from her, as willfully abstains.
Down from the neighbouring hills, those plenteous
springs that fall,

Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,
Resembling that great lake which seems to care for
none : [rank,

§. And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing
She only over-swells the surface of her bank."

But, whilst these nymphs report these wonders of
the lake, [brake;

'Their farther cause of speech the mighty Snowdon⁷
Lest, if their wat'ry kind should suffer'd be too
long, [ains wrong.

The licence that they took, might do the mount-
For Quickly he had found that straiten'd point of
land,

Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,
Pufft with their wat'ry praise, grew insolently proud,
And needs would have his rills for rivers be allow'd:
Short Darent, near'st unto the utmost point of all
That th'isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her
fall ; [May,

And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the
Must rivers be at least, should all the world gain-
say : [wide,

And those, whereas the land lies eastward, amply
That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,
Born near upon her banks, each from her proper
lin, [mistress in.

Soon from their mothers out, soon with their
As Leddar, her ally, and neighbour Legwy ; then
Gors Purloyd, Castel pext, with Giffin, that agen
Observe fair Conway's course : and though their
race be short, [resort,

Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their
And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere
did note. [float).

§. Still Delos like, wherein a wand'ring isle doth
Was pre-emptory grown upon his higher ground ;
That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are
found,

As of her wonder proud, did with the floods partake.
So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they
would make

Against his general kind ; both parties to appease,
He purposeth to sing their native princes' praise.
For Snowdon, a hill, imperial in his seat,
Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,
That were his Wales distress, or of his help had
need, [feed.

He all her flocks and herds for many months could
Therefore to do something were worthy of his name,
Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons'
fame,

His country to content, a signal having made,
By this oration thinks both parties to persuade :
" Whilst here this general isle the ancient Britons
ow'd, [show'd :

The valiant deeds before by Severn have been
But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon
swarms,

(As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)
Here called to our aid, Loegria us bereft,
Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high lineage
left,

⁷ The most famous mountain of all Wales, in
Caernarvonshire.

For succour hither came ; where that unmixed race
Remains unto this day, yet owners of this place :
Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath song.

These, then, shall be my theme : lest time too
much should wrong [been ;

Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have
And as themselves, their fame be limited between
The Severn and our sea, long pent within this
place, [now embas

§. Till with the term of Welsh, the English
The nobler Britons' name, that well-near was
destroy'd [annoy'd ;

With pestilence and war, which this great isle
Cadwallader that drave to the Armoric shore :
To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long
before,

His countrymen from hence auspiciously convey'd :
Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's
fall,

Armorica to them the valiant victor gave :
Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage,
drave [supply

The Celts out of their seats, and did their room
§. With people still from hence ; which of our
colony [king,

Was Little Britain call'd. Where that distressed
Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting
With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him de-
tain) [reign

§. Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons'
A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed ;
A reclus life in Rome injoining him to lead.

The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left
With Alan : who, much griev'd the prince should
be bereft [fleet ;

Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd
And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his peer ;
Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Britons
were [war,

The first who West-sex⁸ won. But by the ling'ring
When they those Saxons found th'ave succour still
from far, [shore :

They took them to their friends on Severn's setting
Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to re-
store [pursu'd :

His son young Roderic, whom the Saxon pow'rs
But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be subdu'd,
With Aldred (that on Wales his strong invasion
brought) [fought,

Garthmalac, and Pencoyd (those famous battles)
That North and South-wales sing, on the West-
Sexians won. [had done,

Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword
But at Mount Carno⁹ met the Mercians, and with
wounds

Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our
bounds ; [flew ;

Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that
And in a valiant fight their king Dalargan slew.

" Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in
ought [fought

Renowned Roderic's heir, who with the English
⁸ The West-Saxons' country, comprehending
Devonshire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their ad-
jacent.

⁹ A hill near Aber-gavenny in Monmouth.

The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with
gore: [shore,
Who, to transfer the war from this his native
March'd through the Mercian towns with his re-
vengeful blade:

And on the English there such mighty havoc made,
That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)
From bick'ring with his folk, to keep us Britons
back, [length
Cast up that mighty mound ¹⁰ of eighty miles in
Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mercians'
strength

A witness tho' it stand, and Offa's name does bear,
Our courage was the cause why first he cut it
there:

As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
Where under either's sword so many thousands
fell [own;

With intermixed blood, that neither knew their
Nor which went victor thence; unto this day is
known. [show'd,

"Nor Kettle's conflict then less martial courage
Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians and be-
stow'd [flight.

His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant
"As Rodoric his great son, his father following
right,

Bare not the Saxons' scorn, his Britons to out-
brave;

At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion
brought.

Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway fought
With Danes and Mercians mix'd, and on their
hateful head [murthered.

Down-show'd their dire revenge whom they had
"And, wer't not that of us the English would
report

(Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort
As often-times they do) that more than any, we
(The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxons'
gore, [shore,

Our swords at Crossford spilt on Severn's wand'ring
And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant son
(May we believe our bards) who five pitch battles
won; [wrought,

And to revenge the wrongs the envious English
His well-train'd martial troops into the Marches
brought

As far as Worster walls: nor thence did he retire,
Till Powse lay well-near spent in our revengeful
fire; [soils,

As Hereford laid waste: and from their plenteous
Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners and
his spoils.

"Thus as we valiant were, when valour might
us steed:

With those so much that dar'd, we had them that
decreed.

For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
More excellent than those which our good Howel
here [main.

Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with us re-

"And when, all-powerful fate had brought to
pass again,

That as the Saxons erst did from the Britons win;
Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,

¹⁰ Offa's Ditch.

Took from those tyrants here, what treach'rously
they got, [allot]

(To the peridious French which th'angry Heavens
Ne'er could that conqueror's sword (which roughly
did decide

His right in England here, and prostrated her pride)
Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Th'unwieldy Norman yoke: nor basely could we
fear [rage] ours

His conquest, ent'ring Wales; but (with stout cou-
Defy'd him to his face, with all his English pow'rs.

"And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither
came, [shame,
With vows us to subvert; with slaughter and with
O'er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.

"So, when to England's power, Albania hers
had lay'd, [wit,

By Henry Beauclark brought (for all his det'lish
By which he raught the wreath) he not prevail'd
a whit: [press'd,

And through our rugged straits when he so rudely
Had not his proved mail sat surely to his breast,
A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,
As his stern brother's heart, by Tirill's hand, was
cleft.

"And let the English thus, which vilify our
name,

If it their greatness please, report unto our
shame,

The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly
fight, [flight:

To Maud the empress' son, that there he put to
§. And from the English power th' imperial ensign
took:

About his plumed head which valiant Owen shook.

"As when that king again, his fortune to advance
Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs from
France,

A surely level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,
And in the very loose, not thrust himself between
His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had
try'd:

Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject dy'd.

"As Madoc his brave son, may come the rest
among; [grandsires sprung,

Who like the godlike race, from which his
Whilst here his brothers tir'd in sad domestic strife,
On their unnatural breasts bent either's murderous
knife;

This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of
fame,

With such as his great spirit did with high deeds
inflame, [ground,

Put forth his well rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign
And sailed west so long, until that world he found
To Christians then unknown (save this advent'rous
crew)

Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespuccius knew;
And put the now nam'd Welsh on India's parched
face,

Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned race,
Ere the Iberian powers had toucht her long-sought
bay,

§. Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

"§. And with that Croggen's name let th'English
us disgrace;

When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient
place [grandsires' graves;

From whence that name they fetch, their conquer'd
For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.

"And when that tyrant John had our subversion vow'd,

§. To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd:
Nor to his mighty son; whose host we did enforce
(His succours cutting off) to eat their warlike horse.

"Until all-ruling Heaven would have us to resign:

When that brave prince, the last of all the British line,

Lewellin; Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,

§. As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.

Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,
We would permit no prince, unless a native here.
Which, that most prudent king perceiving, wisely thought

To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
His queen being great with child, ev'n ready down to lie, [apply.

Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers
"Through every part of Wales he to the nobles sent,

That they unto his court should come incontinent,
Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:

But now behold the power of unavoided fate!

"When thus unto his will he fitly them had won, [son.

At her expected hour the queen brought forth a
And to this great design, all happ'ning as he would, [could]

He (his intended course that clerkly manage
Thus quaintly trains us on: since he perceiv'd us prone

Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
Our naturalness therein he greatly did approve;
And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly see,
That he had found out one, their sovereign lord to be; [born]

Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country
Could not one English word: of which he durst be sworn.

Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was such, [touch

As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not
His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not espy
His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity, [refuse:
Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to
When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuse,
Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd: [thrall'd.

Thus by the English craft, we Britons were en-
"Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare to say, [way.

Thou long as powerful wert as England every
And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,
Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race
And he that was by Heaven appointed to unite
(After that tedious war) the red rose and the white;
A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
From whom descends that king now sitting on her throne." [please

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was to
Both parties, and them both with such content
t'appease;

That as before they strove for sovereignty and place, [grace.

They only now contend, which most should other

VOL. IV.

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began;
Lewenny, Llynan next, then Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about:
So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cambrian main.

It Gorway greatly prais'd and Seint it loudly sung.
So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Caernarvon rung;

That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena came, [same,

When with his puissant troops for conquest of the
On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her sought,

Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought:
That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's praise to hear,

Although the stock of Troy to her was ever dear;
Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all other
§. Was call'd (in former times) her country Cambria's mother,

Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,
Assign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to slake;
Which suddenly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake; [long

"What one of all the isles to Cambria doth be-
(To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)

Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and grain?
As should my Wales (where still Brute's offspring doth remain)

That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,

By famine or by war constrained be to need,
And England's neighbouring shires their succour would deny;

My only self her wants could plenteously supply.
"What island is there found upon the Irish coast, [most,

In which that kingdom seems to be delighted
And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,
Where the encounter'ing tides outrageously do roar)
That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show;
§. So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known,

Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her own,
In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas
The Arrans¹¹, and by them the scatter'd Eubides¹¹
Rejoice even at my name; and put on mirthful cheer, [hear.

When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs
"Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood, [stood,

Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires with-
§. The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke, [tree

And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred
The misleto cut down; then with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires: [expires,

And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh
As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)

Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

¹¹ Isles upon the west of Scotland.

Up to th' eternal Heaven their bloodied hands did rear :
[with fear,

And, whilst the murmuring woods even shudder'd as
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal
state ;

To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly might
excite. [delight,

" To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did
Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with
fear

To look upon my face, which then was call'd the
Dark ;

Until in after-time, the English for a mark
Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever
bear,

And Anglesey from them am called every where.

" My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Sylvens
did resort, [court,

In gliding through my shades to mighty Neptune's
Of their huge oaks bereft) to Heaven so open lie,
That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye :
My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's mouth,
With those her sister rills that bear upon the south,
Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth
draw ;

And next to them again, the fat and moory Fraw,
§. Which with my prince's court I sometime pleas'd
to grace,

As those that to the west directly run their race.
Smooth Allo in her fall, that Llyn in doth take ;
Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylroniad
make, [shore,

The sea-calves to behold that bleach them on her,
Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her store.
Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see
The isle that breedeth mice : whose store so loth-
some be, [hide "

That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head doth
When now the wearied Muse her burthen having
ply'd,

Herself awhile betakes to bathe her in the Sound ;
And quitting in her course the goodly Monian
ground, [throw

Assays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth
On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back to
go : [sight,

Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of
Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient
right.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORE western are you carried into Merioneth.
Caernarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts of
North-wales.

The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English
(animated by the good success which Robert Fitz-
hamon had first against Rees ap Tiddour, prince
of South-Wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord
of Glamorgan) being very desirous of the Welsh
territories ; Hugh, (a) surnamed Wolf, earl of Ches-
ter, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvo-
nioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And

(a) Powel. ad Caradoc Llancarv. & Camd.

thus pretending title, got also possession of Merio-
neth, from Gruffith ap Conan, prince of North-
Wales : but he soon recovered it, and thence left
it continued in his posterity, until Llewellyn ap
Gruffith, under Edward the First, lost it himself,
and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of
South and West-Wales especially) had before sub-
jected themselves to the English crown ; this
through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible
with too much difficulty, being the last strong
refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan,
where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the
Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the
sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia (that
is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their
names Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bachan, i. e. as
it were, the great haven and the little haven ;
traeth (b), in British, signifying a tract of sand
whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

Into that spacious lake where Dee unmixt doth
flow.

That is, Llyn-tedig (otherwise call'd by the En-
glish, Pemelsmere) through which Deer rising in
this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor
river communicating to each other water or fish ;
as the author anon tells you. In the ancients (c),
is remembered specially the like of the Rhosne run-
ning unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of
Geneva ; as, for a greater wonder, the most
learned Casaubon (d) hath delivered also of Arva,
running whole through Rhosne ; and divers other
such like are in Pliny's collection of Nature's most
strange effects in waters.

The multitude of wolves that long this land
annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his
name with diligent and religious performance of
charitable magnificence among his English, and
confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness,
by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings ;
as you shall see in and to the next song) for increase
of his benefits towards the isle, joined with preserva-
tion of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of
the Welsh into three hundred wolves a year, as
the author shows ; the king that paid it ;

Thre yer he huld is term-rent, ac the vorth was
behind ; [vinde.

Nor he send e the king word that he migty ne mo

As, according to the story my old rhymers delivers
it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king
of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howell ap
Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago,
delivered his father, and took on himself the whole
principality towards the later years of Edgar, I
know not. But this was not an utter destruction of
them ; for, since that time (e), the manor of
Piddlesly in Leicester-shire was held by one

(b) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.

(c) Ammian. Marcel. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib.
2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.

(d) Ad Strabon. lib. 3.

(e) Itin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv.
Turr. Lond.

Henry of Angage, per serjeantiam capiendi lupos, as the inquisition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way——

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; so called by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mother to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last song before.

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of some divines (*f*), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh (*g*) speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; "Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed," that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy writ (*h*) elsewhere, "the mountains ascend, and the valleys descend to the place where thou didst found them;" good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of isles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

And with stern Eolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing rank.

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's store, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one side eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes to that state of Delos, which is feigned (*i*) before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child birth.

That with the term of Welsh the English now imbase.

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh, i. e. strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if, upon the community of name, customs, and original, 'twixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Gu.) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than strangers; although in the Saxon (which is (*k*) observed) it

(*f*) His post alios refragatur B. Pererius ad Genes. 1. quest. 101.

(*g*) Prov. 8.

(*h*) Ps. 104.

(*i*) Pindar. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.

(*k*) Buchanan. Scot. Hist. 2.

was used for the name of Gauls, strangers, and barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in this kingdom the name of Frenchman (*l*), hath by inclusion comprehended all kind of aliens.

Was little Britain call'd——

See a touch of this in the passage of the virgins to the eighth song. Others affirm, that under Constantine (*m*), of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from some of these the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be also that will justify the British name to have been in that tract long before (*n*), and for proof cite Dionysius Afer (*o*), and Pliny (*p*); but for the first, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, seeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne should be any such habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them (*q*), before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The surer opinion is to refer the name unto those Britons, which (being expelled the island at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beside other authority an express assertion is in an old fragment of a French history (*r*), which you may join with most worthy Camden's treatise on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I send you.

Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons' reign.

Cadwallader, driven to forsake this land, especially by reason of plague and famine tyrannising among his subjects, joined with continual eruptions of the English, retired himself into little Bretagne, to his cozen Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admonished by an angel (I justify it but by the story) that a period of the British empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or posterity should have no restitution; and farther, that he should take his journey to Rome, where, for a transitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this vision, compares it with the eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concurring in prediction of this ceasing of the British monarchy. Through his advice, therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very short time there died; his body very lately under pope Gregory the XIII. was found buried by S. Peter's tomb (*s*), where it yet remains; and White of Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment, of a che-snut colour, taken up (with the corpse) uncorrupted;

(*l*) Bract. lib. 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg. Gul. Conquest. & D. Coke in Cas. Calvin.

(*m*) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 1.

(*n*) Paul Merul. Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. c. 31.

(*o*) Vid. Eustath. ad eundem.

(*p*) Hist. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem super Ligerim Britannos hos situs dixisse, miror P. Merulam tam constanter affirmasse.

(*q*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem secutus P. Merula.

(*r*) Ex Ms. Cœnob. Flo. iac. edit. per P. Pithæum.

(*s*) Anton. Major. ap. Basinstoch. lib. 9. not. 32.

which he accounts, as a Romish pupil, no slight miracle. It was added among British traditions, that, when Cadwallader's bones were brought into this isle (†), then should the posterity of their princes have restitution: concerning that, you have enough to the second song. Observing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the story of this prince, I know not well how to give myself or the reader satisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Glocester, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the son of Cadwallo, king of the Britons before him, but so, that he descended also from English-Saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda, king of Merckland. Our monks call him king of West-Saxons, successor of Kentwine, and son to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Llancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers, that Kentwine must be dead above three years before. But howsoever these things might be reconcilable, I think clearly that Cadwallader (u) in the British, and Cedwalla, king of West-Saxons in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other stories of the English, are not the same, as Geoffrey, and out of Girald, Randal of Chester, and others since erroneously have affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo, or Caswallo, living about the year DCXL. slain by Oswald, king of Northumberland, was the same with Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals, (the other being, almost fifty years after, king of West-Saxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indistinct names, without observation of their several times, these discordant relations of them, which in story are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfy you in present, I keep myself to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: some will, that he was Christian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Llancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well wilter to Christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptised; and so also his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

Perciptionsque alacer redivæ præmia vitæ,
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde suum,
Conversus convertit ovans, Petrarque vocari,
Sergius antistes, jussit ut ipse pater
Fonte renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans
Protinus ablatum vexit in arce Poli (x).

(†) Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.

(u) Cedwalla Rex Britonum Bed. Hist. Eccles. 3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Ottdinensis pag. 664. & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.

(x) Bed. eccles. hist. lib. 5. c. 7. Englished in substance, if you say, He was baptized, and soon

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selesey, in Sussex; where the episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the Conqueror) acknowledges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch, the first Christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word כִּבְרִית which was for Abel's offerings, and מַשְׁכָּן for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less calculation in Cabalistic (y) concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequence of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning, Joseph Scaliger (z); affirming, tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an old inscription at Delphos (a), and the common report of Cæcilius, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less among them and others together, was to Mars (b), Jupiter (c), Juno (d), and the number of gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth part of Lesbos (e). He which the author, after the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the same with Ine, king of West-sex, in our monkish chronicles, although there be scarce any congruity betwixt them in his descent. What follows is but historical and continued succession of their princes.

More excellent than those which our good Howell here.

For Howell Dha, first prince of South-Wales and Powis, after upon death of his cousin Edwal Voel, of North-Wales also, by mature advice, in a full council of barons and bishops, made divers universal constitutions. By these, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that

died, Anno Christi DC.LXXXVIII. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI song.

(y) Ratio cabalistica minor, secundum quam & centenario quolibet & denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovens. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

(z) Ad Festum, verb. Decuma.

(a) Clemens Alexand. Strom. α. & Steph. 1. 1. 1. in Αἰσχυρίῳ, tantundem: præter alios quam plurimos.

(b) Lucian. 1. 1. O'χχῶν. & Varro ap. Macrob. 3. cap. 1. (c) Herodot. α.

(d) Samii apud. Herodot. 3.

(e) Thucyd. hist. γ.

before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of Henry III. his empire enlarged among them, the English king's writ did run there. For when Edward I. sent commission to Reginald of Grey (f), Thomas bishop of St. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their customs, and by what laws they were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themselves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's seizing it into his hands, until discovery of the title in his court; but also that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle, you have some particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching those other of Molmutius and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Th' unwieldy Norman yoke—

Snowdon properly speaks all for the glory of his country, and follows suppositions of the British story, discording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus, under the year cto. LXXVIII. I read that the Conqueror subdued Wales, and took homage and hostages of the princes; so of Henry I. cto. c. xiii. Henry II. in cto. c. lvii. and other times: Of this Henry II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin, "When the freckle-faced prince (so was the king) passes over Rhyd Pencarn (g), then should the Welsh forces be weakened." For he, in this expedition against Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford: which compared with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture; as a Cambro-Briton (h), then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among historians (i), to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the first note here for Rufus his time.

And from the English power th' imperial standard
took.

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a strait at Counsylvth, near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused, by Robert of Montfort, of a traitorous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting all his substance (k), entered religion, and profess'd in the abbey

of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great clerk (l) of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotion to St. Denis, (so I understand him, although his copy seem corrupted) which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, it is plain by our law-annals (m).

Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

About the year cto. c. lxx. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and, by probability, those names of Capo de Breton, in Norumbeg, and Penguin, in part of the northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were relics of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.

And with that Crogen's name let th' English us
disgrace.

The first cause of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp sent to assay a passage over Offa's dike, at Crogen castle were entertained with prevention by British forces, most of them there slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this word Crogen (n), the English used to the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute,

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently justifiable is this of king John, although our monks therein not much discording from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales; especially this northern part unto Snowdon (o), and received XX. hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, prince of North-Wales, had by force joined with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horseflesh; but afterward indeed, upon a second road made into Wales, king John had the conquest. This compared with those changes ensuing upon the pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons' rebellion, and advantages in the meantime taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragic stage. The stories may, but it fits not me, to inform you of large particulars.

As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's
reign.

But withal observe the truth of story in the meantime. Of all our kings until John, somewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth; who (a most

(f) Rot. Claus. de ann. 9. Ed. 1, in Archiv. Tur. Londin.

(g) The ford at the rock's head.

(h) Girald. Itinerar. I. cap. 6.

(i) De quo, si placet, videas compendiosè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. I. cap. 1.

(k) Guil. de Novo Burgo. lib. 2. c. 5.

(l) Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 159.

(m) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

(n) Gutyn Owen in Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

(o) Note that North-Wales was the chief principality, and to it South-Wales and Powis paid a tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted by doctor Powel.

worthy prince) desiring to bless his feeble days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Griffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter submits himself and his principality to the English crown (p), acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions soever were so allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and subjects of England. All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Coney and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent) soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum conquestu nostro* (q) Wallie) to prince Edward Longshanks, (afterward Edward I.) since when our sovereigns' eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal conversion here spoken of by the author (r), even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Lhwelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South-Wales) was constrained to enter a truce, (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey, and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of cto. marks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humfrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed; but at length the death of Lhwelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors' rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of Ruthlan (s) will largely show you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was call'd in former times her country Cambria's mother.

(p) Charta Davidis 25 Hen. 3. Senen, wife to Griffith, then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.

(q) In Archiv. Seaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.

(r) Ann. cto. cc. lxxvii.

(s) 12 Ed. I.

In the Welsh proverb *Mon mam Cymbry* (t), in such sense as Sicily was styled Italy's store-house (u), by reason of fertile ground, and plentiful liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And Girald (x) tells me, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now call'd) Isle of Man for this Mon, (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd, in his Epistle to Ortelius, hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle, (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea; and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it *Mona* (y), which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of *Eubonia Manay*, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of Russin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the Second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled, by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown it belonged) honoured with that title, king of Man (z). It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath been in that noble family of the Stanleys, earls of Derby (a); as also is the patronage of the bishopric of Eborac, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England, (for you may see in the civil law (b), with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did, adjudged it to our Britain (c). The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to

(t) "Mon, the mother of Wales."

(u) Girald. Itinerar. 2. c. 7. & 9.

(x) Strab. l. 6.

(y) Comment. 5.

(z) Walsingh. in Ed. II.

(a) Camden. in Insulis.

(b) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis, l. 9. & verb. sig. l. 99.

(c) Topograph. Hibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of assembling, and lastly, subversion. The name of Druids hath been drawn from *Agūs*, i. e. an oak; because of their continual using that tree as superstitiously hallowed (*d*): according as they are called also *Σαγανιδαι*, or *Σαρονιδες* (*e*), which likewise, in Greek, is old oaks. To this compare the British word *derw*, of the same signification, and the original here sought for, will seem surely found. But one, that derives all from Dutch (*f*), and prodigiously supposes that the first tongue spoken, makes them so stiled from *trow wis*, i. e. truly wise, so expressing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reason of conjecture, (if the ground were true) seeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were called (until Pythagoras his time) wisemen (*g*), and afterward by him turn'd into the name of philosophers, i. e. lovers of wisdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as some learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being somewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius (*h*), calling them masters of wisdom. A late great scholar draws it from *trutin* (*i*), in an old Dutch copy of the gospel, signifying, as he says, God; which might be given them by hyperbole of superstitious reverence: nay, we see that it is justifiable by holy writ, so to call great magistrates and judges, as they were among the people. But that word *trutin*, or *truchtin*, in the old angelical salutation, Zachary's song, and Simeon's, published by Vulcan, is always Lord; as this *Giwihit si truchtin* got Israelo, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; and so in the Saxon ten commandments, *Ich eom Dn hten ðin God* (*k*), i. e. I am the Lord thy God. These are the etymologies which savour of any judgement. To speak of king *Druis* or *Sarron*, which that Dominican (*l*) friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to doctor White of Basingstoke, were with him to suffer, and, at once, offer imposture. Of them all, I incline to the first, seeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and British; and somewhat the rather too, because antiquity did crown their infernal deities (and from Dis, if you trust Cæsar, the Gauls, and by consequence our Britons, upon tradition of these priests, drew their descent) with oak; as *Sophocles* (*m*) hath it of *Hecate*, and *Catullus* (*n*) of

the three Destinies. Neither will I desire you to spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name corrupted from *dur-cercliis* (*o*), which in Scottish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stuff'd himself withal. For their profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times.) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (as our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted persons) they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient Christians (*p*); but used in other private and public business Greek letters, as Cæsar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in divinity and philosophy, (see somewhat of that to the first song), which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen (*q*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury, were worshipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids' invocation was to One All-healing or All-saving Power (*r*). In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels often quenched (*s*). Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual sacrifice (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the Moon, (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scythe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the All healing deity (*t*), to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I

(d) Plin. hist. nat. 16. cap. 44.

(e) Dio. Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis. fab. 5.

(f) Goropius Gallic. 5.

(g) אֱלֹהֵי הַכִּנִּיּוֹת.

i. e. docerunt Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabilistic. l. 3. quod Hebræis in usu ut *αὐτοῖς ἐφη*. Pythagoræis, nec Druidum discipulis refragari sententiis magistror. fas erat.

(h) Geograph. 3. cap. 2.

(i) Paul. Merula. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. cap. 11.

(k) Prefat. ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonice.

(l) Berosus (ille Ammianus subditivus) non Chaldaic. Antiquit. 5.

(m) In Πύρρον. apud Scholiast. Apollonii, uti primum didici à Jos. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.

(n) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. — §. His Corpus tremulum, &c. ubi vulgaris deest ista, quæ antiquorum codicum fide est vera lectio, uti Scaliger.

(o) Hector. Boeth. Scot. hist. 2.

(p) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 1.

(q) Ad Izech. 4.

(r) Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.

(s) Strab. Geograph. 2.

(t) Omnia Sapientem.

Benè vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè
Stephanium (z). [postram etiam

in Plautus (a), and infinite other testimonies of that nature, (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a health, as they did also in direct terms (b); which with an idol called Heil, anciently worshipped at Cerne in Dorsetshire (c), by the English Saxons, in name expresses both the ceremony of drinking, and the new-year's acclamation, (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a cup (d), ritually composed, decked, and filled with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that all-healing deity, or all-helping medicine, did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new-year beginning, it was usual among the Romans (e), as with us, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say I unfitly expatiate: I omit, therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the places of their assembly: this was about Chartres, in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians' public council, called Drymenetum (f) had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesey, (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, insomuch that it was called (g) Inis-Dowil, for their chief residence; as, in the Roman story of Paulinus' and Agricola's adventuring on it (h), is delivered. For their subversion; under Augustus and Tiberius they were prohibited Rome (i); and Claudius endeavoured it in Gaul (k); yet in the succeeding emperors' times there were of them left, as appears in Campridius and Vopiscus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long since that, Procopius (l) writing under Justinian above D. years after Christ affirms that then the Gauls used sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. And I should upon testimony of (m), I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornill, tell you that some C.LX. years before Christ, Finnan, king of Scotland, first gave them the isle, or that king Crathlint, in Dioclesian's persecution, turned their religion into Christianity, and made Amphibalus first bishop of Soder, I should fabulously abuse time, as they have ignorantly mistook that isle of Man for this. Or to speak of the supposed Drutenfenus, i. e. a pentagonal figure, engraven with ΤΥΙΕΙΑ or

ΤΥΙΕΙΑ, (it is the same; in translation, with the victorious seal of Antiochus Soter (n), being admonished by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Germany they reckon for a preservative against hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives' traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad Celtæ observes (o), to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg hill, near Voiland, six statues of stone, set in the church-wall, some seven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloked and hooded, with a bag, a book, a staff, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a mustachio, an austere look, and eyes fixed on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon mistaking of Strabo, and applying what he saith in general, and bracelets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

Which with my princes' court I sometimes pleas'd
to grace.

For as in South-Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval, so in North-Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes' residence (p).

A CHRONOLOGY

OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES, FROM ARTHUR *
UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

Year of Christ.

- 516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon; of his death, see to the III. song.
- 542. Constantine, son to Cadur, duke of Cornwall, (understand governor, or lord lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary;) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
- 545. Aurelius Conan.
- 578. Vortipor.
- 581. Malgo.
- 586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining here-of the remembrance.

About 600. Cadwan.

About 630. Cadwalin, or Cadwallo: the Britons, as in token of his powerful resistance and dominion

(n) Lucian. *ἡ δὲ τοῦ ἐν τῇ ἀποκαταστάσει ἀνδρὸς μαρτυρία*; Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in 3, de Occulta Philosoph. cap. 31. atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Reuchlin. in 3. de arte Cabalistica.

(o) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.

(p) Pris. in descrip. Wall.

* I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them.

(z) In Archit. lib. 2.

(a) Subintellige *ἑστῶται*, aut quid simile.

(b) In Sticho.

(c) Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus, Plautus eadem comediā.

(d) Camdenus. The wass-hail-boll.

(e) Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.

(f) Strab. Geogr. 16.

(g) The dark isle Brit.

(h) Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricola.

(i) Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat. 50.

c. 1.

(k) Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi supra.

(l) De bell. Gothio, 6.

(m) Hector. Boet. Scotor. Hist. 2. & 6.

against the Saxons, put him (g), being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he means Ludgate.

676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo, of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English chronicles concerning him reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.

683. Ivor, son to Alan, king of Armorica Britain. This Ivor they make (but I, examine it not now) Ine, king of West-Saxons, in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderic Molwinoc, son of Edwal Ywrch (r).

755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderic.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Esysht, daughter and heir to Roderic.

843. Roderic Mawr, son to Mervin and Esysht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales (as to the VII. song) into Powis, North, and South-Wales.

877. Anarawd, son to Roderic.

913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, cousin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South-Wales and Powis. This is he whose laws are so famous and inquired of in Rot. Claus. Wall. 9 Ed. 1. in the Tower.

948. Jevaf and Jago, sons of Edwal Voel.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwallo ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Meyric.

1003. Cidan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhwelin ap Sitsylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhwelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reform'd the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh, as to the IV. song.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.

1194. Lhwelin ap Jorwerth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhwelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last prince of Wales of the British blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhwelin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son prince Edward) it had been in the eldest sons, and heirs apparent of the English crown.

But note, that after the division among Roderic Mawr's sons, the principality was chiefly in North-Wales, and the rest as tributary to the prince of that part: and for him as supreme king of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhwelin.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The serious Muse herself applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he show'd
How fate the Britons' rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turns her tale,
And sings her Clwyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue;
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

A WHILE thus taking breath, our way yet in
view,
The Muse her former course with seriously pursue.
From Penmen's¹ craggy height to try her sailly
wings,
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs
(That trembling from his top thro' long-worn
crannies creep,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)
She meets with Conway first, which lieth next at
hand:
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,
Supply'd by many a mere (through many several
rills
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring
§. Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring did
behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed and did bear
The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous
were.
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout

¹ Penmenmaur.

(g) This report is, as the British story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.

(r) The Roo.

Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame. [relate
For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first
The Destinies' decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose:
As, when him from his seat the Saxons should de-
pose:

The forces that should here from Armorica² arrive,
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive:
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spirits
that shook

The great foundation still, in dragons' horrid shape,
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain
gape [verns deep

With his most powerful charms, to view those ca-
And from the top of Brith³, so high and wondrous
steep,

Where Dinas Emrys stood, show'd where the serpents
fought, [phet wrought

The white that tore the red; from whence the pro-
The Britons' sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O! happy ye, that heard the man who all
things knew [mir'd:

Until the general doom, through all the world ad-
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd;
As well the forked Neagë, that near'st her fountain
springs,

With her beloved maid Melandidar, that brings
Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth
slide [side)

(That to their mistress make from the Denbighian
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon
fall. [quickly call

This scarce the Muse had said, but Cluyd doth
Her great recourse, to come and guard her while
she slide

Along the gently vale (which with her wealthy
pride

Much beautifies her banks; so naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is
known [clos'd

With high-embattled hills that each way is en-
But only on the north: and to the north dispos'd,
Pierce Boreas finds access to court the dainty vale:
Who, whispering in her ear with many a wanton
tale,

Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.

The Oracles⁴, and all those Eubides⁵ imbrac'd
In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming
chaste, [glects

Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas; who ne-
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,
Some on the English earth, and some in Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth
prefer. [her,

Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with
Oritha⁶ not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he took,
And in his sails plumes the trembling virgin shoo:
But through the extreme love he to this vale doth
bear, [fear,

Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth

Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid
face: [grace,

And, fearing lest the god should so obtain her
From the septentrion cold, in the breeze freezing
air, [ing there,

Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineer-
From Shetland straddling wide, his foot on Thuly
sets: [threats,

Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower
mouth [south,

Of the Vergivian sea⁶: where meeting, from the
Great Neptune's surlier tides, with their robustious
shocks,

Each other shoulder up against the griesly rocks;
As strong men when they meet, contending for the
path: [ling bath,

But coming near the coast where Cluyd her dwell-
The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to
wreak,

§. And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak:
"Dear Cluyd, th' abundant sweets that from
thy bosom flow,

When with my active wings into the air I throw,
Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds
to dwell,

Of aged become young, enamour'd with the smell
Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap:
Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,
They suffocate with scents; that (from my native
kind) [wind

I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest
With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see thee bravely
spread,

Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their
meadowy pride [glide.

Are branch'd with rivery veins, meander-like that
I farther note in thee, more excellent than these
(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye
might please) [glebe doth bear

Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellow
The yellow-ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the
ear."

Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously preferr'd,
Moylvennil near at hand, the north wind over-
heard:

And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breast had felt love's kindly
heat, [caught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,
With inly rage to hear that valley so extoll'd;

And yet that brook, whose course so hateful makes
her mould, [name,

And one that lends that vale her most renowned
Should of her meaner far, be over-gone in fame.

Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herself to
show: [dow,

Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth
Her hand-maids Manian⁷ hath, and Hespini⁸, her
to bring

To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,
To lead her thence in state, Lewenny⁹ lends her
source: [course,

That when Moylvennil sees his river's great re-

⁶ The tides out of the North and South Seas,
meeting in St. George's Channel.

⁷ Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and
Flintshire.

² Little Britain in France.

³ Part of Snowdon.

⁴ Isles upon the North-East and West of Scot-
land.

⁵ In the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorph.*

From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her sup-
plies.

Clawedock⁷ cometh in, and Istrad⁷ likewise hies
Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh
draws: [daws]

And on the other side, from whence the morning
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her
to bear

To sacred Asaph's see, his hallow'd temple; where
Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's
bower:

Who likewise is sustain'd by Senion, last that falls,
And from the virgin's well doth wash old Rutland's
walls.

Moylvennil with her sight that never is suffic'd,
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpris'd,
That thus he proudly spake; "On the Gwynethian
ground [crown'd]

(And look from east to west) what country is there
As thou Tegenia⁸ art? that, with a vale so rich
(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me
bewitch) [been:]

The fruitfull'st of all Wales, so long had honour'd
As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,
§. That naturally remote six British miles from sea,
And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day
Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired
wise. [rise,

When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth
That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs
thy well: [swell:]

And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth
§. Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place;
Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,
That off the Devian⁹ nymphs, as also those that
keep

Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian deep,
Have left their way'rty bowers, their secret saferetire,
To see her whom report so greatly should admire
(Whose waters to this day as perfect are and clear,
As her delightful eyes in their full beauties were,
A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Wipifrid: who
chose

Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,
To have her harmless life by the lewd raptor spilt:
For which, still more and more to aggravate his
guilt,

The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn.
And that, for her alone the water should not mourn,
The pure vermilion blood, that issued from her
veins,

Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains;
As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek.
And, that one part of her might be the other like,
Her hair was turn'd to moss; whose sweetness doth
declare,

In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare:
And of her holy life the innocence to show,
Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
She strongly bears it up, not suffering it to sink.
Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,
Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave
Her virtue with her name, that time should not
bereave." [end,

⁷ Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh
and Flintshire.

⁸ Part of the vale called Teg-Engle, i. e. Fair
England.

⁹ Of Dee.

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an
end,

But at the higher Yale¹⁰, whose being doth ascend
Into the pleasant East, his loftier head advanc'd.
This region, as a man that long had been entranc'd
(Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty moun-
tain tells [wells])

Such farlies¹¹ of his Cluyd, and of his wond'rous
Stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia, plac'd
So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd
By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,
To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful
mould;

And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by
Cluyd, [cuse]

(And for his common want, to coin some poor ex-
Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dyffren
far behind: [frame]

On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural
§. That figure of the cross, of which it takes the
name,

Is equal with the best, which else excel it far:
And by the power of that most sacred character,
Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.

When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin
His ampler self to show that (down the verdant
dale)

Strains in his nobler course along the rougher Yale,
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that
spacious lin [falleth in:]

Through which he comes unmixt, first Alwin¹²
And going on along, still gathering up his force,
Gets Gerrow¹² to his aid, to hasten on his course.
With Christioneth¹² next, comes Kerlog¹² in apace,
Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied face
Clawedoc¹² casts about where Gwenfow she may
greet, [meet]

Till like two loving friends they under Wrexham
Then Alen¹² makes approach (to Dee most only
dear)

Taking Tegiddog¹² in; who earnest to be there,
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head doth
run:

When instantly again Dee's holiness begun,
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,
That he had things to speak, might profit them to
know; [seen]

A brook that was suppos'd much business to have
Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and
England been,

And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told; of either's war or peace,
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the
increase:

And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boast
His stream in former times to have been honour'd
most. [court]

When as at Chester once king Edgar held his
§. To whom eight lesser kings with homage did
resort: [stow'd]

That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge be-
And was by all those kings about the river row'd.

¹⁰ A place mountainous, and somewhat inac-
cessible.

¹¹ Strange things.

¹² The rivers in the east of Denbigh, falling
into Dee.

For which, the hallow'd Dee so much upon him
took, [brook,

And now the time was come, that this imperious
The long traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britons' right thus boldly to them
spake: [be,

"O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that
§. And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain;
why do ye [ful ear)

Your grandsire's godlike name (with a neglect-
In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd;
That he, whom time so long and strongly hath
embrac'd,

Should be rejected quite? The reason urged why,
Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by:
That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither came,
From whom you would suppose this isle first took
the name,

Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
(Most studios of the truth, and near'st those times
that were)

Of any such as he: nay, they who most do strive,
From that great stock of Troy their lineage to
derive,

In all the large descent of Julius, never found
That Brute, on whom we might our first beginning
ground.

"To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply;
And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny
Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times;
Their writings to precede our ancient British
rhymes:

But that our noble bards, which so divinely sung,
That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britons
spring, [duce;

Before those Romans were, as proof we can pro-
§. And learning long with us, ere 'twas with them
in use.

And they boldly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
§. ~~That~~ Geoffrey Monmouth, first, our Brutus did
devise,

Not heard of till his time our adversary says:
When pregnant we prove, ere that historian's
days, [song

A thousand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly
The Britain-founding Brute, most frequent them
among

From Taliessin wise (approved so with us,
That what he spake was held to be oraculous,
So true his writings were) and such immortal men
As this now waning world shall hardly hear again
In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of
Wales, [tales

Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle
(As he may find, the truth of our descents that
seeks)

Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks:
But from the first of time, by judges still were
heard, [err'd.

Discreetly every year¹³ correcting where they
"And that whereon our foe his greatest hold
doth take, [to make,

Against the handled cause and most doth seem
Is, that we show no book our Brutus to approve;
But that our idle bards, as their fond rage did
move,

¹³ At the Stethva: see to the fourth song.

Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I answer
these;

That th' ancient British priests, the fearless Druides,
That minister'd the laws, and were so truly wise,
That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,
§. To letters never would their mysteries com-
mit, [more fit,

For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be
Which questionless should seem from judgment to
proceed.

For, when of ages past we look in books to read,
We retchlessly discharge our memory of those.

So when injurious time such monuments doth lose
(As what so great a work, by time that is not
wrackt?)

We utterly forego that memorable act:
But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
They leave it their next age; that leaves it hers
again: [make,

So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition
As if you from the world it altogether take,
You utterly subvert antiquity thereby.

For though time well may prove that often she
doth lie,

Posterity by her yet many things hath known,
That ere men learn'd to write, could no way have
been shown:

For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure,
The scriptures be from Heaven, like Heaven, di-
vinely pure,

Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say
(I speak with godly fear) tradition put away,
In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not lie
To prove before the flood the genealogy.

Nor any thing there is that kindly doth agree
With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd
may be) [when,

Than peopling of this place, near to those ages
Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand'ring
men

(Of all hope to return into their country left)
Sought shores whereon to set that little them was
left: [spring,

From some such godlike race we questionless did
Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.
So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
And Caesar's envious pen would all the world per-
suade,

His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,
When with his Roman power arriving here from
France,

If he the Britons found experienc'd so in war,
That they with such great skill could wield their
armed car;

And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,
Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set
The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fords
should pass;

I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was
So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing
war. [are

But, in things past so long (for all the world) we
Like to a man embark'd, and travelling the deep:
Who sailing by some hill, or promontory steep
Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye
Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,
And th' more that he doth look, the more it draws
his sight;

Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous
weight:

But, from the passed shore still as the swelling sail
(Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark
doth hail,

The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still
Appeareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill
At length shows like a cloud; and farther being
cast,

Is out of kenning quite: so, of the ages past:
Those things that in their age much to be wonder'd
were,

Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth bear,
Do lessen every hour." When now the mighty
prease,

Impatient of his speech, entreat the flood to cease,
And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to show,
As angry with the Muse such labour to bestow
On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.

And having past the time, the honourable Dee
At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:
When our intended course with England we pursue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the Muse leads you
about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and mari-
time shires of Wales; which conclude these seven
last books dedicated to the glory of that third part
of great Britain.

Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king.

In the first declining state of the British empire
(to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vorti-
gern, by advice of his magicians, after divers un-
fortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a
strong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Con-
way's head, in the edge of Merioneth) which
might be as his last and surest refuge against the
increasing power of the English. Masons were
appointed, and the work begun; but what they
built in the day, was always swallowed up in the
earth next night. The king asks council of his
magicians touching this prodigy: they advise,
that he must find out a child which had no father,
and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar,
and that then the castle would stand as on a firm
foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-
Merddin (as you have it to the fifth song) was
Merlin Ambrose found: he, being hither brought
to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those
magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with con-
fidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show
the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stone-
work; tells them, that in the earth was a
great water, which could endure continuance of
no heavy superstruction. The workmen digged
to discover the truth, and found it so. He then
beseeches the king to cause them make farther
inquisition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it
were two sleeping dragons: which proved so like-
wise, the one white, the other red; the white he
interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons:
and upon this event here in Dinas Emrys (a), as
they call it, began he those prophecies to Vorti-
gern, which are common in the British story.
Hence questionless was that fiction of the Muses'

(a) Ambrose's Bury, Itinerar. 2. c. 8.

best pupil, the noble Spenser (b), in supposing
Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose
dwelling he places

low in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hoar,
From whence the river Dee as silver cleen,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merio-
neth: but observe withal, the difference of the
Merlins, Ambrose, and Silvester, which is before
to the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical,
that he makes king Arthur and this Merlin of one
time. These prophecies were by Geoffrey ap Ar-
thur at request of Alexander, bishop of Lincoln,
under Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three
hundred years since had interpretation bestowed
on them by a German doctor, one Alanus de In-
sulis, who never before, but twice since that un-
happy inauguration and mighty increase of do-
minion in our present sovereign, hath been im-
printed. It is certain that oftentimes they may
be directly and without constraint applied to some
event of succeeding time; as that which we have
before to the fifth song of Caerleon, and this, "the
isle shall again be named after Brute;" which is
now seen by a public edict, and in some of his
majesty's present coins, and with more such:
yet seeing learned men (c) account him but a
professor of unjustifiable magic, and that all pro-
phecies either fall true, or else are among the
affecters of such vanity perpetually expected, and
that of later time the council of Trent have by
their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse
you, if I endeavoured to persuade your belief to
conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this
fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Clwyd (for
so is the English of Dyphryn Clwyd) extended
from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about
eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth,
having these three excellencies, a fertile soil,
healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation,
washed through the middle with this river, and
encompassed on the east, west, and south with
high mountains, freely receives the wholesome
blasts of the north wind (much accounted of
among builders and geonics for immission of
pure air) coming in from that part which lies
open to the sea: whereupon the Muse very pro-
perly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved;
and in respect of his violence against the waters,
supposeth him jealous of Neptune, whose ravish-
ing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the
deprestat state of the valley warrants it. And for
that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly
running by him; I know your conceit cannot but
apprehend it.

That naturally remote six British miles from sea.

It is in the parish of Kilkenn, in Flintshire,
where it ebbeth and floweth in direct opposite
tides to the sea (d), as the author describes; they

(b) Faery Q. lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.

(c) Wier. de praestigis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.

(d) Humf. Lluïd. descript.

call it Finon Leinw (e): Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton, in Glamorganshire (f), and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the Moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor, in Caermers-hinshire (g). Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place.

At Haliwel, a maritime village, near Basingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution under Edward II. (h) and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks, whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedication of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandize then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly out of pardons to such as came thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchased of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining pretences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of error and smoke-selling imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of saint Winifred's martyrdom.

That figure of the cross, of which it takes the name.

Deprest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a cross, and so is called the Cross vale, and in British Lhan Gwest.

To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth, of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus toucht with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of

aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honored above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced being homines integri, and using, naturali simplicitate sua defensare, aliena non mirari (i), did now learn from the stranger Saxons an uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increased, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

As thou, the queen of Isles, great Britain—

Both for excellence in soil and air, as also for large continent, she hath this title. And although in ancient time of the Greeks (that hath any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the greatest isle (k), and by some Sicily, as the old verses of the Seven tell us (l), and that by Ptolemy (m), the East-Indian Taproban, now called Sumatra, had preeminence of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by comparison of that with this, either according to the measure took of it by Onesicrit (n), upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in substance, that

οὐδέντις ἄλλῃ
Νήσους ἐν πάσῃσι Βρετανίων ἰσοφαρίζει (o),

as long since, Dionysius Afer, of our Britain, which hath given cause to call it another world, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others justify.

And learning long with us ere 'twas with them in use.

For the Druids, being in profession very proportionate in many things to Cabalistic and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be supposed much ancients than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who before Livius Salinator (p), and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cæsar, can scarce show steps of poesy, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in their names (although by pretence of Annias there be a piece of Pictor published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have some (q) that make that supposed eldest historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and

(i) "Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others." Malmesbur.

(k) Scylax Caryand. in *περίπλ.* Edit. per D. Hoeschelium.

(l) Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum.

(m) Geograph. lib. 2. cap. 1.

(n) Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.

(o) "No other isle is equal to Britain."

(p) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.

(q) Bal. centur. 1.

(e) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(f) Stradling. ap. Camd.

(g) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(h) 5. Ed. 2.

dedicated to Salust, to have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

Our Geoffrey Monmouth first our Brutus to devise.

It was so laid to Geoffrey's charge (he was bishop of Saint Asaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of Saint Alban's, William Petit, called William of Newborough, and some other; but plainly (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story was partly translated) and Latin testimonies of the Britons, as I have, for the author, more largely spoken, to the first song. And (a little to continue my first justification, for this time) why may not we as well think that many stories and relations, anciently written here, have been by the Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, devoured up from posterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us, would have ended this controversy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Polybius, Halicarnassus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out of Fabius, Antias, Chereas, Solyus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now lost writers, because we see not the self authors? No, time hath ransackt more precious things, and even those super-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyssop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much respecting natural causes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias suppress from succeeding ages, if my authority (*r*) deceive not. So that the loss in this, and all kinds, to the common-wealth of letters, hath been so grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how error of conceit in some, envy in others, and hostile invasion hath bereft us of many monuments most precious in all sorts of literature, if we now enjoyed their instructing use: and to conclude, the antiquities of these original ages are like those of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; Cum vetustate nimia obscuræ, velut quæ (*s*) (as Livy says, (*l*)) magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod perrare, per eadem tempora literæ fuere, una custodia fidelis memoriæ rerum gestarum; &, quod etiam, si quæ in commentariis pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensa urbe, pleraque interiire. But all this in effect the Muse tells you in the sixth canto.

To letters never would their mysteries commit.

What they taught their scholars for matter of law, heathenish religion, and such learning as they here were presidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, lest memory unused might so fail, they permitted not commission of their lectures and instructions to the custody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verses and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabalists; which, until of late time, wrote not, but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their

(*r*) In Zerror Hammon. apud Munst. ad Exod. 15.

(*s*) "Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ransacking the city," &c.

(*l*) Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids see fully to the IX. song.

rabbins. In other matters, private and public (so is Caesar's assertion (*u*)) they used Greek letters, which hath made some think that they wrote Greek. But be not easily thereto persuaded. Perhaps they might use Greek characters, seeing that those which the Greeks then had, and now use, were at first received from strangers (*y*), and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is sufficiently justifiable out of old coins, inscriptions, and express assertion (*z*), that the ancient character among the Greeks was almost the same with that which is now the Latins'. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or spake Greek, is as if you should affirm the Syriac testament to be Hebrew, because published in Hebrew letters; or some Latin treatises, Saxon, because in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Irish, because they used the Irish form of writing (*a*); or that those books which are published in Dutch by some Jews, in a special kind of Hebrew letters, should also be of the same tongue. Observe but this passage in Cæsar: He sends by a Gaul (allured to this use against his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then besieged about where now is Tournay (*b*), & Græcis conscripsit literis, ne, interceptâ epistolâ, nostra (said he himself) ab hostibus consilia cognoscantur (*c*). To what purpose did he thus, if the Gauls, or their statesmen the Druids understood Greek? I know what he writes (*d*) of those tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but shall not soon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object Strabo his affirmance (*e*), that the Gauls (for as long as I speak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as sufficient reason is elsewhere given) were grown such lovers of that tongue, ὥστε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλληνιστὶ γράφειν (*f*). It is soon answered, that he speaks only of those about Marseilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the ἡγεσία Νατολίας (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhosne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nannus king of that coast, was chosen (according to their custom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her husband; hereto success grew so fortunate, that honourable respect on both sides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seemed, as my author says (*g*), as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder

(*u*) Cæsar. de Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

(*y*) Varro de ling. Lat. 7.

(*z*) Plin. Hist. Nat. 7. cap. 58. &, si placet, videas Annianos illos, Archilocho. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Æquivocis.

(*a*) Camd. in Hibernia, &, per Græcas literas in arâ Ulyssis in confinio Rhetix & Germanix, apud Tacitum, Lipsius characteres solummodò intelligit.

(*b*) Nervii de bello Gall. 5.

(*c*) "Wrote it in Greek, lest the enemy might, by intercepting the letters, discover his design."

(*d*) De Bell. Gallic. 1.

(*e*) Geogr. 2.

(*f*) "That they wrote their instruments of contract in Greek."

(*g*) Trog. Pomp. Hist. 43.

not then why, about Marseilles, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are; which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer Hotoman (*h*), who presumes that the word Græcis in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in style, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great critic Lipsius (*k*), lest some more impolite hand hath sowed many patches of base cloth into that more rich web, as his own metaphor expresses it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas, in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Hotoman. In sum, I know that Græcis literis may be taken as well for the language (as in Justin (*l*), I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards Berkshire (*m*); although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scottish historians most senselessly of their Julius Hoff built by him, which others refer to Vespasian (*n*), some affirm it a temple of the god Terminus (*o*); whereas it seems expressly to be built by Carausius, in time of Dioclesian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

(*h*) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæsar. Com.

(*k*) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epistolic. quæst. 2. cap. 2.

(*l*) Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.

(*m*) Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacias, verum & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Balu.

(*n*) Veremund. ap. Hect. Boet. hist. 3.

(*o*) Buchanan. hist. 4. in Donald. o.

POLY-OLBION.

THE ELEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, her native earth to see,
Returns to England over Dee;
Visits stout Cheshire, and there shows
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphs sporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.

VOL. IV.

Weever, the great devotion sings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Those riverets doth together call,
That into him and Mersey fall.
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

With as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we first set forth, observing every state,
The Muse from Cambria comes, with pinions
summ'd and sound:

And having put herself upon the English ground,
First seizeth in her course the noblest Cestrian
shore;

§. Of our great English bloods as careful here of
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be
then;

For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire, chief
§. And of our counties, place of palatine doth
hold,

And thereto hath her high regalities enroll'd:
Besides, in many fields since conquering William
came,

Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest, men of bone, in her full bosom bred:
And neither of them such as cold penurious need
Spurs to each rash attempt; but such as soundly
feed,

Clad in warm English cloth; and maim'd should
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their
doors would spurn)

Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge
maintain:

But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate;
Returning to his-home, his hospitable gate
The richer and the poor stood open to receive.
They, of all England, most to ancient customs
cleave,

Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.
For rightly whilst herself brave England was of old,
And our courageous kings us forth to conquests
led,

Our armies in those times (near through the world
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the
most;

Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently
§. Our leopards they so long and bravely did
advance

Above the fleur de lis, even in the heart of
O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be
'Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and
Dee!

Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee
Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian
side,

Thy natural sister-shire; and link'd unto thee so,
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go,
As tow'rd the Derbian Peak, and Moreland,

(which do draw [Shuttingslaw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd
And Molcop be thy mounds, with these proud hills
whence rove

The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and
Dove;

Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to
But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,

(From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester,
 call'd of old [did hold,
 §. Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests here
 Of those her legions known the faithful station
 then, [Wales men;
 So stoutly held to tack by those near North-
 Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
 §. As her the Britons term'd, the fortress upon
 Dee,
 Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
 Th'imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:
 Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.
 But back a while, my Muse: to Weever let
 us go, [doth scorn;
 Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood
 His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly
 born; [doth divide,
 The country in his course, that clean through
 Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:
 And, what the famous flood far more than that
 enriches, [Wyches,
 The brackly fountains are, those two renowned
 'The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either
 briny well,
 For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to excel.
 Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,
 §. But in himself thereby doth holiness retain
 Above his fellow floods: whose healthful virtues
 taught, [sought,
 Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be
 For physic in their need: and Thetis oft hath
 seen, [been
 When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have
 So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their
 cure:
 Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.
 And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
 Into her secret walks (the depths profound and
 dread)
 Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid events to know
 Of things that were to come, as things done long
 ago.
 In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;
 And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and
 Dee [skill.
 Much strife there hath arose in their prophetic
 But to conclude his praise, our Weever here
 doth will [he steers:
 The Muse his source to sing; as how his course
 Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neighb'r-
 ing meres
 Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver breast,
 As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the
 east;
 Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
 Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,
 Which to his journey's end him earnestly do haste:
 Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste
 Of her most savory salt, is, by the sacred touch,
 Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd
 much [near
 To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth
 Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black
 ominous mere
 Accounted one of those that England's wonders
 make; [Brereton's lake;
 Of neighbours, Blackmere nam'd, of strangers,
 Whose property seems far from reason's way to
 stand:
 For, near before his death that's owner of the land,

She sends up stocks of trees, that on the top do
 float;
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
 His handmaid Howty next to Weever holds her
 race: [apace
 When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes
 To put in with those streams his sacred steps that
 tread,
 Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.
 Where, when the rivers meet, with all their stately
 train,
 Proud Mersey is so great in ent'ring of the main,
 As he would make a show for empery to stand,
 And wrest the three-forkt mace from out grim
 Neptune's hand;
 To Cheshire highly bound for that his wat'ry store,
 As to the grosser loughs¹ on the Lancastrian shore.
 From hence he getteth Goyt down from her
 peakish spring,
 And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring
 From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd
 Sylvans she
 Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to
 be: [long,
 Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her
 And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.
 Yet could not all entreat the pretty brook to stay;
 Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.
 To whom upon their road she pleasantly reports
 The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish
 sports
 In Maxfield they have had; as of that forest's fate:
 Until they come at length, where Mersey for more
 state
 Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,
 That at his stern approach, extended Wyrall fears,
 That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the
 Dee)
 In very little time devoured he might be:
 Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,
 To let the foreland see how richly he had sped.
 Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a smil-
 ing brow [that throw
 He fawns on both those floods; their amorous arms
 About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling
 breasts: [he rests,
 On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased cheek
 The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,
 Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant
 locks,
 Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids
 look:
 But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
 Who shows herself all drest in most delicious
 flowers; [bowers
 And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady
 The wanton wool-nymphs mixt with her light-
 footed fauns,
 To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
 As overholt² and heath, as thorough frith³ and
 fell⁴;
 And oft at barley-break, and prison-base to tell
 (In carrols as they course) each other all the joys,
 The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous
 toys

¹ Meres or standing lakes.² A wood growing on a hill or knole.³ High wood.⁴ Low coppice.

The subtle sea-nymphs had; their Wyrral's love to win.

But Weever now again to warn them doth begin
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did hate,
That neither them bescem'd, nor stood with his estate
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago :
To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)
And bent himself to show, that yet the Britons
bold,

Whom the laborious Muse so highly had extoll'd,
Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds,
And therefore with their praise thus zealously
proceeds ;

" Whilst the celestial powers th' arrived time
attend, [end,
When o'er this general isle the Britons' reign should
And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had
wrought,

Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion brought,
And to that proud attempt, what yet his power
might want, [suppliant,
The ill-disposed Heavens, Brute's offspring to
Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in their
waste [struck haste.)
(Needs must they fall, whom Heaven doth to de-
And that which lastly came to consummate the
rest, [press'd

Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally they
Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)
From those which paid them wage, the island soon
did win ;

And sooner overspread, being masters of the field ;
Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent
to wield

A land within itself that had so great a foe ;
And therefore thought it fit them wisely to bestow ;
Which over Severn here they in the mountains
shut, [they put.

And some upon that point of Cornwall forth
Yet forced were they there their stations to defend.

" Nor could our men permit the Britons to
descend [as high,
From Jove or Mars alone ; but brought their blood
§. From Woden, by which name they styled Mer-
cury. [fore,

Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here be-
More zealous to the gods they brought unto this
shore,

Than Hengist's noble heirs ; their idols that to
raise, [days.

§. Here put their German names upon our weekly
" These noble Saxons were a nation hard and
strong,

On sundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled long ;
Affliction throughly knew ; and in proud fortune's
spite, [might :

Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her utmost
Who under Hengist first, and Horsa, their brave
chiefs,

From Gernany arriv'd, and with the strong reliefs
Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to supply,
Which anciently had been of their affinity,
By Scythia first sent out, which could not give
them meat, [seat.

Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves to

Them at the last on Dansk their ling'ring fortune
drave, [gave.

Where Holst unto their troops sufficient harbour
These with the Saxons went, and fortunately wan :
Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here
began [rose

In Kent ; where his great heirs, ere other princes
Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,
With swelling Humber's side their empire did con-
fine.

And of the rest, not least renowned of their line,
§. Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christ'ned En-
glish king, [bring

To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hither
Wise Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory sent.
This most religious king, with most devout intent,
That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
And privileges gave, this temple to protect.

" His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
From that first christ'ned king, the second in that
reign.

The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,
And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd by
excess)

§. That abstinence from flesh for forty days began,
Which by the name of Lent is known to every
man. [done,

" As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had
§. So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won
The countries neighb'ring Kent ; which lying from
the main

Directly to the south, did properly obtain
The Southern Saxons' name ; and not the last
thereby [archy :

Amongst the other reigns which made the hept-
So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,
We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
Wise Ethelwald : alone who Christian not became,
But willing that his folk should all receive the
name, [receiv'd

§. Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this realm
(Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see be-
reav'd)

And on the south of Thames, a seat did him afford,
By whom that people first receiv'd the saving word.

" As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who
rais'd [he prais'd :

Th' East-Saxons' kingdom first) brave Sebert may
Which, as that king of Kent, had with such cost
and state

Built Paul's ; his greatness so (this king to imitate)
Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear ;
The primer English kings so truly zealous were.

" Then Sebba⁶ of his seed, that did them all
surpass,

Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,
(Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve
That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)
Even in his height of life, in health, in body strong,
Persuaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
After religious sort themselves to dedicate.

" Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his
high praise

(Enriching that proud fane his grandsire first did
raise)

Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.

⁶ See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th,
and 8th songs.

⁶ Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

"Nor these our princes here, of that pure Saxon strain, [reign,
Which took unto themselves each one their several
For their so goodly deeds deserved greater fame,
Than th' Angles their allies; that hither with them
came;

Who sharing out themselves a kingdom in the east, [vest,

With th' Eastern Angles' name their circuit did in-
By Uffa in that part so happily begun: [won

Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have
From aſt before or ſince that ever ſuffer'd here;
§. Redwald's religious ſons: who for their Saviour
dear,

By cruel heatheniſh hands unmercifully ſlain,
Amongſt us evermore remember'd ſhall remain,
And in the roll of ſaints muſt have a ſpecial room,
Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald ſhall
come. [ſucceeds,

"When in that way they went, next Sebert them
Scarce ſeconded again for ſanctimonious deeds:
Who for a private life when he his rule reſign'd,
And to his cloyster long had ſtrictly him confin'd;
A corſlet for his cowl was glad again to take,
His country to defend (for his religion's ſake)
Againſt proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan
power,

Thoſe chriſt'ned Angles then of purpoſe to devour:
And ſuff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heatheniſh
pride,

As he a ſaint had liv'd, a conſtant martyr dy'd.
"When, after it fell out, that Offa had not
long [wrong,

Field that by cruel force, which Penda got by
§. Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought
him in, [win:

Even at what time the Danes this iſland ſought to
Who chriſt'ned ſoon became, and as religious grown
As thoſe moſt heatheniſh were who ſet him on his
throne,

Did expiate in that place his predecessors' guilt,
Which ſo much Chriſtian blood ſo cruelly had ſpilt.
For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures try,
His Saviour Jeſus Chriſt to force him to deny;
Firſt beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
His body full of ſhafts then cruelly they ſhot;
The conſtant martyr'd king, a ſaint thus juſtly
crown'd,

To whom even in that place, that monument re-
nown'd

Thoſe after-ages built to his eternal fame.
What Engliſh hath not heard Saint Edmond
Bury's name?

"As of thoſe Angles here, ſo from their loins
again, [Sexian reign,
Whoſe hands hew'd out their way to the Weſt-
(From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to de-
ſcend)

A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend
With any king ſince firſt the Saxons came to ſhore.
Of all thoſe chriſt'ned here, who higher did adore
The Godhead, than that man? or more that did
apply

His power t' advance the church in true ſincerity?
Great Glaſtonbury then ſo wondrously decay'd,
Whoſe old foundation firſt the ancient Britons laid,
He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
And many a ſumptuous cope, to uſes conſecrate:

! In Suffolk.

Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he ſhall ſtand.

"From Otta* (born with him who did this iſle
invade)

And had a conqueſt firſt of the Northumbrians
made,

And tributary long of mightier Hengiſt held,
Till Ida (after born) the Kentiſh power expell'd,
And abſolutely ſat on the Dierian ſeat,
But afterward reſign'd to Ethelfrid the Great;
An army into Wales who for invaſion led,
At Cheſter and in fight their forces vanquiſhed;
Into their utter ſpoil, then public way to make,
The long religious houſe of goodly Bangor brake,
§. And ſlew a thouſand monks, as they devoutly
pray'd.

For which his cruel ſpoil upon the Chriſtians made
(Though with the juſt conſent of Chriſtian Saxons
ſlain) [distaſt.

His blood, the heatheniſh hands of Redwald did
That murderer's iſſue next, this kingdom were
exil'd: [mild

And Edwin took the rule; a prince as juſt and
As th' other faithleſs were: nor could time ever
bring

In all the ſeven-fold rule an abſolute king;
And more t' advance the faith, his utmoſt power
that lent:

§. Who re-ordained York a biſhop's government;
And ſo much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of
trade,

Where fountains ſtily were, he iron diſhes made,
And faſt'ned them with chains the way-farer to
ease, [peace.

And the poor pilgrim's thirſt, there reſting, to ap-
"As Mercia, 'mongſt the reſt, ſought not the
leaſt to raiſe [praise.

The ſaving Chriſtian faith; nor merits humbler
§. Nor thoſe that from the ſtem of Saxon Creden-
came

(The Britons who expulſt) were any whit in fame,
For piety and zeal, behind the others beſt;
Though heath'nish Penda long and proudly did
infeſt [all to bow;

The chriſt'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd them
Till Oswy made to God a moſt religious vow,
Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to grant,
That he this Paynim prince in battle might ſupplant
A recluſe he would give his daughter and delight,
Sweet Alſted then in youth, and as the morning,
bright:

And having his requeſt, he gave as he obtain'd;
Though his unnatural hands ſucceeding Wulpher
ſtain'd [had

In his own children's blood, whom their dear mother
§. Confirm'd in Chriſt's belief, by that moſt re-
verend Chad:

Yet to embrace the faith, when after he began
(For the unnatural'ſt deed that e'er was done by a
man)

If poſſible it were to expiate his guilt,
Here many a goodly houſe to holy uſes built:
And ſhe (to purg'd his crime on her dear children
done)

A crown'd queen, for him, became a veiled nun.

"What age a godlier prince than Etheldred could
bring?

Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?

* Otta, brother to Hengiſt.

Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh
 did tame, [came.
 The other went to Rome, and there a monk be-
 "So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:
 Who, though most vainly given when he was hot
 and young;
 Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought
 From those unstay'd delights by which his youth
 was caught,
 He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
 §. And (through his rule) the church from taxes
 strongly freed.
 Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen
 (Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to men)
 He that great abbey built of Crowland, as though he
 Would have no other's work like his foundation be.
 "As, Offa greater far than any him before:
 Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all the
 shore;
 But over into Wales adventurously he shot
 His Mercia's spacious mere⁹, and Powlsland to it
 got. [heaps of stones
 This king, even in that place, where with rude
 §. The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's
 bones,
 That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to show
 How much the sons of Brute should to the Saxons
 owe. [at last,
 "But when by powerful Heaven it was decreed
 That all those sevenfold rules should into one be
 cast [brought)
 (Which quickly to a head by Britrik's¹⁰ death was
 Than Egbert, who in France had carefully been
 taught, [made,
 Returning home, was king of the West-Saxians
 Whose people, then most rich and potent, him
 persuade
 (As once it was of old) to monarchize the land.
 Who following their advice, first with a warlike
 hand [ous sails,
 The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prosper-
 O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of Wales;
 And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle wag'd:
 Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds
 enrag'd,
 Went on against rest. Which, sadly when they saw
 How those had sped before, with most subjective
 awe
 Submit them to his sword: who prosperously alone
 Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
 (§. Extirping other styles) and gave it England's
 name [came.
 Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers
 "When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule
 began,
 But instantly the Dane¹¹ the island over-ran;
 A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.
 For, as the Britons first they treacherously had slain,
 This third upon their necks a heavier burden laid,
 Than they had upon those whom falsely they be-
 tray'd.
 And for each other's states, though oft they here
 did toil,
 §. A people from their first bent naturally to spoil,
 That cruelty with them from their beginning
 brought; [wrought,
 Yet when the Christian faith in them had thoroughly

Of any in the world no story shall us tell,
 Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
 That in these drowsy times should I in public bring
 Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
 The world might stand amaz'd in this our age to see
 Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious we
 Let every day decay; and yet we only live
 By the great freedoms then those kings to these did
 give. [seat
 "Wise Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us the
 §. Of famous Cambridge first, then with endow-
 ments great
 The Muses to maintain, those sisters thither brought.
 "By whose example, next, religious Alfred
 taught,
 Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood;
 And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood,
 Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers
 provide,
 §. He into several shires the kingdom did divide.
 "So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd
 The multitudes of wolves, that long the land
 annoy'd, [king,
 And our good Edward here, the confessor and
 (Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs
 off'rings bring) [jaws,
 That cancer'd evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat and
 When physic could not find the remedy nor cause,
 And much it did afflict his sickly people here,
 He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,
 This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
 §. Which he an heir-loom left unto the English
 throne. [use,
 So, our saint Edward here, for England's general
 §. Our country's common laws did faithfully pro-
 duce, [tongue."
 Both from th' old British writ, and from the Saxon
 Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty
 throng
 For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had
 heard, [ly dar'd
 That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proud-
 With words that very much had stirr'd his rancor-
 ous spleen: [between
 Where, though clear Severn set her princely self
 The English and the Welsh, yet could not make
 them cease:
 Here Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
 His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers
 The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these stirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into
 England: and for convenience of situation, imi-
 tating therein the ordinary course of chorography,
 the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint,
 last sung by the Muse) Cheshire is here surveyed.

Of our great English bloods as careful—

For, as generally in these northern parts of
 England, the gentry is from ancient time left
 preserved in the continuance of name, blood, and
 place; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and
 the adjoining Lancashire: which, out of their nu-
 merous families, of the same name, with their chief
 houses and lordships, hath been observed (a).

(a) Camd. in Cornav. & Brigant.

⁹ Offa's ditch.

¹⁰ Egbert's predecessor.

¹¹ See song the first.

And, of our counties, place of palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title, Lancaster, Durham, and Ely: and, until later time (*b*), Hexamshire, in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe, a Norman, count palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, as freely as the king held his crown. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and cognisance of pleas in such sort, regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. Ego comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus ista omnia, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there. For the name of palatine, know, that in ancient time, under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of count palatine was; but so, that it extended first only to him which had the care of the household and imperial revenue (*c*); which is now (so saith Wesembeck (*d*); I affirm it not) as the marshal in other courts: but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of comitiva dignitas, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In later times, both in Germany, (as you see in the palsgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shows long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct palatine government, as Peter Pithou (*e*) hath at large published) and in this kingdom, such were hereditarily honoured with it as, being near the prince in court, (which they, as we, called the palace) had by their state-carriage gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled countes de palais, as our law annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III. and queen Eleanor, in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then earl of Chester, bare before the king St. Edward's sword, called curtein, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done, as duke of Lancaster (*f*); and wish you to examine the passage there, with what Bracton hath of earls (*g*), and our year books (*h*) of the high constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of Resumption (*i*), were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, leopards.

(*b*) Stat. 14. Eliz. c. 13.

(*c*) C. de Offic. Corn. Sac. Palat. vid. Euseb. de vit. Constantin. 3. & Cod. lib. 12.

(*d*) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.

(*e*) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie. Palatinorum nostrorum nomine Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 263.

(*f*) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commisit. apud Cronpt. Jurisdic. Cur.

(*g*) De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. § 3.

(*h*) 6 Hen. 8. Kelaway, & v. Brook. tit. prerog. 31.

(*i*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three fleurs de lis, and three lions, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is, as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the fleurs was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces, (as you have it in Froissart) who bore the French arms (*k*), being then azure semé with fleurs de lis, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing: nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently leopards, Misit ergo (saith Matthew Paris) Imperator (that is, Frederic II.) regi Anglorum tres leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres leopardi transeuntes figurantur (*l*). In a MS. of J. Gower's, Confessio Amantis, which the printed books have not,

Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, quem sceptrā colunt leopardi.

And Edward IV. (*m*) granted to Lewis of Bruges, earl of Winchester, that he should bear "d'azure, a dix Maseles enarme d'un canton de nostre propre armes d'Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de goulés ung leopard passant d'or, arme d'azure," as the patent speaks: and likewise Henry VI. (*n*) to King's college, in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three roses, and summo scuti partium principale de azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante leopardo, and calls them parcellæ armorum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure debentur regio. I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time (*o*); and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and composture, (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, lion-leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a great student in heraldry (*p*), and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne to the coat of Normandy, (which was by Henry II. his marriage with queen Eleanor divorced from Lewis of France) to be the first three lions borne by the English kings.

Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here
did hold.

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland (*q*) hath long since

(*k*) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3. (*l*) 19 Hen. 3.

(*m*) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.

(*n*) Pat. 27. Hen. 6. num. 46.

(*o*) Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.

(*p*) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.

(*q*) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

found fault with William of Malmesbury for affirming it so called, quod ibi emeriti Legionum Julianarum resedere (r); whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola, (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks unjust: to help it with reading militarium for Julianarum, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustines, in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

— the fortress upon Dee.

At this day, in British, she is called Cair Lheon ar dour dwy (s), i. e. the city of legions upon the river Dee. Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it: I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took Leon Daur (t) for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently.

But in himself thereby doth holiness retain.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the seventh song. Weever, by reason of the salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods' suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physic and prophecy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphoun their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the true God (u), מלחכים (x) in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol of perpetual friendship (y), that in Homer Πόσις δ' Ἀλλεῖς Θείου (z), the title of Ἀγρίων (a) given it by Lycophron, and passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness (b), you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

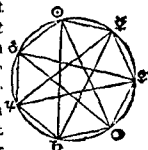
From Woden, by which name they styled Mercury.

Of the Britons' descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas, son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an anonymous de Regali Prosapia, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through

Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godolph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving himself very near from the Joins of Salmoun (c). Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul Warnefred (d), who makes Frea his wife, (others call her Frisco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam of Breime (e) which describe him as Mars; but in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus' report was their chief deity; and that also is warrantable in the denomination of our Wodensday, (according to the Dutch Wodensdagh) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to Merc, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by Iapetus (f), fetching Wodan from won or win, which is to gain, and so make his name Woudan, expressing in that sense the self name Εἰμαῖς Κισθῶν (g) used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their Sunnan for the Sun, Monan for the Moon, Tuisco, or Tuisto (of whom see to the fourth song) for Mars, Woden for Mercury, Thor for Jupiter, Fre, Fric, or Frigo, for Venus, Sateran for Saturn, they styled their days Sunnan-dæg, Monan-dæg, tuiscans-dæg, woden-dæg, þor-dæg, fre-dæg, sateran-f-dæg. thence came our names now used Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wodensday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; which planetary account was very ancient among the Egyptians (h), (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers, and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish sabbath, and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next, Sun, then the Moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger (i), whose intended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an heptagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the basis begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order, (grounded perhaps among



(r) De Pontificib. lib. 4.

(s) Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.

(t) "A great legion."

(u) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.

(x) "Salt of the covenant."

(y) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12. c. 1. V. Plutarch. Sympos. 8. cap. 10.

(z) Iliad. 1. Vid. Lips. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.

(a) In Cassandra.

(b) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 11. cap. 22.

(c) Damian. a Goes de morib. Æthiopum.

(d) De Longobard. 1. c. 8.

(e) Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. 4. cap. 91.

(f) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.

(g) "Mercury, president of gain."

(h) Dion. Hist. Rom. l. 3.

(i) De Emendat. Temp. 1. Fundem de hac re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem meritò agnoscimus.

The ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, music distances, and referred it to planetary hours: whereas they (the very name of hour for a twenty fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponnesiac war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and pope Silvester, the name of Sun-day was turned into the Lord's-day (*h*); as it is styled Dominicus & *Eugenii*; of Saturday, into the Sabbath; and the rest, not long afterward, named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third FERIA, (that is, holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter-week, the beginning of the ecclesiastic year, which was kept every day holy) for Sunday, Munday, Tuesday. You may note here, that Cæsar (*l*) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but quos cernunt, & quorum opibus aperte juvantur, Solem, Vulcanum & Lunam, reliquos ne fama quidem accipisse; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had their *Eozerp* Monath (*m*) for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christ'ned English king.

About the year six hundred, Christianity was received among the Saxons: this Ethelbert (being first induced to taste that happiness by Berta his queen, a Christian, and daughter to Hilperic, or Lothar, the Second, king of France) was afterward baptized by Augustine, a monk, sent thither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by pope Gregory the First, zealously being moved to conversion of the English nation: so that, after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years, by the common account, without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White (*n*) of Basingstoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me, if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar by-word, "Nor in Christendom, nor in Kent."

That abstinence of flesh for forty days began.

Began it here, so understand him; for plainly that fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing epistle of pope Telesphorus (*o*) constituting that the clergy should fast from Quinquagesima (that is, Shrove-sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now,

(*k*) Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 49.

Polyd. Invent. Rer. 6. cap. 5.

(*l*) Comment. Gallic. 6.

(*m*) Bed. lib. de Temporibus.

(*n*) Hist. 7. not. 24.

(*o*) Dist. 4. c. 4. statumus & ibid. D. Ambrosius.

from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the first of Christianity (*p*), for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been referred to Telesphorus, as first author. He died in the year 140 of Christ. But if you compare this of him with that of pope Melchisedes (*q*), (some 170 years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein forty days, and the common name of Quadragesime; but again find it thus. Saint Gregory (*r*), after both these, makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists (*s*), how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes). Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Easter are six weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty-six, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year, divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the Quinquagesima, that is, Ashwednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assayed abstinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmesbury, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon name near ours was *Lengeten-pæren* (*t*), as the other four fasts *yambren-pæren*.

So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won.

Near forty years after the Saxons' first arrival, Ella, (of the same nation) with his sons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Cissa, landed at Cimen-shore, in the now Sussex, (it is supposed (*u*) to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increased by supply, after much blood shed betwixt him and the Britons, and long siege of the city Andredceaster, now Newenden, in Kent, (as learned Camden conjectures) got supreme dominion of those southern parts, with title of king of Sussex, whose son and successor, Cissa's name, is yet there left in *Lyra-ceapren* (*x*), for Chichester, and in a hill encircled with a deep trench for military defence, called Ciss-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentish; for he was the first made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South-Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy, which had title of first, or chief king of the Angles and Saxons, so

(*p*) Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii Chronic. in Sixto 1.

(*q*) Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14. Jejunum.

(*r*) In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.

(*s*) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quæst. 3. num. 31.

(*t*) Canut. leg. 16.

(*u*) Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selesens. ap. Camden.

(*x*) So is it called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Sussex.

this Ælla not only was honoured with it (y), but also the prerogative, by priority of time, in first enjoying it, before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was, for the most part, still under the Kentish and West-Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This Wilfrid, archbishop of York, expelled that see by Egfrid, king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch, (otherwise Ethelwalch, being before christened, through religious persuasion of his godfather, Wuipher, king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selsey, a chersonese in Sussex, and was so founder of a bishopric, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla, (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex, for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla, after the death of Edilwalch, (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid, ut magistrum & dominum omnis provincie eum præfecit, nihil in tota provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbitratus (z); whereupon it was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with the sway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's profession, continued without rain; in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used, hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels. I know, some make Eadbert abbot of the monastery in Selsey (a), under king Iue, first bishop there, adding, that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that, rightly understood, discords not; that is, if you refer it to instauration of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishopric.

Adopting for his heir young Edmund—

Penda, king of Mercland, had slain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of East-Angles, and so in dominion might be said to have possessed that kingdom; but Anna had divers successors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traitorously slain in a plot dissembled by Offa, king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this Saint Edmund, a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hinguar, a Dane, (Polydore will needs have his name Anger) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the nineteenth of November, 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

(y) Ethelwerd. hist. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hist. 2. cap. 5.

(z) Malmesb. de gest. Pontific. 3.

(e) Matth. Westmonasteriensis.

And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon informed, that they were there ready to assist his enemies' swords with their devout orisons, and had one, called Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but Ergo, (saith he, being a heathen) si adversus pos, ad dominum suum clamant, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversis nos imprecationibus persequuntur; presently commands their spoil: which so was performed by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly sots as later times pestered the world withal, truly pictured in that description of (their character) sloth (b).

With two slimy eyne

I must sit, said the segge, or else I must needs nap,

I may not stonde ne stoupe, ne without mi stole kneele,

Were I brought a bed, (but if my talende it made) Should ne ringing do me rise, or I were ripe to dine. He began Benedicite with a belke, and his breast knocked

And raskled, and rored, and rut at the last:

If I should dye by this daie, me lyste not to loke.

I can not perflyt my Pater nost, as the priest it singeth, [Chester,

But I can rimes of Robin Hod, and Randal of But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all. I am occupied every day, holy day and other, With idle tales at the ale, and other while in churches. [thereon,

God's paine and his passion full selde think I I visited never feblemen, ne fettred folke in pittes, I have lever here an harlotrie, or a somer's game, Or leasings to laugh at and bilye my neighbours. Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John, and Lucas,

And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe, And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemmen in mine armes.

I have ben priest and parson passing thyrtye winter, Yet can I nether sol fe ne sing, ne saints livcs read, But I can find in a feild, or in a furlong, an hare, Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.

Not such were those Bangor monks: but they Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solabant. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissembled bestial sensualities of monastic profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII. every monastery afforded

(b) Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Malverna. Pass. 5.

shameful discovery of Sodomites and incontinent friars: in Canterbury priory of Benedictines, nine Sodomites; in Battle-abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion: larger reckoning will not satisfy, if you account their wenches, which, married and single, (for they affected that variety) supplied the wants of their counterfeited solitariness: so that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and friars, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, Je lais-scray, saith one (c), maintenant au lecteur calculer combien pur le moins devoint estre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines. These were they who admired all for Hebrew or Greek, which they understood not, and had at least (as many of our now professing formalists) Latin enough to make such a speech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their Vinum Cos; which, in one of them personated, receive thus from a noble poet (d).

Fac extrà: nihil hoc: extrà totum sit oportet,
Sobriè, n. justè atque piè potare jubet Lex.
Vinum lætificat cor hominis, præcipuè Cos.
Gratia sit Domino, Vinum Cos, inquit, habemus.

How my reader tastes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmesbury grossly errs in affirming that this Bangor (e) is turned into a bishopric; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloister, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a bishopric of the same title to this day, which somebody (f) hath on the other side ill taken for this.

Who re-ordained York a bishop's government.

For in the British times it had a metropolitick see, (as is noted to the ninth song) and now by Edwine, (converted to christian discipline both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert, king of Kent, and religious persuasion of God's ministers) was restored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbishop, being afterwards banished that province, and made bishop of Rochester, which some have ignorantly made him before.

Nor those that in the stem of Saxon Crida came.

Most of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (grandfather to Penda) first in that kingdom.

Confirm'd in Christ's belief by that most reverend Chad.

This Wulpher, son to Penda, restored to his father's kingdom, is reported (g) with his own hands to have slain his two sons, Wulphald and Ruffin, for that they privily withdrew themselves

(c) H. Stephen en l'Entroduit. au traite de la conformite, &c. 1. chap. 21.

(d) Jan. Douz. Satyr. 5.

(e) In hist. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorcestrensilibus.

(f) Aut. lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1590.

(g) Robert. de Swapham. in Hist. Petroburgens. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stouzeum.

to that famous Saint Chad, or Cedda, bishop of Litchfield, for instruction in the christian faith: and all this is supposed to be done where the now Stone in Staffordshire is seated. Hereupon the author relieves. But the credit of it is more than suspicious, not only for that in classic authority I find his issue only to be Kenred, and Saint Werburge, (by Ermengilda daughter to Erconbert, of Kent) but withal that he was both christian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by consent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all these names he had) eldest son of the first Penda, first received in Middle Engle (part of Merceland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan, bishop of Lindisfarne (h): after whose violent death, in spite of Oswy, king of Northumberland, Immin, Ebba, and Edderth, gentlemen of power in Merceland, saluted Wulpher, (brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it seems, (by Florence of Worcester, and Bede's reporting of four bishops in succession preferred by him) of christian name; but howsoever he was at that time, it is certain, that in the second or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilwalch, of Sussex, and bestowed on him as a gift, in token of that spiritual adoption, the isle of Wight, with another territory in West Saxony, and gave also to Saint Cedda (made, by consent of him and king Oswy, bishop of Lindisfarne) fifty hides of land (a hide (?), a plough land, or a carve, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks, observed, hardly endures his note of persecution; which in respect of his foundership of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham, a monk there, reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English kings, by simony made a bishop, which was Wine, of London, as Malmesbury is author.

And (through his rule) the church from taxes strongly freed.

Ethelbald, king of Merceland, founder of Crowland abbey, in Lincolnshire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a synod held, (Cuthbert then archbishop of Canterbury) enlarged ecclesiastic liberty in this form: Donationem meam, me vivente concedo, ut omnia monasteria, & ecclesie regni mei à publicis vectigalibus, operibus, & oneribus absolvantur, nisi instructionibus arcium vel pontium, quæ nunquam ulli possunt relaxari;

(h) It is that now called Holy Island, by east the utmost parts of Northumberland, whence the bishopric about dcccxcv. was translated to Durham.

(i) Ita n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon, Th. Walsingham, docemur, licet alii 100. Acris, alii aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maximè movet & absque hæsitacione in hanc sententiam pedibus ire cogit, en tibi ex Dunstani Chartâ (Ann. 963.) quæ Terræ partem concedit septem Aratorum; quod Anglicè dicitur septem Hidas. Nec immemorem hic te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jur. Cons. nostros, hide and gaine; quod Arum restibile interpretari hæbit ignorat Dupendius quispiam.

i. e. he discharged all monasteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works, and imposts, excepting such as were for building of forts and bridges; being (as it seems the law was then) not releasable. For, besides the authority of this statute of Ethelbald, it appears frequent in charters of the Saxon times, that, upon endowment and donations to churches, with largest words of exemption, and liberty from all secular charges, the conclusion of the Habendum was (*k*), *exceptis istis tribus, expeditione pontis, arcisve constructione*, which, among common notaries or scribes, was so well known, that they called it by one general name, *Trinoda necessitas*, as out of Cedwalla's charter to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selsey, of the manor of Pagenham, (now Pagham) in Sussex, I have seen transcribed; whereupon, in a deliberative (concerning papal exactions, and subjection of church-living) held under Henry III. (?) after examination of ancient kings' indulgence to the clergy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati dederrunt hujusmodi possessiones, quin tria sibi reservarent semper propter publicam regni utilitatem, videlicet, expeditionem, pontis & arcis reparationes, vel refectiones, ut per ea resisterent hostium incursionibus*; although by words of a statute of Ethelulph, king of West-Saxons, in the year 855, made by advice both of laity and spirituality, the church was quitted also of those three commonwealth causes of subsidies, but enjoyed it not; for even the canons (*m*) themselves subject their possessions to these service and duties; and upon interpretation of a charter made by Henry Beauclerc, founder of the priory of saint Oswald, in Yorkshire, containing words of immunity and liberty of tenure, as general and effectual as might be, a great lawyer (*n*) long

since affirmed, that yet the house was not freed of repairing bridges and causeys. But all lands, as well in hands of clerks as lay, were subjected to particular tenures after the conquest: and so these kind of charges and discharges being made rather feudal, (as Bracton (*o*) calls them) than personal, use of them in charters consequently ceased. I note here to students of antiquity, that, where the printed Ingulph says this was done by Ethelbald in the third year of his reign, they must with correction make it the thirty-third, as is, without scruple, apparent in the date of the synod (*p*), which was the 745th of our Saviour.

The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.

In that universal persecution under Dioclesian and Hercules (*q*), this isle gave, in Saint Alban, testimony of christian profession; even to his last breath, drawn among tormenting enemies of the cross. His death (being the first martyr, as the author here calls him, that this country had) was at Werlamcester, (i. e. the old Verulam) whereby the abbey of St. Albans was afterward erected (*r*).

(Extirping other styles) and gave it England's name (*b*).

Look back to the last note on the first song. Thus, as you see, hath the Muse compendiously run through the heptarchy, and united it in name and empire under Egbert, king of West-Saxons: after whom, none but his successors had absolute power in their kingdoms, as course of story shows you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the expectation of the reader is not satisfied in these seven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and first Christianity: therefore as a corollary receive this for the eye's more facile instruction.

(*k*) V. Chartam hujusmodi apud D. Ed. Cok. in Epist. ad lib. 6.

(*l*) Mat. Par. p. 838.

(*m*) Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c. Per-

(*n*) Knivet. 44 Ed. 3. fol. 25. a. [ven. 2.

(*o*) De Acquir. rer. Dom. 2. cap. 16. §. 3.

(*p*) Malmesb. lib. de gest. Pontif. 1.

(*q*) Ann. 760. aut circiter.

(*r*) Circa ann. 800.

Comprehended in	I. Kent.	The now Kent.	Began in	Received the faith in
II. South-Sex.	Sussex	Surry	I. Hengist, 456, from whose son Oisc the succeeding kings were called Oiscings.	I. Ethelbert, 597, of Augustine from Gregory I. (<i>s</i>)
III. West-Sex.	Cornwall	Devonshire	II. In Ælla, about 491.	II. Edilwalch, 661, and the whole country converted by Wilfrid, 679.
IV. East-Sex.	Dorset	Somerset	III. Certic (<i>s</i>), 519, whose grandfather was Gewise, and thence his people and posterity were called Gewises.	Kinegils, 635, baptized by Birin, first bishop of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire.
V. East-Sex.	Wilton	Southampton		
VI. East-Sex.	Berkshire			

(*s*) I follow here the ordinary chronology of our monks.

Comprehended in	IV. Northumberland.	Lancaster York Durham Westmoreland Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Time, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this side Time, called Dierland.	Began in IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms soon were confounded in one.	Received the faith in Edwin, 626, christened by Paulin, first archbishop (in the Saxon times) of York,
	V. East-Sax.	Essex Middlesex Part of Hereford.	V. Sleda, after some (others say in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their successors.	Sebert, 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, first bishop of London.
	VI. East-Angle.	Norfolk Suffolk Cambridgeshire Part of Ely.	VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christened, for he soon fell to apostasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil.
	VII. Mercland.	Gloicester Hereford Worcester Warwick Leicester Rutland Northampton Lincoln Huntingdon Bedford Buckingham Oxford Stafford Derby Salop Nottingham Chester. The northern part of Hereford. But in these the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-Engles, and the Mercians divided into names of their local quarters.	VII. In Penda, 626. Others will in Crida, some 40 years before.	Peadra, king of Middle-Engle, baptized by Finna, bishop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profession of it in Vulpher, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed chronology, as I can justify myself with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of error, because our old monks, exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectify. I know the East-Angles, by both ancient and later authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with synchronism you examine it, it will be found most absurd. For seeing it is affirmed expressly, that Redwald was slain by Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland, and being plain by Bede (t), (take his

story together, and rely not upon syllables and false printed copies) that it must needs be near 600, (for Edwin succeeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was some thirty years before: what calculation will cast this into less than 500 years after Christ? Forget not, (if you desire accurate times) my admonition to the IVth song, of the twenty-two years' error upon the Dionysian account, especially in the beginning of the kingdoms, because they are for the most part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the Saxons. Where you find different names from these, attribute it to misreading of old copies, by such as have published Carpenwald for Eorpenwold, or Earpwald; Penda also perhaps for Wenda, mistaking the

(t) Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum sexcentesimo vice rōū quingentesimo.

Saxon *p.* for our *P.* and other such, variably both written and printed. How in time they successively came under the West-Saxon rule, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely put on the person of an historian. Our common annals manifest it. But know here, that although seven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their supremacies :

The Saxons tho in ther power (tho thii were so rive)
Seve kingdomes made in Engelande and suthē (*u*)
but vive,

The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastaungle also,
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March therto.

as Robert of Glocester, according to truth of story,
hath it; for Estsex and Southsex were not long
after their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their
ruling neighbour princes.

A nation from their first bent naturally to spoil.

Indeed so were universally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us: *Nec arare terram aut expectare annum tam facile perstiteris, quam vocare hostes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinimò & iners videtur sudore acquirere quod possis sanguine parare, and more of that nature we read in him.*

Of famous Cambridge first

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had banished him, and receiving the East-Angle crown, assisted by Felix, a Burgognone, and first bishop of Dunwich, (then called Dunmoe) in Suffolk: desiring to imitate what he had seen observable in France, for the common good, institut scholam (read it scholas, if you will, as some do; I see no consequence of worth) in qua pueri literis erudirentur, as Bede writeth. Out of these words, thus general, Cambridge being in East-Angle, hath been taken for this school, and the school for the university. I will believe it (insomach as makes it then an university) not much sooner than that (I know not what) Gurgusius with Cantaber, some 150 years before Christ, founded it; or, those charters of king Arthur, bulls of pope Honorius and Sergius sent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their studies there, with more such pretended and absurd unlikelihooods; unless every grammar school be an university, as this was, where children were taught by pædagogi & magistri juxta morem Cantuariorum, as Bede hath expressly: which so makes Canterbury an university also. But neither is there any touch in authentic and ancient story, which justifies these schools instituted at Cambridge, but generally somewhere in East-Angle. Reasons of inducement are framed in multitudes on both sides. But, for my own part, I never saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most of all rely upon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter of Blois, affirming, that under Henry I. (he lived very near the same time: therefore believe him in a matter not subject to causes of historians temporising) Joffred, abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert, his co-moigne, and three other monks,

(*u*) Afterward.

came to his manor of Cotenham, as they used oft times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conducto quodam horreo publico suas scientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu, grandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno verò secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quod quælibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo: and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of schools. If before this there were an university, I imagine that in it was not profest Aristotle's Ethics, which tell us, *πρὸς τὴν Σεινκίαν φιλάς*: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all, that hated not the Muses, could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor is it toleagable in conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous seminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer subscription; but always under reformation of that most honoured tutoress's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time, relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which some have so violently patronised.*

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood:

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant that he first founded University College; yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Giesse, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Greek-lade (to the third song) which I will not importune you to believe: but without scruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of St. Dewi's (*x*), (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in these words of the year 836: *Exorta est pessima ac teterrima Oxoniæ discordia inter Grimbouldum, (this was a great and devout scholar, whose aid Alfred used in his disposition of lectures) doctissimosque illos viros secum illic adduxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem invenisset: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimbouldo institutas, omni ex parte amplecti recusabant. And a little after, Quinetiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio, illius loci ordines ac instituta, à nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut à Gildâ (Melkino, he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 5 and 600) Nennio, (the printed book hath falsely Nemrio) Kentigerno, (he lived about 509) & aliis, qui omnes literis illic consenuerunt, omnia ibidem*

(*x*) Asser. Menevens. de gest. Alfred.

foelici pace & concordia administrantes; and affirmed also, that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of (y) pagans (they meant Danks) had brought them to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of this pillar of the Muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life, (published lately by a (z) Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied at Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen, (and I confess, before me, one hath well published the conjecture for Ryd-Ichin, the Welsh name of that city, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Memprikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and public schools, (being (a) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory, for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloisters were great auditories (b) of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury, (this Aldelm first taught the English to write (c) Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two sisters have prerogative of primogeniture, (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this island, as the beauteous face of the Earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford, out of an ancient (d) MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisiis, Oxoniam, Coloniam, Bononiam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studentium libertatem;* and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishoprics by a profest antiquary and popish canon of Antwerp (e), telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxoniensis, I imagined might have been mistaken for Exoniensis, (as Exonia for Oxonia sometimes) until I saw

(y) About Alfred's time, before his instauration, a grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florent. Wigorn. p. 309.

(z) Joan à Bosco, Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

(a) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Ox. 2. §. 84.

(b) Ireland ad Cyg. Cant. in Grantâ.

(c) Camd. in Wiltoniâ.

(d) Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magist. Student.

(e) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis, 1610.

Exoniensis joined; also; by which stood Petroburgensis, which bruised all the credit of the monument, but especially of him that published it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no bishopric till Henry the Eighth? Nor indeed was Oxford, which might easily be thought much otherwise, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promising title. I abstain from expatiating in matter of our Muses' seat, so largely, and too largely, treated of by others.

And into several shires the kingdom did divide.

To, those shires (f) he constituted justices and sheriffs, called *zepepas* and *phynzepepas*, the office of those two being before confounded in vice-domini, i. e. lieutenants; but so, that vice-dominus, and vicecomes, remained indifferent words for the name of sheriff; as in a charter of king Edred, 950.—*Ego Binguiph vicedominus consului* †. *Ego Alfer vicecomes audivi* ‡. I find together subscribed. The justices were, as I think, no other than those whom they called *Seobot mannum*, being the same with *Soles*, now earls, in whose disposition and government, upon delegation from the king, (the title being officary, not hereditary, except in some particular shire, as Leicester, &c.) the county was; with the bishop of the diocese: the earl sat (g) in the *Synzegebore* twice every year, where charge was given touching *Lober phoez zepeopulb pulde* (h): but by the Conqueror (i), this meddling of the bishop in tournes was prohibited. The sheriff had then his monthly court also, as the now county court instituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the tourn by king Edgar. The sheriff is now immediate officer to the king's court, but it seems that then the earl (having always the third part of the shire's profits, both before and since the Normans) had charge upon him. For this division of counties; how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred, affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloucester thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one (k), but then joined to Gloucestershire; those thirty-two were (l)

Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hantsire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire; these nine governed by the West Saxon law. Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; these fifteen by the Danish law. Oxford, Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Cheshire, Worcester; these eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwall, Cumberland, (styled also Carlislehire) Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland, (which was since titled Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve

(f) Histor. Crowlandensis.

(g) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Canut. cap. 17.

(h) "God's right and the world's"

(i) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2. pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln. transcripsimus in Jano Anglorum l. 2. §. 14. & videas apud Fox. hist. eccles. 4.

(k) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunus.

(l) Polychronicon, lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

in Wales) forty. Cornwall (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother, Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division. Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scottish or Danish power. But the two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular governors (*m*), and Northumberland earls (*n*): Westmoreland, perhaps, began when king John gave it Robert Vipont, ancestor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large immunities (*o*) given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son, Edmund Crouch-back, earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned judge affirms (*p*), that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley, duke of York, and afterward duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know, for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his boroughs, i. e. pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law-books.

Which he an heirloom left unto the English throne.

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward the Confessor (*q*): and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old monument is left to posterity (*r*). In France, such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's Charisma nationis.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's Archæonomy, and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror, joined and deduced, for the most part, out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if Malmesbury deceive not (*s*), which king Cnut collected, of whom his words are, Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maximè antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regis multæ, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit; and under this

(*m*) Mat. West. fol. 366.

(*n*) Ingulph. hist. Crowland.

(*o*) Thorp. 17 Ed. 3. fol. 56. h.

(*p*) Bract. lib. 3. tract. de Corona, cap. 10. Quàm plurimi casus in annis Ed. 3. & 5. Jacob. apud Donn. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maximè vero hæc faciunt itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.

(*q*) Polydor. hist. 8.

(*r*) Eilfred. Rhivallens. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanat. c. 6.

(*s*) De gest. Reg. 2. cap. 11.

name have they been doubly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWELFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, that part of Shropshire plies
Which on the east of Severn lies:
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains' spite,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as she in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;
An end which to this canto brings.

The haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their
praise,

(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of godlike Brute) their heads do proud-
ly bear: [air

And having crown'd themselves sole regents of the
(Another war with Heaven as though they meant
to make)

Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the English side, [pride
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to veil unto their

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that
knew,

And understood from whence their insolency grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in sight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they star'd on him; to them the like he
gave, [brave:

And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for
That, when some other hills which English dwellers
were,

The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear
Against the Cambrian part, respectless of their
power;

His eminent disgrace expecting every hour, [look
Those flatterers that before (with many cheerful
Had grac'd his goodly sight, him utterly forsook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd

in black, [wrack:
Which of their utmost hope attend the ruinous
That those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and
Rodon clear [him dear;

(Two brooks of him below'd, and two that held
He, having none but them, they having none but
he,

Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,
And as they mix'd their streams, for him so mix'd
their tears.

Whom, in their coming Iowa, when plainly he discerns,
For them his nobler heart in his strong bosom years :

But, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer, if they were)
The Britons should not yet all from the English bear;

“ Therefore,” quoth he, “ brave flood, tho' forth
Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou would'st be thought [take:]”

(O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence par-
Which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he spake;

“ Wise Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said
Of those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd and pray'd, [deeds:]

Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous
But in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,
Shall find, ere I have done, the Briton (so extoll'd,
Whose height each mountain strives so vainly to uphold) [might]

Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a
As skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.

Who, when their fortune will'd that after they
should score [for force,

Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging force
(When first he put from sea to forage on this shore,
Two hundred years¹ disdain'd with either's equal gore;

Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English reign,
And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)

The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely
show'd, [bestow'd.

As those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise

“ Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert over-
threw, [subdue)

(Through which he thought at once the Saxons to
His kingly courage quell : but from his short retire,
His reinforced troops (new forg'd with sprightly fire)
Before them drove the Dane, and made the Briton run

(Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had won)
Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight

were slain, [neigh'ring plain.
Till their huge murdered heaps manur'd each

“ As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that
bent [mark sent

Against those fresh supplies each year from Den-
(Which prowling up and down in their rude Danish
oars, [shores)

Here put themselves by stealth upon the pest' red
In many a doubtful fight much fame in England
won.

So did the king of Kent, courageous Athelstan,
Which here against the Dane got such victorious
days. [praise,

“ So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may
That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and
Osrick brought. [that fought,

“ And Ethelred, with them nine sundry fields
Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.
You right nam'd English then, courageous men
you were, [lord:]

When Reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant
Where Basrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword
to sword;

The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here
address'd.

“ And Alured, not much inferior to the rest :
Who having in his days so many dangers past,
In seven brave foughten fields their champion
Hubba chas'd,

And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
Whose like the Sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way :
Where those, that from the field sore wounded
sadly fled, [dead,

Werè well-near overwhelm'd with mountains of the
His force and fortune made the foes so much to fear,
As they the land at last did utterly forswear.

“ And when proud Rollo², next, their former
powers repair'd

(Yea, when the worst of all it with the English far'd)
Whose countries near at hand, his force did still
supply, [mandy,

And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Nor-
This prince in many a fight their forces still defy'd.
The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,

By which the Danes had then their full-fraught
navies tew'd : [ru'd.

The greatness of whose stream besieged Hartford
This Alfreð, whose foresight had politically found
Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the
ground,

A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,
§. And into lesser streams that spacious current cut:

Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their desire)
Those Danish hulks became the food of English fire.

“ Great Alfreð left his life : when Elfrida up
grew,

That far beyond the pitch of other women flew :
Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,

§. Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would
know :

But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
This most courageous queen, by conquest to aspire,

The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,
And resolutely hero through their thick squadrons
hew'd

Her way into the north. Where Derby having won,
And things beyond belief upon the enemy down,
She sav'd besieged York ; and in the Danes' de-
spite, [might,

When most they were upheld with all the eastern
More towns and cities built out of her wealth and
power,

Than all their hostile flames could any way devour.
And, when the Danish here the country most de-
stroy'd, [play'd;

Yet all our powers on them not wholly were em-
But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,
To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at home.

And all the land, from us they never clearly wan-
But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious
might.

Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious flight ;
And more than any king of th' English him before,
Each way from north to south, from west to th'
eastern shore,

Made all the isle his own : his seat who firmly fix'd,
The Caledonian hills and Caithness point betwixt,
§. And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hither
brought; [sought;

Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons

¹ Out of Plinilimon, in the confines of Cardigan
and Montgomery.

² See to song I.

² See to the next song of Rollo.

Where he their princes forc'd from that their strong
In England to appear at his imperial seat. [retreat,
“ But after, when the Danes, who never wearied
were,

Came with intent to make a general conquest here,
They brought with them a man deem'd of so
wondrous might,

As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:
For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly
wield: [spirit,

And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntless
A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
That to the English oft they off'ed him (in pride)
The ending of the war by combat to decide:
Much scandal which procur'd unto the English
name. [with shame,

When, some out of their love, and some spur'd on
By envy some provok'd, some out of courage, fain
Would undertake the cause to combat with the
Dane.

But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment found,
Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a
It likely was to leave to his defensive war. [wound

“ Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts
perplexed are, [famous Guy
It pleas'd all-powerful Heaven, that Warwick's
(The knight through all the world renown'd for
chivalry) [long-

Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held him
His honourable arms devoutly having hung
In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
(Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a
Christian freed,

And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)
Himself, a palmer poor, in homely russet clad
(And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)
Tow'ris Winchester alone (so) sadly took his way,
Where Athelstan, that time the king of England,
lay; [abide,

And where the Danish camp then strongly did
Near to a goodly mead, which men there call the
“ Hide. [bring

“ The day that Guy arriv'd (when silent night did
Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious
king [suppress'd)

(Whose strong and constant heart all grievous cares
His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
Sent to him from that God whom he invoc'd by
pray'r;

Commanding him the time not idly to fore-slow,
But rather as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
In palmer's poor attire: though very meanly
dight,

Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding
strong,

He easily might him know the other folk among;
And bade him not to fear, but chuse him for the
man. [stan;

“ No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-
And as the vision show'd, he such a palmer found,
With others of his sort, there sitting on the ground:
Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd to
stay,

Else ready to depart each one upon his way:
When secretly the king revealed to the knight
His comfortable dreams that lately-passed night:

With mild and princely words bespeaking him;
[quoth he, [than me
“ Far better you are known to Heaven (it seems)
For this great action: by whose most dread com-
mand

(Before a world of men) it's laid upon your hand.
Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court
repair,

Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
With comfortable wines and meats what you will
ask:

And chuse my richest arms to fit you for this task.
“ The palmer (gray with age) with countenance
lowling low,

His head c'en to the earth before the king did bow,
Him softly answering thus; “ Dread lord, it fits
me ill [will:

(A wretched man) t' oppose high Heaven's eternal
Yet my most sovereign liege, no more of me esteem
Than this poor habit shows, a pilgrim as I seem;
But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,
The best knights of the world, and scuffled in some
frays.

Those times are gone with me; and, being aged
now [vow

Have off'ed up my arms, to Heav'n and made my
Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining age
(Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermitage)
Shall ever enter roof: but if, by Heaven and thee,
This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,
Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to
accept,

In some convenient place proclaiming it be kept:
Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England I'll
appear. [wonted cheer,

“ The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his
And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.
When, both through camp and court, this combat
quickly went.

Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning ear,
As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,
Who for the English side durst undertake the day,
The puissant kings accord, that in the middle way
Betwix the tent and town, to either's equal sight,
Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,
The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.

“ The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and
English rise, [throng:

And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd people
The weaker female sex, old men, and children
young

Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see
The man on whose brave hand their hope that day
must be.

In noting of it well, there might a man behold
More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine
could.

One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy cheer,
Who seems in this distress a part with him to bear:
Their passions do express much pity mix'd with
rage.

Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to assuage,
His little infant near, in childish gibberish shows,
What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her
woes. [descrie

One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to
From thence upon the earth dejects his humble eye,
As since he thither came he suddenly had found
Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon the
ground.

One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were
aghast :

Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were
past.

This hark'neth with his friend, as though with
Off someintended act. Whilst they together speak,
Another standeth near to listen what they say,
Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day,
One great and general face the gathered people
seem :

So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not
What looks most sorrow show'd; their griefs so
equal were.

Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd
As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest:
Another looks o'er his: and others hardly prest,
Look'd underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in
crowds they throng

(Led by the king himself) the champion comes
A man well strook in years, in homely palmer's
gray,

And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to stay,
Holding a comely pace: which at his passing by,
In every censoring tongue, as every serious eye,
Compassion mix'd with fear, distrust and courage
bred.

"Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in
Before him (from the camp) an ensign first dis-
play'd

Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously
array'd

Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike
Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,
Come with their country's march, as they to Mars
should dance.

Thus, forward to the fight, both champions them
And each without respect doth resolutely chuse
The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's
refuse.

The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to
Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted
with steel,

And armed down along with pikes; whose hard'ned
(Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power to
tear the joints

Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoever they took:
Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to look.

"When our stout palmer soon (unknown for
valiant Guy)

The cord from his straight loins doth presently
untie,

Puts off his palmer's weed unto his truss, which
The stains of ancient arms, but show'd it had before
Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood, he
threw:

Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he drew
(The unsuspected sheath which long to it had been)
Which till that instant time the people had not
seen,

A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth he,
'Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country
free:

And never shall my heart your help again require,
But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r.

"Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the
Christian knight

Encounters him again with equal power and spite:
Whereas, betwixt them two, might easily have
been seen

Such blows, in public throngs as used, had they

Of many there the least might many men have
slain:

Which none but they could strike, nor none but
The most relentless eye that had the power to awe,
And so great wonder bred in those the fight that
saw,

As verily they thought, that nature until then
Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,
Where strength still answer'd strength, on courage
courage grew.

"Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both
One sweet and self-same prey, at one another fly,
And with their armed paws ingrappl'd dreadfully,
The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous strug-
gling make.

The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to
Their sad encounter such. The mighty Colebrond
struck

A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely
Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient hit it
split,

And (thereby lessened much) the champion lightly
Upon the reverend brow: immediately from whence
The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound had
sense

Of their much inward woe that it with grief should
"The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,
Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled
air.

The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan with
As though they lost the blood their aged champion
shed;

Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were as
As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks had
staid.

"Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his aid,
Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Colebrond
makes

Another desperate stroke: which Guy of Warwick
Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
Upon his shorter ribs, that the excessive flow
Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd
withal,

As though it meant to say, 'Behold your champion's
By this proud palmer's hand.' Such claps again
and cries

The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies.

Which coming on along from these that were
without,

When those within the town receiv'd this cheerful
They answer'd them with like: as those their joy
that knew.

"Then with such eager blows each other they
As every offer made should threaten imminent
death;

Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing
They desperately do close. Look how two boars
being set

Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do
And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam do
bite,

Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other where
to smite:

Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back,
The palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,
Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond such a
wound,

That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to the
And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
Sent thro' his shaven scalp his blade into his brain:

When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw;

As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.

"The English part, which thought an end he would have made, [said,

And seeming as they much would in his praise have He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his fame,

That to this passed king next in succession came;

That great and puissant knight (in whose victorious days [serving praise)

Those knight-like deeds were done, no less de- Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford having ta'en,

With as successful speed won Derby from the Dane.

From Lie'ster then again, and Lincoln at the length, Drove out the Dacian powers by his resistless strength:

And this his England clear'd beyond that raging Which that proud king of Huns once christ'n'd with his blood. [shown,

By which, great Edmond's power apparently was The land from Humber south recovering for his own;

That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the Dane

Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,

As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.

And studying every way magnificence in state,

At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly charge, [barge:

Eight tributary kings⁴ there row'd him in his His shores from pirates sack the king that strongly kept:

§. A Neptune, whose proud sails the British Ocean

"But after his decease, when his more hopeful son, [done,

§. By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly

To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head

(When by thy fatal curse, licentious Ethelred,

Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred life,

As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows rife)

The Dane, possessing all, the English⁴ forc'd to bear [were;

A heavier yoke than first those heathen slaveries

Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretched plight, [affright.

As even their thraldom seem'd their neighbours to

Yet could not all their plagues the English height abate:

But even in their low'st ebb, and miserable state,

Courageously themselves they into action put,

§. And in one night, the throats of all the Danish cut. [Dane

"And when in their revenge, the most insatiate

Unshipp'd them on our shores, under their puissant

Swane: [force

And swoln with hate and ire, their huge unwieldy

Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wooden

horse:

And the Norfolkian towns, the near'st unto the east,

With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;

Those Danes, yet from the shores we with such

violence drove, [hardly save.

That from our swords their ships could them but

"And to renew the war, that year ensuing,

when,

With fit supplies for spoil they landed here-agen,

⁴ Humber.

⁵ See to song X.

And all the southern shores from Kent to Cornwall spread,

With those disorder'd troops by Alaff hither led,

In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them for aid;

Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,

As from his country forc'd the wretched king to fly.

An English yet there was, when England seem'd to lie

Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore,

Who wash'd his secret knife in Swane's relentless

gore,

Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd,

Such means t' redeem themselves th' afflicted nation try'd. [Swanus' son,

And when courageous Knute, th' late murder'd

Came in t' revenge that act on his great father

done, [rose,

He found so rare a spirit that here against him

As though ordain'd by Heaven his greatness to

oppose: [stand

Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durst

When Knute, which here alone affected the com-

mand,

The crown upon his head at fair South-hampton

set: [get,

And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to

At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.

King Knute would conquer all, king Edmond would

be free. [prest:

The kingdom is the prize for which they both are

And with their equal powers both meeting in the

west,

The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermilion dy'd:

Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts

(in pride)

Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.

But Edmond, on whose side that day the better

went [suppress

(And with like fortune thought the remnant to

That Sarum then besieg'd, which was in great dis-

tress)

With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:

When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as with

fresh desires, [yet unsully'd,

Whose might though somewhat main'd, his mind

His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd:

And finding out a way, sent to his friends with

speed,

Who him supply'd with aid: and being help'd at

need,

Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a day,

Towards Worstershire their powers both well upon

their way,

There, falling to the field, in a continual fight

Two days the angry hosts still parted were by night:

Where twice the rising Sun, and twice the setting,

saw [to draw:

Them with their equal wounds their wearied breath

"Great London to surprise, then (next) Canutus

makes:

And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside

takes. [gate,

Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eastern

King Edmond through the west past in triumphal

state. [pride,

But this courageous king, that scorn'd, in his

A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,

Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.

Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,

Provokes him still to fight: and falling back
 where they [display,
 Might field-roomth find at large, their ensig is to
 Together flew again; that Brentford, with the
 blood [stood.
 Of Danes and English mix'd, discolour'd long time
 Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.

"When soon that valiant Knute, whour nothing
 could disway,
 Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,
 Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with fresh
 supplies [makes;
 Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside
 But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage
 tak s:

And Fortune (as her self) determining to show
 That she could bring an ebb on valiant Edmond's
 flow, [chance,
 And easly cast him down from off the top of
 By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
 Where she beheld that prince which she had
 favour'd long [among
 (Even in her proud despite) his murder'd troops
 With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls and
 bishops slain, [Dane)
 In that most dreadful day, when all went to the
 Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his
 sword and shield,

Such wonders there to act, as made her in the field
 Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he [be.
 By her unconstant hand should so much wronged
 "But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he
 draws,

To raise a second power in his slain soldiers' cause.
 When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune yet
 doth last, [fast.

Who oft from Ironside fled, now follow'd him as
 "Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,
 And what th' one strives to make, the other seeks
 to spoil, [noxious hands
 With threat'ning swords still drawn; and with ob-
 Attending their revnge, whilst either enemy stands,
 One man amongst the rest from this confusion
 breaks,

And to the ireful kings with courage boldly speaks;
 "Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-
 rage fill?

Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
 But what your swords admit? as nature did ordain
 Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain
 Your raurthers, sack, and spoil? If by this wasteful
 war

The land unpeopled lie; some nation shall from far,
 By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,
 Obtaining that for which you twain so long have
 fought. [mean

Unless then through your thirst of cupery you
 Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd
 clean; [right,

Select you champions fit, by them to prove your
 Or try it man-to-man yourselves in single fight."

"When as those warlike kings, provok'd with
 courage high,

It willingly accept in person by and by.
 And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless con-
 course grows

In little time so great, that their unusual flows
 Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amaz'd
 stood,

Her Birlich to behold, insid'd with her flood,

That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilst the
 kings, [springs,

Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire
 Both armed cap a-pie, upon their barred horse
 Together fiercely flew; that in their violent course
 (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly and
 loud, [cloud)

Tearing the full-stuff'd paunch of some congealed
 Their strong hoofs strook the earth: and with the
 fearful shock, [unlock.

Their spears in splinters flew, their beavers both
 "Canutus, of the two that farthest was from
 hope, [cope,

Who found with what a foe his fortune was to
 Cries, 'Noble Edmond, hold; let us the land
 divide.' [side

Here th' English and the Danes, from either equal
 Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry,
 'Courageous kings, divide;' 'twere pity such should
 die.' [to suppress

When now the neighbouring floods will'd Wrekin
 His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess.
 And time had brought about, that now they all
 began.

To listen to a long told prophecy, which ran [see
 Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously to
 A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
 The third of this large isle: which saw did first
 arise

From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.

The Druids (as some say) by her instructed were.
 In many secret skills she had been conn'd her lere.
 The ladden of the birds most perfectly she knew;
 And also from their flight strange auguries she
 drew;

Supremest in her placé: whose circuit was extent
 From Avon to the banks of Severn and to Trent:
 Where empress-like she sate with nature's bounties
 blest, [the rest,

And serv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all
 That Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high
 account. [sunmount

The eld'st of which is Cank: though Needwood her
 In excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd
 'Twixt Trent and batt'ning Dove; and equally
 embrac'd

By their abounding banks, participates their store;
 Of Britain's forests all (from th' less unto the
 more).

For fineness of her turf surpassing; and doth bear
 Her curled head so high, that forests far and near
 Oft grutch at her estate; her flourishing to see,
 Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.

But (as the world goes now) O woful Cank the while,
 As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle;
 Great Arden's eldest child: which, in her mother's
 ground [crown'd;

Before fair Peck'nham's self, her old age might have
 When as those fallow deer, and huge-haunch'd
 stags that graz'd

Upon her shaggy heaths, the passenger amaz'd
 To see their mighty herds, with high palm'd heads
 to threat

The woods of o'ergrown oaks; as though they
 Their horns to th' other's heights. But now, both
 those and these

Are by the gain devou'd: so abject are our days!
 She, now unlike herself, a neat-herd's life doth
 live,

And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.

But Muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands
too too long; [among].

Of whom report may speak (our mighty wastes
She from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a beast doth
breed

As scarcely this great isle can equal: then of her,
Why should'st thou all this while the prophecy
defer? [grew,

Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers
She could not be content, until she fully knew
Which child it was of hers (born under such a fate)
As should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,
When many a river, now that furiously doth flow,
Had scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she
doth will

Wise Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her rills it was she meant.
To satisfy her will, the wizard answers; "Trent."
For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,
A more than usual power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import; by which she thus
divin'd,

There should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeyes great, in places fat and rank,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank;
And thirty several streams from many a sundry
way,

Unto her greatness should their wat'ry tribute pay.
This Moreland greatly lik'd: yet in that tender
love,

Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wish'd it his: because the dainty
grass

That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.
But, subject he must be: as Sow, which from her
spring [bring

At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth
To Trent by fix'd grac'd, the Astons' ancient seat;
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet
retreat.

The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd titles
grace: [you see

May Heaven still bless that house, till happy floods
Yourselves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,
As when she shall want words, her signs shall it
express. [sovereign Trent:

So Blyth bears eas'ly down towards her dear
But nothing in the world gives Moreland such con-
tent,

As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in sundry strains: as, cranking Manyfold,
The first that lends him force: of whose meandred
ways, [strays)

And labyrinth-like turns (as in the moors she
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely
mad, [lad,

O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes
they play'd,

Bewitch'd the wanton heart of that delicious maid:
Which instantly was turn'd so much from being
coy, [boy.

That she might seem to doat upon the moorish
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)
With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely
Trent,

With many other flocks (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then
clear Tain, [would be.

That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one
And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking this amorous nymph by some means to
beguile)

He closely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears some policy of his,
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,
Distracted in her course, improvidently rash,
She oft against the cleefs her crystal front doth
dash: [to bear;

Now forward, then again she backward seems
As, like to lose herself by straggling here and
there. [of her sight,

Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out
No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,
But Manyfold that still the run-away doth watch,
Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold re-
move, [Dove.

They struggling tumble down into their lord, the
Thus though th' industrious Muse hath been
employ'd so long,

Yet is she loth to do poor little Sместal wrong,
That from her Wilfrune's spring near Hampton
plies, to pour [Stour.

The wealth she there receives, into her friendly
Nor shall the little Bourne have cause the Muse to
blame, [the Thame:

From these Staffordian heaths that strives to catch
Whom she in her next song shall greet with mirth-
ful cheer,

So happily arriv'd now in her native shire,

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progress into the land, the Muse
comes southward from Cheshire into adjoining
Stafford, and that part of Shropshire which lies in
the English side east from Severn.

And into lesser streams the spacious current cut.

In that raging devastation over this kingdom by
the Danes, they had gotten divers of their ships
fraught with provision out of Thames into the
river Ley (which divides Middlesex and Essex)
some twenty miles from London; Alfred holding
his tents near that territory, especially to prevent
their spoil of the instant harvest, observed that by
dividing the river, then navigable between them and
Thames, their ships would be grounded, and
themselves bereft of what confidence their navy
had promised them. He thought it, and did it,
by parting the water into three channels. The
Danes betook themselves to flight, their ships left
as a prey to the Londoners.

Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would
know.

This Alured left his son Edward successor, and,
among other children, this Eilfred, or Ethelfred his
daughter, married to Ethelred earl of Mercia.
Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, because
here the author leaves him, I offer you these of an
ancient English wit:

Nobilitas innata tibi probatis honorem
 Arripotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem
 Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
 Gaudia semper erant, spes semper mixta timori.
 Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella parebas:
 Si modo victus eras, ad crastina bella parabas.
 Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore
 Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarunt.

Huntingdon cites these as his own; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it because his MS. epigrams, which make in some copies the eleventh and twelfth of his history, are of most different strain, and seem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leisure to overlook them) he shows his Muse (as also in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning *Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, largitor honorum*, &c. in that still declining time of learning's state, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelred, in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this English: "She was the love of the subject, fear of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart; having once endured the grievous pains of child-birth, ever afterward denied her husband those sweeter desires; protesting, that yielding indulgence towards a pleasure, having so much consequent pain, was unseemly in a king's daughter." She was buried at saint Peter's in Gloucester; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

For Constantine their king, an hostage hither brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland (as our historians say) from Howel, Malmesbury calls him *Ludwal*, and Constantine; he restored presently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his majesty to make a king than be one. The Scottish stories (a) are not agreeing here with ours; against whom Buchanan storms, for affirming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in Edward the First, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's Henry VIII (b).

A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean swept.

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time Saint Dunstan (as is said) at Glastenbury, heard this angelical voice;

To holy church and to the Lord pays is ybore and blis

By thulke child's time, that nouthe ybore is.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of 3600 sail (c); which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates' rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies' invasion.

By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains showed themselves in this variety and unlawful

obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) called Egelfled, surnamed *Ened*, daughter to *Odmer*, a great nobleman, Edward: and by queen Elfrith, daughter to *Orgar* earl of Devonshire, *Ethelred*, of some seven years' age at his death. That Egelfled was a profest nun (d), some have argued, and so make *Ethelred* the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except *Alfrith*, he was married to any of the ladies on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in king *Alfred*) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward, not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, wearied after the chase in *Parbeck Isle*, in *Dorsetshire*, without guard or attendance, visits her at *Corfe Castle*; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, or one of her appointed servants (e), stabbed the innocent king. His corpse, within a little space, expiring its last breath, was buried at *Wareham*, thence afterward by *Alfer*, earl of *Mercland*, translated into *Shaftsbury*, which (as to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called *Saint Edward's* (f). Thus did his brother-in-law *Ethelred* (according to wicked *Elfrith's* cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of *Constantine Copronymus*, the Greeks, so of this *Ethelred* is affirmed, that, in his holy tincture, he abused the font with natural excrements, which made *Saint Dunstan*, then christening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit*. Some ten years of age was he, when his brother *Edward* was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murder only for his sake, most cruelly beat him herself with a handful of wax (g).

— Candlen long and towe

Meo (h) ne bileved noght ar he lay at hir vet yswowe (i):

[he was
 Warthor this child afterward such hey mon as
 Was the worse wan he ysey (k) candlen vor this cas.

But I have read it affirmed (l), that *Ethelred* never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good *Saint Edward*. It is not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two nunneries, one at *Werwel*, the other at *Ambresbury*; and

(d) *Ex Osberno in Vita Dunstan. Fox. Eccles. Hist. 4.*

(e) *Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon. Hist. 5.*

(f) *Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.*

(g) *Rob. Glocestrensis.*

(h) *Shee.* (i) *Feet in voe.* (k) *Saw.*

(l) *Vid. S. Edwardi apud Ranulph, Gest. lib. 6.*

(a) *Hector Boeth. lib. 11. & Buchanan.*

(b) *Rob. Glocestrens. Hist. 6. reg. 55.*

(c) *Some say c10, c11, c12, c13.*

By all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But for this slaughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering spoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was saint Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS
HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Christ.

800. Egbert, son to Inegild (others call him Althmund) grandchild to king Ine. After him scarce any (*m*), none long, had the name of king in the isle; but governors or earls; the common titles being dukes, comites, consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the First is often called earl of Normandy.
836. Ethelulph, son to Egbert.
853. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.
860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.
866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.
871. Alfred, youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's life time, anointed by pope Leo the Fourth, as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.
901. Edward the First, surnamed in story Senior, son to Alfred.
924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine, a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her,

(*m*) See to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written kings of Westsex, although in seigniority (as it were) or, as the civilians call it, direct property, all the other provinces (except some northern, and what the Danes unjustly possess) were theirs.

dreamed (you remember that of Olympias, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) proved true.

940. Edmund the First, son of Edward by his queen Edgiva (*n*).
946. Edred, brother to Edmund.
955. Edwy, first son of Edmund.
959. Edgar (second son of Edmund) Honor ac Delicie Anglorum.
975. Edward the Second, son to Edgar by Egelied, murdered by his stepmother Alfrith, and thence called Saint Edward.
979. Ethelred the Second, son to Edgar, by queen Alfrith, daughter to Orgar, earl of Devonshire.
1016. Edmund the Second, son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfiva, surnamed Ironside.

Between him and Canut (or Canutus) the Dane; son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her children's blood. 'It properly here breaks off: for the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Essex, Estangle, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first moved for a treaty) Merc-land and the northern territories. Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edric Streona, earl of Mercland, poisoned him), leaving sons Edmund and Edward: but they were, by Danish ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited, and all the kingdom cast under Canut. After him reigned his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's son (*o*) (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his queen Elfiva:) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, king Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour; and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hardcnut, son to Ethelred, by the same queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

POLY-OLBION.

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer,

(*n*) Male enigm & ineptæ Veremundi s'quax
Hector ille Boeth. lib. 11. qui Ed. & Edredum
Æthelstane scribit prognatos.

(*o*) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.

She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks to chuse
The simples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to show;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

Upon the midlands now th' industrious Muse doth
fall; [may call,
That shire which we the heart¹ of England well
As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)
Betwixt Saint Michael's mount, and Warwick-
bord'ring Tweed, [bear²,
Brave Warwick; that abroad so long advanc'd her
§. By her illustrious earls renowned every where;
Above her neighbouring shires which always bore
her head. [hast bred,

My native country then, which so brave spirits
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

Muse, first of Arden tell³, whose footsteps yet
are found [ground,
In her rough woodlands more than any other
§. That mighty Arden held even in her height of
pride; [side,

Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severa's
The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth
awake:

When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake:
"My many goodly sites when first I came to
show,

Here open'd I the way to mine own overthrow:
For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The grapple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds
enclose:

By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.
"When Britain first her fields with villages had
fill'd, [build,

Her people waxing still, and wanting where to
They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses,
where [his leyre,

He in the broom and brakes had long time made
Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
If those old Britons then me sovereign did instife,
I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis
alone [many a one,

That gives our kind the place: else were there
For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,
We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious
wastes, [chase,"

That men for profit breed, as well as those of
Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to show;
And with her sylvan joys the Muse along doth go.
When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's
wave,

No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,

¹ Warwickshire is the middle shire of England.

² The ancient coat of that earldom.

³ Divers towns expressing her name: as Henly
in Arden, Hampton in Arden, &c.

At such time as the year brings on the pleasant
spring. [sing

But hunts-up to the morn the feath' red sylvans
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quirristers are perch'd with many a speckled
breast. [cast

Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous
night

Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear
open throats, [notes,

Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing
air [where.

Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every
The throstell, with shrill sharps; as purposely he
song

T' awake the listless Sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets
thrill:

The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different
be: [May;

For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
Upon his dulcet pipe, the merle doth only play⁴.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth
ply. [draw,

As though the other birds she to her tunes would
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure
would spare,

That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we
then, [wren;

The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the
The yellow-pate: which though she hurt the
blooming tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not
behind, [kind.

That hath so many sorts descending from her
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they;

The laughing becco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill some hid among the
leaves,

Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath
run, [creeps

And through the twisted tops of our close covert
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly
sleeps. [ful herds,

And near to these our thickets, the wild and fright-
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering
birds, [deer:

Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow
there; [strew'd,

The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

⁴ Of all birds, only the black-bird whistleth.

Of all the beasts which we for our veneral
 name⁵, [game:
 The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest
 Of which most princely chase sith noue did ere re-
 port, [sport
 Or by description touch, t' express that wond'rous
 (Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients' nobler
 songs)
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
 Yet shall she not invoke the Muses to her aid;
 But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
 In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady
 grove, [to rove)
 Which oft hast born thy bow (great huntress, us'd
 At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
 The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger
 fierce; [queen,
 And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forests'
 With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful
 green, [fair and near,
 About the lawns hath scour'd, and wastes both
 Brave huntress: but no beast shall prove thy quar-
 ries here; [red,
 Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty
 The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
 Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with
 his hounds [grounds
 The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed
 Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his
 feed [heed,
 The dogs of him do find; or thorough skillful
 The huntsman by his slot⁶, or breaking earth per-
 ceives,
 Or entering of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
 Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart
 doth hear
 The often bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
 He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes
 doth drive,
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
 And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
 makes,
 He with his branched head the tender saplings
 shakes, [to weep;
 That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and
 deep, [place:
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
 And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
 Rebating⁷ with his horn, which then the hunter
 cheers, [bears,
 Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-
 His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
 Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his
 flight. [perceives,
 But when th' approaching foes still following he
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he
 leaves; [sensibly find,
 And o'er the champain flies: which when th' as-
 Each follows, as his horse were footed with the
 wind.
 But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
 When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
 Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refresh-
 ing soil: [foil,
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can

And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag
 wool'd sheep, [their keep.

Them frightening from the guard of those who had
 But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows
 tries. [letteth stand

Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he
 T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in
 hand, [halloo:

The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and
 huntsmen follow;

Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of
 strength, [length,

His long and sinewy legs then failing him at
 The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
 To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.

The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters
 near, [fear,

This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
 Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his haunch
 oppos'd,

He turns upon his foes, that soon have him enclos'd.
 The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at
 bay,

And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
 With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly
 wounds. [hounds,

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied
 He desperately assails; until oppress by force,
 He who the moorner is to his own dying corse,
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall⁸.

To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
 With solitude what sorts, that here's not wond'rous
 rife?

Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
 From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating
 clowns,

And from the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns.
 Suppose twixt noon and night, the Sun his half
 way wrought [brought)

(The shadows to be large, by his descending
 Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring
 glades,

And his-dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
 Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried
 long,

And on the ranker grass till past the noon-sted
 hung; [cell⁹,

When as the hermit comes out of his homely
 Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell:
 Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath
 been;

Or one who of this world the vileness having seen,
 Retires him from it quite; and with a constant
 mind [kind,

Man's beastliness so loaths, that flying human
 The black and darksome nights, the bright and
 gladsome days

Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
 Each little village yields his short and homely fare:
 To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and only
 care;

Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.
 This man, that is alone a king in his desire,

⁵ Of hunting, or chase.

⁶ The track of the foot.

⁷ One of the measures in winding the horn.

⁸ The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are
 held to be precious in medicine.

⁹ Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways
 that lie through forests.

By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being-claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moi¹: nor of a w^a he weighs
What fools, abused kings, and humtious ladies
raise.

His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world: but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty
grow:

Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to
And in a little maund, being made of osiers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.

Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode;
And in some open place that to the Sun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithal he stops the wound-
made gore;

The healing tutsan then, and plantane for a sore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim
binds.

The wonder-working dill he gets not far from
Which curious women use in many a nice disease.
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or adders
stung,

He seeketh out an herb that's called adder's-tongue;
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And sportive did herself to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,
T'apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp;
As centaury, to close the wideness of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make sound.
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth
rise:

For physio, some again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale here-hound, which he holds of most especial
use.

So saxifrage is good, and hart's-tongue for the stone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he
gives,

And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rupture
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a
cough,

Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard
Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good;
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,
And melaucholy cures by sovereign hellebore.

Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a few,
To those unnumb'ed sorts of simples here that grew.
Which justly to set down, even Dodon¹⁰ short doth
fall;

Nor skilful Gerard¹⁰, yet, shall ever find them all.
But from our hermit here the Muse we must
enforce,

And zealously proceed in our intended course:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose;
By Alester how Ain to Arro eas'ly flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively-tripping
Rhea,

T' attend the lustier Thame, is from her fountain
sent:

So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor should come
in,

Which trifeth twixt her banks, observing state, so
As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to
throw:

Yet Arden will'd her Thame to serve her on his
For by that nymph alone, they both should honor'd
be.

The forest, so much fall'n from what she was be-
That to her former height fate could her not re-
store;

Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importu'd the Heavens with an auspicious hand.
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)
They by a lady's birth would more renown that
place,

Than if her woods their heads above the hills should
And for that purpose, first made Coventry so
great

(A poor thatch'd village then, or scarcely none at
That could not once have dream'd of her now
stately wall)

§. And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin-
Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's com-
mand,

Whom then the Briton kings gave her full power
For matches to their friends in Britanny the less.
At whose departure thence, each by her just
bequest

Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest
With one of their own sex, that there her birth
should have,

Till fulness of the time which fate did choicely
Until the Saxons' reign, when Coventry at length,
From her small, mean regard, recover'd state and
strength,

§. By Leofrie her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who expell'd:
Whose dutchess, which desir'd this tribute to
release,

Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to make
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark nak'd upon a
horse

By day-light through the street: which certainly
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former sute she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devour'd with
zeal,

Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.
The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth fore-
reed

Th' first syllable of hers; and Goodere half doth
sound;

For by agreeing words, great matters have been
But farther than this place the mystery extends.
What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:

For in the British tongue, the Britons could not find,
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd;
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had
known,

But that her being here was by this name fore-
As prophesying her. For, as the first did tell
Her sirname, so again doth Ancor lively spell

¹⁰ The authors of two famous herbals.

¹¹ Ancor.

Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins
there
Did sanctify that place: so holy Edith here
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey plac'd,
Which Alfred enrich'd, and Powlsworth highly
grac'd. [maids,
A princess being born, and abbess, with those
All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads
Their holiness bequeath'd upon her to descend
Which there should after life: in whose dear self
should end
Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that
decreed, [freed.
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that
But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trifling
stays,
Unto the lustier Thame as loth to come her ways,
The flood entreats her thus, "Dear brook, why dost
thou wrong
Our mutual love so much, and tediously prolong
Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still pre-
pare?
Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only care.
For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;
When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to my
name,
I will protect thy state: then do not wrong thy
kind. [may'st not find?"
What pleasure hath the world, that here thou
Hence, Muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore,
by that cross¹² [the Foss,
Where those two mighty ways¹³, the Watling and
Our centre seem to cut. (The first doth hold her
way,
From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey:
The second south and north, from Michael's ut-
most mount, [account.)
To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we
And then proceed to show, how Avon from her
spring, [blandishing,
By Newnham's fount¹⁴ is blest; and how she,
By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth first
assist,
Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great
while miss'd;
Though Coventry¹⁵ from thence her name at first
did raise,
Now flourishing with fanes, and proud pyramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely
built,
Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,
As scorning all the towns that stand within her
view: [claim her due.
Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should
Tow'rs Warwick with this train as Avon trips
along, [song;
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely
"To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we
owe,
And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits show;
Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to ad-
vance, [France,
Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat: and sailing into

¹² The high cross, supposed to be the midst of England.

¹³ See to the xvi. song.

¹⁴ Newnham-Wells.

¹⁵ Otherwise, Cune-tre: that is, the town upon Cune.

At tilt, from his proud steed, duke Otton threw'st
to ground: [crown'd,
And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the beautiful
(The A! main emperor's heir) high acts didst there
achieve:
As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.
Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword im-
bru'd'st;
And then in single fight, great Amerant subdu'd'st.
'Twas thy Herculean hand, which happily destroy'd
That dragon, which so long Northumberland
annoy'd; [lands laid,
And slew that cruel boar, which waste our wood-
Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in
meadows made:
Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till
now; [strous cow:
And, at our humble suit, did quell that mon-
The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright,
Of all our English (yet) O most renowned knight,
That Colebrond overcam'st: at whose amazing
fall [ter's sieg'd wall.
The Danes remov'd their camp from Winches-
Thy statue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to
please; [coles]
Warwick, thy mighty arms, (thou English Her-
Thy strong and massy sword, that never was con-
troll'd: [hold."
Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall
Scarce ended their their song, but Avon's wind-
ing stream, [Leam:
By Warwick, entertains the high-complexion'd
And as she thence along to Stratford on doth strain,
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train:
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the
rest [best;
Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth
A valley that enjoys a very great estate,
Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate:
Now, for report had been too partial in her praise,
Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus be-
wrays; [and I,
"Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth?
The needy countries near that with my corn supply
As bravely as the best, shall only I endure
The dull and beastly world my glories to obscure;
Near wayless Arden's side, with my retir'd abode
Stood quite out of the way from every common
road? [extoll'd?
Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath not
As though to her alone belong'd the garb of gold¹⁶.
Of Bever's battal earth, men seem as though to
feign,
Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain:
And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will
tell, [to swell,
As though abundance strove her burthen'd womb
Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is de-
creed: [steed
She wants no setting forth: her brave Pegasian
(The wonder of the west)-exalted to the skies:
My Red-horse of you all condemned only lies.
The fault is not in me, but in the wretched time:
On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the
crime:
Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.
But when th' industrious Muse shall purchase me
respect

¹⁶ The sheaf.

Of countries near my s'te, and win me foreign
(The Eden of you all deservedly that am) [fame
I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
As now in small account with vile and barbarous
men. [doth lie,

For, from the lofty Edge¹⁷ that 'on my side'
Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,
As many goodly seats shall in my compass see,
As many sweet delights and rarities in me
As in the greatest vale: from where my head I
couch [I touch

At Cotswold's country's foot¹⁸, till with my heels
The Northamptonian-fields, and fatning pastures;
where

I ravish every eye with my enticing cheer.

As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth
load [strow'd

The full earth with her store; my plenteous bosom
With all abundant sweets: my firm and lusty
flank [rank.

Her bravery then displays, with meadows hugely
The thick and well-grown fog doth mat my
smoother slades,

And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades,
The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)
That makes each udder strut abundantly with
milk.

"As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight
Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,
Not out of his own spirit; but by that power
divine, [shine,

Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously doth
Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion
breaks, [speaks:

And things beyond his height, transported strangely
So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal toil,
When they in my defence are reasoning of my
soil, [grow,

As rapt with my wealth and beauties, learned
And in well-fitting terms, and noble language,
show [remains

The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which
§. A witness of that day we won upon the Danes)
To Tawcester well-near: 'twixt which, they use
to tell

Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.
Of Dasset¹⁹ they dare boast, and give Worm-
lighton¹⁹ prize,

As of that fertile flat by Bishopton¹⁹ that lies.

"For showing of my bounds, of men may rightly
gness

By my continued form which best doth me express,
On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,
Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain
mounds,

In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be."

Thus Red-horse ends her tale; and I therewith
agree [ask,

To finish here my song: the Muse some ease doth
as wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

¹⁷ Edge-hill.

¹⁸ The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.

¹⁹ Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Into the heart of England and Wales the Muse
here is entered, that is, Warwickshire, her na-

tive country; whose territory you might call Middle-
Engle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken
of in story) for equality of distance from the inarm-
ing ocean.

By her illustrious earls renowned every where.

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with
antique fables, as Gity (of whom the author in the
twelfth song, and here presently) Morind and such
like, and no more testimony might be given, to
exceed. But, more sure justification hereof is, in
those great princes Henry Beauchamp earl of
Warwick, and præcomes Angliæ (as the record
calls him) under Henry VI (a), and Richard Nevill
making it (as it were) his gain to crown and de-
pose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white
and red roses.

That mighty Arden held—

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire,
was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called
Arden. The relics of whose name in Dene of
Monmouthshire, and that Arduenna or La forest d'
Ardenne, by Henault and Luxemburg, shows likeli-
hood of interpretation of the yet used English name
of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inscriptions,
Diana Nemorensis (b), with other additions, hath
been found among the Latins, the like seems to
be express in an old marble, now in Italy, graven
under Domitian, in part thus (c):

DIS. MANIBVS.

Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.

ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.

DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden
once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the
author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By rea-
son of this her greatness join'd with antiquity, he also
made choice of this place for description of the
chase, the English simplex, and hermit, as you
read in him.

And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin
band.

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may
be from tradition, which the author here uses: but
see to the eighth song, where you have this in-
credible number of virgins shipp'd at London; nor
skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or
if on neither. Their request (as the genius' prayer)
are the author's own fictions, to come to express
the worth of his native soil's city.

By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held.

The ensuing story of this Leofric and Godiva,
was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Mat-
thew of Westminster, that Nuda, equum ascendens,
crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum
totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit.
This Leofric (buried at Coventry) was earl of Lei-
cester, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning
Legecestra, being indeed sometimes for Chester,
of old called urbs legionum, as to ninth song already)

(a) Parl. rot. 23 Hen. 6. ap. Cam.

(b) Hubert Goltz. Thesaur. in Aris.

(c) Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part.
2. lib. 3. cap. 11.

which is without scruple showed in a charter of the manor of Spalding in Lincolnshire (*d*), made to Wulgat, abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: Ego Thoraldus de Buckenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leicestrie, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei comitis Algari primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c. This Algar succeeded him, and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from king Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is styled earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good king Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annexed to it. Nay, since the Normans, I find that William Fitz-Osbern (*e*), earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, ut nullus miles pro quacunque commissio plus septem solidis solvat, which was observed without controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard earl of Poitiers and Cornwall, brother to Henry III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the stannaries of Cornwall; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that custom (*f*) of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Sax n times usual, as appears in that; In Ipswich (*g*), regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras: of the borough of Lewes, its profits erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis; & Oxford reddebat regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, comiti verò Algaro X. libras. And under king John. Geoffrey Fitz-Peter earl of Essex, and William le Marshall, earl of Striguil, Administrationem suorum comitatum habebant (*h*), saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollritch-stones, in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire; of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the Muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the

contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochenorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name: of whose story, both for a passage in the last song, and here, permit a short examination. The Norman tradition is (*i*), that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension 'twixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arriv'd here, had some skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonished in a dream, aided and advised by king Athelstan, entered Seine, in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elsewhere; returned upon request by embassy to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and christianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the fourth song I have according to the credit of the story, touched it. But how came such habitude 'twixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is any concordance 'twixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodolph duke of Burgundy, two years before our king Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochenorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward or be wanting to the dominical year of those twenty-two of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the fourth song) I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inland, unless when (if that were at all) he assisted king Athelstan, Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under some other name (*k*); as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in *Æmilii*, what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation so much mistaken hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with them (*l*) which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard duke of Burgundy, and Ebal earl of Poitiers, assisting Walzelin bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hroruc and others (if

(i) Guil. Gemeticens. de Ducid. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neust. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, perique alii.

(k) Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hist. Franc. 3. quem de hac revide, & Polydor. ejusdem sequacem hist. 5.

(l) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 241.

(d) Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.

(e) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.

(f) Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Cambd.

(g) Lib. Domesday in Scaccario.

(h) Job. Carnotens. Epist. 263, Nicol. Vice-comiti Essexie.

none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that Robert earl of Paris (m), and in some sort a king 'twixt Charles and Rodolph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Lohe (they first entered there in 853) (n) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922, which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harshest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with Edgith (o) of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelstan, in whose protection (p) here Lewis (afterward the sixth) was, while Rodolph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmanly homage also, spoken of to the fourth song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia, wife to Rollo, the judicious French historiographer, P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Polydore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar king of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gross, to Godfrey, king of the Normans, with Westrich (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gross, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns and persons are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contraries, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

(m) Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.

(n) Reicherspergers.

(o) Ogina dicta P. Emilio.

(p) Membran. vetust. Cænob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithæo.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her sundry strains the Muse to prove,
Now sings of homely country love;
What mouth th' old herdsman Clent doth make;
For his coy wood-nymph Feck'nham's sake;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Eusham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excell.
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,
She revels with the shepherd swains;
And sends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainst Thame and Isis' wedding-day.

At length, attain'd those lands that south of Se-
vern lie, [apply,
As to the varying earth the Muse doth her

Poor sheep-hook and plain goad, she many times
doth sound: [bound.

Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth
Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth
glide: [pride.

And with the mountains straight contendeth in her
Now back again I turn, the land with me to
take, [doth make.

From the Staffordian heaths as Stour¹ her course
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly
doth view:

But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rue
His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state be-
moan;

To please his amorous eye, whose like the world
had none.

For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that forest-nymph a special liking still:

The least regard of him who never seems to take,
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.

Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she would
prefer,

All pleasure he forsakes; that at the full bagg'd
cow, [low,

Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle stray;

At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together
play,

He never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing
sheep:

Nor to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:
Nor lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling
stream, [rush.

That in the evening calm against the stones doth
With such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to
hush

The silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedilessly drown'd in sorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:

And therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in
effect:

"That Licky² to his height seem'd slowly but to
rise, [lies,

And that in length and breadth he all extended
Nor doth like other hills to sudden sharpness
mount,

That of their kingly kind they scarce can him ac-
count;

Tho' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,
That Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to outface."

Whilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express
their pride, [side,

As Salwarp slips along by Feck'nham's shady
That forest him affects in wand'ring to the Wych²;

But he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affliction
free. [to be,

But she, that to the flood most constant means
More prodigally gives her woods to those strong
fires [much admires,

Which boil the source to salts: Which Clent so
That love, and her disdain, to madness him pro-
voke: [tain spoke:

When to the wood-nymph thus the jealous moun-

¹ Running by Stourbridge in Worcestershire, wards Severn.

² The salt fountain of Worcestershire.

"Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which were
all my care, [bare
Thou lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably
I hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise;
Whose beauties many a morn have blest my long-
ing eyes:

And, till the weary Sun sunk down unto the west,
Thou still my object wast, thou once my only
best. [pleasant springs,

The time shall quickly come, thy groves and
Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis
sings, [to burn;

The painful labourer's hand shall stock the roots,
The branch and body spent, yet could not serve
his turn.

Which when, most wilful nymph, thy chance shall
be to see,

Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for
me." [doth ply,

But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet
Great Severn to attend along to Tewksbury,

With others to partake the joy that there is seen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign
queen? [attend,

Here down from Eusham's vale, their greatness to
Comes Swiliat sweeping in, which Cotswold down
doth send:

And Garran there arrives, the great recourse to
see. [glee,

Where thus together met, with most delightful
The cheerful nymphs that haunt the valley rank
and low

(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to
flow, [pride)

And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her
Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,
To these their confluent floods, full bowls of perry
brought: [fetch'd draught,

Where, to each other's health past many a deep-
And many a sound carouse from friend to friend
doth go.

Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own juice
doth flow,

Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glorious
tale; [said,

"I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath
To answer them that most with baseness us up-
braid; [utmost might,

Those high presumptuous hills, which bend their
Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:

But I would have them think, that I (which am
the queen

Of all the British vales, and so have ever been
Since Gomer's giant-brood inhabited this isle,
And that of all the rest, myself may so enstille)

Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,
That ever threat'ned Heaven with the austere-
st face. [they forth

And for our praise, then thus: What fountain send
(That finds a river's name, though of the smallest
worth).

But it invales itself, and on its either side
Doth make those fruitful meads, which with their
painted pride

Embroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious
gyres

He swiftly sallieth out, and suddenly retires

In sundry works and trais, now shallow, and then
deep, [to sweep

Searching the spacious shores, as though it meant
Their sweets with it away, with which they are
repleta. [seat

And men, first building towns, themselves did wisely
Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pasture
bears

The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such good-
ly ears,

As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,
When as his harden'd hand the labourer comes to
put, [wields:

Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hardly
And on the corn strew'd lands, then in the stubble
fields,

There feed the herds of neat, by them the flocks of
sheep,

Seeking the scatt'ed corn upon the ridges steep:
And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much
spill'd) [ing fill'd,

Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then hav-
Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce to
rise. [despise

When as those monstrous hills so much that us
(The mountain, which forsooth the lowly valley
mocks)

Have nothing in the world upon their barren rocks,
But greedy clamb'ring goats, and comies, banish'd
quite

From every fertile place as rascals, that delight
In base and barren plots, and at good earth repine.

And though in winter we to moisture much incline,
Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our land,
When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuff barns
they stand,

Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,
Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits, to
think [toil,

That autumn shall produce, to recompense their
A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.

And from that envious foe, which seeks us to de-
prave, [clearly have,

Though much against his will this good we
We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by his
height,

For, who will us survey, their clear and judging
sight [ing'st eye,

May see us thence at fall: which else the search-
By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,

Could never throughly view, ourselves nor could
we show. [owe,

"Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies,
And what high grace they have which near to us
are plac'd, [brae'd

In Breedon may be seen, being amorously em-
In cincture of my arms. Who tho' he do not vaunt
(His head like those that look as they would Heaven-
supplant:

Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride
He in my bosom sits; while him on every side
With my delicious sweets and delicates I trim.

And when great Malvern looks most terrible and
grim,

He with a pleased brow continually doth smile."

Here Breedon, having heard his praises all the
while,

A hill environed on every side with the vale of
Eusham.

Grew insolently proud; and doth upon him take
Such state, as he would but small account to
make

Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale
To his instruction turns the process of her tale.
"T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the
meaner's hate,"

Quoth she, "take my advice, abandon idle state;
And by that way I go, do thou thy course con-
trive: [thrive.

Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely
Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains toil,
Let us have store of grain, and quantity of soil.
To what end serve their tops (that seem to threaten
the sky)

But to be rent with storms? whilst we in safety lie.
Their rocks but barren be, and they which rashly
climb, [time,

Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey for
And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's
green,

The gristed winter's snow upon their heads is sern.
Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:
Who though his site be such as seems to equal thee,
And destitute of nought that Arden him can yield,
Nor of th' special grace of many a goodly field;
Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health and
sport)

Which many a time hath been the Muses' quiet port;
Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteems
The more for his fair site; but richer than he seems,
Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous warm,
As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can
harm

Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee;
From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
To paradise may think a second he had found,
If any like the first were ever on the ground."

Her long and zealous speech thus Eusham doth
conclude:

When straight the active Muse industriously pursu'd
This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.
For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,
When in her pride of strength she nourish'd goodly
vines,

§. And oft her cares repress'd with her delicious wines.
But now, th' all-cheering Sun the colder soil de-
ceives, [southward leaves:

§. And us (here towards the pole) still falling
So that the sullen Earth th' effect thereof doth
prove; [move

According to their books, who hold that he doth
From his first zenith's point; the cause we feel
his want. [plant

But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to
The pear-tree every where: whose fruit she strains
for juice, [duce

That her pur'st perry is, which first she did pro-
From Wor'stershire, and there is common as the
fields; [yields.

Which naturally that soil in most abundance
But the laborious Muse, which still new work
assays, [Severn plays

Here sallie through the slades, where beauteous
Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wished sight:

Where she her stream divides, that with the more
delight [ons proud:

She might behold the town, of which she's wond'r-
Then takes she in the Frome, then Cam, and next
the Stroud,

As thence upon her course she wantonly doth
strain.

Supposing then herself a sea-god by her train,
She Neptune-like doth float upon the brackly
marsh; [and harsh,

Where, lest she should become too cumbersome
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a
chase, [grace,

Contending to have stood the high'st in Severn's
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her shore)
With her cool amorous shades, and all her sylvan
store, [powers,

To please the goodly flood employs her utmost
Supposing the proud nymph might like her woody
bowers. [strong grew,

But Severn (on her way) so large and head-
That she the wood-nymph scorns, and Avon doth
pursue; [crown'd,

A river with no less than goodly King's-wood
A forest and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much be-
witch'd; [rich'd.

Besides, with Bristol's state both wond'rously en-
Which soon to Severn sent th' report of that fair
road? [load

(So burdened still with barks, as it would over-
Great Neptune with the weight) whose fame so
far doth ring; [ing,

When as that mighty flood, most bravely flourish-
Like Thetis' goodly self majestically glides;

Upon her spacious breast tossing the surfeited tides,
To have the river see the state to which she grows,
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon
owes.

But, noble Muse, proceed immediately to tell
How Eusham's fertile vale at first in liking fell
With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds:
whose proud site [delight,

When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her
That him she only lov'd: for wisely she beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his surface
dwell'd:

Of just and equal height two banks arising, which
Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some valley
rich: [height,

Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such
As shrouds the lower soil; which shadowed from
the light, [day

Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's
Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert
stray. [tale,

A hill there holds his head, as though it told a
Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons seem to
dally, [valley,

And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip to
Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth de-
vise,

That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.

T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: tho' famous
for her flocks, [locks,

Yet hardly doth she tithe our Coswold's wealthy
Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant
store.

A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,
Few vales (as I suppose) like Eusham happ'd to
find:

Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,
 So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.
 He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy
 grain : [maintain.
 Through which they wisely seem their household to
 lie : hath pure wholesome air, and dainty crystal
 springs.
 To those delights of his, she daily profit brings :
 As to his large expense, she multiplies her
 heaps :
 Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she
 reaps ; [grace.
 As th' one with what it hath, the other strove to
 And now, that every thing may in the proper
 place [breed
 Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth
 (The simplest though it seem) shall our descrip-
 tion need, [doth speak :
 And shepherd-like, the Muse thus of that kind
 No brown, nor sullied black the face or legs doth
 streak,
 Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian
 hills,
 That lightly laden are : but Cotswold wisely fills
 Her with the whitest kind : whose brows so woolly
 be,
 As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.
 The staple deep and thick, through to the very
 grain,
 Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain :
 A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad
 As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
 And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
 But every where is stor'd ; the belly as the back.
 The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only
 pride,
 As white as winter's snow, when from the river's
 side [jug-day,
 He drives his new-wash'd sheep : or on the shear-
 When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of
 May [so brave,
 His crooked horns hath crown'd ; the bell-wether
 As none in all the flock they like themselves would
 have. [herd's king,
 But, Muse, return to tell how there the shep-
 Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest
 lamb to bring,
 In his gay baldrick sits at his low grassy board,
 With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country
 dainties stor'd : [swain
 And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund
 Quaffs sillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
 And to their country girls, whose nosebags they
 do wear. [bear.
 Some roundelays do sing : the rest, the burthen
 But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise of
 thee, [be,
 That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st
 Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great Thames)
 With whose delicious brooks, by whose immortal
 streams
 Her greatness is begun : so that our rivers' king,
 When he his long descent shall from his bel-sires
 bring, [by thee,
 Must needs (great pastures' prince !) derive his stem
 From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third
 degree. [of yore,
 As th' old world's heroes wont, that in the times
 Of Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so highly
 bore.

But easily from her source as Isis gently dades ;
 Under her present aid, down through the deeper
 slades,
 The nimbler-footed Churn, by Cisseter doth slide ;
 And first at Grecklade gets pre-eminence to guide
 Queen Isis on her way, ere she receive her train,
 Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cots-
 wold's plain [support
 At Lecchlade linking hands, come likewise to
 The mother of great Thames. When, seeing the
 resort, [doth cast
 From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with herself
 The train to overtake, and therefore hies her fast
 Through the Oxfordian fields ; when (as the last
 of all [fall,
 Those floods, that into Thames out of our Cotswold
 And farth'st unto the north) bright Enload forth
 doth bear. [to hear
 For, though it had been long, at length she came
 That Isis was to 'Thame in wedlock to be ty'd :
 And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the bride ;
 Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.
 And being near of kin to that most springful
 place, [flow,
 Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains
 That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold can-
 not show [hills
 The like : as though from far, his long and many
 There emptied all their veins, wherewith those
 founts he fills,
 Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do
 float, [throat,
 Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open
 As though the cleves consum'd in humour ; they
 alone,
 So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth stiek to stone.
 But whilst this while we talk, the far divulged
 fame [name,
 Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty
 Doth bid the Muse make haste, and to the bride-
 house speed ; [need.
 Of her attendance there lest they should stand in

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOMEWHAT returning now near the way you de-
 scended from the northern parts, the Muse leads
 you through that part of Worcestershire, which is
 on this side Severn, and the neighbouring Stafford,
 viewing also Cotteswold, and so Gloucester. The
 fictions of this song are not so covert, nor the
 allusions so difficult, but that I presume your
 conceit, for the most part, willingly discharges my
 labour.

And of her cares repress with her delicious wines.
 In this tract of Gloucestershire (where to this
 day many places are styl'd vineyards) was of
 ancient time, among other fruits of a fertile soil,
 great store of vines, and more than in any other
 place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this
 realm we have some : but what comes of them in
 the press is scarce worth respect. Long since, the
 emperor Probus (a), Et Gallis omnibus & Hispanis
 ac Britannis permisit ut vites haberent vinumque
 conficerent. But Tacitus (b), before that, speak-

(a) Flav. Vopiscus in ejusd. vitâ.

(b) In Jul. Agricola.

ing of this island, comprehends it with *Solum præter oleam vitæque & cætera. calidioribus terris oritur sueta, patiens frugum, fecundum*. Long since *Probus*, England had its vineyards also and some store of wine, as appears by that in *Domesday*, *Unus & parvus & VI. arpenni vineæ* (that is, between five and six acres; arpent in French signifying a content of ground of a hundred rods square, every rod eighteen foot) & *reddit XX. modios vini, si bene procedit*, being recorded (c) of a place by *Raleigh*, in *Essex*. This was under *William I.* and since him in time of *Henry I.* much wine was made here in *Gloucestershire* (d) That now the isle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the soil's old age, and so like a woman growing sterile (as in another kind *Tremellius* (e) many hundred years since thought) or by reason of the Earth's change of place, as upon difference in astronomical observations *Stadius* guesses, or that some part of singular influence, whereon astrology hangs most, of inferior qualities, is altered by that slow course (yet of great power in alteration of Heaven's system) of the eighth sphere (or precession of the æquinoctial) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others' examination.

— still falling southward leaves.

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in *Ptolemy's* time, about 1460 years since the utmost declination of the Sun in the first of *Cancer* (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. Since that *Albategni* (about *Charlemain's* time) observed it some 15 scruples less: after him near 1000 year of *Christ* *Arzachel* found it 23 gr. 34 scr. and in this later age *John of Coningsburg*, and *Copernicus* (f), brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the *Prutenic* account, and as many as thence traduce their *ophnetrides*. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the Sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in *Ptolemy's* time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by admitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31 scrup. and $\frac{1}{2}$. as that noble *Dane*, and most honoured restorer of astronomical motions, *Tycho Brahe*, hath taught us: which, although it be greater than that of *Copernicus* and his followers; yet is much less than what is in *Ptolemy*, and by two scruples different from *Arzachel's*, so justifying the author's conceit, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the Sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in Earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetched cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the *Platonic*

year, abridged into near his half by *Copernicus*, those consequents foretold upon the change of eccentrics (g) out of one sign into another, the equinoctial precession, and such like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into fortunate, opprest, or combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of *Cazimi*, their orb's moities, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the Sun's much nearer approach to the Earth, upon that decrease of his eccentricity which *Copernicus* and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obliquity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the Earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the poles' altitude, and other error in observation, *Copernicus* (h) was deceived, and in this present age the Sun's eccentricity (in *Ptolemy*, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60) hath been found (i) between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in *Copernicus*, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

(g) *Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophane nimium, à motibus octavarum sphaeræ, his scilicet, quos circa 612 n. ecc. contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ religionis mutationem ineptè simul & impiè prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.*

(h) *Cui, hoc nomine, gravitèr minitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercitat. 90. sect. 2.*

(i) *Tycho Brahe in Progymnasmo.*

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The guests here to the bride-house hie.
The goodly vale of *Aylsbury*
Sets her son (*Thame*) forth, brave as *May*,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deck'd up, tow'rd's his bride is gone.
So lovely *Isis* coming on,
At *Oxford* all the *Muses* meet her,
And with a prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs.
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs:
Where lusty *Charwel* himself raises,
And sings of rivers, and their praises.
Then *Thames* his way tow'rd *Windsor* tends.
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

Now fame had through this isle divulg'd in every ear,

The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That *Isis*, *Cotswold's* heir, long woo'd, was lastly
won, {tern's son.
And instantly should wed with *Thame*¹, old *Chil-*

¹ *Thame* arises in the vale of *Aylsbury*, at the foot of the *Chilterna*.

(c) *Cambr. in Trinobanti'bus.*

(d) *Malmesb. de Pontificum gestis 4.*

(e) *Ap. Columell. de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.*

(f) *Copernic. Rer. 2. cap. 3.*

And now that woodman's wife, the mother of
the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood
So much upon her Thame, was busied in her
bowers,

Preparing for her son as many suites of flowers,
As Cotswold for the bride, his Isis, lately made;
Who for the lovely Thame, her bridegroom, only
stay'd. [prest,

Whilst every crystal flood is to this business
The cause of their greet speed and many thus re-
quest; [doth blow

"O! whither go ye floods? what sudding wind
Than other of your kind, that you so fast should flow?
What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?
Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Char-
wel, say." [not see

They suddenly reply, "What lets you should
That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?
Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:
Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend."

But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern (for
his life)

From prodigal expense can no way keep his wife;
Who feeds her Thame with marle, in cordial-wise
prepar'd,

And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd
In setting forth her son: nor can she think it well,
Unless her lavish charge do Cotswold's far excel.
For Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful
strength. [and length,

Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth
Doth Chiltern fitly match: which mountainously
high,

And being very long, so likewise she doth lie
From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth
begin, [doth win,

To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Thame
His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,
For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure,
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth
breed,

For burthen and for bone all other, that exceed:
And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth
flow, [stow:

Now cares not on her child what cost she do be-
Which when wise Chiltern saw (the world who
long had try'd,

And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;
Whose hoar and chalky head describ'd him to be
old, [cold)

His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the
Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady rate;
And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth debate:

Quoth he, "You might allow what needeth, to
the most: [cost?

But whereas less will serve, what means this idle
Too much a surfeit breeds, and may our child
annoy: [cloy.

These fat and luscious meats do but our stomachs
The modest comely mean, in all things likes the
Apparel often shows us womanish precise. [wise.
And what will Cotswold think when he shall hear
of this? [cost, I wiss."

He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your
But women wilful be, and she her will must
have; [be brave.

Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Thame

Alone which tow'rd's his love she eas'ly doth convey:
For the Oxonian Ouse² was lately sent away [feet;
From Buckingham, where first he finds his nimble
Tow'rd's Whittlewood then takes: where, past the
noblest street †,

He to the forest gives his farewell, and doth keep.
His course directly down into the German deep,
To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's hall,
That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.

As we have told how Thame holds on his even
course,

Return we to report, how Isis from her source
Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier
springs; [brings

And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,
Clear Churnet³, Coln³, and Leech³, which first
she did retain, [restrain

With Windrush³: and with her (all outrage to
Which well might off'rd be to Isis as she went).
Came Yenload with a guard of satyrs which were
sent [like dame.

From Whichwood³, to await the bright and god-
So, Bernwood³ did bequeath his satyrs to the
Thame,

For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should be.
These preparations great when Charwell comes
to see,

To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,
To that most learned place to welcome her repair.
Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wond'rous
fair, [they

That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether
Her beauty should extol, or she admire their bay.
On whom their several gifts (to amplify her dow'r)
The Muses there bestow; which ever have the
pow'r

Immortal her to make. And as she pass'd along,
Those modest Thespian maids⁴ thus to their Isis
sung; [every side,

"Ye daughters of the hills, come down from
And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she is
to pass.

For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
A beauty (yet) like hers: where have you ever seen
So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
Give instantly in charge the day be wond'rous fair,
That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit,
The bride-chamber adorn'd with all beseeching it.
And for the princely groom, who ever yet could
name

A flood that is so fit for Isis as the Thame? [tell,
Ye both so lovely are, that knowledge scarce can
For feature whether he, or beauty she excel:

That ravished with joy each other to behold,
When as your crystal waists you closely do enfold,
Betwixt your beauteous selves, you shall beget a
son, [begun.

That when your lives shall end, in him shall be
The pleasant Surryan shores shall in that flood de-
light,

And Kent esteem herself most happy in his sight.

² Arising near Brackley, running into the Ger-
man sea. † Watling.

³ Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the
former song.

⁴ Laurel for learning. ⁵ The Muses.

The shire that London-loves, shall only him prefer,
And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
The Scheld^a, the goodly Meuse, the rich and viny
Rhine, [plain,

Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's wat'ry
And all the Belgian streams and neighbouring
floods of Gaul,

Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all."

As of fair Isis thus the learned virgin spake,
A shrill and sudden bruit this prothalamion brake;
That White-horse, for the love she bare to her ally,
And hoped sister vail, the beauteous Aylsbury,
Sent presents to the Thame by Ock her only flood,
Which for his mother vail so much on greatness
stood.

From Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see
That river like his birth might entertained be:
For that ambitious vail, still striving to command,
And using for her place continually to stand,
Proud White-horse to persuade, much business
there hath been [queen.

T^y acknowledge that great vale of Eusham for her
And but that Eusham is so opulent and great,
That thereby she herself holds in the sovereign seat,
This White-horse all the vales of Britain would
o'erbear,

And absolutely s^t in the imperial chair; 'to feed,
And boasts as goodly herds, and numerous flocks
To have as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;

As pure and fresh an air upon her face to flow,
As Eusham, for her life: and from her steed doth
show,

Her lusty rising downs, as fair a prospect take
As that imperious wold^b: which her great queen
doth make

So wond'rously admir'd, and her so far extend.
But to the marriage hence, industrious Muse, de-
scend.

The Naiads and the nymphs extremely overjoy'd,
And on the winding banks all busily employ'd,
Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,
Brave anadems^c do make: some baldrics up do
bind: [assign'd;

Some, garlands: and to some the nosegays were
As best their skill did serve. But for that Thame
should be

Still man-like as himself, therefore they will, that he
should not be drest with flowers to gardens that
belong

(His bride that better fit) but only such as sprang
From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures
near. [lands were;

To sort which flowers, some sit; some making gar-
The primrose placing first, because that in the
spring

Is the first appears, then only flourishing;
The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly
mix'd: [betwixt.

T^y allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd
Amongst those things of scent, there prick they in
the lily:

And near to that again her sister daffodilly.

To sort these flowers of show, with th' other that
were sweet, [her meet:

The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxslip, for

^a They all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower
Germany, cast themselves into the ocean, in the
coast opposite to the mouth of Thames.

^b Outswold.

^c Crowns of flowers.

The columbine amongst they sparingly do set;
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious
fret,

And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,
By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay:
The crow-flower, and thereby the clover flow'r they
stick,

The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth herself; to imitate her right:
Who seems in that her p^{ar}l^{or} so greatly to delight,
That every plain therewith she powd'r^{eth} to behold:
The crimson daniel flower, the blue-bottle and
gold, [dainty hues,

Which though esteem'd but weeds, yet for their
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose
chuse. [Thame was drest,

Thus having told you how the bridegroom
I'll show you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest;
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,
Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely
In anadems for whom they curiously dispose [rate.
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place
In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that encase.
The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign
power

(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the
pale: [gale

Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a
Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in sorts.
The purple violet then, the pansy there supports:

The margold above t^y adorn the arched bar:
The double daisy, thrift, the button-bachelor,
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine, the champion: and
to these

Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays:
Sweet marjoram; with her like, sweet basil rare
for smell, [to tell:

With many a flower, whose name were now too long
And rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted point-de-
vice, [bride,

Whilst some still busied are in decking of the
Some others were again as seriously employ'd
In strewing of those herbs, at bridal us'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous
hands and free. [do fly;

The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps
The scentful camomile, the verd'rous costmary;
They hot muscado oft with milder maudlin cast;
Strong tansy, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Cormander with the rest, each thing then in, her
prime; [flower,

As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy
hour. [that grow,

Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they
throw.

Thus all things falling out to every one's desire,
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with
sundry eates,

And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;
Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwel here
was thought [been taught

The fit^{est} to cheer the guests: who thoroughly had

^a Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.

In all that could pertain to courtship, long ago,
As coming from his sire, the fruitful Helidon¹⁰,
He travelleth to Thames; where passing by those
towns [clowns,

Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful
With tabor and the pipe, on holydays do use,
Upon the May-pole green, to trample out their
shoes; [rings¹¹,

And having in his ears the deep and solemn
Which sound him all the way, unto the learned
springs¹², [meet,

Where he, his sovereign Ouse most happily doth
And him, the thrice three maids, Apollo's offspring,
greet [grown

With all their sacred gifts: thus, expert being
In music; and besides, a curious maker known:
This Charwel (as I said) the first these floods
among, [sung:

For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly
"Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies, easily
And forests, that to both you equally apply [lie;
(But for the greater part both wild and barren be)
Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,
Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,
Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood
embrace,

An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,
So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,
Along the flow'ry fields licentious do strain,
Greeting each cutled grove, and circling every
plain;

Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,
And with his crystal front then courts the climbing
towers. [a name,

"Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath
Like that from whose proud foot there springs some
flood of fame: [is set,

And in the Earth's survey, what seat like that
Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth
wet? [road,

Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that
Int' which some goodly flood his burthen doth un-
load? [foreign fraught

By whose rank swelling stream the far-fetch'd
May up to inland towns conveniently be brought.
Of any part of Earth, we be the most renown'd;
That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.
As Rubicon, much fear'd both for his fount and fall,
The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and Gaul¹³.
Europe and Asia keep on Tanaïs' either side.

Such honour have we floods, the world (even) to
divide. [by us;

Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christen'd oft
Iberia takes her name of crystal Ibems.
Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients gave,
As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.

"But with our fame at home return we to pro-
ceed. [Tweed,

In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our
The tripartited isle do generally divide, [her side.
To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep
Treat cuts the land in two so equally, as though
Nature it pointed out, to our great Brute to show

¹⁰ A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.

¹¹ Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called,
the cross-ring. ¹² Oxford.

¹³ That which was called Gallia Cisalpinâ, and
is Lombardy, Romagna, and the western part of
Italy.

How to his mighty sons the island he might share.
A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;
Where, if the state of floods at large I list to show,
I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw
Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,
Which when full India's showers enforceth him to
swell, [shore:

Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pamper'd
How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down his
ore,

The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia taught
To search into those hills, from which such wealth
he brought. [bring,

Beyond these, if I pleas'd, I to your praise could
In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd
spring)

The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed ground,
Recounting heavenly hymns, eternally are crown'd.
And as the Earth doth us in her own bowels
nourish; [nourish.

So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and
To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:
To be so in themselves, that do not only care,
But by a sacred power, which goodness doth await,
Do make those virtuous too, that them associate."

By this, the wedding ends, and blake up all the
show: [flow

And Thames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth
To Windsor-ward amain, (that with a wond'ring
The forest might behold his awful empery) [eye,
And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,
That with his wealth he seems to retch his wid'ned
bank: [grounds,

Till happily attain'd his grandsire Chiltern's
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers
crowns. [makes,

Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he
At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
Her lord, the stately Thames, which that great
flood again,

With many signs of joy, doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store;
As still we see, the much runs over to the more.

Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial
stream

Himself establish'd sees amidst his wat'ry realm,
His much-lov'd Henley leaves, and proudly doth
pursue [view,

His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to
Whose most delightful face when once the river
sees, [trees,

Which shows herself attir'd in tall and stately
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures
wooes,

That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;
And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.

Him with the like desire the forest doth embrace,
And with her presence strives her Thames as much
to grace.

No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will
command; [seen,

No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever
Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor
Nor any ever had so many solemn days, [been;
So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich
assays¹⁴.

¹⁴ Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

Then, hand in naue, her Thames the forest
softly brings
To that supremest place of the great English kings,
§. The Garter's royal seat, from him who did ad-
vance [France ;
That princely order first, our first that conquer'd
The temple of Saint George, whereas his honour'd
knights,
Upon his hallow'd day, observe their ancient rites :
Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keep the Muses still near to this princely flood ;
That nothing there may want, to beautify that
seat, [complete.
With every pleasure stor'd : and here my song

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I SHALL here be shorter than in the last before.
The Muse is so full in herself, employed wholly
about the nuptials of Thame and Isis. In the
garlands of Thame are wreathed most of our
English field-flowers : in them of Isis, our more
sweet and those of the garden ; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the institution, (touched
to the fourth song) of his most honourable order,
dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is
yearly at this place celebrated by that noble
company of 26. Whether the cause were upon
the word of garter given in the French wars among
the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of
Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon
different and more ancient original whatsoever,
know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our
country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour,
and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world ; and
(excepting those of Templars, St. James, Calatrava,
Alcantara, and such like other, which were more
religious than military) hath precedence of anti-
quity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind
any where established. The Anunciada instituted
by Amades VI. earl of Savoy (a), about 1409. al-
though others have it by Amades IV. and so create
it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden
Fleece, by Philip, duke of Burgundy, 1429, of
St. Michael, by Lewes XI., Della Banda, by Alfonso
of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating in-
stitutions, after a regard of the far-extended fame,
worth, and glory of St. George's knights.

(a) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equest. 2. cap. 4. &
Sansovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Ver, near to Saint Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things ;
What Ver'lam was before she fell,
And many more sad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The course they held, and to what seas ;

Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their sites, and how they bounded were.
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate ;
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The Muse, led on with much delight,
Delivers London's happy site ;
Shows this loose age's lewd abuse :
And for this time there stays the Muse.

THE bridal of our Thame and princely Isis past :
And Tamesis their son, begot, and waxing fast,
Inviteth crystal Coln¹ his wealth on him to lay,
Whose beauties had entic'd his sovereign Thames to
stay,

Had he not been enforc'd, by his unruly train.
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets
through

To gaze upon the flood, as he doth pass along.

Now as the Thames is great, so most transparent
Coln [swain,

Feels, with excessive joy, her amorous bosom
That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,
Before the Roman rule here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store ;
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his
renown, [do crown.

Where the delicious meads her through her course
This Ver² (as I have said) Coln's tributary brook,
On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was
set,

Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.

Where after reverence done, " Ver," quoth the
ancient street, [meet,"
" 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did
" And so it is," quoth Ver, " and we have tiv'd to
see

Things in far better state than at this time they be :
But he that made, amend : for much there goes
amiss." [it is :

Quoth Watling, " Gentle flood, yea, so in truth
And sith of this thou speak'st ; the very sooth to
say, [way,

Since great Mulmutius first made me the noblest
The soil is alter'd much : the cause I pray thee
show. [much to know.

The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee.
I fain would understand, why this delightful place,
In former time that stood so high in nature's grace,
(Which bare such store of grain, and that so
wondrous great, [of wheat ?)

That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the soil
Of later time is torn'd a hot and hungry sand,
Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the
land."

At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver head,
And feign'd as he away would instantly have fled ;
Suspecting, present speech might passed grief
renew,

Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue ;
" I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand :
The cause of this (dear flood !) I fain would under-
stand.

¹ The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

² The little clear river by St. Alban's.

³ Whethamsted.

1. Thou saw'st when Ver'lam on't her head aloft
 did bear,
 (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)
 With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
 When (well-near) in her pride great Troynovant
 she scorn'd. [thy vallies pass,
 5. Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these
 Where now the sharp-edg'd scythe shears up the
 spiring grass:
 That where the ugly seal and porpoise us'd to play,
 The grass-hopper and ant now lord it all the day:
 Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holm-
 hurst then;
 Whose sumptuous fane we see neglected now again,
 "This rich and goodly fane, which ruin'd thou
 dost see," [me:
 Quoth Ver, "the motive is, that thou importun'st
 But to another thing thou cunningly dost fly,
 And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility."
 With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth
 in rage;
 Quoth Ver, "Ev'n for the sin of this accursed age.
 Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth
 stand,
 To holy Albion⁴ built, first martyr of the laud;
 Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britain
 came:
 And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious name.
 In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
 Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous
 shrine
 And monastery here: which our succeeding kings
 From time to time endow'd with many goodly
 things. [before
 And many a christian knight was buried here,
 The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd
 shore; [stowrs,
 And after those brave spirits in all those baleful
 That with duke Robert⁵ went against the pagan
 powers, [stood,
 And in their country's right at Cressy those that
 And that at Poicters bath'd their bilbous in French
 blood; [fought,
 Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that
 Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was
 brought:
 In this religious house, at some of their returns,
 When Nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their
 hallow'd urns:
 Which now devouring Time, in his so-mighty waste,
 Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd.
 So that the Earth to feel the ruinous heaps of
 stones,
 That with the burd'nous weight now press their
 sacred bones,
 Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits be
 fed; [bred."
 As loathing her own womb, that such loose children
 Herewith transported quite, to these exclaims he
 fell: [dare tell?
 "Lives no man, that this world her grievous crimes
 Where be those noble spirits for ancient things
 that stood?
 When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood;
 In those free golden days, it was the satyr's use
 To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:

⁴ Look before to the eleventh song.

⁵ With the eldest son of the conqueror in the Holy Land.

But soothers find the way preferment most to win;
 Who, serving great men's turns, become the bawds
 to sin." [delight,
 When Watling in his words that took but small
 Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;
 As one that fain would drive these fancies from his
 mind, [gentler kind.
 Quoth he, "I'll tell thee things that suit thy
 My song is of myself, and my three sister streets,
 Which way each of us run, where each her fellow
 meets,
 Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,
 From sea again to sea, that through the island ran
 Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,
 Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,
 That no man might arrest, or debtors' goods might
 In any of us four his military ways. [seize
 And though the Foss in length exceed me many a
 mile, [isle,
 That holds from shore to shore the length of all the
 From where rich Cornwall points to the Iberian
 seas,
 Till colder Cathness tells the scattered Orca-les,
 I measuring but the breadth, that is not half his
 gaet; [state,
 Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's
 And Thames and Severn both since in my course
 I cross, [Foss.
 And in much greater trade, am 'worthier far than
 But oh unhappy chance! through time's disastrous
 Our other fellow streets lie utterly forgot: [lot,
 As Iening, that set out from Yarmouth in the east,
 By the Iceni then being generally possess'd,
 Was of that people first term'd Iening in her race,
 Upon the Chiltern⁶ here that did my course em-
 brace:
 Into the dropping south and bearing then outright,
 Upon the solent sea stopt on the isle of Wight.
 "And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cam-
 bria's farther shore, [promontore;
 Where South Wales now shoots forth Saint David's
 And, on his mid-way near, did me in England
 meet; [street
 Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling
 Soon overtook the Foss; and toward the fall of Time,
 Into the German sea dissolv'd at his decline."
 Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as
 having told: [would hold;
 But now this flood, that fain the street in talk
 Those ancient things to hear, which well old
 Watling knew,
 With these enticing words, her fairly forward drew.
 "Right noble street," quoth he, "thou hast
 liv'd long, gone far,
 Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in war;
 And in thy larger course survey'st as sundry
 grounds [narrower bounds,
 (Where I poor flood am lock'd within these
 And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,
 And there remains not one to pity them or me).
 On with thy former speech: I pray thee somewhat
 For, Watling, as thou art a military way, [say.
 Thy story of old streets likes me so wondrous well,
 That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee tell."
 With these persuasive words, smooth Ver the
 Watling wain: [began:
 Stroking her dusty face, when thus the street

⁶ Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.

⁷ Not far from Dunstable.

" When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came
to rear,

And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,
Though from the inland part the Britons they had
chas'd, [plac'd.

Then understand how here themselves the Saxons
Where in great Britain's state four people of her
own [known

Were by the several names of their abodes well
(As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,
Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Cornwall
are,

The old Damnonii dwelt : so hard again at hand,
The Dur' triges sat on the Dorsetian sand :
And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were
let, [Somerset,

Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt and
The Atrebat in Bark unto the bank of Thames,
Betwixt the Celtic sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)
The Saxons there set down one kingdom : which
install'd, [call'd,

And being west, they it their * western kingdom
So eastward where by Thames the Trinobantis were
set, [debt,

To Trinovant their town, for that their name in
That London now we term, the Saxons did possess,
And their east kingdom call'd, as Essex' doth ex-
press ; [rear ;

The greatest part thereof, and still their name doth
Though Middlesex therein, and part of Hartford
were ;

From Coln upon the west, upon the east to Stour*,
Where mighty Thames himself doth into Neptune
pour. [lean,

As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-lands
Which bear their chalky brows into the German
main,

The Angles, which arose out of the Saxon race,
Allured with delights and fitness of that place,
Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom down,
From where the wallowing seas those queachy
washes drown

That Ely do insile, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
Till those Norfolkian shores vast Neptune doth
enrich :

Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)
Th' East-Angles' kingdom, then, those English did
instile. [mouth,

" And Sussex seemeth still, as with an open
Those Saxons' rule to show, that of the utmost
south

The name to them assum'd, who rigorously expell'd
The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough wood-
lands held [doth sweep,

From where the goodly Thames the Surryan grounds
Until the smiling downs salute the Celtic deep.

" Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring
Cateneilani,

Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea ;
(Which well-near o'er this part, now called
England, lay, [plain,
From Severn to the ditch that cuts New-market
And from the banks of Thames to Humber, which
contain

* For a more plain division of the English king-
doms see to the XI. song.

† So call'd, of the East-Saxons.

* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.

So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia height)
Their mightiest empire, there, the middle English
pight. [not end :

Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did
But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
Beyond the bank of Dee ; and by a ditch he cut
Through Wales from north to south, into wide
Mercia put [there,

Well near the half thereof, and from three peoples
To whom three special parts divided justly were
(The Ordovices, now which North-Wales people
be,

From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee :
And from our Marchers now, that were Demeta-
then ; [marg]

And those Silures call'd, by us the South-Wales
Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,
To shut the Britons up within a little nook.

From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a king-
dom made : [sway'd ;

Where in the Britons' rule (before) the Brigants
The powerful English there establish'd were to
stand : [Northumberland ;

Which, north from Humber set, they term'd
Two kingdoms which had been with several thrones
enstall'd :

Bernitia hight the one ; Diera th' other call'd.
The first from Humber stretch'd unto the bank of
Tine :

Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish bounds,
From Durham down along to the Lancastrian
sounds ¹⁰,

With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their
fall,

To England-ward within the Picts' renowned wall,
And did the greater part of Cumberland ¹¹ contain :
With whom the Britons' name for ever shall re-
main ; [long,

Who there amongst the rocks and mountains lived
When they Loëgria left, enforc'd through powerful
Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [wrong,

To where the Frith ¹² falls out into the German
sea."

This said, the aged street sagg'd sadly on alone :
And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone
T' accompany his Coln : which as she gently glides,
Doth kindly him embrace : whom soon this hap-
betides ;

As Coln come on along, and chane'd to cast her eye
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands
so high, [of wheat,

She Peryvale ¹³ perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat ;
" Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties
nice, [price ?

Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile
leaze.

Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,
For whiteness of the bread doth look like common
cheat.

¹⁰ Sea-depths near the shores.

¹¹ The Cymbrics' land.

¹² A river running by Edenborough into the
sea.

¹³ Peryvale, or Pure-vale, yieldeth the finest
meal of England.

What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded
ear [beet?
Makes stouter English ale or stronger English
The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses
are; [and tare.
The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch
What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss.
And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapman
stay.

When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampstead being fall'n and High-gate at
debate; [state,
As one before them both that would advance his
From either for his height to bear away the praise,
Besides that he alone rich Pervyvale surveys.
But Hampstead pleads, himself in simples to have
skill,

And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned physic's us-, and skilful surgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place
her own, [known.

Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was
Then High-gate boasts his way, which men do
most frequent; [scent;

His long-continued fame, his high and great de-
Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
When first the mighty Brute that city did begin.
And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath
place,

A forest for her pride, though titled but a chase.
Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as
large, [charge.

As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater
Whose holts¹⁴ that view the east, do wistly stand
to look

Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook.
Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bean,
Amongst the chalky banks to increase their mis-
tress' train;

Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead
(By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant
mead.

And coming in her course to cross the common fare,
For kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)
Yet scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,
Complaining in her course, thus to herself alone;
"How should my beauty now give Waltham such
delight,

Or I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her sight?
Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
And would her doating dreams should be believ'd
for true)

Dare loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships did
pass, [was;

To Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous
But, by the later times, suspected but to feign,
She planks and anchors shows, her error to main-
tain; [to row

Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there
Upon her, (then a lake) the Roman pomp to show,
When Rome her forces here did every year supply,
And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.

But I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly tell,
That what of Coln is said, of me yone could rehell,
Whom Alfred¹⁵ but too wise (poor river!) I may
say,

(When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
Which Hartford then besiege'd, whose navy there
abode,

And on my spacious breast before the castle rode.)
By 'vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;
That they might ne'er return to Neptune's wat'ry
realm.

And since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
A by-word to each brook, and to the world a scorn."

When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith she
oft had prov'd,

And whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely lov'd)
Lest so excessive grief her mistress might invade,
Thus (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth per-
suade: [fore;

"Though you be not so great to others as be-
Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.

Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
Sith every thing on Earth subjects itself to change.
Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain
ground: [are found.

And where before were hills, now standing lakes
And that which most you urge, your beauty to
despoil,

Doth recompense your bank with quantity of soil,
Beset with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted
pride, [side.

Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant
And Waltham wooes you still, and smiles with wont-
ed cheer: [dear."

And Thames as at the first, so still doth hold you
To much beloved Lee, this scarcely Sturt had
spoke, [broke:

But goodly London's sight their farther purpose
When Thames his either banks adorn'd with build-
ings fair,

The city to salute doth bid the Muse prepare;
Whose turrets, fanes, and spires, when wistly she
beholds,

Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:
"At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder
may?

Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall say:
'O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!

Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in,
What god, or heavenly power, was harbour'd in
thy breast, [be blest?

From whom with such success thy labours should
Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd with
sand. [casts,

And where fair Thames his course into a crescent
(That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
He might his surging waves into her bosom send)
Because too far in length his town should not ex-
tend. [reach,

"And to the north and south, upon an equal
Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to
stretch,

Those two extremest winds from hurting it to let;
And only level lies upon the rise and set.

Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most cheer-
ful air, [fair;

And every way thereto the ways most smooth and

¹⁴ High woody banks.

¹⁵ See to the 12th song.

As in the fittest place by man that could be thought,
To which, by land or sea, provision might be
brought.

And such a road for ships scarce all the world com-
As is the goodly Thames, near where Brute's city
stands.

Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport:
Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we
flourish'd long)

Fre idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,
Now pest'ring all this isle: whose disproportion
draws

The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause
Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign things,
Which upstart gentry still into our country brings;
Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain
By that, which only serves to use vile and vain:
Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted
sin,

Before the costly coach, and silken stock came in;
Before that Indian weed¹⁶ so strongly was embrac'd,
Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste;
That merchants, long train'd up in gain's deceitful
school, [fool,

And subtly having learn'd to soothe the humorous
Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull,
Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn and wool;
When foreigners, with ours, them warily clothe
and feed, [need."

Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had
But whilst the angry Muse thus on the time ex-
claims,

Sith every thing therein consisteth in extremes;
Lest she, enforc'd with wrongs, her limits should
transcend,

Here of this present song she briefly makes an end.

¹⁶ Tobacco.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering passage the Muse returns from the
wedding, somewhat into the land, and first to
Hartford; whence, after matter of description, to
London.

Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did
bear.

For, under Nero, the Britons, intolerably loaden
with weight of the Roman government, and espe-
cially the Iceni, (now Norfolk and Suffolk men)
provoked by that cruel servitude, into which not
themselves only, but the wife also and posterity
of their king Prasutagus were, even beyond right
of victory, constrained, at length breathing for
liberty, (and in a farther continuance of war, hav-
ing for their general R. Boudicea, Boudicca, or
as the difference of her name is) rebelled against
their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition
committing a slaughter of no less than 80,000,
(as Dio hath, although Tacitus miss 10,000 of
this number) ransacked and spoiled Maldon, (then
Camalodunum) and also this Verulam, near St.
Alban's) which were the two chief towns of the
isle (a); the first a colony, (whereof the 8th song)

tho' a municipal city (b), called expressly, in a
catalogue at the end of Nennius, Caer-Municip.
Out of Agellius || I thus note to you its nature:
Municipes sunt cives Romani ex municipiis suo-
jure & legibus suis utentes, muneris tantum cum
pop. Rom. honorarii participes, a quo munere
capessendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis ne-
cessitatibus neque ulla pop. Rom. lege astricti,
quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus
esset. It differed from a colony, most of all in that
a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such
as were received into state-favour and friendship
by the Roman. Per onating the genius of Ver'lam,
that ever-famous Spenser (c) sung:

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see;
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon times
afterward, it endured a second ruin; and, out of
its corruption, after the abbey erected by king
Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, in
later times (d), most of the stone-works, and what-
soever fit for building, was by the abbots translated.
So that,

Now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
"This once was she," may warred be to say (e).

The name hath been thought, from the river
there running called Ver, and Humphrey Lhuid (f)
makes it, as if it were Ver-lhan, i. e. a church
upon Ver.

Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these
thy vallies pass.

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the author's
charge; he tells you more judiciously towards
the end of the song. But the cause why some
have thought so is, for that, Gildas (g), speaking
of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous
passing through the river at Verlamcester, calls
it iter ignotum trans Thamesis fluvii alveum: so
by collection they guessed that Thames had then
his full course this way, being thereto farther
moved by anchors and such like here digged up.
This conjecture hath been followed by that noble
Muse (h) thus in the person of Ver'lam:

And where the crystal Thamis wont to slide
In silver channel down along the Lee,
About whose flow'ry banks, on either side,
A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:
There now no river's course is to be seen,
But moorish fens, and marshes ever green.

(b) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.

|| Noct. Attic. 16. cap. 13.

(c) In his Ruins of Time.

(d) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.

(e) Spens. ubi supra.

(f) In Brev. Brit.

(g) In Epist. de Excid. Britan.

(h) Spenser.

(a) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.

There also where the winged ships were seen^(a)
 In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;
 A thousand fishers number'd to have been,
 In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
 Of fish, with baits which they us'd to betray,
 Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
 Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

But, for this matter of the Thames, those two grand antiquaries, Leland and Camden, have joined in judgment against it: and for the anchors, they may be supposed of fish-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name.

Since us his kingly ways Molmutius first began.

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the British story) constituted divers laws; especially that churches, ploughs, and highways, should have liberties of sanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches should be free, and enjoy liberty for refuge, consenting allowance of most nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed also by constitution of king Lucius (i), a Christian) every church-yard was a sanctuary, until by act of parliament (k) under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abused, was taken away; but, whether now restored in the last parliament (l), wherein all statutes concerning abjuration or sanctuary made before 35th Elizabeth are repealed, I examine not. The plough and husbandmen have by our statutes (m), and so especially by civil (n) and Persian law (o), great freedoms. Highways being, without exception, necessary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the Roman laws (p), and are taken in ours, to be in that respect (as they are by implication of the name) the king's highways, and res sacræ (q): & qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ suæ, dicitur fecisse purpresturam super ipsum regem. According to this privilege of Molmutius in the statute of Marlbridge (r) it is enacted, that none should distrain in the king's highway, or the common street, but the king and his ministers, specialem auctoritatem ad hoc habentibus; which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, distress may be taken (s), as for an amercement in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights' fees. But the old rolls

of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the register (t) also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VII. where you read Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum & sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot forestarii, &c. the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digestion: Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, &c. as, beside authentic MSS. it is expressly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by king John, and printed in Matthew Paris; 'twixt which, and that of ours commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury, witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. when as it is plain that he was not bishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon, archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and return to Molmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon his son, king Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caused more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called military, (a name given by the Romans to such highways as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (u) and judicious authority, these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikinild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randall of Chester, and by him derived from Saint Dewy's in Pembroke into Hereford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and York-shires to Tinnmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham, in Warwickshire, by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verlam was called also by the English (x) Watling-chester) it is said that it went from Dover, in Kent, and so by west of London (yet

(i) Florilegus. (k) 22 Hen. 8. cap. 14.

(l) Jacob. Sess. 1. c. 25.

(m) Westm. 2. c. 20 & 21 Ed. 1. District. Scaccarii.

(n) C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores & alibi.

(o) Xenoph. Cyropæd. s.

(p) ff. de via public.

(q) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Assis. Nov. diss. c. 16. §. 8.

(r) 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9. Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.

(s) 34 Ed. 1. Avoury 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 11 Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. Avoury, 221. & 225. alibi.

(t) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta ad MS. emendat.

(u) V. Camden Roman.

(x) Lhud. Breviar. Brit.

part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into Cerdigan (y); but others (z) say from Verlam to Chester; and where all is referred to Pelin by Geoffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another (a) tells you that the sons of (I know not what) king Wethile made, and denominated it. The Fosse is derived, by one consent out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Coteswold by Tewkesbury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithness, the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may be desperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon no such name is found, but with the first two, Ickenild and Erming-street. Ickenild, saith he, goes from east to west: Erming-street, from south to north: another tells me, that Erming-street begins at St. Dewy's, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the word's community with Icens in the eastern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or elect the best, I only add, that Erming-street, which, being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from Ipmunull in that signification, whereby it interprets (b) an universal pillar worshipped for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stanstreet, in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel, in a soil on both sides very different, continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern shore, in Sussex, are some places seeming as other relics of it. But I here determine nothing.

(y) Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.

(z) Henric. Huntingd. hist. 1.

(a) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.

(b) Adam. Bremens. hist. Eccles. cap. 5. and see to the 3d song.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Medway, Thames a suitor goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in:
She digs through earth, the Thames to win.
Great Thames, as king of rivers, sings
The catalogue of th' English kings.
Thence light the Muse, to th' southward soars,
The Surrian and Sussexian shores;
The forests and the downs surveys,
With rillets running to those seas;
This song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

At length it came to pass, that Isis and her Thame
Of Medway understood, a nymph of wondrous
fame;
And much desirous were, their princely Thames
If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden love;

Thet of so great descent, and of so large a dower,
Might well ally their house, and much increase his
power;

And striving to prefer their son, the best they may,
Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array,
Bank'd with embroider'd meads, of sundry sutes of
flowers,

His breast adorn'd with swans, oft wash'd with silver
A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate
As might besecm their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to see; yet with a full in-
tent,

To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he
Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done,
And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son,
See what the Thames befel, when 'twas suspected
least.

As still his goodly train yet every hour increas'd,
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came down
to meet

His greatness, whom the Thames so graciously doth
That with the fern-crown'd flood¹ he minion-like
doth play:

Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.

But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the
shoal,

'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gentle
Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to
foreslow

The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and
there;

And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in
her sight,

Then Isis and the Thame from their conjoined
Desirous still to learn how Thames their son had
sped

(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been
That he ere this had won the goodly heir of
Kent)

And sending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his
train)

How this their only heir, the isle's imperial flood,
Had loiter'd thus in love, neglectful of his good.

No marvel (at the news) though Ouse² and
Thame were sad,

More comfort of their son expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow
though they show'd:

Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be bestow'd,
And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.

But Thames would hardly on: oft turning back, to
show

From his much-fovd Mole how loth he was to go.
The mother of the Mole, old Homesdale³, like-
wise bears

Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been
content

T^o have match'd her with a flood of far more mean
[descent.

¹ Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there
growing.

² Isis. ³ A very woody vale in Surry.

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle
dreams, [Thames:
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of
And headlong holds her course, his company to
win. [in;
But Homesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to
doubt: [out.)
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it
\$. Mole digs her self a path, by working day and
night
(According to her name, to show her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles space
doth creep: [keep,
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth
run;
As longing to embrace old Thame and Isis' son.
When Thames now understood what pains the
Mole did take,
How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his sake,
Although with Medway match'd, yet never could
remove [love.
The often-quick'ning sparks of his more ancient
So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's
guide
The Ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide;
Up tow'rd's the place, where first his much-lov'd
Mole was seen,
\$. He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Shene'.
Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved
So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate, [mate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous
clear: [appear,
And first unto her lord, at Wandsworth doth
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign
Thames, [streams,
There might no other speech be had amongst the
But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she
wore; [bore.
Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage
prest [increas'd,
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still
From where brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to
behold [could,
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly
pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pur-
sue,
Where Oatlands, Hampton court, and Richmond
he doth view, [entertain;
Then Westminster the next great Thames doth
That vaunts her palace large, and her most
sumptuous fane:
The laud's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous
strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little
space,
The all-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent
lies, [skies;
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled

* Thames, sbbs, and flows beyond Richmond.

Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that
show, [grow,
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-pest'red
chores,
His bosom over-spread with shoals of labouring oars:
With that most costly bridge that doth him most
renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.
Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to state,
Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,
Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their
king;
A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
The princely Thames recites, and thus his song he
laid: [came,
" As bastard William first, by conquest hither
And brought the Norman rule upon the English
name:
So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,
Throughout his troubled reign, here held his hard-
got spoils.
Deceasing at the last, through his unsettled state,
\$. Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.
For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad
(Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)
His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged reign:
And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,
Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,
Through craft into the throne, the younger Beau-
clerk crept. [to wrest,
From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert strove
The other (of his power that amply was possess)
With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful
day [sway.)
(Where Fortune show'd herself all human power to
Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the
fight,
\$. Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,
And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd.
" But Henry's whole intent was by just Henry
deny'd.
For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft;
So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have left,
The raging seas devour'd, as hitherward they
sail'd.
" When in this line direct, the Conqueror's issue
fall'd, [emperor's bride
Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain
(Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd):
And Stephen earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sister's
A fierce and cruel war immediately begun; [son,
Who with their several powers arrived here from
France,
By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.
But Stephen, what by coin; and what by foreign
strength, [goad at length.
Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious
" But, left without an heir, the empress' issue
next,
No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,
The second Henry soon upon the throne was set,
(Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plan-
taginet. [subjection spurn'd:
Who held strong wars with Wales, that his
Which often times he beat, and, beaten off, re-
turn'd:

* See the last note of the 4th song.

With his stern children vex'd: who (whilst he strove t' advance [France.
His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in
With his high fame in sight, what cold breast was not fir'd? [admir'd.

Through all the western world, for wisdom most
"Then Richard got the rule, his most renowned son, [won.

Whose courage, him the name of Cœur de Lion
With those first earthly gods had this brave prince been born,

His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn
The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy Land
So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptune's hand, [had left,

The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trient he
And him to rule their charge they only then had left. [away

"Hini John again succeeds; who having put
Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took to sway. [made,

Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having
§. His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;
'That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise,
Their daughters to redeem, that he by force would seize.

Which the first civil war in England here begun.
And for his sake such hate his son young Henry won, [thought;

That to depose their prince, th' revengful people
And from the line of France young Lewis to have brought [throne,

To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the
By his more forceful friends: who, wise and puissant grown, [drew

§. The general charter seiz'd: that into slavery
The freest born English blood. Of which such discord grew, [rais'd,

And in the barons' breasts so rough combustions
With much expense of blood as long was not appeas'd,

By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power and pride. [barons strong;

He knew the worst of war, match'd with the
Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and long.

"This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next succeeded; he,

Of us, that for a god might well related be.

Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the
Orcaids raught [brought

His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania
The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)

§. The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long had stood, [English blood.

And made them take a prince's, sprung of the
This isle from sea to sea, he generally control'd,
And made the other parts of England both to hold.

"This Edward, first of ours's, a second then ensued; [abuse;

Who both his name and birth, by looseness did
Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely places;

And chose not men for wit, but only for their faces.

* See Song the IXth.

In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust,
Who sooth'd him in his ways apparently unjust;
For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.

"A third then of that name, amends for this did make: [take.

Who from his idle sire seem'd nought at all to
But as his grandsire did his empire's verge advance:
So led he forth his powers into the heart of France.
And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
Against the Salique law, which utterly forbade
Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
At Cressy with his sword first cancelled those laws:
Then like a furious storm, through troubled France he ran; [wan

And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward
Proud Poitiers, where king John he valiantly subdu'd. [hew'd;

The miserable French and therè in mammoes
Then with his battering rams made earthquakes in their towers,

Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard then [of men;

(Soon to that famous prince Black-Edward, man
Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth apply'd

To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
Unworthy ignorant sots, with whose dull eyes he saw:

Who plac'd their like in court, and made them great in state

(Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all plagues, might hate).

To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent again,
And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.
He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:
And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
To ribalds, so again by villains had his end.

"Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard, then

Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
Desirous first of change, which to that height him brought,

Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him down:

For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved crown;
That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose, [foes,

And raising public arms against his powerful
His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful reign. [father got

"A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his
The crown, by right or wrong, the son respecteth not.

Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike freight; [fought,

And showing us the fields where our brave fathers
First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a light.

As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
That her pale genius sunk; which trembling seem'd to stand,

When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.

That all his grandsire's deeds did over, and thereto
Those high achievements add the former could
not do:

At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poic-
tiers down; [renown]

Of all that time who liv'd, the king of most
Whose too untimely end the fates too soon did
haste: [to last:]

Whose nine years' noble acts, nine worlds deserve
"A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the
mighty son [had won].

Of him, in England's right that spacious France
Who coming young to reign, protected by the
peers

Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
Provid' upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving
war;

But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
Whose mildness over-much did his destruction
bring:

A wondrous godly man, but not so good a king.
Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change
so oft;

So many times thrown down, so many times aloft
(When with the utmost power their friends could
them afford,

The Yorkists put their right upon the dint of
sword)

(As still he lost and won, in that long bloody war,
§. From those two factions styl'd, of York and
Lancaster. [power,

But by his foes inforc'd to yield him to their
His wretched reign and life both ended in the
Tower. [regal wreath:]

"Of th' Edward's name the fourth put on the
Whom furious bloody war (that seem'd a while to
breathe,

Not utterly forsook. For Henry's queen and heir
Their once-possession'd reign still seeking to repair)
Put forward with their friends their title to main-
tain.

Whose blood did Barne's streets and Tewksbury's
dustain,

Till no man left to stir. The title then at rest,
The old Lancastrian line being utterly suppress'd,
Himself the wanton king to amorous pleasures
gave;

§. Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.
"His son an infant left: who had he liv'd to
reign,

Edward the fifth had been. But justly see again,
As he a king and prince before had caus'd to die
(The father in the Tower, the son at Tewksbury)
So were his children young, being left to be pro-
tect'd [spect'd].

By Richard; who nor God, nor human laws re-
tish viper, this most vile devourer of his kind
(Whom his ambitious ends had struck so grossly
blind) [prey,

From their dear mother's lap them seizing for a
Himself in right the next, could they be made
away) [kept;

Most wrongfully usurp'd, and them in prison
Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.
As his unnatural hands were in their blood im-
brew'd:

So (guilty in himself) with murder he pursu'd
Such, on his heinous acts as look'd not fair and
right; [might]

Yea, such as were not his expressly, and had

T' oppose him in his course; 'till (as a monster
loath'd,

The man, to Hell and Death himself that had be-
troth'd) [down;

They brought another in, to thrust that tyrant
In battle who at last resign'd both life and crown.

"A seventh Henry, then, the imperial seat at-
tain'd,

In banishment who long in Britain had remain'd,
What time the Yorkists sought his life to have
bereft,

Of the Lancastrian house then only being left
(Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond did
beget,

§. Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.

Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,

To make his title strong thereby on either side.

And grafting of the white and red rose firm to-
gether, [of Tether.

Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name

In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard
slain, [reign,

Then in that prosperous peace of his successful

Of all that ever rul'd, was most precise in state,

And in his life and death a king most fortunate.

"This seventh that was of ours, the eighth
succeeds in name: [came

Who by prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)
Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:

Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,

In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone
to try,

Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.

The abbeyes he suppress'd; a thousand ling'ring
year, [to rear.

Which with revenues large the world had sought

And through his awful might, for temporal ends
did save,

To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;

And here the papal power, first utterly deny'd,

Defender of the faith that was enstyl'd, and dy'd.

"His son the empire had, our Edward sixth
that made;

Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.

A protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,
Th' religion then receiv'd, here stontly did main-
tain: [reft,

But ere he raught to man, from his sad people

His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.

"Of which the eldest of two, queen Mary,
mounts the chair:

The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,

With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd;

Whose martyr'd ashes oft the wond'ring streets

bestrew'd. [Philip hither,

She match'd herself with Spain, and brought king

Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd to-
gether.

But issueless she dy'd; and under six years' reign,
To her wise sister gave the kingdom up again.

"Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;

Digressing from her sex, with man-like govern-
ment [tend

This island kept in awe, and did her power ex-
afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;

Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings' sure de-
fence: [hence

Rude Ireland's deadly scourge; who sent her navies

Unto the 'either Ind, and to that shore so green,
Verginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:

In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns
spread; [fled.
Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia
Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings
among [so long."
Scarce any rul'd so well: but two⁷, that reign'd
Here suddenly he stay'd: and with his kingly
song,
Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rung,
He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about:
The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him
out. [vance,
And soon the pliant Muse, doth her brave wing ad-
Tow'rs those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that
point at France;
The harder Surrey heath, and the Sussexian
down, [not crown,
Which with so great increase though nature do
As many other shires of this inviron'd isle,
Yet on the weather's⁸ head, when as the sun doth
smile, [blow,
Nurst by the southern winds, that soft and gently
Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow;
The earth as soon puts on her gaudy Summer's
suit; [with fruit.
The woods as soon in green, and orchards great
To sea-ward, from the seat where first our song
began,
Exhaled to the south by the ascending Sun,
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Sussexian
ground, [did abound
Great Andrewsweald's⁹ sometime: who, when she
In circuit and in growth, all other quitesuppress'd:
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength de-
creas'd, [delight.
Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her
As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:
And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do
grow,
Set lither to the downs, as th' other standeth low.
Saint Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is
plac'd, [grac'd.
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be
These forests as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief
conceal'd)
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast came on,
Under the ax's stroke fetch'd many a grievous
groan, [ful sound,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dread-
Even rent the hallow woods, and shook the queachy
ground. [ghastly fear,
So that the trembling nymphs, oppress'd through
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd
hair, [did dwell,
The, sylvans that about the neighbouring woods
Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,
Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'ring far
abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily
trade, [shade.
Where they in summer wont to sport them in the
"Could we," say they, "suppose, that any would
us cherish, [perish?
Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to

⁷ Hen. III. & Ed. III. ⁸ The Sun in Aries.⁹ A forest, containing most part of Kent; and
Surrey.

Or to our daily want to minister supply?
These iron times bred none that mind posterity,
'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
Or changes of the world, that we in time have
seen; [waste,
When, not devising how to spend our wealth with
We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,
But now, alas, ourselves we have not to sustain,
Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from
rain. [beech,
Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer
Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending
wych, [burn:
Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether
What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's
turn; [hold,
When under public good, base private gain takes
And we poor woful woods to ruin lastly sold."
This utter'd they with grief: and more they
would have spoke,
But that the envious downs, int' open laughter
broke; [given,
As joving in those wants, which nature them had
Sith to as great distress the forests should be
driven. [envy'd,
Like him that long time hath another's state
And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is deprest, and bruise'd with fortune's
might,
The larger reign his foe doth give to his despite:
So did the envious downs; but that again the floods
(Their fountains that derive from these unpitied
woods, [dales they creep,
And so much grace thy downs, as through their
Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their
pride. [side
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian
(Dividing it well near from the Sussexian lands
That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled
sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth
tell: [Arundel)
§. And Arun (which doth name the beauteous
As on her course she came, it to her forest told,
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power
to hold: [rive;
But breaking into rage, wish'd tempests them might
And on their barren scalps, still flint and ehalk
might thrive, [supbraid.
The brave and nobler woods which basely thus
§. And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly said,
"The downs did very ill, poor woods so to debase."
But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful
grace, [grown,
So touchy wax'd therewith, and was so squeamish
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be
known.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately-passed times denominate the new.
So Cnmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:
As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right
(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler
flood) [blood:
And Asten, once distain'd with native English
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
§. Doth blush; as put in mind of those there, sadly
slain, [powers,
When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman
Whose name and honors now are denizen'd for ours)

That boding ominous brook, it through the forest
rung :
Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,
Great stir was like to grow ; but that the Muse did
charm
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER your travels (thus led by the Muse) through the inlands, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Sussex, the southern shires from London to the ocean : and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.

This Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Dorking, in Surrey, and after some two miles, sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril, near Warminster, in Wiltshire, is said as much ; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixed with the sea, which hath been both tried by a cup (a), lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old oracle to Archias (b), a Corinthian, advising him he should either deduce a colony.

— 'Ἰν Ἀλφειῷ σπασὶν βλῶσαι,
Μορῶμενοι πηγαίς Εὐβοίῃσι Ἀγιδούσῃ.

Like this, Pausanias (c) reckons more ; Erasin (d) in Greece, Lycus (e) that runs into Meander, Tiger (f), and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Bætic Spain) is specially famous for this form of subterranean course : which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that country (g), is put for an unfeigned truth.

He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sheene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe ; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the Heavens, or Moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creeky, I cannot

guess. I incline to this of the Heavens, because such testimony (h) is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind ; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judiciously not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title ; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported ; " I constitute no heir of the crown of England (i) : but to the universal Creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I commend it. For I had it not by inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much effusion of blood I took it from that perjured Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I subdued it to my empire." And somewhat after : " Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest after my death worse troubles happen in it by my occasion. For my son William (always, as it became him, obedient to me) I wish that God may give him his graces, and that, if so it please the Almighty, he may reign after me." This William the second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the dukedom of Normandy, then as it were by birth-right, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or dutchy of Cornwall at this day, belonging to our kings' heirs apparent, was denied him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip I. of France, which caused his merited disinheritor. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you : and will discover also the conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case reported of one English (k), who, deriving his right from seisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of king William I. the manor of Sharbon, in Norfolk, against one Warren, a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it : which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom ; for then had all titles (l) of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (moved by their rebellions which had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all things as a conqueror : Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinherit the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and

(a) Strab. Geograph. §.

(b) Pausan. Eliac. s.

(c) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.

(d) Herodot. hist. c.

(e) Idem. c. Polyhym.

(f) Justin. hist. 42.

(g) Ludov. Nonius in Flav. Hispan.

(h) Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.

(i) Guil. Pictavens. in hist. Cadomens.

(k) Antiq. Sched. in Icen. Camd.

(l) Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatius dilucidandam, jure & gentium & Anglicano, visendi sunt Hottonian. illust. quæst. 5. Alberic. Gentil. de Jure Belli 3. cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Coke l. 7.

in reading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

Who by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.

His death by an infortunate loosing at a deer, out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blasted there with infection, and Richard, Duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twist catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William the first, who destroyed in Hautshire thirty-six parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of Fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossessed him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you: but, if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Tigurin prints in An. 1086. and for Rex magnificus & bonæ indolis adolescens, read Rich. magnificus &c. for Richard brother to this Red William.

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.

Thus did the conqueror's posterity quietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture; but so much the less, in that Robert, with divers other German and French princes, left all private respects for the holy war, which after the cross undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without swords often drawn, before his holy expedition: about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown (beside the means of his working favourites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king: upon which point a great question is disputed among civilians (*o*). Robert was no sooner returned into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose chief justice (*p*) it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state-misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture-right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gained to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of twelve barons on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of queen

Maud, the duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his brother) assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death) so often read of in Choniates, Cantacruzen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle, in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that king Henry after a few years' imprisonment released him, and commanded that within forty days and twelve hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile; and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of Clarindom (*q*), which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner (*r*) persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary; for provision of their voyage necessities, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since then, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; "I will (proceeds the oath) diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help." &c. So here the forty days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary: compare this with other authorities (*s*), and you shall find all

(*q*) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved. fol. 314.

(*r*) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib. 2. §. 67.

(*s*) Itin. North. 3. Ed. 3. Coron. 313. Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2. cap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, sed ignominiose.

(*o*) Hottom. illust. quest. 2.

(*p*) Placitator & exactor totius regni, Flor. Wig. & monarchorum turba.

so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (earl of Kent, and chief justice of England, under Henry III.) having incurred the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, decernentes ibi XL. dierum excubijs observare (f): And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of disseisin, the law hath beenthat the disseisor could not re-enter without action (u), unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been essoigned de ultra mare, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assise of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in another country (x) the reason of the like is given; or else from the forty days in the essoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? "100. pounds of silver (said he) and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren."

His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid.

The great controversy about electing the archbishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last consecrating Stephen of Langton, a cardinal) was first cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the pope. He presently makes delegation to William bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Romish behest; if he persisted in constancy,

they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, moved with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, "By God's truth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing," with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority; and the king, in some sort, his threatenings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymen's custody, and compelling every priest's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extreme unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in high-ways and ditches without ecclesiastic ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procured by archbishop Langton, who purchased favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friars, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, deposed king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with suspicion of the subjects' hearts at home, and another cause then more esteemed than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter, an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face, "that before holy Thursday following he should be no king," altered his stiff and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and persuaded him by oath of himself and sixteen more of his barons, to make submission to the church of Rome, and condescend to give for satisfaction, 100. c. 10. c. 10. pounds sterling (that name of sterling began (y), as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some Esterling, making that kind of money, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the starling bird, as some, nor of Sterling, in Scotland, under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in records (z) much more ancient, the express name Sterlingorum I have read) to the clergy, and subject all his dominions to the pope (a); and so had absolution, and after four years, release of the interdict (b). I was the willing to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which maddened rather than amended his troubled spirits. Easily you shall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's elec-

(y) Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini, pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alios.

(z) Polydor. Hist. 16.

(f) Math. Par. pag. 507.
(u) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diss. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Esson. cap. 3. Vid. de Consuetudine in Oxoniâ 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.
(x) Cust. Generaux, de Artois art. 164.

(a) Norff. 6. Rich. I. fin. rot. 13. & alibi in eisdem archivis V.

(b) Antæ alios de his consulendus sit Math. Paris.

tion exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the pope, and for alms towards Jerusalem's aid, he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be no ways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with continual and undigestible incentives of the clergy with traitorous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiranolly, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, depositions, and such like, published and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, shearing, and not feeding their sheep, made this poor king (for they brought him so poor, that he was called *Johannes (c) sine terra*) even as a phrenetic, commit what posterity receives now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of princes.

His baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise.

No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king, and Stephen of Langton was quietly possessor of his archbishopric, but he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's, stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an instauration of saint Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge observation thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs: and after denials of this purpose request, armies were mustered to extort these liberties. But at length by treaty in Runnymede, near Stanes, he gave them two charters; the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest: both which were not very different from our grand charter and that of the forest. The pope at his request confirmed all: but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of the kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestic titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtained a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters. This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject; but in whom more, than in the pope and his archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked boutefeus, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by cen-

sorious exauthorizing the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness, to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

The general charter seiz'd—

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by king John; his son Henry III. of some nine years' age (under protection first of William Marshal, earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches, bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster, desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Bureh proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquiescerent, si illis diu petitis libertates concedere voluisset*. The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (*sauit Paris*) *ita quod chartæ utrorumque regum in nullo inveniuntur dissimiles*. Yet those which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton, chap. v. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year books (*f*): after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold, duke of Austria, was near cccclxxx. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to; *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel heredes nostros de cætero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate & consensu communi archiepiscoporum, episcoporum, abbatum & aliorum prælatorum, comitum, baronum, militum, burgensium, & aliorum liberorum hominum* (*g*): which although compared with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry: he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancelled, and repealed the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief justice Hugh de

(*f*) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1. fol. 236. atque vid. Bract. lib. 2. cap. 26. §. 2.

(*g*) Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1. Polyd. Hist. 17.

Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects' possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguished even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by path of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (*h*) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeached by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

The meste wo that here vel hi king Henry's day
In this lond, icholle beginne to tell yuf ich may.
He adde thre brethren that is modre's sons were (*i*).
And the king of Almaine the verthe that to heie
them here (*k*), [thereto,

Ac sir William de Valence and sir Eimer (*l*)
Elit of Wincetre and sir Guy de Lisewi also
Thoru hom and thoru the queene (*m*) was so much
fressh folc ibrought

That of English men me told as right nought,
And the king hom let her will that each was as
king

And nome poure men god, and ne paieide nothing.
To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinde eny wight
Hii sede, yuf we doth ou wrong, we shall ou do
right:

As wo seith we beth kings, ur wille we mowe do,
And many Engless alas hulde mid hom also.
So that thorou Godes grace the erles at last,
And the bishops of the lond, and barons bespeake
vaste, [caste,

That the kind Englisemen of Londe hii wolde out
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer laste.
Thereof hii nome (*n*) conseil, and to the king hii
send, [amend.

To abbe (*o*) pite of his londand suiche manners
So ther at laste hii brought him therto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond vor to
seyte, [eyghte,

Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and
Right aboute missomer fourtene night it laste
The erles and the barons were well stude vaste (*p*)

(*h*) 42 Hen. 3.

(*i*) Guy of Lassignan, William of Valence, and
Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel, king
John's dowager, daughter to Aymar, earl of En-
golsime, married to Hugh Brown, earl of March,
in Poitiers.

(*k*) Richard, earl of Cornwall, son to king John.

(*l*) Athelmarus.

(*m*) Elianor, daughter to Raymund earl of Pro-
vence.

(*n*) They took. (*o*) Have. (*p*) Stedfast.

Vor to amendi that lond as the erle of Glocestre,
Sir Richard, and sir Simond erle of Lisicetre
And sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,
So that at last the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the fressh men to libbe (*q*). beyonde se
Bi hor londs her and ther and ne come noght
age (*r*). [also

And to granti god (*s*) lawes and the Old Charter
That so ofte was igranted er, and so ofte undou.
Hereof was the chartre imade and aseled vast there
Of the king and of other heye men that there were,
Tho nome tende tapers (*t*) the bishops in hor hond
And the king himself and other heye men of the
lond,

The bishops amased (*u*) all that there agon were
And ever eft undude the lawes that loked were
there,

Mid berunge taperes; and such as laste,
The king and others seid A.nen and the tapers
adoun caste.

If particulars of the story, with precedents and
consequents be desired, above all I send you to
Matthew Paris, and William Rishanger, and end
in adding, that these so controverted charters had
not their settled surety until Edward I. since
whom they have been more than thirty times in
parliament confirmed.

The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and stone at Westminster,
whereon our sovereigns are inaugurated. The
Scottish (*x*) stories (on whose credit, in the first
part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm
that the stone was first in Galicia, of Spain, at
Brigantia (whether that be Compostella, as Fran-
cis Tarapha wills, or Corunna, as Florian del
Campo conjectures, or Betansos, according to
Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel,
king of Scots there, sat on it as his throne: thence
was it brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first
king of Scots, transplanted into that isle about
700 years before Christ; out of Ireland king Fer-
guse (in him, by some, is the beginning of the
now continuing Scottish reign) about 370 years
afterwards, brought it into Scotland; king Ken-
neth, some 850 of the incarnation, placed it at
the abbey of Scone (in the sheriffdom of Perth)
where the coronation of his successors was usual,
as of our monarchs now at Westminster, and in
the Saxon times at Kingstou upon Thames. This
Kenneth, some say, caused that distich to be en-
graven on it,

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

—(Whereupon it is called fatale marmor in Hect.
Boetius) and enclosed it in a wooden chair. It
is now at Westminster, and on it are the corona-
tions of our sovereign; thither first brought +
(as the author here speaks) among infinite other
spoils, by Edward Longshanks, after his wars and
victories against king John Balliol.

Their women to inherit—

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of
sovereignty to their women cost the lives of many

(*q*) Live. (*r*) Again. (*s*) Good.

(*t*) Kindled tapers. (*u*) Cursed.

(*v*) Hector Boeth. Hist. 1. 10. & 14. Buchan.
rer. Scotie. 6. & 8. † 1297. 24 Ed. I.

thousands of their men, ooth under this victorious Edward, and his son the Black Prince, and others of his successors. His case (God briefly thus: Philip IV. surnamed the Fair, had issue three sons, Lewis the Contentious (x), Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all these successively reigned after him, and died without issue inheritable:) he had likewise a daughter Isabel (I purposely omit the other, being out of the present matter,) married to Edward II, and so was mother to Edward III. The issue made of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip, son and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alenson, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salic law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male, although descended of a daughter: and in a public assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan, dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterwards delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards dutchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, *Æmilius*, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself every mouth speaks of it; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years since, had thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians' name from *Sat*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* (y) * (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as Chivalers (z) in French, and Equites in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salic law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salic land, quæ ad equestris ordinis dignitatem & in capite summo, & in cæteris membris conservandum pertinebat: which very well agrees with a sentence (a) given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament, devising all the testator's Salic lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted *sef* (b). And who knows not that *sefs* were originally military gifts? But then, if so, how comes Salic to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore *Ego scio* (c) (saith a later lawyer) *legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum*. It was composed (not this alone, but with others as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us

by Claude de Seissell, bishop of Marseilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the original of the name, and in these words, *De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terra hereditas perveniat*; and in substance, as referred to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered, by that great civilian Baldus (d), and divers others, but rather as custom than any particular law, as one (f) of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loy écrite, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventee, mais l'avons puissee de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donné cet instinct*: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded gynæcocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yssel, in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endured in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one Velleda (g), a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill besem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient time (h), which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in child-birth, be present, and warily observe, lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIIIth, on the last of September in 1601, is, after other such remembered.

Of these two factions styl'd, of York and Lancaster.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the IIIrd had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, William of Hatfield †, Lionel, duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley, duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the IIIrd). William of Hatfield died without issue; Henry, duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the IIIrd. and to the Vth and VIth of his name, left the kingdom descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, (who, upon this title, was designed heir apparent to Richard IIIrd). Edmund, by her had

(x) Hunting.

(y) *Francie. lib. 2.*

* As our word saddle.

(z) Knights.

(a) Bodin. de *Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Chassan. Cons. Burgund. Rubric. 3. §. 5. num. 70.*

(b) Knights' fees, or lands held.

(c) Paul Merul. *Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. cap. 17.*

(d) *Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.*

(f) Hierome Bignon. de l'excel. des Roies, Livre 5.

(g) V. Tacit. *Hist. 4.*

(h) Rodolph. Boter. *Commentar. 8.*

† *Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.*

Roger; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters; but all died without posterity, excepting Anne; through her, married to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmund of Langley, was conveyed (to their issue Richard duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whose heir she was) had before the rest of that royal stem. So that Lancaster derived itself from the fourth brother; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the sixth Henry was this fatal and enduring misery over England, about determination of these titles, first conceived in the 30th year of his reign, by Richard duke of York, whose son Edward IV. deposed Henry some nine years after; and having reigned near like space, was also, by reoption of Henry, deprived for a time, but restored, and died of it possess, in whose family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaster, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referred the utmost root of the Lancastrian title to Edmund (i), indeed eldest son to Henry III. but that by reason of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the succession, which is absurd and false. For one whom I believe before most of our monks, and the king's chronologer of those times, Matthew Paris, tells expressly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crookback. All these had that most honoured surname Plantagenet (k); which hath been extinct among us ever since Margaret, countess of Salisbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reason of John of Gaunt's device being a red rose, and Edmund of Langley's a white rose, these two factions afterward, as for cognizances of their descent and inclinations, were by the same flowers distinguished.

Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancastrian faction, nought but death (as there, reason of state was enough) was his kindness. Towards strangers, whose slipping words were in wrested sense, seeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himself, the relations of sir John Markham, his chief justice, Thomas Burdett, an esquire of Warwickshire, and some citizens, for idle speeches are testimony. How to his own blood, in that miserable end of his brother George duke of Clarence, is showed: Whose death hath divers reported causes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is supposed upon a prophecy forespeaking that Edward's successor's name should begin with G; which made him suspect this George (a kind of superstition not exemplad, as I remember, among our princes; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as passages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, discover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more serious, yet insufficient faults (tasting of Richard duke of Gloucester's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the rest disclose them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly seen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was

drowned in a hogswade of malmsey at the Tower. One (l) that very lately would needs dissuade men from arinking healths to their princes, friends, and mistresses, as the fashion is, a bachelor of divinity, and professor of history and Greek at Cologu, in his division of drunken natures, makes one part of them, Qui in balneis mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generosisimum vinum transformaretur: and for want of another example, dares deliver, that, "such a one was George earl of Clarence (m), who, when for suspicion of treason he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmsey." First, why he calls him earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profest history, can justify; neither indeed was ever among us any such honour. Earls of Clare long since were (n): but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) duke of Clarence third son to Edward III. since whom never have been other than dukes of dignity. But unto what I should impute this inexcusable injury to the dead prince, unless to Icarus's shadow dazzling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful causing him to slip in matter of his own profession, I know not. Our stories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any such election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been so kind, as to have imparted it.

Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, had issue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort, earl of Somerset, and marquis Dorset. To him succeeded his second son, John (Henry the eldest dead), and was created first duke of Somerset by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made earl Richmond by Henry VI.) son to Owen Tyddour (deriving himself from the British Cadwallader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

Defender of the faith.——

When amongst those turbulent commotions of Lutherans and Romanists under Charles V. such oppositions increased, that the pope's three crowns even tottered at such arguments as were published against his pardons, mass, monastic profession, and the rest of such doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no sort of antagonists) wrote particularly against him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their seven sacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the Vatican at Rome (o), and with the king's own hand thus inscribed,

(l) Francisc. Matenes de ritu bibend. 1. cap. 1. edit. superioribus nundinis.

(m) Comes Clarentia. Cæterum ævo Normanico indiscriminatum comes & dux usurpantur & Will. Conquestor sæpius dictus Comes Norin.

(n) From Clare in Suffolk, V. Polydor. hist. 19. & Camd. in Icenis.

(o) Francisc. Swert. in Delic. orbis Christ.

(i) Ap. Polyd. hist. 16.

(k) 33 Hen. 8. J. Stow. p. 717.

Anglorum Rex, HENRICUS, LEONI X.
mittit hoc opus, & fidei testem & amicitia.

Hereupon, this Leo sent him the title of "Defender of the faith (p):" which was as ominous to what ensued. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began so to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his son Edward VI. queen Elizabeth, and our present sovereign, hath been to this piously established and defended.

To ease your conceit of these kings here sung,
I add this chronology of them.

- 1066. William I. conquered England.
- 1087. William the Red (Rufus) second son of the conqueror.
- 1100. Henry I. surnamed Beaulerc, third son to the first William.
- 1135. Stephen earl of Moreton and Bloigne, son to Stephen earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (Anno 1086) you must mend Beccensis Comitatus, and read Blesensis Comitatus; and howsoever it comes to pass, he is, in the same author, made son to Tedbald, earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
- 1154. Henry II. son to Geoffrey Plantagenet earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, daughter to Henry Beaulerc.
- 1189. Richard I. Cœur de Lion, son to Henry II.
- 1199. John, brother to Cœur de Lion.
- 1216. Henry III. son to king John.
- 1273. Edward I. Longshanks, son to Henry III.
- 1308. Edward II. of Caernarvon, son to Edward I. deposed by his wife and son.
- 1326. Edward III. son to Edward II.
- 1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (son to Edward the Black Prince, son to Ed. III.) deposed by Henry duke of Lancaster.
- 1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke; son to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward III.
- 1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, son to Henry IV.
- 1422. Henry VI. of Windsor, son to Henry V. deposed by Edward earl of March, son and heir to Richard duke of York, deriving title from Lionel duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, third and fourth sons of Edward III.
- 1460. Edward IV. of Roan, son and heir of York. In the tenth of his reign Henry VI. got again

the crown, but soon lost both it and life.

- 1483. Edward V. son to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard Duke of York, by his uncle Richard duke of Gloucester.
- 1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. slain at Bosworth field, by Henry earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.
- 1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancastrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the house of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.
- 1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, son to Henry VII.
- 1546. Edward VI. of Hampton court, son to Henry VIII.
- 1553. Mary, sister to Edward VI.
- 1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

Great Andredswalde sometime———

All that maritime tract comprehending Sussex, and part of Kent, so much as was not mountains, now called the Downs, which in British (g), old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English, signifies (but hills) being all woody, was called Andredswald, i. e. Andred's wood (r), often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden, in Kent, by it Andredchester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call those wood lands, by north the downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the parishes' terminations on this side the Downs, that is, Herst, or Hurst, i. e. a wood. It is called by Ethelwerd expressly Immanis sylva, quæ vulgo Andredsnuda nuncupatur, and was 120 miles long (s), and 30 broad. The author's conceit of these forests' being nymphs of this great Andredsnuda, and their complaint for loss of woods in Sussex, so decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous
Arundel.

So it is conjectured and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horse: it were so as tolerable as Bucephalon (t), from Alexander's horse, Tymenna (u), in Lycia, from a goat of that name, and such like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the conquest, and this town is by name of Frundeale, known in time

(g) Dunum uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & Duynen Belgis dicuntur tumuli arenarii, & Q. Curt. Oceano objecti Gorop. Gallic. 1. alii.

(r) We yet call a desert, a wilderness from this root.

(s) Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo.

(t) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

(u) Steph. *ἄγρι πῶς*.

(p) Defensor Ecclesiæ I. Sleidano Comment. 3.

of king Alfred (w) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men Goropius (x) had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomy, towards the utmost of the now Jutland) part of whom he imagines (about the Saxon and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that port of Adur (y), about this coast, the relic whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

Doth blush, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found king Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some have (z) (by that authority the Muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

(w) Testament. Alfred. ubi etiam, Ritheramfeild, Diccalingum, Angmeringum, Feltham, & aliæ in hoc agro villæ legantur Osfertho ejusdem cognat.

(x) Gothodanic. lib. 7.

(y) Portus Adurni in notit. provinc.

(z) Guil. Paryus hist. 1. cap. 1.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Rother thro' the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in love:
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her lord great Thames:
And where in breadth she her disperses,
Our famous captains she rehearses,
With many of their valiant deeds.
Then with Kent's praise the Muse proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets:
Where to this Song an end she sets.

Our Argas, scarcely yet deliver'd of her son,
When as the river down, thro' Andredswæld
doth run:

Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild;
His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans' kind he hardly could be
known:

Yea, many a time the nymphs, which happ'd this
flood to see,

Fled from him, whom they sure a satyr thought
to be,

As satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,

And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a
plain;

Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,
For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly
chaste,

And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.
But what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could
not pierce?

For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In-isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.

Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river
well.

Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye, [apply,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might
find

To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's
Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's
green;

Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers
Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of
quivering reeds:

Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty
thighs,

Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling
plait,

Emboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and
Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to
batten;

Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to
With villages amongst, 'oft' powthered here and
there;

And (that the same more like to landscape should
appear)

With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
(In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding
neat,

Fore'd from the brakes, where late they brooz'd.
In which, they lick their hides, and chew their
savoury cuds.

Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came to
Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,
Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth
move,

That to a constant course, she thus persuades her
"With Rumney though for dower I stand in no
degree;

In this, to be below'd yet liker far than she:

Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour
lack,

The soul is said deform'd: and she, extremely
And though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
From her there yet proceeds unwholsome putrid
air:

Where my complexion more suits with the higher
Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still
abound

The good gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for
grace,

Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suffering to em-

Where, to great Neptune he may one day be a
prey :
The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
And what, tho' of her strength she seem to make
no doubt ? [out.]
Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him
With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately
us'd ;
With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother stood
confus'd,
Old Andredsweald¹ at length doth take her time
to tell [befell,
The changes of the world, that since her youth
When yet upon her soil, scarce human foot had
trod ;
A place where only then the Sylvens made abode.
Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely
stood, [wood ;
And every where walk'd free, a Burgess of the
Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-starv'd at
home, [roam.
(Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did
And stemming the rude stream dividing us from
France,
Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
§. That Lymen then was nam'd, when, (with most
irksome care)
The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English bare.
And when at last she found, there was no way to
leave [ceive ;
Those, whom she had at first been forced to re-
And by her great resort, she was through very
need,
Constrained to provide her peopled towns to feed,
She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to prepare,
To steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrowing
share :
And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
A housewife she became, most skill'd in making
cloth.
That now the draper comes from London every
year,
And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision there.
Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty furlongs
went, [Kent².
Have lost their ancient bounds, now limited in
Which strongly to improve, she Medway forth did
bring, [spring.
From Sussex who ('tis known) receives her silver
Who tow'rs the lordly Thames, as she along doth
strain, [limber train
Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear up her
As she removes in state : so for her more renown,
Her only name she leaves, t'her only christ'ned
town³ ;
And Rochester doth reach, in ent'ring to the bower
Of that most matchless Thames, her princely
paramour. [her pride)
Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with
Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,
That where she told her Thames, she did intend
to sing [bring ;
What to the English name immortal praise should
To grace his goodly queen, Thames presently pro-
claims, [names,
That all the Kentish floods, resigning him their

¹ See song 17.² The Weald of Kent.³ Maidstone, i. e. Medway's town.

Should presently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the posting tides, towards London sends to
call [among]
Clear Ravensburn (though small, rememb'red them
At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down she comes
along,
She Darent thither warns : who calls her sister
Cray, [may.
Which hasten to the court with all the speed they
And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd
such grace, [in place,
Except her country nymphs, that none should be
More rivers from each part, had instantly been
there, [were.
Than at their marriage, first, by Spenser⁴ numb'red
This Medway still had nurst those navies in her
road,
Our armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad ;
And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen :
Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been
brought, [they fought.
What brave exploits they did ; as where, and how,
Wherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly
calls,
The captains to recite when seriously she falls.
"Of noble warriors now," saith she, "shall be
my song ; [sprung,
Of those renowned spirits, that from the conquest
Of th' English Norman blood ; which, matchless
for their might, [fight,
Have with their flaming swords, in many a dreadful
Illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far ;
Our heroes, which the first wan, in that holy
war, [more red,
Such fear from every foe, and made the east
With splendour of their arms, than when from
Tithon's bed [our fame begun,
The blushing dawn doth break ; towards which
By Robert (Curt-hose call'd) the Conqueror's
eldest son, [went
Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit
The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.
"And to that title which the Norman William
got, [the Scot,
When in our conquest here, he strove t'include
The general of our power, that stout and warlike
earl,
Who English being born, was styl'd of Aubemerle ;
Those Lacyes then no less courageous, which had
there [were.
The leading of the day, all brave commanders
"Sir Walter Especk, match'd with Peverel,
which as far [war,
Adventur'd for our fame : who in that bishops'
Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign :
That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were
slain. [first that won
"The earl of Strigule then our Strong-bow,
Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glori-
ous Sun, [stand.
Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may
"In Cœur de Lion's charge unto the holy-land,
Our earl of Le'ster, next, to rank with them we
bring : [king.
And Turnham, he that took th' impost'rous Cyprian
Strong Tucket chose to wield the English standard
there ; [mer :
Pole, Gournay, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Morti-

⁴ In the Fairy Queen.

And more, for want of pens whose deeds not brought
to light, [right.

It grieves my zealous soul, I can not do them.

"The noble Pembroke then, who, Strong-bow
did succeed, [Irish bleed,

Like his brave grand-sire, made th' revolting

When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection
broke; [glish yoke,

And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the En-
Lewellin prince of Wales in battle overthrew,

Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or
slew. [less strain,

Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strong-bow's match-
As he a marshal was, did in himself retain

The nature of that word, being martial, like his
name:

Who, as his valiant sire, the Irish oft did tame.

"With him we may compare Marisco (king of
men)

That lord chief justice was of Ireland, whereas then

Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, had
their place, [did chase;

Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish oft
Whose deeds may with the best deservedly be read.

"As those two Lacy's then, our English pow'rs
that led: [quell,

Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle
Amongst whom (trodden down) the king of Con-
naught fell. [we set:

"Then Richard, that lov'd earl of Cornwall, here

Who, rightly of the race of great Plantagenet,

Our English armies shipp'd, to gain that hallow'd
ground [mond:

With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous Rosa-

The pagans through the breasts, like thunderbolts
that shot;

And in the utmost east such admiration got,
That the shrill-sounding blast, and terrour of our
fame [came:

Hath often conquer'd, where our swords yet never

As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.

"So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous
here, [shall have:

Guy Beauchamp, that great earl of Warwick, place
From whom the Cambrian hills the Welshmen
could not save;

Whom he, their general plague, impetuously

pursu'd, [imbru'd.

And in the British gore his slaughtering sword

"In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we
prefer [Mortimer;

The lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond

Men rightly moulded up, for high adventurous
deeds.

"In this renowned rank of warriors then suc-
ceeds [guide;

Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did

In many a dangerous strait, that had his know-
ledge try'd, [flight,

And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal

Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient
right, [Lewellin fell.

Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their prince

"Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd
as well) [cover'd Guyn:

Great Saint John; from the French, which twice re-
And he, all him before that clearly did outshine,

Warren, the puissant earl of Surrey, which led
forth

Our English armies oft into our utmost north;

And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to
hear, [banks, for fear.

When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her

On him there shall attend, that most adventurous
Twining,

That at Scamhekin fight, the English off did bring

Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.

"As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all
Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk bravely

fought; [brought.

Where Long-shanks, to our lore, Albania lastly
"As, when our Edward first his title did ad-
vance, [France,

And led his English hence, to win his right in

That most deserving earl of Derby we prefer,

Henry's third valiant son, the earl of Lancaster,

That only Mars of men; who (as a general
scourge, [to purge)

Sent by just-judging Heaven, outrageous France

At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flenings that
she rais'd, [sell seas'd,

Against the English force: which as a hand-

Into her very heart he march'd in warlike wise;

Took Bergera, Langobek, Mountdurant, and

Mountguise; [won;

Leau, Pondra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forsa,

Mountpesans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguil-
lon, [surpris'd;

Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolsme

With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.

Then took the earl of Leyle: to conduct whom
there came

Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his
name. [prest)

To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being
And manfully himself of Mirabel possesset,

Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain,
struck:

And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;

With prosperous success, in lesser time did win

Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bovin;

Sack'd Poicters: which did, then, that country's
treasure hold; [not gold.

That not a man of ours would touch what was

"With whom our Maney's here deservedly doth
stand,

Which first inventor was of that courageous band,
Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be
freed, [t'rons deed.

Till there they had achiev'd some high adven-

He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;

And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and halberds
drew [war,

Great Derby beaten down; t'amaze the men of

When he for England cry'd, "St. George, and Lan-
caster." [proud)

And as mine author tells (in his high courage

Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,

He would begin the war: and, to make good the
same, [flame

Then setting foot in France, there first with hostile

Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neighbouring
towns to light;

That suddenly they caught a fever with the fright.

Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he
made; [invade,

And when the Spanish powers came Britain⁶ to

⁵ Sir Walter Maney.

⁶ Little Britain in France.

Both of their aids and spoils, them utterly bereft,
 This English lion, there, the Spaniards never
 left, [fly,
 Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis
 And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,
 That when the most unjust Calicians had fore-
 thought, [brought,
 Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to have
 The king of England's self', and his renowned son
 (By those pertidious French to see what would be
 done)
 Under his guydon march'd, as private soldiers
 there, [were ;
 "So had we still of ours, in France that famous
 Warwick, of England then high-constable that
 was,
 As other of that race, here well I cannot pass ;
 That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps,
 which so long [strong,
 Them earls of Warwick held ; so hardy, great, and
 That after of that name it to an adage grew,
 If any man himself advent'rous happ'd to shew,
 Bold Beauchamp * men him term'd if none so bold
 as he. [chers reckon'd be.
 "With those our Beauchamps, may our Bour-
 Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in those
 days,
 That hazarded in France so many dangerous
 frays : [and us,
 Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French
 Like to a blazing star was ever ominous ;
 A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
 "Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as
 prosp'rous lot [hand,
 The Englishmen hath led ; by whose auspicious
 We often have been known the Frenchmen to
 command. [won,
 And Harcourt, though by birth an alien ; yet, ours
 By England after held her dear adopted son :
 Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to do,
 Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly did
 woo ; [stealth
 To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by
 (Within her mighty walls to have enclos'd their
 wealth)
 Before her bulwark'd gates the burgesses he took ;
 Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to
 look,
 And saw their faithful friends so wofully bested,
 Not once durst issue out to help them, for their
 head. [home
 "And our John Copland ; here courageously at
 (Whilst every where in France, those far abroad do
 roam)
 That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,
 Where most the English hearts were to their
 sovereign seen)
 Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the
 fight. [might :
 Nor could these wars employ our only men of
 But as the queen by these did mighty things
 achieve ;
 So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,
 As any yet of ours, two knights as much that
 dar'd,
 Stout Dangorn, and with him strong Hartwel
 honour shar'd ;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

* Bold Beauchamp ; a proverb.

The dreadful Charles de Bloys, that at Rochedarren
 beat,
 And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort
 set. [ours.
 In each place where they came so fortunate were
 "Then, Audley, most renown'd amongst those
 valiant powers, [fought ;
 That with the prince of Wales at conquer'd Poitiers
 Such wonders that in arms before both armies
 wrought ;
 The first that charg'd the French ; and, all that
 dreadful day, [way ;
 Through still renewing worlds of danger made his
 The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through
 his pride)
 But by plain down-right death the title to de-
 cide.
 And after the retreat, that famous battle done,
 Wherein rich spacious France was by the English
 won, [stow'd
 Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince be-
 For his so brave attempts, through his high cou-
 rage show'd. [there
 Which to his four esquires he freely gave', who
 Vy'd valour with their lord ; and in despite of
 fear, [gap'd wide as Hell ;
 Oft fetch'd that day from death, where wounds
 And cries, and parting groans, whereas the French-
 men fell,
 Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they
 were. [b're'd here,
 "Our Dabridgecourt the next shall be remem-
 At Poitiers who brake in upon the Alman horse
 Through his too forward speed : but, taken by
 their force,
 And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,
 Being rescu'd by his friends in Poitiers' fearful
 sight,
 Then like a lion rang'd about the enemy's host :
 And where he might suppose the danger to be
 most, [dismay,
 Like lightning ent'red there, to his French foes'
 To gratify his friends which rescu'd him that day.
 "Then Othandos : whose great deeds found fame
 so much to do, [woo ;
 That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to
 That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-
 shone [known,
 All those before him were, and for him none scarce
 At Cambray's scaled wall his credit first that won ;
 And by the high exploits in France by him were
 done,
 Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name
 He could remove a siege : and cities where he
 came [belov'd,
 Would at his summons yield. That man, the most
 In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,
 The prince¹⁰ at Poitiers chose his person to assist.
 This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,
 In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mountfort,
 try'd
 At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
 Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of
 man, [English wan
 Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern
 The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler name.
 He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did tame.

⁹ The honourable bounty of the lord Agdley.

¹⁰ The Black Prince.

Savaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
Where ever lay'd he siege that he invested not?

"As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to us,
The rival in his fame, his only remulus,
Renown'd sir Robert Knowles, that in his glories
shar'd,

His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd;
As nature should with time, at once by these
consent [spent

To show, that all their store they idly had not
He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage
high:

Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time
within)

A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame,
"Then those stout Percies, John, and Thomas,
men of name.

The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,
And Howet, that with him assumes as high a place,
Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adventures
shot:

That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carciot,
As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war;
Who took the lord Brimewe; and with the great
Navarre,

In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.

"Courageous Corill next, than whom those
glorious days [swam.

Produc'd not any spirit that through more dangers
"That princely Thomas, next, the earl of
Buckingham, [brought,

To Britany through France that our stout English
Which under his command with such high fortune
fought [rose,

As put the world in fear Rome from her cinders
And of this earth again meant only to dispose.

"Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all
the rest, [prest

From London at the first a poor mean soldier
(That time but very young) to those great wars in
France,

By his brave service there himself did so advance
That afterward, the heat of those great battles
done

(In which he to his name immortal glory won)
Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guydon
fly. [bardy,

So, passing through east France, and enter'ing Lum-
by th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high com-
mand,

That to his charge he got the white Italian band.
With Mountferato¹¹ then in all his wars he went:
Whose clear report abroad by Fame's shrill trumpet
sent;

Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan after
won,

To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then begun;
By Barnaby¹², there made the Milanese's guide:
His daughter, who to him, fair Domina, affied.
For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous battles
stroke,

And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.
And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,
Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Floren-
tine:

¹¹ The marquess of Mountferato.

¹² Brother to Galeazo, viscount of Milan.

The use of th' English bows to Italy that brought;
By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to
have wrought.

"Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achieve-
ment meet, [sers' feet,

Who with the thund'ring noise of his swift cour-
Astunn'd the earth, that day, that he in Holmdon's
strife [Fife.

Took Douglas, with the earls of Angus, and of
And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm earth
bled, [fled.

With his revengeful sword switch'd after them that
"Then Calverly, which kept us Calais with such
skill,

His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to fill:
Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty to
gain,

From us our ancient right unjustly did detain
(T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)
Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to Heaven in
fire;

Etaples then took, in that day she held her fair,
Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely share;
And got us back saint Mark's, which loosely we had
lost. [most,

"Amongst these famous men, of us deserving
In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,
For that his naval fight, John duke of Exeter;
The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her
did call)

Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.

"And one, for single fight, amongst our martial
men,

Deserves remembrance here as worthily again;
Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most courage-
ous squire:

Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire
Unto the English name a high report to win,
Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,
Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could then
produce. [Muse;

"Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious
To him, above them all, our power that did ad-
vance; [France:

John duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to sad
Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew, sent,
Affrighted them like death; and as at sea he went,
The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Neptune
roar'd, [pour'd

The whilst those mighty ships out of their scuppers
Their traitorous clutt'red gore upon his wrinkled
face.

He took strong Ivery in: and like his kingly race,
There down before Vernoyle the English standard
stuck: [luck,

And having on his helm his conquering brother's
Alancon on the field and doughty Douglas laid,
Which brought the Scottish power unto the Dau-
phin's aid; [death,

And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill of
Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay for
breath. [abet,

"Then, as if powerful Heaven our part did there
Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.
So, Salisbury arose; from whom, as from a source
All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her force.
From whom not all their forts could hold our trea-
cherous foes.

Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did
lose.

Against the envious French, at Cravant then came
As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion, [on,
The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the
fight :

And in his leading, show'd such valour and such
As though his hand had held a more than earthly
power ;

Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
The French and Scottish force that day, which
bravely led ;

Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded
Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Salisbury sur-
pris'd :

§. What time (I think in Hell) that instrument¹³
The first appear'd in France, as a prodigious birth
To plague the wretched world, sent from the envious
Earth ;

Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round to
As though of all again it would a chaos make.

This famous general then got Gwerland to our use,
And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and La
Snuse,

St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayon,
The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and Yan-
ville.

"Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war had
And that with danger oft so conversant had been,
As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to
care,

And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)
The earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that great
day

At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate
(Our battles every where that Hector-like supply'd,
And march'd o'er murder'd piles of Frenchmen as
they dy'd)

Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowey making ours,
And at the Bishop's Pard o'erthrew the Dauphin's
powers

Through whose long time in war, his credit so in-
That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.

"In this our warlike rank, the two stout Astons
then,

Sir Richard and sir John, so truly valiant men,
That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,
Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,
Popham.

All men of great command, and highly that de-
"Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that
serv'd

At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we
The French those deadly foils, that ages since de-
prave

The credit of those times, with these so wond'rous
"The memory of which, great Warwick forward
brings.

Who (as though in his blood he conquest did in-
Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
Being chosen for these wars in our great regent's
place

(A deadly foe to France, like his brave Roman
The castilets of Loyre, of Maict, and of Lund,
Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorson beat to
ground.

"Then he, above them all, himself that sought to
Upon some mountain top, like a pyramides ;
Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war, [scare,
That with his very name their babes they us'd to

¹³ Great ordnance.

Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over-ran
As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,
And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suffolk
freed.

His sharp and dreadful sword made France so oft
Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck
did fall ;

Took Iojng, where he hung her traitors on the
And with as fair success won Beaumont upon Oyse,
The new town in Esmoy, and Crispin in Valloyes :
Creile, with Saint Maxine's-bridge ; and at Au-
ranche's aid,

Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strongly
March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not
known ;

And happily relief'd the hardly-gotten Roan :
Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
Whereas the traitorous French he miserably beat.

And having over-spread all Picardy with war,
Proud Burgame to the field he lastly sent to dare,
Which with his English friends so oft his faith had
broke :

Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of smoul-
Then Guysors he again, then did saint Denis rase :
"His parallel, with him, the valiant Scates we
praise ;

Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot
And that the first alone the garland might not get,
With him hath hand in hand leap'd into danger's
jaws ;

And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood to
Equality in fame, which with an equal lot, [got.
Both at Saint Denis' siege, and batter'd Guysors
Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great War-
wick lay

(And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
Six thousand French sent o'erthrew with half their
numb'red powers,

And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
"To Willoughby the next, the place by turn
doth fall ;

Whose courage likely was to bear it from them
With admiration oft on whom they stood to look,
St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges shook :
In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to fly,
And beat the rebels down disordering Normandy :
That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths her
could not save)

And the perfidious French out of the country
"With these, another troop of noble spirits there
sprung,

That with the foremost press'd into the warlike
The first of whom we place that stout sir Philip Hall,
So famous in the fight against the count Saint Paul,
That Crotoy us regain'd : and in the conflict 'twixt
The English and the French, that with the Scot
were mix'd,

On proud Charles Clermont won that admirable
"Strong Pastolph with this man compare we
justly may,

By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd
In many a brave attempt, the general foe annoy'd ;
With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought ;
And many a bulwark there into our keeping
brought ;

And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
"The valiant Draytons then, sir Richard and
sir John,

By any English spirits yet hardly over-gone ;

The fame they got in France, with costly wounds
that bough't :

In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly fought.

" Then valiant Matthew Gough : for whom the
English were

Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles there,
Or sieging, or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,
Oft hazarding his blood in magy a desperate course,
He beat the bastard Balme with his selected band,
And at his castle gate surpris'd him hand to hand,
And spite of all his power away him prisoner bare.

" Our hardy Burdet then with him we will com-
pare,

Besieg'd within Saint James de Bencon, issuing out,
Crying ' Salisbury, Saint George,' with such a hor-
rid shout,

[Iiant crew
That cleft the wand'ring clouds ; and with his va-
Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
And Arthur earl of Eure and Richmond took in
fight :

[flight :
Then following them (in heat) the army put to
The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a general
sack,

As, flying, one fell still upon another's back ;
Where our six hundred slew so many thousands
more.

[swore
At our so good success that once a Frenchman
That God was wholly turn'd unto the English side,
And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.

" Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst
the rest,

[best.
Who justly if compar'd might match our very
He in our wars in France with our great Talbot oft,
With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and then
aloft,

Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate ;
At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,
Eight hundred faithless French who took or put to
sword ;

And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.

" In this our service then great Arundel doth
ensue,

* The marshal Bousack who in Benvoys overthrew ;
And, in despite of France and all her power, did
win

The castles Darle, Nelly, Saint Lawrence, Bome-
lin ;

Took Silly, and count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,
Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he
imbru'd :

Revolted Lovers sack'd, and manfully suppress'd
Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.

" As Poynings, such high praise in Guelderland
that got,

On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot
Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders
shook with fear.

[were :
" As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned
Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our En-
glish fleet :

That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat ;
And setting foot in France, her horribly did fright :
(As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's sp'rit
Had come to be their scourge, their fame again to
earn)

[vearne,
Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and De-
The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Paveere ;
In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,
Did with invasive war most terribly infest.

" A nobler of that name, the earl of Surrey then,
That famous hero fit both for the spear and pen
(From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward Scot-
tish king [bring)

In his victorious troop who home with him did
Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan
Us Morles. Happy time that bredd'st so brave a
man !

[fall :
" To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth
In France who then employ'd with our great ad-
miral,

In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,
Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke and
Mansier.

[be hid,
" Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas shall
That at the field of Spurs by Tirwyn stoutly did.
Sands, Guyldford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams, and
with them,

Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton,
Jerningham,

Great martialists, and men that were renowned far
At sea ; some in the French, some in the Scottish
war.

[great command,
" Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with
Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.

The long-renown'd lord Gray, whose spirit we oft
did try ;

[high.
A man that with dread Mars stood in account most
Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us that
wan,

When in our maiden reign the Belgic war began :
Who with our friends the Dutch, for England
stoutly stood,

[blood.
When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold and
Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales
might vaunt)

His martial compeer then, and brave commilitant :
Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish
manly fought,

[brought.
Much honour to their names, and to the Britons
" Th' lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd
with the rest,

Inferior not a whit to any of our best ; [sprung.
A man so made for war, as though from Pallas
Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did bear ;
Our only schools of war this later time that were.

As Stanley whose brave act at Zutphen's service
done

[won.
Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood
" Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall never
die

Whilst Belgia shall be known ; or there's a Britany :
In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as to
restore

[of yore.
Those, who to th' English name such honour gain'd
" Great Essex of our peers the last that ere we
knew ;

[new ;
The old world's heroes' lives who likeli'st did re-
The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in
France ;

[vance
And on the towers of Cales as proudly did ad-
Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake,

When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging lake,
To receive that city's spoil, which set her batter'd
gate.

[state.
Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretched
" Next Charles, lord Mountjoy, sent to Ireland
to suppress

[cess,
The envious rebel there ; by whose most fair suc-

The trowed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
And the proud Spanish force were justly over-
thrown. [bear,
That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record
What by the English prowess was executed there.

"Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of
great command

In our employments long: whose either martial
hand

Reach'd at the highest wreath, it fom the top to
get, [set.

Which on the proudest head, fame yet had ever
Our Dockwray, Morgan next, sir Samuel Bag-
nall, then

Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living pen;
True martialists and Knights, of noble spirit and
wit. [fit.

"The vallant Cecil last, for great employment
Deserv'd in war the lat'st of ours that rose:

Whose honour every hour, and fame still greater
grows." [song.

When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt her
By letting Medway know she tarried had too
long

Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.

When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her
about,

And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, "O famous Kent," quoth
she, [with thee,

"What country hath this isle that can compare
Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst
wish? [fish?

Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy
corn, thy wood: [good.

Nor any thing doth want, that any where is
Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots
upon the rise,

Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
With cherries, which we say, the Summer in doth
bring, [Spring;

Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful
From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr
kisses steals, [heals.

With their delicious touch his love-sick heart that
Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to
mock:

Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apricock,
Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the
king,

The apple-orange; then the savoury russetin:
The pear-main, which to France long ere to us
was known, [own.

Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our
The renat: which though first it from the pippin
came, [curious name,

Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that
Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set;
As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget

(Both by the sire and dame being anciently de-
scended) [amended.

The issue born of them, his blood hath much
The sweeting, for whose sake the ploughboys oft
make war: [water,

The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-
And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several taste,
That have their sundry names in sundry countries
plac'd:

Unto whose dear increase the gardener spends his
life,

With piercer, wimble, saw, his mallet, and his
knife; [root,

Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned
As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly suit:

And their selected plants doth workman-like be-
stow,

That in true order they conveniently may grow;
And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labouring
ant, [plant:

Which many times annoy the graft and tender
Or else maintains the plot much starved with the
wet,

Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set;
Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft an-
noy. [toy;

But with these trifling things why idly do I
Who any way the time intend not to prolong?

To those Thanisian isles now nimbly turns my song,
Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,

To beautify the place where Medway shows her
pride.

But Greane seems most of all the Medway to adore,
And Tenet standing forth to the Rutupiah shore¹⁶,

By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.

For earth-born Albion, then great Neptune's
eldest son,

Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won, [fight,

Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard
Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his
might; [his care)

His daughters then but young (on whom was all
Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:

With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for
his sake, [would make:

That in their grandsire's court she much of them
But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was to
go, [so,

Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him
There at the giant raught; which was perceiv'd
by chance: [France;

This loving isle would else have follow'd him to
To make the channel wide that then he forced was,

§. Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to
pass.

Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled there,
Who nothing less than want and idleness could
bear,

Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.
With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth
abound, [by Wye,

She falls in love with Stour, which coming down
And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly

To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts, ply.
His famous country thus he gloriously reports:

"O noble Kent," quoth he, "this praise doth
thee belong,

The hard'st to be control'd, impatientest of wrong.
Who, when the Norman first with pride and hor-
rour sway'd, [laid;

Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English
And with a high resolve, most bravely didst restore

That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.
§. Not suffering foreign laws should thy free cus-
toms bind, [kind,

Then only show'dst thyself of th' ancient Saxon

¹⁶ Near Sandwich.

Of all the English shires be thou surnam'd the
free, [reck'ned be.
And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall
And let this town, which chief of thy rich country is,
Of all the British sees be still metropolis." [hie,

Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him doth
Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth
The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea. [lay,
§. Geim Goodwin all this while seems grievously to
lower,

Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France.
Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain
chance, [is had,

Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while
'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
That when the rolling tide doth stir him with her
waves, [raves,

Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he
And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his
deep, [keep.

That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to
The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:

As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,
By all the means they could, his madness to re-
move. [do bring,

From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-grass
That inwardly apply'd's a wondrous sovereign
thing. [blood;

From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling
Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely under-
stood, [to excite

Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of sampyre,
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.

Now, Shepey, when she found she could no far-
ther wade

After her mighty sire, betakes her to his trade,
With sheep-hook in her hand, her goddy flocks
to heed, [breed.

And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish
Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,
As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune's
court. [love

But Greane, as much as she her father that did
(And, then the inner land, no farther could re-
move)

In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,
That almost under flood she weepeth every tide.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of Sussex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent,
this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whose
running through the woods, insliding Oxney, and
such like, poetically here described, is plain enough
to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's
song of our martial and heroic spirits, because a
large volume might be written to explain their
glory in particular action, and in less compre-
hension, without wrong to many worthies it is not
performable, I have omitted all illustration of that
kind, and left you to the Muse-herself.

That Limen then was named. ———

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth
was the place called Limen, at which the Danes
in the time of king Alfred made irruption; which
he must (I think) maintain by adding likelihood,

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that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith;
where (as the relics of the name in Lime, and
the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making
Portus Lemanis (a), which is misprinted in Surata's
edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles off) it
seems Limen, then also, there was it discharged
out of the land. But for the author's words read
this; Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum suis
equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transvectus in Ostio
Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nomi-
nata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio IIII.
milliariis in eandem sylvam naves suas sursum
traxit, ubi quendam arceem semistructam, quam
panci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque
sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea con-
struxerunt, which are the syllables of Florence of
Worcester; and with him in substance fully
agrees Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think
but that they imagined Rye (where now Rother
hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the
Muse here; if you respect her direct terms.
Henry of Huntingdon names no river at all, but
lands them ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus
qui portus est in Orientali parte Cnet juxta
magnum nemus Andredslage. How Rother's
mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather
in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and
am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that
Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast,
as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority
cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time
with Florence, might be perhaps thought but as of
equal credit; therefore I call another witness (that
lived (b) not much past L. years after his arrival)
in these words: In Limneo portu constituunt
puppes, Apoldre (so I read, for the print is cor-
rupted) loco conducto Orientali Cantie parte,
destruuntque ibi prisco opere castrum propter
quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus
erat, illicque hiberna castra confirmant. Out of
which you note both that no river, but a port only,
is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the
shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed
their companies to Appledore. The words of this
Ethelwerd I respect much more than the later
stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so
with me.

What time I think in Hell that instrument devised.

He means a gun; wherewith that most noble
and right martial Thomas Montague, earl of
Salisbury, at the siege of Orleans, in the time of
Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them
(I guess you dislike not the addition) was one
Berthold Swartz (c), (others say Constantius
Anklitzea, a Dutch monk and chymist) who
having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medi-
cine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by
chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame re-
moved the stone; which he observing, made
use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron,
and showed the use to the Venetians in their war
with the Genoese at Chiochia, about 1380. Thus
is the common assertion: but I see as good
authority (d) that it was used above twenty years

(a) Lemanis in notit. utr. provinc.

(b) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.

(c) V. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 2. cap. 3. & Salmath.
ad G. Pancicoll. 2. tit. 18.

(d) Achilles Gassar, ap. Munst. Cosmog. 2.

before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoneus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Massey and others deliver; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas some say before he used on foot to pass.

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this strait betwixt Dover and Calais (some thirty miles over) as some moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it and derives the name from Brith, signifying (as he says) as much as Guith, i. e. a separation, in Welsh, whence the isle of Wight (e) was so called; Guith and Wight being soon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verstegan, as you may read in him; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity, Camden hath proposed divers considerations, in which, experience of particulars must direct. Howsoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for aught I see, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucosia to Thrace, as is affirmed (f); and Sicily (whose like our island is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expressly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and also the names of Rhegium, *ῥαγὰ ρὶ* "Pnyvovai (g), and of the self Sicily; which rather than from secare, I derive from sicilire (h); which is of the same signification and nearer in analogy: Claudian calls the isle

————Diducta Britannia Mundo;

and Virgil hath

————Totodivisos orbe Britannos.

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, as foxes and such like, came first into this island, (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had store of wolves, until some three hundred years since) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow passage of swimming, might receive them from that continent where the ark rested, which is Armenia. That men desired to transport them, is not likely; and a learned jesuit (i), hath conjectured, that the West Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, because they have lions, wolves, panthers, and such like, which in the Bermudas, Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind.

To explain it, I thus english you a fragment of an old monk (k): "When the Norman conqueror had the day, he came to Dover castle, that he

might with the same subdue Kent also. wherefore Stigand, archbishop, and Egelsin, abbot, as the chief of that shire, observing that now whereas heretofore no villains (the Latin is, nullus fuerat servus, and applying it to our law-phrase, I translate it) had been in England, they should be now all in bondage to the Normans, they assembled all the county, and showed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of villainage: they, resolving all rather to die than lose their freedom, purpose to encounter with the duke for their country's liberty. Their captains are the archbishop and the abbot. Upon an appointed day they meet all at Swanescomb, and harbouring themselves in the woods, with boughs in every man's hand, they encompass his way. The next day, the duke coming by Swanescomb, seemed to see with amazement, as it were, a wood approaching towards him; the Kentish men at the sound of a trumpet take themselves to arms, when presently the archbishop and abbot were sent to the duke, and saluted him with these words: 'Behold, sir duke, the Kentish men come to meet you, willing to receive you as their liege lord, upon that condition, that they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties and laws used among their ancestors; otherwise presently offering war; being ready rather to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage, and lose their ancient laws.' The Norman, in this narrow pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted the desire; and hostages given on both sides, the Kentish men direct the Normans to Rochester, and deliver them the county and the castle of Dover." Hither is commonly referred the retaining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certain that special customs they have in their Gavelkind, (although now many of their gentlemen's possessions (l) are altered in that part) suffering for felony, without forfeiture of estate, and such like, as in particular, with many other diligent traditions you have in Lambard's Perambulation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not, methinks, of clear credit, as well by reason that no warrant, of the historians about the Conquest affirms it, (and this monk lived under Edward I.) as also for his commixture of a fausete about villainage, saying it was not in England before, that time, which is apparently false by divers testimonies. Gif peop (says king Ines's laws) pyncce on Sunnan dæg, be hÿr Hlaforðes hært ry heppes (m); and, under Edward the Confessor, Thorold of Beauchenele grants to the abbey of Crowland his manor of Spalding, with all the appurtenances, scilicet Colgrinum præpositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & cattallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam; and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in our law (n), that one born there could not without cognisance of record be a villain.

(l) Stat. 31 Hen. 8. cap. 3.

(m) "If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's command, he shall be free."

(n) Itin. Cornub. 30 Ed. 1. Villenage 46. & Mich. 5 Ed. 2. Ms. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ. cas. John de Garton.

(e) Sam. Beulan. ad Neunium.

(f) Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 88.

(g) From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. & Strab. 2.

(h) Varr. de re rustic. 1. cap. 49.

(i) Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbis 1. cap. 20.

21.

(k) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.

And foremost ever plac'd when they shall reckon'd be.

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one (o) that wrote it about Henry II. Enudus (as some copies are, but others, Ciniidus; and perhaps it should be so, or rather Cnudus, for king Cnut, or else I cannot conjecture what) quantâ virtute Anglorum, Dacos Danosque frerit motusque compescuerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregias virtutis meritum quam ibidem potenter & patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem & prius congressus hostium usque in hodiernum diem in omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltesira vocatur, eadem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidariam, adjecta sibi Devonîa & Cornubiâ. Briefly, it had the first English king, in it was the first Christianity among the English, and Canterbury then honoured with the metropolitane see; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the while seems grievously to lower.

That is Goodwin sands, which is reported to have been the patrimony of that Goodwin earl of Kent (p), under Edward the Confessor, swallowed into the ocean by a strange tempest somewhat after the conquest, and is now as a floating isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, sometimes as fixt, sometimes moving, as the Muse describes.

(o) Joh. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(p) Hect. Boeth. hist. Scotie. 12. & Jo. Twin. Albionie. 1.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE NINETEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the North,
From Cauney with a full career,
She up against the stream doth bear;
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,
She points directly to the east,
And shows how all those rivers strain
Through Essex, to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,
Our British brave sea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes.

BEAR bravely up my Muse, the way thou went'st before,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,
Where Cauney¹, Albion's child in-isted richly lies,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her seem
but mean,

Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,

¹ An island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would de-
part,

With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face, to
hide,

By Thames she well now is surrounded every tide:
And since of worldly state she never taketh keep,
But only gives her self, to tend and milk her
sheep.

But Muse, from her so low, divert thy high-
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee
along

The forests, and the floods, and most exactly show,
How these in order stand, how those directly flow:
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever won,
Through forests, where clear rills in wild meanders
run;

Where dainty summer bowers, and arborets are
Cut out of bushy thickets, for coolness of the shade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th' country let me
go,

To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low:
No gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the woods;
No bed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:
A city's but a sink, gay houses gaudy graves,
The Muses have free leave, to starve or live in
caves.

But Waltham forest², still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head
aloft;

A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous
Upon her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames em-
brac'd.

Upon her rising point, she chanced to espy

A dainty forest-nymph of her society.

Fair Hatfield³, which in height all other did sur-
mount,

And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,
Who doubting of herself, by others' late decay,
Her sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproved by and by.

"Dear sister, rest content, nor our declining rue,
What thing is in this world, that we can say is
new;

The ridge and furrow shows, that once the crooked
Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted
now:

And at this hour we see, the share and coulter tear
The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes
forests were;

And those but caiffiffs are, which most do seek
Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our soil;
'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
When as the fost'rd ill proceeds from others'
crimes:

'Gainst lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the
course:

And when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd
Of understanding he deprives them quite, the
while

They into error run, confounded in their sin,
As simple fowls in lime; or in the fowler's gin.

² The situation of Waltham forest.

³ Hatfield forest, lying lower towards the east,
between Stortford and Dunmow.

And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to ſing,
They ſhall at laſt forbear to welcome in the ſpring,
When wanting where to perch, they ſit upon the
ground, [conſeand.

And curſe them in their notes, who firſt did woods
Dear ſiſter Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,
We feel no ſuch decay, nor is all ſuccour fled:
For Eſſex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
With every ſimple good, that in the iſle is found:
And though we go to wreck in this ſo general
waſte,

This hope to us remains, we yet may be the laſt.”

When Hatfield taking heart, where late ſhe
ſadly ſtood,

Sends little Roding forth, her beſt beloved flood;
Which from her chriſtal font, as to enlarge her
fame,

To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as ſhe wand'reth on, through Waltham holds
her way, [wondrous gay;

With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her
But making at the laſt into the wat'ry marſh,
Where though the blady graſs unwholesome be
and harſh, [Waltham gave,

Thoſe wreaths away ſhe caſts, which bounteous
With bulruſh, flags, and reed, to make her wond-
rous brave, [streams,

And herſelf's ſtrength divides, to ſundry leſſer
So wantoning ſhe falls into her ſovereign Thames.

From whoſe vaſt beechy banks a rumour ſtraight
reſounds, [grounds,

Which quickly ran itſelf through the Eſſexian
That Crouch amongſt the reſt, a river's name
ſhould ſeek,

As ſcornin' any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furniſh'd with a ſtream, that from the ſill to
fall, [withal.

Wants nothing that a flood ſhould be adorn'd
On Benge's * batful ſide, and at her going out.

With Walnot, Foulneſe fair, near wat'red round
about. [stand,

Two iſles for greater ſtate to ſtay her up that
Thruſt far into the ſea, yet fix'd to the land;

As nat'ure in that ſort them purpoſely had plac'd,
That ſhe by ſea and land, ſhould every way be
grac'd. [were] that took,

Some ſea-nymphs and beſides, her part (there
As angry that their Crouch ſhould not be call'd a
brook; [wrong,

And bade her to complain to Neptune of her
But whiſt theſe grievous ſtirs thus happ'ned
them among, [neatly clear,

Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph moſt
Which well near through the miſt doth cut the
wealthy ſhire, (her chace,

By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds
To which ſhe gives the name, which as ſhe doth
embrace

Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chel-
mer cloſe: [greater grows.

With whoſe ſupply (though ſmall as yet) ſhe
She for old Maldon makes, where in her paſſing by,
ſhe to remembrance calls that Roman colony,

And all thoſe ominous ſigns her fall that did forego,
As that which moſt expreſs'd their fatal overthrow,
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas ſhe
ſtood,

And the vaſt greeniſh ſea, diſcolour'd like to blood.

* The fruitfulſt hundred of Eſſex.

Shrieks heard like people's cries, that ſee their
deaths at hand,

The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the ſand.
When Chelmer ſcarce arrives in her moſt wiſhed
bay, [ed way,

But Blackwater comes in, through many a crook-
Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time
exil'd.

She Froſhwell after hight, then Blackwater inſtyl'd,
But few ſuch titles have the Britiſh floods among.

When Northey near at hand, and th' iſle of Ousey
rung

With ſhouts the ſea-nymphs gave, for joy of their
arrive,

As either of thoſe iſles in courteſy do ſtrive, [do
To Thetis' darlings, which ſhould greateſt honour
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colcheſter
her name, [fame)

(On all th' Eſſexian ſhore, the town of greateſt
Perceiving how they ſtill in courtſhip did contend,
Quoth ſhe, “ Wherefore the time thus idly do you
ſpend? [worth,

What is there nothing here, that you eſteem of
That our big-bellied ſea, or our rich land brings
forth?

Think you our oſters here, unworthy of your
praiſe? [please,

Pure Walſleet⁵, which do ſtill the daintieſt palates
As excellen' as thoſe, which are eſteem'd moſt,

The Cyzic ſhells⁶, or thoſe on the Lucrinian coaſt;
Or cheeſe, which our fat ſoil to every quarter
ſends; [commends.

Whoſe tack the hungry clown, and ploughman ſo
If you eſteem not theſe, as things above the ground,
Look under, where the urns of ancient times are
found; [dust,

The Roman emp'rors' coins, oft digg'd out of the
And warlike weapons, now conſum'd with canker-
ing ruſt; [men,

The huge and maſſy bones⁷, of mighty fearful
To tell the world's full ſtrength, what creatures
lived then; [earth

When in her height of youth, the luſty fruitful
Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants
in their birth.”

Thus ſpoke ſhe, when from ſea they ſuddenly
do hear

A ſtrong and horrid noiſe, which ſtruck the land
with fear; [tune ſent,

For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Nep-
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they inconty-
nent [ſant road;

Should ſtraight repair to Stour, in Orwell's plea-
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,

That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two, that each other's good intended every way,

Prepar'd to ſing a ſong, that ſhould preciſely ſhow,
That Medway⁸, for her life, their ſkill could not
outgo;

⁵ Walſleet oſters.

⁶ Cyzicum is a city of Biſthynia.—Lucrinia is a
city of Apulia upon the Adriatic ſea; the oſters
of which places were reckon'd for great delicacies
with the Romans.

⁷ The bones of giant-like people found in thoſe
parts.

⁸ Medway, in the 18th ſong, reciteth the cata-
logue of the Engliſh warriors.

For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth show,⁹
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not
flow,

But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her
brings;

Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,
But Orwell, coming in from Ipswich, thinks that she,
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they
agree, [made,

That since the Britons hence their first discoveries
And that into the east they first were taught to
trade;

Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the
best.

Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,
Their argument they make, and thus they sing
their own; [the west,

"In Severn's late tun'd lay", that empress of
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life ex-
press'd; [vade,

His conquests to the north, who Norway did in-
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly
made

His awful empire's bounds, the Britons' acts among,
This godlike hero's deeds exactly have been sung;
His valiant people then, who to those countries
brought, [coveries thought.

With many an age since that, our great'st dis-
This worthiest then of ours, our Argonauts¹⁰ shall
lead.

"Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps
to tread,

Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,
Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,
By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney
over-ran;

Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Nor-
way won,

Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each
shore, [before,

Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd
before.

"And when the Britons' reign came after to de-
cline, [confine,

And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Our English Ochter put a fleet to sea again,
Of th' huge Norwegian hills and news did hither
bring, [travelling.

Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days'
But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward
kept, [swept,

And with our English sails that mighty ocean
Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain
doth call, [whale;

In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful
And great Duina¹¹ down from her first springing
place, [face,

Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish Neptune's
"Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzie
found, [sound,

Where Wexel's¹² mighty mouth is pour'd into the

And towing up his stream, first taught the English
oars,

The useful way of trade to those most gainful shores.

"And when the Norman stem here strong and
potent grew,

And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd
the air, [hold him dear;

Though Oxford taught him art, and well may
P'th' mathematics learn'd (although a friar pro-
fess'd) [possess'd,

To see those northern climes, with great desire
Himself he thither shipp'd, and skilful in the globe,
Took every several height with his true astrolabe;
The whirlpools¹³ of the seas, and came to under-
stand,

From the four cardinal winds, four indraughts that
command;

Int' any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth
light,

It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it
would draw

The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.

Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,
P'th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be:

From which they have suppos'd, nature the winds
doth raise, [seas,

And from them to proceed the flowing of the

"And when our civil wars began at last to cease,

And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,

Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;

That brave advent'rous knight, our sir Hugh

Willoughby, [gealed piles,

Shipp'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those con-
Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and

like isles, [great mind,

(In all her fearfull'st shapes saw horror, whose
In lesser bounds than these, that could not be con-
fin'd; [keep]

Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth

When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the
deep) [took,

In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland

Where Keger from her seite, on those grim seas
doth look.

"Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,

Our chancellor, and with him, compare we Jen-
kinson;

For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there.

Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did
steer,

To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,

Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate,

Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria
pass'd, [waste,

To Boghor's bulwark walls, then to the liquid

Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far distant
shores, [oars,

And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired

Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,

Whose true report thereof, the English since have
tried. [is,

"With Fitch our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed

Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.

The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was
shown) [known,

To view those parts, to us that were the most un-

⁹ See the fourth song.

¹⁰ Sea voyagers.

¹¹ The great river of Russia.

¹² The greatest river of Dantzie.

¹³ The greatest wonder of nature.

On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then,
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echnivar, again
Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks
did view,

To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
And for Mallacan then, Zeiten, and Cochin east,
Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indian
waste. [gone,

"The other from that place, the first before had
Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,
Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty
stream;

Licia, and Gaza saw, with great Hierusalem,
And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlem did
behold, [told,

And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture
"Then Macham, who (through love to long ad-
ventures led)

Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,
Who having stole a maid, to whom he was wed,
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites de-
ny'd,

Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger
pass'd,

Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
Which very ill had brook'd the rough and bois-
trous seas;

And ling'ring for her health, within the quiet bay,
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
When as it was not long, but she gave up her
breath;

When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her timeless
death;

That their deserved rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
When with his folk but few, not passing two or
three, [tree,

"There making them a boat, but rudely of one
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw;
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd up
again; [thrown,

At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric
To amaze that further world, and to amuse her own.

"Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours
to try,

For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.

"Lock, Towerson, Fenner next, vast Guinea forth
that sought,

And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.

"Th' East-Indian voyager then, the valiant Lan-
caster,

To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;
And sailing to Brazil another time he took

Olinda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnhambuke,
And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton
fraught,

It by his safe return into his country brought.

"Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean
o'er, [shore,

Who to the north-west sought huge China's wealthy
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring seaman
set, [met

Where he in our hott'st months of June and July

"The wonderful adventure of Macham,

With snow, frost, hail, and sleet, and found stern
winter strong. [long,

With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and
Where as it comes, and goes, the great eternal
light [night,

Makes half the year still day, and half continual
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set
again,

As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.

"The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer
Both voyagers, that were with famous Forbisher.

"And Davies, three times forth that for the north-
west made; [trade;

Still striving by that course, to enrich the English
And as he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,

There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.

"With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took
in hand,

To clear the course scarce known into the New-
found land, [where

And view'd the plenteous seas, and fishful havens,
Our neighbouring nations since have stor'd them
every year. [that won,

"Then globe-engirdling Drake, the naval palm
Who strove in his long course to emulate the Sun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophecy to tell,
That from the British isles should rise a dragon

fell, [rion main

That with his armed wings, should strike th' Ibe-
And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.

This more than man (or what) this demi-god at sea,
Leaving behind his back, the great America,

Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tacklings
To forty-three degrees of northly latitude; [flew'd,

Unto that land before to th' Christian world un-
known, [bion;

Which in his country's right he nam'd New Al-
And in the western Ind, spite of the power of
Spain,

He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;

And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every bay,
Saint Augustine surpris'd, in Terra Florida.

"Then those that forth for sea, industrious Raw-
leigh wrought, [fraught;

And them with every thing, fit for discovery
That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely English
sound) [found

With Barlow, who the first Virginia thoroughly
As Greenville, whom he got to undertake that sea,

Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd Vir-
ginia.

(In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;

That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could fit.)
O Greenville, thy great name for ever be renown'd,

And borne by Neptune still, about this mighty
round;

Whose naval conflict won thy nation so much fame,
And in th' Iberians bred fear of the English name.

"Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of Lane,
she could not lie,

Who in Virginia left, with th' English colony,
Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,

That him they only lov'd, when others they did
fear. [ginians wan

And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Vir-
Such reverence, as in him there had been more
than man. [as these,

"Then he which favoured still such high attempts
Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all
the seas,

Imbark'd his worthy self, and his adventurous crew,
And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries
flew,

Where Oronoque, as he, on in his course doth roll,
Seems as his greatness meant, grim Neptune to
controul;

Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,
That many a potent prince his tributaries are,
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brimm'd Orellana;
And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most
replete.

“So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New Spain:
And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney sought
his prize,

As one whose mighty mind small things could not
The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing
keel,

Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich
“Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune
here,

Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every
What man could in his time discourse of any seas,
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the South seas pass'd, about this
earthly ball,

And saw those stars, to them that only rise and
And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,
Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

“Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores
sent,

And to the Western-Inds, to Porto Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did surprise.

“Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to
rise,

Hoist'd sails with happy winds to th' isles of Trini-
Paria then he pass'd, the islands of Granado;
As those of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico: then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching
men,

Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Ind;
Porto Santo who surpris'd, and Coches, with the
fort

Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive sort,
Cumana ransom crav'd, Saint James of Leon sack'd,
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they
wreck'd.

“Then Shirley, (since whose name such high
That voyage undertook, as they before had done:
He Saint Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-found-
land,

Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met
With Shirley, and along up Rio Dolce set,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he
ran,

And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Ju-
A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain
bring,

With most strange tribute fraught, due to that In-
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they
their song,

When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,

Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to
the shore,

Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their
From the Suffolcean side yet those with Stour pre-
fer

“[her:] Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her
spring,

Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth
Yet Deben of herself a stout and steadfast friend,
Her succour to that sea, near Orwell's road doth
send.

When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only
As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this
shire;

“[away,] Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs
In Neptune's name commands, that here their force
should stay:

For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,
Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse that part of Suffolk sings,
That lies to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;
To Ouze the less then down she takes,
Where she a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,
With whose free praise this song she ends.

From Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfol-
cean shore

That ran itself, the like had not been heard
before:

For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphal to be held
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.
Those seamaiads that about his secret walks do dwell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales and fishes
fell,

As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's
hate:

“[state,] For he would have his feast, observ'd with god-like
When those Suffolcean floods that sided not with
Stour,

Their streams but of themselves into the ocean pour,
As Or, through all the coast a flood of wondrous
fame,

Whose honour'd fall begets a haven¹ of her name.
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course do
cast,

For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to haste:
When Waueney in her way, on this septentrional
side,

That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,

¹ Orford-haven.

From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the east,

By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when possesseth
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she
throws, [enclose,

With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who
And her an island make, fann'd for her scite so far.

But leave her, Muse a while, and let us on with
Yar, [name ;

Which Gariena some, some Hier, some Yar do
Who rising from her spring not far from Walsing-
ham, [play,

Through the Norfolkian fields seems wantonly to
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth
on her way, [bear

Where Wentsum from the south, and Bariden do
Up with her, by whose wealth she much is ho-
nour'd there,

To entertain her Yar, that in her state doth stand,
With twos of high'st account the fourth of all the
land :

That hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,
Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is
such,

(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
By labour ours that live, whilst oft the English
starve ; [spare,

On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.

But from my former theme, since thus I have
digress'd [dress'd

I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be
And since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.

The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their
season, [peason ;

The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening
The onion, scallion, leek, which housewives highly
rate ; [date ;

Their kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mithri-
The savoury parsnip next, and carrot pleasing
food ; [blood ;

The skirret (which some say) in sallads stirs the
The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter wea-
ther : [together.

Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs and fruits
The great moist pumpkin then, that on the ground
doth lie,

A purer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by ;
Which dainty palates now, because they would not
want,

Have kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant :
The radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke ;

The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke ;
The citrons, which our soil not easily doth afford ;

The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in these trivial things, Muse, wander not too
long,

But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,
Which in her winding course, from Norwich to
the main,

By many a stately seat fasciviously doth strain,
To Yarmouth till she come, her only christened
town, [renown,

Whose fishing thro' the realm doth her so much
Where those that with their nets still haunt the
boundless lake, [make,

Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.

Her own selves harbour here, when Yar doth hard^a
But kindly she again saluted is by Thriu, [ly win^a

A fair Norfolkian nymph, which gratifies her fall^a
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to
call, [bravely bear,

Which Neptune's great commands, before them
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that
were, [splashes,

Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunts the German
deeps,

Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.

When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the
shore [fore,

To see them safely brought, their herald came be-
And for a mace, he held in his huge hand the horn
Of that so-much-esteem'd, sea-honouring unicorn.

Next Proto² wondrous swift, led all the rest the
way, [dice²,

Then she which makes the calms, the mild Cymo-
With god-like Dorida², and Galatea² fair,

With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided
hair : [keep ;

Analix² which the sea doth salt, and season'd
And Batheas², most supreme and sovereign in the
deep, [colour gives ;

Brings Cyane², to the waves which that green
Then Atmis², which in fogs and misty vapours
lives : [strides,

Phrinax², the billows rough, and surges that be-
And Rothion², that by her on the wild waters
rides ; [tain,

With Icthias², that of frye the keeping doth re-
As Pholoë², most that rules the monsters of the
main : [fall,

Which brought to bear them out, if any need should
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherpoole,
and the whale.

An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With those, as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that
came. [delight,

These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods to
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the
white ; [fair ;

With many sundry shells, the scallop large and
The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,

The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,
The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed ;

In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry
twists, [the wrists.

Some worn about their waists, their necks, some on
Great store of amber there, and jet they did not
miss ; [grease.

Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly amber-
Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,

But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,
To Loving-land make haste with all the speed they
may, [stay.

For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their coming
Glico the running streams in sweetness still that
keeps, [sleeps.

And Clymene which rules, when they surround their

^a The virtual properties incident to waters, as
well seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in
the persons of nymphs, as hath been used by the
ancients.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide:
With Ops that doth bear them backward with the
tide.

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear:
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,
Philodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank,
Which the clear Naidēs make them anadems
withal, [hall.

When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty
Then Ligea, which maintains the birds' harmonious
lays, [sprays,

Which sing on rivers' banks amongst the slender
With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the
roseate sets,

Ioida, which preserves the azure violets.

Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general
charge, [marge.

And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the
Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flaxen
hair [were:

Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful de-
light [again,

To those that wistly view'd their beauties: some
That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the
sedge doth grow, [show,

Which neatly woven were, and some to grace the
Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neigh-
bouring mead,

Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they
braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and
wise. [sounds,

But to break off their speech, her reed when Syrinx
Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to horn-
pipe rounds:

They ceasing, as again to others' turns it falls,
The lusty galiards tread, some others jigge, and
braules.

This done, upon the bank together being set,
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were
met, [sing:

In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born virgins
"Let earth, and air," say they, "with the high
praises ring,

Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,
From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,
Whose offspring wise and strong, dear nymphs,
let us relate, [state,

On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in
And with his trident rules the universal stream,
To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.

On fair Thōōsa got old Phorcus' loved child,
Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.
Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs
as we, [be:

Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing
Some by his goodly queen, some in his leman's
bed;

Chryasor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.
Swart Brontes, for his own so mighty Neptune
takes, [that makes.

One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunder-bolts
Great Neptune, Nelus got (if you for wisdom seek)
Who was old Nestor's sire, the grav'st and wisest
Greek.

Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st to
hear, [were;

Of famous nations first, that mighty founders
Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes
contriv'd,

From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,
By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:
So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong
Claim'd kindred of this king, and by some beaute-
ous niece,

So did Pelasgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.
A world of mighty kings and princes I could name,
From our god Neptune sprung; let this suffice,
his fame [rise,

Incompasseth the world; those stars which never
Above the lower south, are never from his eyes:

As those again to him do every day appear,
Continually that keep the northern hemisphere;
Who, like a mighty king, doth cast his watched
robe, [globe.

Far wider than the land, quite round about the
Where is there one to him that may compar'd
be, [see;

That both the poles at once continually doth
And giant-like with Heaven as often maketh wars;

The islands in his power as numberless as stars,
He washeth at his will, and with his mighty hands,
He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with
sands: [seat,

Whose creatures, which observe his wide imperial
Like his immeasur'd self, are infinite and great."

Thus ended they their song, and off th' assembly
broke, [doth take;

When quickly tow'rd the west, the Muse her way
Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth
bring: [whose spring

This Waueney³ sung before and Ouse-the-less³,
Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by
Thetford glides,

Where she clear Thet receives, her glory that
divides, [she,

With her new-named town, as wondrous glad that
For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should be;
Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawk-
ing, lie,

And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to
fly. [be:

Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description
What subject can be found, that lies not fair for
me.

Of simple shepherds now, my Muse exactly sings,
And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
Then in a buskin strain, the warlike spear and
shield,

And instantly again of the disports of field;
What can this isle produce, that lies from my re-
port, [sport.

Industrious Muse, proceed then to my hawking
When making for the brook, the falconer doth
espy, [lie,

One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth
Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's
trade,

A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
He whisteth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions
straight,

Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height;

³ The fountains of these rivers, not far asunder,
yet one running northward, the other to the east.

And if that after check, the one or both do go,
Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth water
show; [bells ring,

The trembling fowl that hear the jiggling hawk-
And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted
hawks,

Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,
Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,
Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one
plane they make;

The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on
wing, [king.

And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a
Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to
rise, [skies,

The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the
Make sundry cancelers e'er they the fowl can
reach, [stretch.

Which then to save their lives, their wings do lively
But when the whizzing bells the silent air do cleave,
And that their greatest speed, them vainly do de-
ceive;

And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do
view,

Themselves for very fear they instantly inew¹².

The hawks get up again into their former place,
And ranging here and there, in that their airy race;
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
With many a stouping brave, them in again they
lay. [hand,

But when the falconers take their hawking poles in
And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;
The hawk gives it a sous, that makes it to re-
bound, [ground;

Well near the height of man, sometimes, above the
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth
shread.

With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.

But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-the-
less,

Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free access,
To Ouse-the great she goes, her queen that cometh
crown'd,

As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd;
And pointing to the north, her christal front she
dashes,

Against the swelling sands of the surrounded washes;
And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,
As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her
place. [lose her state,

Which when rich Marsh-land sees, lest she should
With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.

"Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive
pride,

There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,
Whose turf so bafful is, or bears so deep a swath;
Nor is there any Marsh in all Great Britain hath
So many goodly seats, or that can truly show,
Such rarities as I, so that all Marshes owe
Much honour to my name, for that exceeding
grace, [place.

Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my
Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her
grass,

And for her dainty scite, all other doth surpass;

¹² Lay the fowls again in water.

Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that con-
fine, [with mine.

Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd
Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl and
fish,

Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish.
As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
And sends the northern winds to curl my braided
hair, [me still,

And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward
Lest that rough god of sea, on me should work
his will.

Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,
And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of
Lynn. [shall vent,

Both towns of strength and state, my profits still
No marsh hath more of sea, none more of con-
tinent." [thoroughly knew,

Thus Marsh-land ends her speech, as one that
What was her proper praise, and what was Ouse's
due.

With that the zealous Muse, in her poetic rage,
To Walsingham would needs have gone a pil-
grimage, [flows,

To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger
Into the northern main, and see the glebe where
grows, [the like,

That saffron (which men say) this land hath not
All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth
strike.

For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;
And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater Ouse, her wing she doth
display.

POEY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Now from New-market comes the Muse,
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,
Those ancient ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shows you Ring-tail's pleasant vale,
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The Muses to her town invites.
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,
An end which to this canto brings.

By this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon New-market-heath;
That great and ancient ditch¹, which us expected
long,

Inspired by the Muse, at her arrival song:
"O Time, what earthly thing with thee itself can
trust, [unjust!

When thou in thine own course art to thyself
Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion
give [live?

Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar'st

- To Devil's ditch.

O Time, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring man
hath done, [won]

Thou long before this day, might'st to thyself have
A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd;
But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd;
For though the things themselves have suffer'd by
thy theft, [left,

Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have
Those monuments who rear'd, and not have
suffer'd thus

Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us
I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath
arose, [Mercian foes;

The long'st and largest ditch, to check their
Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth
exceed [decreed,

Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly
That by the devil's help, I needs must raised be,
Wherefore the Devil's-ditch they basely named me;
When ages long before, I bare Saint Edmond's
name,

Because up to my side (some have supposed)
came [shrine.

The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred
Therefore my fellow dykes, ye ancient friends of
mine, [minds were great,

That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose
It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest
strength, [miles in length;

That do'st extend thy course full seven large
And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear to
me,

With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so
neglected; [estate,

Therefore dear heath, live still in prosperous
And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to even-
ing late, [praise,

(By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with their
And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
(Though of the world condemn'd) yet gracious in
thine eye." [ground,

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in their
Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow
sound,

To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,
With one whose constant heart, with cruel love
was slain;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of leag and great renown,
Which near to Cambridge set, o'er-looks that
learned town. [was known,

Of Balsham's pleasant hills, that by the name
But with the monstrous times, be rude and bar-
barous grown,

A giant was become; for man he cared not,
And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
Who long had borne good-will to most delicious
Grant, [supplant.

But doubting lest some god his greatness might
For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her
course,

He found the Muses left their old Boeotian source;
Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
He saw bright Phoebus gaze upon her crystal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked
red, [to bed.

To leave his loved nymph, when he went down

Wherefore this hill with love, being foully overgone;
And one day as he found the lovely nymph a lone
Thus woos her; "Sweeting mine, if thou mine
own wilt be,"

I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee,
A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins
too, [woe:]

Nay, nymph take heed of me, when I begin to
And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,
A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been
sold: [tway,

And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps
Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to play,
And twenty sows of lead, to make our wedding
ring; [thing:

Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a
I'll smouch thee every morn, before the Sun can
rise, [eyes."

And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring
Thus said, he smugg'd his beard, and stroked up
his hair, [fair:

As one that for her love he thought had offered
Which to the Muses, Grant did presently report,
Wherewith they many a year shall make them
wondrous sport.

When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious dale,
Who having heard too long the barbarous moun-
tain's tale,

Thus thinketh in herself, "Shall I be silenc'd,
when [men,

Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented
Are aided by the Muse, their minds at large to
speak,

Besides my sister vales supposing me but weak,
Judge meanly of my state," when she no longer
staid,

But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.

"What though betwixt two shires², I be by
fortune thrown, [own;

That neither of them both can challenge me her
Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;
Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:
For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,
But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.

Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
By him that would express my shape, as to a ring:
For nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,
Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:
For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground,
About which Ceres' nymphs dance many a wanton
round.

The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious
chases,

Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
What they in largeness have, that bear themselves
In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I, so high,
For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my
grass; [surpass."

This isle scarce bath a vale, that Ringdale doth
When more she would have said, but suddenly
there sprung,

A confluent report, that through the country rung,
That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled
Grant, [right plant,

Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an up-

² This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part
in Cambridgeshire.

In sallying on for Ouse, determin'd by the way.
To entertain her friends the Muses with a lay.

Wherefore to show herself ere she to Cambridge
came, [name,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she
doth win:

Than which, a purer stream, a delicatesr brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely over-
look. [glide

Thus furnishing her banks; as sweetly she doth
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on
either side;

And with the Muses oft, did by the way con-
verse: [hearse,

Wherefore it her benoves, that something she re-
The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her
ear, [should hear,

Such things as only she, and they themselves
A wondrous learned flood: and she that had been
long

(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd:
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen
well, [Hell,

She meant to have a bout, even in despite of
When humbly lowing low, her due obedience
done,

Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.
"My invective," thus quoth she, "I only aim
at you,

(Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly crew,
In all your brainless talk, that still direct your
drifts [gifts,

Against the Muses' sons, and their most sacred
That hate a poet's name, your vileness to ad-
vance,

For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and poor
to be,

Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.
Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.

His brave and noble heart, here in a Heaven doth
dwell, [Hell;

Above those worldly cares, that sinks such sots to
A castif if there be yet viler than thyself,

If be through baseness light upon this worldly self,
The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of
night, [right;

Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all your
When not the greatest king, should he his trea-
sure rain,

The Muses' sacred gifts, can possibly obtain;
No, were the monarch of the universal Earth,
Except that gift from Heaven, be breath'd into his
birth.

How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest
good; [Heave,

Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods you
You scarcely hurried are, but they your hopes de-
ceive. [whose ground,

Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of
Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand
pound;

That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly groat!

When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods
been left,

Except poor widows' cries, to memorize your theft.
That curse the serpent got in Paradise for hire,
Descend upon you all, from him your devilish sire,
Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your
breast, [beast.

And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred
"But leave these hateful herds, and let me now
declare,

I th' Heliconian fount, who rightly christ'ned are;
Not such as basely sooth the humour of the time,
And slubbering patch up some slight and shallow
rhyme,

Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
Yet never to that place were by the Muses call'd.
Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging
pride, [deny'd;

That fain would seem to be, what nature them
Whose verses hobbling run, as with disjointed bones,
And make a viler noise, than carts upon the
stones;

And these forsooth must be, the Muses' only heirs,
When they but bastards are, and foundlings none
of theirs,

Enforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of
wit; [heap'd,

What poet recks the praise upon such antics
Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?

Though some fantastic fool promote their ragged
rhymes, [times,

And do transcribe them o'er, a hundred several
And some fond women wins, to think them won-
drous rare,

When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gibb'rish
are. [please)

Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear to
That gliding flow in state, like swelling Euphrates,
In which things natural be, and not in falsely
wrong; [and strong;

The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full
Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to
feed,

But such as may content the perfect man to read.
What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,

That he which doth express things nearest to the
life, [thereto,

Doth touch the very point, nor needs be add
For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.

"Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically
strung)

Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
Th' morality of which, is that his knowledge drew,
The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rudeness
knew,

To embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays;
Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these
days,

Which to be understood, do take it in disdain,
Nay (Edipus may fail, to know what they would
mean.

If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,
Well might those men have thought the harper had
been wood; [rocks among,

Who might have sit him down, the trees and
And begun a verier block than those to whom he
sung. [town,

"O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved
In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;

In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem
right, [light.

Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a
Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus
Let Cirrha seek to her, nor be you least of all, [fall,
Ye fair Beotian Thebes, and Thespia still to pay
My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrha send this way.
O let the thrice-three maids their dewa upon thee
rain, [crane.

From Aganippa's fount, and hoof-plough'd Hippo-
Mount Pindus, thou that art the Muses' sacred
place

In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpha, that in Thrace
They chose for their own hill, then thou Parnassus
high,

Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company
About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with these
Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides. [to her,
With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be brought
And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer."

This said, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on along,
To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry
throng,

The Cantabrigian fields had enter'd, taking in
Th' enisled Ely's earth, which strongly she doth
win [the fruitful isle,

From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when as
Much wondering at herself, thought surely all this
while,

That by her silence she had suffer'd too much
wrong, [sung:

Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the Island
"Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the
queen, [green.

For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and
The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his own
mass,

Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass;
And in the place where grows rank fodder for my
neat, [peat:

The turf which bears the hay, is wond'rous needful
My full and batt'ning earth needs not the plough-
man's pains, [veins

The rills which run in me, are like the branched
In human bodies seen; those ditches cut by hand,
From the surrounding meres, to win the measur'd
land,

To those choice waters, I most fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties
rare.

Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew
Of Watersey the Lame, or th' other call'd the New?
The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of another
sort, [port

Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make re-
of sundry meres at hand, upon my western way,
As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whit-
telsey;

Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that bred,
Which, whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is the
head,

No meres shall truly tell, in them, that at one
draught, [caught;

More store of either kinds hath with the net been
Which though some petty isles do challenge them
to be [ledge me

Their own, yet must those isles likewise acknow-
Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsay
shame,

Altho' to Ramsey-mere she only gives the name;

Nor Huntingdon¹, to me though she extend her
grounds,

Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.

Those meres may well be proud, that I will take
them in, [been,

Which otherwise, perhaps, forgotten might have
Besides my tow'rd fane², and my rich city'd seat,
With villages, and dorps, to make me most com-
plete."

Thus broke she off her speech, when as the Muse
awhile,

Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,
Here consummates her song, and doth fresh cou-
rage take,

With war, in the next book, the Muses to awake.

¹ Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet
are these meres for the most part in Huntingdon-
shire.

² The town and church of Ely.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, Ouse from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings:
The earth that turned wood to stone,
And th' holy wells of Harlweston:
Then shows wherefore the fates do grant,
That she the civil wars should chant:
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION, as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions
rouse,

Exactly to set down how the far-wand'ring Ouse,
Thro' the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth strain,
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth
bear,

Ere Ely she enisle, a goddess honour'd there;

From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most
heavenly sweet, [street,

By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth
twin, [ambling in.

Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly
The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth
alone,

(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to stone,
That little Asply's earth we anciently enstyle,

'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle:
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously array.

Ouse having Oulency past, as she were waxed
mad [gad;

From her first stayder course immediately doth
And in meand'ring gyres doth whirl herself about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in,
and out,

And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,

Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly, in her
pride,

The shire's hospitious town, she in her course divide,
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth
displays; [ways,

And varying her clear form^a a thousand sundry
Streaks through the verdant meads; but far she
hath not gone, [on,

When Ivel, a clear nymph,^a from Shefford sallying
Comes deftly dancing in thro' many a dainty slade,
Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickles-
wade,

Encouraged the more her mistress to pursue,
In whose clear face the Sun delights himself to view:
To mix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth
make,

And lovingly at last hath hapt to overtake;
She in her crystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth
cling,

Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into those nether
grounds, [fordian bounds,

Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bed-
Scarce is she ent'red yet upon this second shire,
Of which she sovereign is, but that two fountains
clear, [sweet,

At Harlweston near at hand, th' one salt, the other
At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently greet:

"Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortunately
prov'd,

The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd
Of two, such sylvan gods, by hap that found us
here; [were,

For then their sylvan kind most highly honour'd
When this whole country's face was foresty, and we
Liv'd loosely in the wilds, which now thus peopled
be. [sent,

Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we
Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did
we went [play,

Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did
And in our sports, our joys and sorrows did bewray:
Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.

And quoth the saltish spring, 'as one day mine and I,
Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye
The brinish tears dropp'd down on mine impierced
breast,

And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
That brackish I became: he finding me-depriv'd
Of former freshness quite, the cause from him de-
riv'd,

On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to requite,
That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.'
And, quoth the fresher spring, 'the wood-god
me that woo'd, [stood,

'As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love, he
On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I
Should cure the painful itch, and loathsome leprosy.'

Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath
But that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon; [run,
Where she no sooner views her darling and delight,
Proud Portholme¹, but became so ravish'd with the
sight,

That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
About the islet's waist, who being embrac'd so,
Her flow'ry bosom shows to the enamour'd brook;
On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look

¹ A little island made by this river, lying near
Huntingdon.

On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many
a flow'r, [did pour
(That grace this godly mead)-as though the spring
Her full abundance down, whose variegated dyes so
thick,

Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,
That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they show
Like those made by the Sun in the celestial bow.
But now t' advance this flood, the fates had brought
to pass,

As she of all the rest the only river was:
That but a little while before that fatal war,
'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,
Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
By keeping back her stream, for near three fur-
longs' space,

Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;
Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,
In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:

Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,
She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,
When swelling in her banks, from her abundant
spring,

Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
In language fitting war, and thus to purpose speaks:

"With that most fatal field, I will not here begin,
Where Norman William, first the Conqueror, did
win [slain,

The day at Hastings², where the valiant Harold
Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth retain,
Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still
kept the scar:

Which since not ours begot, but an invasive war,
Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no descrip-
tion here. [year,

"In Normandy nor that, that same day forty
That bastard William brought a conquest on this
isle, [while

'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who, the
His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were pight,
In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's
right; [land,

Which since it foreign was, not struck within this
Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall not
stand.

"But Lincoln battle now we as our first will lay,
Where Maud the empress stood to try the doubt-
ful day,

With Stephen, when he here had well-near three
years reign'd, [tain'd,

Where both of them their right courageously main-
And marshalling their troops, the king his person
put [foot:

Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and valiant
The wings that were his horse, in th' one of them
he plac'd [grac'd

Young Alan, that brave duke of Britain, whom he
With th' earls of Norfolk and Northampton, and
with those,

He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dispose.
The other no whit less, that this great day might
sted;

The earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.

The empress' powers again, but in two squadrons
were;

The vaward Chester had, and Gloucester the rear;
Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate men
of ours, [their powers.

That when supplies should want, might reinforce

² In Sussex, near the sea.

The battles join, as when two adverse seas are
dash'd [wash'd]
Against each other's waves, that all the plains were
With showers of sweltering blood, that down the
furrows ran,

Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or won.
Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse, those valiant knights,
were seen [Mars had been

To charge the empress' horse, as though dread
There in two sundry shapes; the day that beaute-
ous was, [glass,

Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a
That nimbly being stirr'd, flings up the trembling
flame

At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
With their resplendent swords, that glister'd 'gainst
the Sun;

The honour of the day, at length, the empress won.
King Stephen prisoner was, and with him many a
lord,

The common soldiers put together to the sword.
"The next, the battle near St. Edmundsbury
fought, [brought

By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hither
By th' earl of Le'ster, bent to move intestine strife,
For young king Henry's cause¹, crown'd in his fa-
ther's life; [bred,

Which to his kingly sire much care and sorrow
In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns spread,
Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the earl of Norfolk
then,

By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
'Gainst Bohun, England's great high constable, that
sway'd

The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid,
Chief justice, and with them the German powers,
t' expel

The earls of Cornwall, came, Glo'ster, and Arundell,
From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's banner
bring,

Their battles in array: both wisely ordering
The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy
ground, [found]

Betwixt St. Edmund's town and Farnham, (fitly
The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the
charge,

The trumpets rent the air, the ensigns let at large,
Like waving flames far off, to either host appear:
The bristling pikes do shake, to threat their coming
near;

All clouded in a mist they hardly could them view,
So shadow'd with the shafts from either side that
flew. [forces,

The wings came wheeling in, at joining of whose
The either part were seen to tumble from their
horses,

Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves
and pites, [files,

Lest else by running loose, they might disrank their
The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel
thwacks, [tatter'd jacks:

The ground lay strew'd with male, and shreds of
The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to
behold, [sold;

Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to be
Stern discontented war did never yet appear

With a more threat'ning brow, than it that time
did there.

¹ Henry the Second.

"O Leicester (alas!) in ill time wast thou won,
To aid this graceless youth, the most ungrateful son
Against his natural sire, who crown'd him in his
days,

Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow raise,
At Le'ster by this war against king Henry show'd,
Upon so had a cause, O courage ill bestow'd!

Who, had thy quarrel been, as thou thyself was
skill'd [fill'd

In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had
This isle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody
field:

But Bigot and this lord, inforc'd at length to yield
Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
Of th' English and the Dutch, ten thousand men
lay slain.

"As for the second fight at Lincoln, betwixt those
Who sided with the French, by seeking to depose
Henry, the son of John, then young, and to
advance

The dauphin Lewis, son to Philip, king of France,
Which Lincoln castle, then most straitly did
besiege; [liege,

And William Marshal, earl of Pembroke, for his
(Who led the faithful lords) although so many
there,

Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;
Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight,
'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim a
right.

"The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry
fought, [brought;

Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict
With Richard, then the king of Almain, and his son,
Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he won,
With him their sovereign liege, their lives that durst
engage.

And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
By Simon Mountford, earl of Le'ster, their chief
head, [led;

And th' earl of Glo'ster, Clare, against king Henry
For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their lives
to stand,

The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs
were meant;

From Edward, the young prince, defiance was sent
To Mountford's valiant sons, lord Henry, Si n, and
Gny,

And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, 'Fly
To th' earl of Le'ster's tents, and publicly proclaim
Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's name,

And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from me;
That if they be the same, that they would seem to
be, [known,

Now let them in the field be by their band-rolls
Where, as I make no doubt, their valour shall be
shown.

Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their
pride, [it decide.'

There will we vent our spleens, where swords shall
"To whom they thus reply'd, 'Tell that brave
man of hope,

He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all
their troop,

To answer his proud braves; our bilbows be as good
As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find our
blood

Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go withal.'

"The king into three fights his forces doth divide,
Of which his princely son⁴ the vaward had to
guide :

The second to the king of Almain, and his son,
Young Henry, he betook, in the third legion
Of knights, and men of arms, in person he appears.

"Into four several fights, the desperate barons
theirs. [came,
P' th' first those valiant youths, the sons of Le'ster,
Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the name :
The earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle on,
And with him the lords Mountchency, and Fitz-
John :

The third wherein alone the Londoners were plac'd,
The stout lord Segriavé led ; the greatest, and the
last,

Brave Leicester himself, with courage undertook.
The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,
To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter
gave, [brave.

As though it with the roar, the thunder would out-
Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had
been : [seen,

The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches were
To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death
they go ;

The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and fro.
Friend falling by his friend, together they expire :
He breath'd, doth charge afresh ; he wounded,
doth retire.

The Mountfords with the prince vie valour all the
day, [they,

Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he, or
To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he
throws, [shows :

They waft him with their swords, as long with equal
Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest
Guy,

Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth reply,
'What though I be but young, let death me over-
whelm,

But I will break my sword upon his plumed helm.'
The younger Bohun there, to high achievements
bent, [went,

With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings,
Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded
were, [bear,

Whom living from the field, the barons strove to
Being on their party fix'd ; whilst still prince Ed-
ward spurs,

To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their
force,

Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern horse,
He putting them to flight, four miles in chase them
slew :

But ere he could return, the conquest wholly drew
To the stout barons' side : his father fled the field,
Into the abbey there, constrained thence to yield.
The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton, that was
then [men ;

Chief justice, (as some say) with them five thousand
And Bohun, that great earl of Her'ford, overthrown,
With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Percie known.
By their coat-armours they, for barons, prisoners
ta'en ; [did reign.

Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster yet

⁴ Prince Edward, afterward called Edward the
First.

"Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that
chanc'd [wanc'd

'Gainst Robert, that proud earl of Derby, who ad-
His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his oath)
Upon the barons' part, with the lord Deuell, both
Surpris'd by Henry, prince of Almain, with his
power,

By coming at so strange an unexpected hour :
And taking them unarm'd ; since merely a defeat,
With our well-order'd fights, we will not here repeat.

"The fatal battle then at fertile Eusham struck,
Though with the self-same hands, not with the self-
same luck : [taken,

For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners
By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken ;

But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and doth
gather [ther ;
His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his fa-
And th' earl of Glo'ster won, who thro' the Mount-
fords' pride

Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial side.
When now those lords, which late at Lewes won the
day, [lay,

The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to
Until the king should yield th' old charter to main-
tain. [again ;

King Henry and his son, prince Edward, swore
They would repeal those laws that were at Oxford
made,

Or thro' this bloody war to their destruction wade.
But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's
power, [devour,

The remnant of his friends, whom death did not
At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake,
The prince excites again, an army up to make,
Whom Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, doth assist,
England's high marshal then, and that great mar-
tialist,

Old Henry Bohun, earl of Her'ford, in this war,
Gray, Basset, and St. John, Lisle, Percy, Latimer,
All barons, which to him their utmost strengths do
lay, [way ;

With many a knight for power their equal every
And William Valence, earl of Pembroke, who had
fled [sped.

From Lewes' field to France, then with fresh succour
Young Humphry Bohun still doth with great Le'ster
go, [foe.

Who for his country's cause becomes his father's
Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrave,
Vessey, Gifford, [ings, Clifford.

Wake, Lucy, Vipont, Vaux, Clare, Marmon, Hast-
"In that black night before this sad and dismal
day, [bewray

Were apparitions strange, as dread Heaven would
The horrors to esue, O most amazing sight !

Two armies in the air, discerned were to fight,
Which came so near to Earth, that in the morn
they found

The prints of horses' feet remaining on the ground,
Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody
scene.

"Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the
air doth fill, [Kill :

And not a word was heard from either side, but
The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst the
brother,

With gleaves, swords, bills, and pikes, were mur-
d'ring one another.

The full luxurious earth seems surfeited with blood,
 Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew
 stood ;

Whilst with their charged staves, the desperate
 horsemen meet, [feet.
 They hear their kinsmen groan under their horses'
 Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth
 abound ; [sound.
 The drums, bedash'd with brains, do give a dismal
 Great Le'ster there expir'd, with Henry, his brave
 son, [done.
 When many a high exploit they in that day had
 Scarce was there noble house, of which those times
 could tell, [fell ;
 But that some one thereof, on this, or that side,
 Amongst the slaughter'd men, that there lay heap'd
 on piles, [deviles :
 Bohuns and Beauchamps were, Basets, and Man-
 Segraves, and St. Johns seek, upon the end of all,
 To give those of their names their Christian burial.
 Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain
 that day : [away.
 Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm
 " All Edward Longshank's time, her civil wars
 did cease, [increase.
 Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to
 But in th' ensuing reign of his most riotous son,
 As in his father's days, a second war begun ;
 When as the stubborn heirs of the stout barons dead,
 Who, for their country's cause, their blood at Eu-
 sham shed,
 Not able to endure the Spencers' hateful pride,
 The father and the son, whose counsels then did
 guide
 Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all his graces
 On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all
 places,
 Them raising to debase the baronage the more
 For Gaveston, whom they had put to death before.
 Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they
 brake, [make.
 And for a speedy war they up their powers do
 " Upon king Edward's part, for this great action
 bent, [Kent,
 His brother Edmund came, the valiant earl of
 With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who en-
 gage [ronage.
 Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the ba-
 " And on the barons' side, great master of the
 war,
 Was Thomas (of the blood) the earl of Lancaster,
 With Henry Bohun, earl of Hereford, his peer,
 With whom (of great command and martialist)
 there were [Bernville, Knovile,
 Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,
 With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Ley-
 burne, Lovell,
 Tucket, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,
 Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford, that
 command [lords run ;
 Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-
 With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willington ;
 Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge,
 Wither, [ther,
 Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all toge-
 At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
 Tow'ards them with all his power the king in per-
 son sped ; [scry'd,
 Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-
 That they against his power the bridge had fortify'd ;

Which he, by strong assault, assays from them to
 win,
 Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin.
 When he, to beat them off, assays them first by
 shot ; [had got,
 And they, to make that good, which they before
 Defend them with the like, like hailstones from the
 sky, [rows fly :
 From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd ar-
 But friended with the flood, the barons hold their
 strength, [length,
 Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood at
 T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.
 The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,
 Withstand them in the stream, when as the troubled
 flood,
 (Within a little time) was turned all to blood ;
 And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies
 fell'd. [pell'd.
 The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks ex-
 While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth
 abide, [guide,
 The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful
 He by a ford not far might pass his power of horse,
 Which quickly he performs, which drave the ba-
 rons' force [ing foe,
 From the defended bridge, t' affront the approach-
 Embattelling themselves, when to the shock they
 go, [shore
 (On both sides so assail'd) till th' water and the
 Of one complexion were, disdain'd with equal gore.
 Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from
 their ground, [they found,
 That when, by their much loss, too weak themselves
 Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.
 The king his good success, not suff'ring so to sleep,
 Pursues them with his power, which northward still
 do bear ; [rear :
 And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge their
 Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too soon
 were stay'd
 By Andrew Herckley, earl of Carlisle, with fresh aid
 Being lately thither come, king Edward's part to
 take. [ground to wake ;
 The barons range their fights, still good their
 But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath
 they draw,
 After the desprat'st fight the Sun yet ever saw.
 Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster for-
 saken [taken.
 Of Fortune, is surpris'd ; the barons prisoners
 " For these rebellions, stirrs, commotions, up-
 roars, here [were ;
 In Richard Bourdeaux' s reign, that long so usual
 As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their rout
 Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and
 stout,
 By ent'ring London, thought the island to subdue :
 The first of which the mayor of London bravely
 slew : [the deed :
 Walworth, which won his name much honour by
 As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that succeed,
 By Litster^a led about, their captain, who entyld
 Himself the commons' king, in hope to have exil'd
 The gentry from those parts, by those that were
 his own, [thrown.
 By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich over-

^a Richard the Second, born at Bourdeaux.^b John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.

By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd
 By Thomas, that stout duke of Glo'ster, strongly
 ceas'd, [peer,
 As that at Radcot bridge, where the last named
 With four brave earls⁷, his friends, encounter'd
 Robert Vere,
 Then duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so created,
 And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they most
 deadly hated;
 Since they but garboils were, in a deformed mass,
 Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.

"I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,
 Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of
 Gaunt, [eame

And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his
 The earl of Wor'ster, who the rightful diadem
 Had from king Richard reft, and heav'd up to his
 seat [too great,

This Henry whom (too soon) they found to be
 Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer
 Richard's proclaimed heir, their cousin Mortimer,
 Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a prisoner
 stay'd, [they laid,

Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot
 That Glendour should have Wales, along as Severa
 went, [Trent;

The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the
 And Mortimer from thence the south to be his
 share;

Which Henry having heard, doth for the war pre-
 pare, [powers they were)

And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering
 At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them
 there:

With him his peerless son, the princely Henry,
 came,

With th' earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of name,
 Blant, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful
 were,

With Cockayne, Calverly, Massy, and Mortimer,
 Gausell, and Wendsley, all in friends and tenants
 strong,

Resorting to the king still as he pass'd along;
 Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
 He, with his warlike son, there dubb'd his maiden
 knights.

"Th' earl Douglass for this day doth with the
 Percies stand, [land

To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northumber-
 Some seignories and holds, if they the battle got,
 Who brought with him to field full many an angry
 Scot,

At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
 Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain their
 own;

With almost all the power of Cheshire got together,
 By Venables (there great) and Vernon muster'd
 thither.

The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to guide:
 The vaward of the lords, upon the other side,
 Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made such
 spoil,

As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,
 And almost broke their ranks, which when king
 Henry found,

Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
 The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it good.
 Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,

⁷ Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.

Brave Douglass⁸ with his spurs his furious courser
 strake,

His lance set in his rest, when desperately he brake
 In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign pight,
 Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to
 light,

Which in his full career he from his courser threw;
 The next sir Walter Blunt, he with three other slew,
 All armed like the king, which he dead sure ac-
 counted;

But after when he saw the king himself remounted:
 'This hand of mine,' quoth he, 'four kings this day
 bath slain,' [again,

And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang
 Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.

When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds in-
 flam'd, [press,

Doth second him again, and through such dangers
 That Douglass' valiant deeds he made to seem the
 less,

As still the people cried, 'A Percy Espirance!'
 The king, which saw then time, or never to advance
 His battle in the field, which near from him was
 won, [son,

Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous
 Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chase,
 It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the face;
 Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would
 bear away,

He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:
 'Time never shall report, prince Henry left the
 field, [wield.'

When Henry Percy staid, his trait'rous sword to
 Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their
 bloods,

And the main battles join, as do two adverse floods
 Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they would
 shove [remove.

Each other from their path, or would their banks
 The king his trait'rous foes, before him down doth
 hew, [slew:

And with his hands, that day, near forty persons
 When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side,
 His power surrounding all, like to a furious tide;
 That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth lies,
 Stout Wor'ster taken was, and doughty Douglass
 flies.

Five thousand from both parts left dead upon the
 ground, [corse was found;

'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Stafford's
 And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but
 before, [gore.

The evening's Sun beheld there swelter'd in their
 "Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should
 bring,

Of which earl Percy had the greatest managing,
 With the lord Bardolfe there, against the county's
 power, [hour:

Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost
 In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having been
 abroad

To raise them present powers, intending for a road
 On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
 His son, and brother's blood augmenting it the
 more;

Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did remain,
 By his too much default, whom he imputed slain

⁸ The high courage of Douglass won him that
 addition of Doughty Douglass, which after grew
 to a proverb.

At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought
Supplies, (that bloody field, when they so bravely
fought) [amends]

They surely it had won; for which to make
Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign
friends,

By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland,
His earldom, which the king, (who much his truth
did doubt,

Had taken to himself, and put his people out)
Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon repaid
his own)

At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully overthrown:
Which tho' it were, indeed, a long and mortal fight,
Where many men were maim'd, and many slain
outright:

Where that courageous earl, all hopes there seeing
past, [the last:

Amongst his murder'd troops (even) fought it to
Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
Which with Ralph Roksby rose, the sh'rriff of
Yorkshire then,

No well proportion'd fight, we of description quit,
Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here admit
That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious
crew, [slew

In Kent and Sussex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that
The Staffords with their power, that thither him
pursu'd, [commons rude,

Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the
Encamp'd against the king: then goodly London
took, [broke,

There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons
His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
Beheaded the lord Say, then England's treasurer,
And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,
The Muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.

" But brings that battle on of that long dread-
ful war,

Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lancaster,
In fair Saint Alban's fought, most fatally betwixt
Richard then duke of York, and Henry call'd the
Sixth, [left,

For that ill gotten crown, which him his grandsire⁹
That likewise with his life, he from king Richard
reft, [claim,

When underhand the duke doth but promote his
Who from the elder son, the duke of Clarence came,
For which he rais'd arms, yet seem'd but to abet
The people, to pluck down the earl of Somerset,
By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had
lost,

And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.

" With Richard duke of York, (into his faction
won) [son)

Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and the
The Nevils' nobler name, that have renown'd so far.
So likewise with the king in this great action are,
The dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with
these

Were thrice so many earls, their stout accomplices,
As Pembroke, great in power, and Stafford, with
them stand, [umberland,

With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce North-
With Sidley, Berns, and Ross, three barons with
the rest, [the west;

When Richard, duke of York, then marching from

Towards whom, whilst with his power king Henry
forward set,

Unluckily as't happ'd, they at Saint Alban's met;
Where taking up the street, the buildings them
enclose, [strength oppose;

Where front doth answer front, and strength doth
Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to-other
stand,

And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,
Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bodies
lie:

The stalls are overthrown with the unwieldy thrust,
The windows, with the shot, are shiver'd all to
dust.

The winter's sleet or hail was never seen so thick,
As on the houses' sides the bearded arrows stick.

Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like
appear'd, [cheer'd;

Who, with words full of spirit, his fighting soldiers
And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.

The valiant Marchmen¹⁰ thus the battle still
maintain, [slain,

That when king Henry found on heaps his soldiers
His great commanders calls, who when they sadly
saw,

The honour of the day would to the Yorkists draw,
Their persons they put in, as for the last to stand;

The duke of Somerset, Henry Northumberland,
Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that
name, [ham,

The earl of Stafford, son to th' duke of Bucking-
And John lord Clifford then, which shed their
noble gore

Under the castle's sign, (of which not long before,
A prophet bade the duke of Somerset beware)

With many a valiant knight, in death that had his
share: [guilt,

So much great English blood, for others' lawless
Upon so little ground before was never spilt.

Proud York hath got the goal; the king of all
forsaken,

Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.

" The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next
supply,

'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great earl of Salisbury,
Who with the duke of York, had at Saint Alban's
late,

That glorious battle got with uncontrold fate:
And James lord Audley stirr'd by that revengeful
queen,

To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen
She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists
held, [compell'd

Who coming from the north, (by sundry wrongs
To parley with the king) the queen that time who
lay [way,

In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on his
That valiant Tuchet stir'd, in Cheshire powerful
then, [men

T^h affront him in the field, where Cheshire gentle-
Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tuchet
strong,

The other with the earl rose as he came along,
Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
Whereby the prudent earl, this strong advantage
took:

⁹ Henry the fourth.

¹⁰ Men brought out of the marches of Wales.

For putting in the field his army in array,
Then making as (with speed) he meant to march
away,
He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first,
The enemy who thought that he had done his
worst,
And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,
Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon)
about, [lover;
Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed
Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.
The earl who found the plot take right that he had
laid, [coil
On those that forward press'd, as those that did re-
As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous;
spoil: [Done
There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a
A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is over-
thrown;
A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;
A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to
hand;
There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.
O Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native
gore
So much until this day thou never shedd'st before!
Above two thousand men upon the earth were
thrown, [own.
Of which the greatest part were naturally thine.
The stout lord Audley slain, with many a captain
there;
To Salisbury it sorts the palm away to bear.
"Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place
shall take, [doth make,
Which of th' imperial war, the third fought field
Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose party
came,
His near and dear allies, the dukes of Buckingham,
And Somerset, the earl of Shrewsbury of account,
Stout viscount Beaumont, and the young lord
Egremount, [of York,
'Gainst Edward earl of March, son to the duke
With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at
work, [other;
And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike the
A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother,
Who to the Yorkists' claim, had evermore been
true,
And valiant Bourchér, earl of Essex, and of Eau.
"The king from out the town, who drew his
foot and horse,
As willingly to give full field-room to his force,
Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down doth
run
From his first fountain's head, is near to Harsington,
Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,
Doth there encamp his power: the earl of March
who sought [day,
To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain the
From Towcester train'd on his powers in good array.
The raward Warwick led, (whom no attempt could
fear;) [rear.
The middle March himself, and Falconbridge the
"Now July enter'd was, and ere the restless Sun
Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight
began [mont took,
By Warwick, who a strait from viscount Beau-
Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke

in, on th' imperial host, which with a furious
charge,
He forc'd upon the field, itself more to enlarge.
Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes walk,
Death up and down the field in ghastly sort doth
stalk.
March in the flower of youth, like Mars himself
doth bear; •
But Warwick as the man, whom Fortune seem'd
to fear, [goes,
Did for him what he would, that wheresoe'er he
Down like a furious storm, before him all he
throws:
So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,
(That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth
maintain
The party of the king; so princely Somerset,
Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly
doth whet,
Bears up with them again: by Somerset oppos'd
At last king Henry's host being on three parts
enclos'd,
And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists' side,
The summer being then at height of all her pride,
The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest
was:
But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-shorn
grass, [there,
Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bodies
When nothing could be seen, but horror every
where:
So that upon the banks, and in the stream of Nen¹¹,
Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native English-
men [is slain,
Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham
And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did much
complain, [the field,
Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead upon
The miserable king, inforc'd again to yield.
"Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bedroul
bring, [king,
Fought by prince Edward, son to that oft-conquer'd
And Richard, duke of York, still struggling for the
crown, [now
Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose re-
The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having
with them then
Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentlemen:
A handful to those powers, with which prince
Edward came;
Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest
name, [right prefer
Were those two great-born dukes, which still his
His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,
The earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck
close: [lord Ross,
With those two valiant peers, lord Clifford, and
Who made their march from York to Wakefield,
on their way
To meet the duke, who then at Sandal castle lay,
Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they dar'd,
Whose long expected powers not fully then pre-
par'd, [bring.
That March his valiant son, should to his succours
Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy muster-
ing [could get,
His tenants and such friends, as he that time
Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set

¹¹ The river running by Northampton.

'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could
the duke be stay'd,
Till he might from the south be seconded with aid;
As in his martial pride, disdain'd his poor foes,
So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose,

"The prince, which still provok'd th' incens'd
duke to fight,

His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty sight,
In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all their
pride: [side

And as York's powers should pass, he had on either
Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place
assign'd [divin'd,

His rearward should enclose, which as a thing
Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army
comes [drums

From the descending banks, and that his rattling
Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with his
force, [light horse,

Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Ross with his
Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain
thrown,

In number to the duke's, by being four to one.

Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance
have caught [sought;

A beast out of the herd, which long time they have
Upon him all at once courageously do set, [get:
Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do

Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their
hold, [would,

Till falling on the ground, they have him as they
With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to
wend, [selves defend.

What with their horns and hoofs, could then them-
Thus on their foes they fell, and down the Yorkists
fall;

Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.
The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
In which blind Fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.

"Here Richard, duke of York, down beaten,
breath'd his last, [pass'd,

And Salisbury so long with conquest still that
Inforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son
To the deceased duke, as he away would run,

(A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford there
surpris'd, [suffic'd,

Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to have
By him was answer'd thus, 'Thy father hath slain
mine, [thine,'

And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of
And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lancas-
trians reign,

The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.

"The battle at that cross, which to this day doth
bear [mer,

The great and ancient name of th' English Morti-
The next shall here have place, betwixt that
Edward fought,

Entitled earl of March, (revengefully that sought
To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately
shed,

But then he duke of York, his father being dead)
And Jasper Tudor earl of Pembroke, in this war,
That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,

Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his
crown, [beaten down

With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely
The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful war-
At Wakefield, whose great'st power of Welsh and
Irish are,

The duke's were Marchers most, which still stuck
to him close,

And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed cross;
As either general there for his advantage found,
(For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)

They into one main fight their either forces make,
When to the duke of York (his spirits as to a wake)
Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that
shone,

Which in a little space were joined all in one,
Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,

Who with the weaker power, (of which he seem'd
to doubt) [chase,

The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to
Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the
place, [there,

The very name of March should greatly favour
A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:

To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had
the soil. [spoil,

The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian
Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,
The most of which were those, there standing to
maintain

The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot

On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth king
Henry's bride,

Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormound fled,

At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;
When this most warlike duke, in honour of that
sign,

Which of his good success so rightly did divine,
And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause
had care,

Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare.

"Thy second battle now, St. Albair's, I record,
Struck 'twixt queen Marg'ret's power, to ransom
back her lord, [factions fought,

Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those
Whom now the part of York had thither with them
brought, [led

Whose force consisted most of southern men, being
By Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, and the head
Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still
that sway'd,

In every bloody field (the Yorkists' only aid)
When either's power approach'd, and they them-
selves had fix'd, [betwixt,

Upon the south and north, the town them both
Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had fore-
cast, [plac'd

Putting their vaward on, and their best archers
The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,

That when the foe came up, they with such terrour
play'd

Upon them in the front, as fore'd them to retreat.
The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,

Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
Which when great Warwick heard, he sent his
vaward forth, [stand,

To oppose them in what place so'er they made their
Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at
hand,

Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.

But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four
thousand were, [there,

To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stoutly

Tho' still with fresh supplies from her main battle
 fed ; [stead,
 When they their courage saw so little them to
 Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
 By passages too strait, and close ambushments
 stay'd : [betake,
 Their succours that foreslow'd, to flight themselves
 When after them again, such speed the northern
 make, [strong,
 Being follow'd with the force of their main battle
 That this disorder'd rout, these breathless men
 among, [horror struck
 They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such
 The southern, that each man began about to look
 A way how to escape, that when great Norfolk
 cry'd,
 ' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.'
 And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have
 stood [their blood,
 Yet neither of them both, should they have spent
 Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe :
 Where Fortune it should seem, to Warwick meant
 to show, [would.
 That she this tide of his could turn when'er she
 " Thus when they saw the day was for so little
 sold ; [had brought,
 The king, which (for their ends) they to the field
 Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of
 nought, [and son
 Which serv'd them to no use : who when his queen
 There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being
 done,
 With many a joyful tear, each other they embrace ;
 And whilst blind Fortune look'd with so well pleas'd
 a face : [embru'd,
 Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists so
 Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.
 " Now followeth that black scene, borne up so
 wondrous high,
 That but a poor dumb show before a tragedy,
 The former battles fought have seem'd to this to be ;
 O Towton, let the blood Palm-sunday spent on
 thee, [hear
 Affright the future times, when they the Muse shall
 Deliver it so to them ; and let the ashes there
 Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
 Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
 To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were
 wrought [fought)
 In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes
 Twixt Edward duke of York, then late proclaimed
 king,
 Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,
 The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the
 stream) [came,
 Great Warwick, and with him his most courageous
 Stout Falconbridge ; the third a firebrand like the
 other, [brother.
 Of Salisbury surnam'd, that Warwick's bastard
 Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists' power assists,
 Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved
 martialists, [stand,
 And Henry the late king, to whom they still durst
 His true as powerful friend, the great Northumber-
 land,
 With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did prefer
 His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,
 Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that
 were,
 And little less than those, the earl of Devonshire,

Th' lord Daecres, and lord Wells, both wise and
 warlike wights,
 With him of great command, Nevil and Trolop,
 knights.

" Both armies then on foot, and on their way
 set forth, [north.
 King Edward from the south, king Henry from the
 The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
 From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to
 take
 O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service sends
 A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,
 To make that passage good, when instantly began
 The dire and om'ous signs, the slaughter that fore-
 ran.
 For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,
 That coming to the bridge (ere they could
 strengthen it) [of horse,
 From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop
 And early in the morn defeating of their force,
 The lord Fitzwalter slew, and that brave bastard
 son
 Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run :
 For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all ;
 But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to
 fall [out,
 'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rushing
 By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,
 Where miserably slain : which when great War-
 wick hears, [ears,
 As he had felt his heart transpersed through-his
 To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
 And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner
 shows [quoth he,
 The slaughter of those lords ; ' This day alone,'
 ' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.'
 When soon before the host, his glittering sword he
 drew,
 And with relen'less hands his sprightly courser slew.
 ' Then stand to me,' quoth he, ' who meaneth not
 to fly ; [die.'
 This day shall Edward win, or here shall Warwick
 " Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply
 seem'd to sting [king,
 The much distemper'd breast of that courageous
 That straight he made proclaim'd, that every
 fainting heart,
 From his resolved host had licence to depart :
 And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,
 Rewards and titles due to their deserved right :
 And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should
 take ;
 For this the upshot was, that all must mar or make.
 A hundred thousand men in both the armies stood,
 That native English were : O worthy of your
 blood [large,
 What conquest had there been ? but ensigns fly at
 And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful
 charge.
 Upon the Yorkists' part, there flew the ireful bear :
 On the Lancastrian side, the cressant waving there.
 The southern on this side, for York a Warwick
 cry,
 A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
 The two main battles join, the four large wings do
 meet ; [feet,
 What with the shouts of men, and noise of horses
 Hell through the troubled earth, her horror seem'd
 to breathe ;
 A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath :

As when the evening is with darkness overspread,
 Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped.
 You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fly,
 Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
 Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
 That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either side ;
 So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and
 fallows rais'd, [ceas'd,
 And breath of horse and men, that both together
 The air on every part, sent by the glimmering Sun,
 The splendour of their arms doth by reflection
 run :
 Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,
 Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted them
 that fled,
 Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far extends,
 That sullen night begins, before their fury ends.
 Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with
 murdering hands, [stands ;
 Expecting the next morn, the weak'st unconquer'd
 Which was no sooner come, but both begin again
 To wreck their friends' dear blood, the former even-
 ing slain.
 New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,
 Fill the Lancastrian part, by their much less'ning
 found
 Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
 When lastly to the foe their recreant backs they
 turn. [the dead
 Thy channel then, O Cock¹², was fill'd up with
 Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists
 fled, [chase,
 That those of Edward's part, that had the rear in
 As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies pass.
 That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contribut'st
 thy store,
 Had her more christal face discolour'd with the
 gore
 Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
 Northumberland the great, and Westmoreland
 there laid [leave
 Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there do
 Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them
 deceive.)
 Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,
 The earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to
 yield. [chance
 King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mis-
 To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into France,
 The duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,
 The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.
 " Muse, turn thee now to tell the field at
 Hexam struck, [luck
 Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosperous
 Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd
 Most safety, yet their powers least damage there
 sustain'd, [stand
²Twixt John lord Mountacute, that Nevil, who to
 For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumberland
 A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
 Which were again supply'd with a most puissant
 force, [brought
 Sent thither from the south, and by king Edward
 In person down to York, to aid if that in ought
 His general should have need, for that he durst
 not trust
 The northern, which so oft to him had been unjust:

¹² A little rivalet near to Towton, running into Wharfe.

Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth
 hold, [would.
 To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrians
 " And Henry with his queen, who to their
 powers had got, [Scot,
 The lively daring French, and the light hardy
 To enter with them here, and to their part do get,
 Their faithful lov'd ally, the duke of Somerset,
 And sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in those
 parts, [hearts
 Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their
 Still with king Henry stay'd, to him and ever true,
 To whom by this revolt, they many northern drew :
 Sir William Taylboys, (call'd of most) the earl of
 Kime, [time
 With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of that
 Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall,
 Gray,
 Hussy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty sway.
 " As forward with his force, brave Mountacute
 was set,
 It happ'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
 With Hungerford, and Rosse, and sir Ralph Percy,
 where
 In sign of good success (as certainly it were)
 They and their utmost force were quickly put to
 fight ;
 Yet Percy as he was a most courageous knight,
 Ne'er budg'd till his last breath, but in the field
 was slain. [again,
 Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth
 Towards Livells, a large waste, which other plains
 outraves, [her waves,
 Whose verge fresh Dowell¹³ still is wat'ring with
 Whereas his posting scouts, king Henry's power
 descry'd, [general hy'd,
 Tow'rd whom with speedy march, this valiant
 Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous
 event, [tent,
 That luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his
 His captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
 Their squadrons on the field, but this great Nevil
 charg'd : [tain'd,
 Long was this doubtful fight on either side main-
 That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst that
 gain'd :
 The ground which this part got, and there as con-
 querors stood,
 The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
 To either as blind chance her favours will dispose ;
 So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
 At last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid
 sight,
 At Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits affright,
 With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the
 aid [dismay'd
 That Mountacute receiv'd ; king Henry's power
 And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
 Whom with so violent speed the Yorkists followed,
 That had not Henry spur'd, and had a courser
 swift, [shift,
 Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills to
 He sure had been surpris'd, as they his bench-
 men took, [disastrous luck,
 With whom they found his helm ; with most
 To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any
 strive,
 And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive.

¹³ A little river near Hexam,

His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring foe;
Who for he durst himself in open arms to show,
Nor at his dread command them down again would
lay. [sway]

His father the lord Wells, who he suppos'd might
His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made
brother, [other,

Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule the
He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the
spleen [teene

Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his
Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
Him to an equal field, that come where they might
smite [met :

The battle : on this plain it chanc'd their armies
They rang'd their several fights, which once in
order set, [have fear'd

The loudly-brawling drums, which seem'd to
The trembling air at first, soon after were not
heard, [doth noise confound.

For out-cries, shrieks, and shouts, which noise
No accents touch the ear, but such as death do
sound : [guide :

In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth
As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either
side.

The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and
strong, [retreat,

Which to the battle stick, and if they make
Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat,
And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful
crown;

The other call a York to beat the rebels down :
The worst that war could do, on either side she
shows, [bows ;

Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of
But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power
increase : [press,

And Wells, who sees his troops so overborne with
By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath
expir'd : [desir'd,

Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes
Ten thousand on the earth before them lying
slain,

No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed
away. [to this day.

(Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even)
" Since needly I must stick upon my former
text, [next,

The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth
Twixt Edward, who before he settled was to reign,
By Warwick hence expuls'd ; but here arriv'd
again, [pay,

From Burgundy brought in munition, men, and
And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
Whose brother George^e came in, with Warwick
that had stood, [torn blood.

Whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his
His brother Richard duke of Glo'ster, and his
friend [extend :

Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers
" And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal
hatred bore.

To Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore,

^e George duke of Clarence.

Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had
ras'd [disgrac'd :
That proud king from his seat, that so had him
And marquis Mountacute, his brother, that brave
stem

Of Nevil's noble stock, who joined had to them
The dukes of Somerset and Exeter, and take
The earl of Oxford in ; the armies forward make,
And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.

" Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's
vaward bring ; [king,
And in the middle came that most courageous
With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then
most dear ; [rear,

His friend lord Hastings had the guiding of the
(A man of whom the king most highly did repute.)

" On puissant Warwick's part, the marquis
Mountacute

His brother and his friend the earl of Oxford led
The right wing ; and the left, which most that day
might sted,

The duke of Exeter ; and he himself do guide
The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)

Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could
get,

Directed by his friend the duke of Somerset.

" O sabbath ill bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,
In which (as some suppose) the Sun doth use to
play,

In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,
And rose on that third day, that Sun which now
doth hide [seen,

His face in foggy mists ; nor was that morning
So that the space of ground those angry hosts be-
tween, [cast

Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which so
The armies on both sides, that they each other
pass'd,

Before they could perceive advantage where to
fight ; [sight,

Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their
That where eight hundred men, which valiant Ox-
ford brought, [force which thought

Wore comets on their coats : great Warwick's
They had king Edward's been, which so with suns
were drest, [distrest,

First made their shot at them, who by their friends
Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and
there.

But when this direful day at last began to clear,
King Edward then beholds that height of his first
hopes, [troops,

Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting
Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to
defy

His mercy, to the host proclaiming publicly
His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,
And what might make him vile ; so Warwick heard
that name [vanc'd,

Of York, which in the field he had so oft ad-
And to that glorious height, and greatness had
enhanc'd, [had fled,

Then cry'd against his power, by those which oft
Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led.

Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in
the gore [before,

Of those from whom they ran, like heartless men
Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,
Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.

"Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main
 battle, when
 Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men
 Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a
 flight [com'd light,
 Of shafts, as well near seem'd t' eclipse the wel-
 Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat
 again, [plain,
 That great battalion next approacheth the fair
 Wherein the king himself in person was to try,
 Proud Warwick's utmost strength: when Warwick
 by and by [and round,
 With his left wing came up, and charg'd so home
 That had not his light horse by disadvantageous
 ground [ward's host:
 Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Ed-
 But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,
 He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant bro-
 ther,
 And Oxford, in command being equal to the other,
 To charge with the rightwing, who bravely up do
 bear; [rear,
 But Hastings that before raught thither with his
 And with king Edward join'd, the host too strongly
 arm'd. [charm'd,
 When every part with spoil, with rape, with fury
 Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to
 swill
 Itself in human gore, and every one cries 'Kill.'
 So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
 That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and
 London ride, [do bring,
 That Warwick wins the day for certain news
 Those following them again, said certainly the
 king,
 Until great Warwick found his army had the worst,
 And so began to faint, alighting from his horse,
 In with the foremost puts, and wades into the
 throng: [troops among,
 And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd
 He ventures; as the Sun in a tempestuous day,
 With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes
 doth display [clear eye,
 His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the
 But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds do
 fly,
 Do muffle him again within them, till at length
 The storm (prevailing still with an unusual
 strength) [in night:
 His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up
 So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
 "The cruel lions thus enclose the dreaded bear,
 Whilst Montacute, who strives (if any help there
 were)
 To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother, felt:
 The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall not
 tell;
 The duke of Somerset, and th' earl of Oxford fled,
 And Exeter being left for one amongst the dead,
 At length recovering life, by night escap'd away;
 York never safely sat, till this victorious day.
 "Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick
 brings,
 This puissant setter-up, and plucker-down of kings,
 He who those battles won, which so much blood
 had cost,
 At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune lost.
 "Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story to relate,
 Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most direful
 fate

Of the Lancastrian line, which happen'd on that
 day
 Fourth of that fatal month, that still remember'd
 May: [fled
 'Twixt Edmund that brave duke of Somerset who
 From Barnet's bloody field, (again there gathering
 head) [there,
 And marquis Dorset bound in blood to aid him
 With Thomas Courtney earl of powerful Devon-
 shire: [there was seen,
 With whom king Henry's son, young Edward
 To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunted
 queen [on land,
 His mother, who from France with succours came
 That day, when Warwick fell at Barnet, which now
 stand
 Their fortune yet to try upon a second fight.
 And Edward who employ'd the utmost of his might.
 The poor Lancastrian part (which he doth easily
 feel,
 By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
 By battle to subvert, and to extirp the line;
 And for the present act, his army doth assign
 To those at Barnet field so luckily that sped:
 As Richard late did there, he here the vaward led,
 The main the king himself, and Clarence took to
 guide;
 The rearward as before by Hastings was supply'd.
 "The army of the queen, into three battles cast,
 The first of which the duke of Somerset, and (fast
 To him) his brother John do happily dispose;
 The second, which the prince for his own safety
 chose [third
 The barons of St. John, and Wenlock; and the
 To Courtney that brave earl of Devonshire refer'd.
 Where in a spacious field they set their armies
 down; [town,
 Behind, hard at their backs, the abbey and the
 To whom their foe must come, by often banks and
 steep, [deep,
 Thro' quickset narrow lanes, cut out with ditches
 Repulsing Edward's power, constraining him to
 prove [move
 By thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to re-
 Them from that chosen ground; so tedious to assail;
 And with the shot came shafts, like stormy showers
 of hail:
 The like they sent again, which beat the other sore,
 Who with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to out-
 roar, [pieces play,
 And still make good their ground, that whilst the
 The Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do assay
 In strong and boi'trous crowds to scale the cum-
 brous dikes; [pikes.
 But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and
 Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that led
 The vaward, saw their strength so little them to
 sted,
 As he a captain was, both politic and good,
 The stratagems of war, that rightly understood,
 Doth seem as from the field his forces to withdraw.
 His sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that saw,
 (A man of haughty spirit, in honour most precise;
 In action yet far more adventurous than wise)
 Supposing from the field for safety he had fled,
 Straight giveth him the chase; when Richard
 turning head,
 By his encounter let the desperate duke to know,
 'Twas done to train him out, when soon began the
 show

Of slaughter every where ; for scarce their equal
forces
Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred
horses, [stay'd,
That out of sight, this while on Edward's part had
To see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,
Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite
their ranks, [ing banks
Whilst this most warlike king had won the climb-
Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth begin
A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian
side,
The first and furious shock not able to abide
The utmost of their strength, were forced to be-
stow,
To hold what they had got ; that Somerset below,
Who from the second force had still expected
aid,
But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle overthrown ;
But faring as a man that frantic had been grown,
With Wenlock happ'd to meet (preparing for his
flight) [spite,
Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and de-
That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with
men : [again,
Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him
The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the
reins) [brains.
With his too pond'rous ax dash'd out the baron's
"The party of the queen in every place are
kill'd,
The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,
And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers
drown'd, [Yorkists crown'd.
Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering
Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part that
stood, [blood,
For their presumption paid the forfeit of their
John marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire that
day
Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who
had there [that were,
Their several brave commands, all valiant men
Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Edward's
own, [the town,
And through his enemies' tents he march'd into
Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth
could bring [king,
Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a
His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who
thought [brought
His prisoner to disclose, before the king then
That fair and goodly youth ; whom when proud
York demands, [hands
Why thus he had presum'd by help of trait'rous
His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd
His ensigns : the stout prince as not a jot dismay'd
With confidence replies, To claim his ancient
right, [might,
Him from his grandsires left ; by tyranny and
By him his foe usurp'd : with whose so bold reply,
Whilst Edward thoroughly vex'd, doth seem to thrust
him by ; [that stood,
His second brother George, and Richard near
With many a cruel stab let out his princely blood ;
In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,
And Somerset himself surprised in the press ;

With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners
led, [fled
There forfeited their lives : queen Margaret being
To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)
Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy cheer,
A prisoner was convey'd to London, woful queen,
The last of all her hopes, that buried now had
seen.
"But of that outrage here, by that bold bastard
son [which won
Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd lord Falconbridge,
A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,
Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark having
seiz'd, [vail'd,
Set fire upon the bridge : but when he not pre-
The suburbs on the east he furiously assail'd :
But by the city's power was lastly put to flight :
Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd
fight, [be.
Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd
"Then, Bosworth, here the Muse now lastly
bids for thee,
Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,
Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster ;
'Twixt Henry Tudor earl of Richmond only left
Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists reft
Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
In Britany had liv'd ; but late at Milford road,
Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two
thousand strong, [came along,
Made out his way through Wales, where as he
First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next
doth meet [feet
Him, with their several powers, as offering at his
To lay their lands, and lives ; sir Rice ap Thomas
then, [expert men,
With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and
Comes lastly to his aid ; at Shrewsbury arriv'd
(His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
He on for England makes, and near to Newport
town,
The next ensuing night setting his army down,
Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,
(To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)
From th' earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under
age) [page,
Came with two thousand men, in warlike equi-
Which much his power increas'd ; when easily
setting on, [stou,
From Litchfield as the way leads forth to Ather-
Brave Bourcher and his friend stout Hungerford,
whose hopes [troops,
On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's
(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do
appear, [to cheer
Which with a high resolve, most strangely seem'd
His oft-appall'd heart, but yet the man which
most
Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his host,
The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had ally'd
The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd :
The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to have
compell'd) [held,
The young lord Strange his son, in hostage strongly
Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could
find,
His son-in-law to meet ; yet he with him combin'd
Sir William Stanley, known to be a valiant knight,
T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rd's his
height,

A most selected band of Cheshire bowmen came
By sir John Savage led, besides two men of name :
Sir Brian Sanford, and sir Simon Digby, who
Leaving the tyrant king, themselves expressly show
Fast friends to Henry's part, which still his power
increas'd ; [strongly press'd,
Both armies well prepar'd, towards Bosworth
And on a spacious moor, lying southward from the
town, [down,
Indifferent to them both, they set their armies
Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight ;
Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running
night, [son,
Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his
Of his own brother George, and his two nephews
done

Most cruelly to death ; and of his wife and friend,
Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they
would rend [sleep,
Him piece-meal ; at which oft he roareth in his
" No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the east to
peep, [arms,
But drums and trumpets chide the soldiers to their
And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with
the swarms [to see,
Of those that came to fight, as those that came
(Contending for a crown) whose that great day
should be. [and bestows

" First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford
The leading, with a band of strong and sinewy bows
Out of the army pick'd ; the front of all the field,
Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to wield,
The right wing, with his strengths, most northern
men that were ; [shire,
And sir John Savage, with the power of Lancia-
And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left wing
plac'd :

The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd ;
With him the noble earl of Pembroke, who com-
mands [stands,
Their countrymen the Welch, (of whom it mainly
For their great numbers found to be of greatest
force) [horse.

Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of
" Into two several fights the king contriv'd his
strength,

And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,
In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set
His archery, thereof and to the guidance let
Of John the noble duke of Norfolk, and his son
Brave Surrey : he himself the second bringing on,
Which was a perfect square ; and on the other
side, [wide,

His horsemen had for wings, which by extending
The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal power.
The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
He to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid ;
And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd
His eldest son young Strange immediately
should die, [reply :

To whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly
" Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time shall
see,

" I love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he."
" The angry armies meet, when the thin air
was rent, [sent,

With such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers
That flying o'er the field the birds down trembling
dropp'd, [propp'd,
As some old building long that hath been under-

When as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,
Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,
And with confused clouds of smouldering dust doth
choke [smoke,

The streets and places near ; so through the misty
By shot and ordnance made, a thund'ring noise
was heard. [terr'd,

When Stanley that this while his succours had de-
Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,
When once he doth perceive the battle was begun,
Brings on his valiant troops three thousand fully
strong, [long,

Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threaten'd
Falls on the tyrant's host, which him with terrour
struck,

As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look
For succours from the great Northumberland, this
while, [mile,
That from the battle scarce three quarters of a
Stood with his power of horse, nor once was seen
to stir : [fer)

When Richard (that th' event no longer would de-
The two main battles mix'd, and that with wearied
breath, [death,

Some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to their
(There for the better fought) even with aspirit elate,
As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that fate
Could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
Into the thick'et of death, through threaten'ing
peril press'd, [drew,

To where he had perceiv'd the earl in person
Whose standard-bearer he, sir William Brandon,
slew,

The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent ;
When at a second shock, down sir John Cheney
went, [plac'd,

Which scarce a lance's length before the earl was
Until by Richmond's guard, environed at last,
With many a cruel wound, was through the body
gride.

Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk dy'd ;
The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that had
long [among

Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field
A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were
slain, [in vain,

O Redmore, it then seem'd, thy name was not
When with a thousand's blood the earth was co-
lour'd red. [head,

Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's
Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there did win ;
The cruel tyrant stripp'd to the bare naked skin,
Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Leicester sent,
From whence the day before he to the battle went.

" The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately
struck,

(Upon king Henry's part, with so successful luck,
As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
Unto his temples close, when Mars began to leave
His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)
I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry
fought ; [ford came,

With whom, to this brave field the duke of Bed-
With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did him
inflame [been

To all achievements great, that fortunate had
In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming in,
With th' earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great com-
mand, [firmly stand.

And his brave son lord George, for him that

"And on the other side, John duke of Suffolk's son, [begun,
 (John earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war
 Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who
 By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,
 Upon him took the name of th' earl of Warwick,
 heir [for fear
 To George the murder'd duke of Clarence, who
 Lest some that favour'd York, might under-hand
 maintain)
 King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.
 Which practise set on foot⁷, this earl of Lincoln
 sail'd [vail'd,
 To Burgundy, where he with Margaret pre-
 Wife to that warlike Charles, and his most loved
 aunt, [plant
 Who vexed that a proud Lancastrian should sup-
 The lawful line of York, whence she her blood de-
 riv'd; [triv'd,
 Wherefore for Lincoln's sake she speedily con-
 And Lovel⁸, that brave lord, before him sent to
 land
 Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band
 Of Almain, and to them for their stout captain
 gave [to have
 The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought scarce
 His match for martial feats, and sent them with a
 fleet [meet,
 For Ireland, where she had appointed them to
 With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert,
 whom they there [where
 The earl of Warwick call'd, and publish'd every
 His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
 Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Edward's
 name: [aid
 Then joining with the lord Fitzgerald⁹, to their
 Who many Irish brought, they up their anchors
 weigh'd,
 And at the rocky pile of Powdray¹⁰ put to shore
 In Lancashire; their power increasing more and
 more, [supply,
 By soldiers sent them in from Broughton¹¹, for
 A knight that long had been of their confederacy;
 Who making thence, direct their marches to the
 south. [mouth,
 "When Henry saw himself so far in danger's
 From Coventry he came, still gathering up his
 host, [coast,
 Made greater on his way, and doth the country
 Which way he understood his enemies must pass:
 When after some few days (as it their fortune
 was)
 At Stoke, a village near to Newark upon Trent,
 Each in the other's sight pitch'd down their warlike
 tent.
 Into one battle soon, the Almain, had dispos'd
 Their army in a place upon two parts enclos'd
 With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were expert
 men)
 And from the open fields king Henry's host again,
 In three fair several fights came equally divided;
 The first of which, and fitt'st, was given to be
 guided

⁷ The dutchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward the Fourth, and so was this earl's mother.

⁸ The lord Francis Lovel.

⁹ The lord Thomas Geraldine.

¹⁰ On the coast of Lancashire.

¹¹ Sir Thomas Broughton.

By Shrewsbury, which most of soldiers choice con-
 sisted:
 The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they
 listed, [found
 Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they
 Just cause for their retire; when soon the troubled
 ground,
 On her black bosom felt the thunder, which awoke
 Her genius, with the shock that violently shook
 Her entrails, this sad day when there ye might
 have seen [have been
 Two thousand Almain stand, of which each might
 A leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
 That they could hardly see the very Sun for shot,
 Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers
 should; [well behold,
 That most courageous Swart there might they
 With most unusual skill that desperate fight main-
 tain, [strain,
 And valiant De-la-Pole, most like his princely
 Did all that courage could, or nobless might best;
 And Lovell that brave lord, behind him not a whit,
 For martial deeds that day: stout Broughton that
 had stood [his blood
 With York (even) from the first, there lastly gave
 To that well-foughten field; the poor trow'd Irish
 there, [corslets were,
 Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for
 And for their weapons had but Irish skains and
 darts, [hearts,
 Like men that scorned death, with most resolved
 Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,
 Where first they fought, they fell; with them was
 overthrown [fought,
 The leader Gerald's hope, amidst his men that
 And took such part as they, whom he had thither
 brought [fled,
 This of that field he told, There was not one that
 But where he first was plac'd, there found alive or
 dead.
 If in a foughten field a man his life should lose,
 To die as these men did, who would not gladly
 choose, [ous song,
 Which full four thousand were." But in this tedi-
 The too laborious Muse hath carried all too long.
 As for the black-smith's rout, who did together
 rise,
 Encamping on Black-heath, t' annul the subsidies
 By parliament then given, or that of Cornwall¹²
 call'd, [thrall'd
 Enclosures to cast down, which over-much in-
 The subject; or proud Ket's, who with the same
 pretence [pense
 In Norfolk rais'd such stirs, as but with great ex-
 Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in Lent
 By Wyat¹³ and his friends, the marriage to pre-
 vent,
 That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
 Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's strain,
 She here her battles ends: and as she did before,
 So travelling along upon her silent shore,
 Waybride a neighbouring nymph, the only rem-
 nant left
 Of all that forest kind, by time's injunions theft
 Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did
 abound, [ground,
 And former times had seen the goodliest forest

¹² Michael Joseph with the Cornish rebels.

¹³ Sir Thomas Wyat.

This island ever had : but she so left alone,
 The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
 The deep entranced flood, as thinking to awake,
 Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake :
 " O flood in happy plight, which to this time
 remain'st, [strain'st ;
 As still along in state to Neptune's court thou
 Revive thee with the thought of those forepassed
 hours, [lightful bowers
 When the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-
 On thy embroider'd banks, when now this country
 fill'd [till'd,
 With villages, and by the labouring ploughman
 Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar
 grew. [new,
 O let me yet the thought of those past times re-
 When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous
 wild,
 Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,
 In this their world of waste, the sovereign empire
 sway'd. [have decay'd
 O who would e'er have thought, that time could
 Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so massy
 weight, [height
 To press the solid earth, and with their wond'rous
 To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to
 shoot, [root,
 As they in measuring were of acres, and their
 With long and mighty spurrs to grapple with the
 land, [stand :
 As nature would have said, that they shall ever
 So that this place where now this Huntingdon is
 set,
 Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
 From that first took the name." By this the Muse
 arrives
 At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,
 Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,
 And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth
 song, [must now,
 In which she quite hath spent her vigour, and
 As workmen often use, a while sit down and blow ;
 And after this short pause, tho' less'ning of her
 height,
 Come in another key, yet not without delight.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

From furious fights invention comes,
 Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
 And in the Northamptonian bounds,
 Shows Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds.
 Then to mount Helidon doth go,
 (Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
 The surface which of England sings,
 And Nen down to the Washes brings ;
 Then wheras Welland makes her way,
 Shows Rockingham her rich array :
 A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
 Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

ON tow'rs the mid-lands now, th' industrious
 Muse doth make, [take
 The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth

As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which
 The husbandman by art, with compost doth en-
 rich, [about,
 This boasting of herself ; that walk her verge
 And view her well within, her breadth and length
 throughout : [best,
 The worst foot of her earth is equal with their
 With most abundant store, that highest think
 them blest. [doth win
 When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied Muse
 To talk with her a while ; at her first coming in,
 The forest thus that greets : " With more success-
 ful fate, [ruinous state
 Thrive then thy fellow-nymphs, whose sad and
 We every day behold, if any thing there be,
 That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
 'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce
 More underwood and brake, than oak for greater
 use : [bereft,
 But when this ravenous age, of those hath us
 Time wanting this our store shall seize what thee
 is left.

For what base avarice now enticeth men, to do,
 Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to ;
 Which each divining spirit most clearly doth fore-
 see." [to be,

Whilst at this speech perplex'd, the forest seem'd
 A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's
 side, [doth slide)
 (As tow'rs her sovereign Ouse, she softly down
 Tea, her delightful stream by Towcester doth
 lead ; [mead,
 And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty
 She hath not sallied far, but Sacy soon again
 Salutes her ; one much grac'd among the sylvan
 train : [oft

One whom the queen of shades, the bright Diana
 Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and
 soft,

On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
 And call'd her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and
 only chaste :

Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
 Till in the banks of Ouse the brook herself be-
 stow.

Where in those fertile fields, the Muse doth hap-
 to meet [street,

Upon that side which sits the west of Watling-
 With Helidon a hill¹, which though it be but
 small, [mountains call ;

Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our
 Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do
 flow,

That to three several seas, by their assistants go ;
 Of which the noblest Nen, to fair Northampton
 hies,

By Oundle sallying on, then Peterborough plies,
 Old Medhamsted² : where her the sea-maids en-
 tertain,

To lead her thro' the fen into the German main.

The second, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting
 Thames,

Is by his king convey'd into the Celtic streams³.
 Then Leame as least, the last, to midland Avon
 hastes,

Which stood again itself, into proud Severn casts :

¹ A hill not far from Daventry.

² The ancient name of Peterborough.

³ The French sea.

As on th' Iberian sea ⁴, herself great at Severn spend
So Leame the dower she hath, to that wide ocean
lands.

But Helidon wax'd proud, the happy sire to be
To so renowned floods, as these fore-named three,
Besides the hill of note, near England's midst that
stands, [hands,

Whence from his face, his back, or on his either
The land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length.
Wherefore this hill, to show his state and natural
strength,

The surface of this part, determineth to show,
Which we now England name, and through her
tracts to go. [height,

But being plain and poor, professeth not that
As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight.
But as the sundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,
Upon their several scites, as naturally to strain,
And wisheth that these floods, his tunes to entertain,
The air with halcyon calms, may wholly have pos-
sest, [rest.

As though the rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid to
Then on the worth'iest tract up tow'ards the mid-
day's Sun,

His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun :

" From where the kingly Thames his stomach
doth discharge, [large;

To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth en-
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
Altho' upon the coast the downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.

" Then Cornwall creepeth out into the western
main,

As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain :
Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,
Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous
breast. [land that fills,

" With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of
What landscape lies in vales, and often rising hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French and the Sabrinian
seas, [bays,

As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.

" From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn
oft surrounds,

The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds
With sundry sort of fruits, as well-grown grass
and corn,

That Somerset may say, her batt'ning moors do scorn
Our England's richest earth for burden should
them stain; [again,

And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream
The vale of Eusham lays her length so largely forth,
As though she meant to stretch herself into the
north,

Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and low,
Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.

" Hence somewhat south by east let us our
course incline,

And from these setting shores so merely maritime,
The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,
To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song ;
Whose prospects to the Muse their sundry scites
shall show, [flow,

Where she, from place to place, as free as air shall

Their superficies so exactly to descry,
Thro' Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Salisbury
Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a
train [tain

So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to con-
fess her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cots-
would vaunts, [daunts

And casts so stern a look about him, that he
The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.

" In Berkshire, and from thence into the orient
lies [her,

That most renowned vale of White-horse, and by
So Buckingham again doth Aylesbury prefer,
With any English earth, along upon whose pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her
a vale, [about,

The chalky Chilterne, runs with beeches crown'd
Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front
he shoot,

Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and surrounds with every little flow.

" So on into the east, upon the inland ground,
From where that chrystal Colne most properly
doth bound, [don sits,

Rough Chilterne, from the soil, wherein rich Lon-
As being fair and flat it naturally befits

Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Altho' the several shires, by sundry soils, do make
It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands

Her soil composed hath; so are th' Essexian lands,
Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,
Which London overlooks: but as she waxeth wide,
So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes
drowns,

And to enclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods
did prize; [rise,

Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse
roughly dashes [washes)

Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy
Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and
green,

Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within them
As nature in them strove to show variety. [lie,

" From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,
Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length doth
lay, [have

Which for her fatt'ning fens, her fish, and fowl, may
Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to outtrave
All other southern shires, whose head the washes
feels, [heels,

Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her
" Up tow'ards the navel then, of England from
her flank,

Which Lincolnshire we call, so levelled and lank,
Northampton, Rutland, then, and Huntingdon,
which three

Do show by their full soils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,
From Bever's batt'ning vale, along the banks of
Trent.

So on the other side, into the sea again,
Where Severn tow'ards the sea from Shrewsbury
doth strain,

⁴ The Spanish sea.

'Twixt which and Avon's banks, (where Arden's
when of old

Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,
In state and glory stood) now of three several shires,
The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth appears
That mighty forest's foot, of Worstershire a part,
Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was
the heart

[there,
Of Arden, that brave nymph, yet woody here and
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel
bear

[partake
A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth
In quality with those, as nature strove to make
Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they
lie,

Which likewise, in this tract, we here together tie.

"From these recited parts to th' north, more
high and bleak.

Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's several scite, in either's mighty waste,
A sterner lowring eye, that every way do cast
On their beholding hills, and countries round
about;

[throughout.
Whose soils, as of one shape, appearing clean
For Moreland, which with heath most naturally
doth bear,

Her winter livery still in summer seems to wear;
As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns
found,

And lead mines, that in her do naturally abound,
Her superfluities makes more terrible to show:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth
flow,

The high Salopian hills lift up their rising sails:
Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,
In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.

"Now tow'ards the Irish seas a little let us strike,
Where Cheshire (as her choice) with Lancashire
doth lie

Along th' unlevell'd shores; this former to the eye,
In her complexion shows black earth with gravel
mix'd,

A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that doth
breed:

As Lancashire no less excelling for her seed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts
abound;

As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,
With mosses, flets, and fells, she shows most wild
and rough,

[enough.
Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold
doth shove,

Light forest land is found, to where the floating
Don,

[won,
In making tow'ards the main, her Doncaster hath
Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile
extent,

[lent,
To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit
A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth: so
It incidently most variety doth show.

[fields,
Here stony sterile grounds, there wondrous fruitful
Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance
yields:

[and high,
Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous
But tow'ards the German sea the East more low
doth lie.

This isle hath not that earth of any kind elsewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomised here.

"Tow'ards those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea
again,

[contain
The rough Virgivan call'd, that tract which doth
Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland
excels,

[Fells,
For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness
Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which
do make

Her wild superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take
In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threat'ning
fronts do dare

[out-stare
Each other with their looks, as though they would
The starry eyes of Heaven, which to out-face they
stand.

"From these into the east, upon the other hand,
The bishopric, and fair Northumberland, do bear
To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north
elsewhere,

Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace
Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
By which this tract remains renown'd above the
rest:

[receives."
For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road
Yet Helidon not here his lov'd description leaves,

Tho' now his darling springs desir'd him to desist;
But say all what they can, he'll do but what he list.
As he the surface thus, so likewise will he show,
The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,
Which those unletter'd times, with blind devotion
lent,

Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent,
To show the Muse can shift her habit, and she now
Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plough;
And let the curious tax his clownry, with their skill
He reckns not, but goes on, and say they what they
will.

"Kent first in our account, doth to itself apply."
Quoth he, "this blazon's first, 'Long tails and liberty,'
Sussex with Surrey say, 'Then let us lead home
logs,'

[hogs.
As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term of
So Dorsetshire of long, they 'Dorsers' us'd to call.
Cornwal and Devonshire cry, 'We'll wrestle for a
fall.'

Then Somerset says, 'Set the bandog on the bull,'
And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, 'Weigh thy
wool.'

[the ball.
As Berkshire hath for hers, 'Let's to't, and toss
And Wiltshire will for her, 'Get home and pay
for all.'

[and beef,
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of 'Bread
Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a thief.'
So Hertford blazon'd is, 'The club, and clouted
shoon,'

[noon.
Thereto, 'I'll rise betime, and sleep again at
When Middlesex bids, 'Up to London let us go,
And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or
two.'

As Essex hath of old been named, 'Calves and
stiles,'

[Many wiles.
Fair Suffolk, 'Maids and milk,' and Norfolk,
So Cambridge hath been call'd, 'Hold nets, and
let us win,'

[thick and thin.
And Huntingdon, 'With stilts will stalk through

Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon,

‘Love,

Below the girdle all, but little else above.’

An outcry, Oxford makes, ‘The scholars have been here, [good cheer.]

And little though they pay’d, yet have they had Quoth warlike Warwickshire, ‘I’ll bind the sturdy bear.’ [the pear.]

Quoth Wor’stershire again, ‘And I will squirt Then Staffordshire bids, ‘Stay, and I will beat the fire,

And nothing will I ask, but goodwill, for my hire,’

‘Bean-belly’ Le’stershire her attribute doth bear, And ‘Bells and bag-pipes’ next, belong to Lincolnshire. [zon wan,

Of ‘Malt-horse,’ Bedfordshire long since the ‘bla-

And little Rutlandshire is termed ‘Raddlemann.’

To Derby is assign’d the name of ‘Wool and lead,’

As Nottingham’s, of old, (is common) ‘Ale and bread.’

So Hereford for her says, ‘Give me woof and warp,’

And Shropshire saith in her, ‘That shines be ever sharp;

Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,

And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.’ [men]

Old Cheshire is well known to be the ‘Chief of ‘Fair women’ doth belong to Lancashire again.

The lands that over Onse to Berwick forth do bear,

Have for their blazon had the ‘Snaffle, spur, and spear.’ [things to hear,

Now Nen, extremely griev’d those barbarous

By Helidon, her sire, that thus deliver’d were :

For as his eld’st, she was to passed ages known,

Whom by Aufona’s name the Romans did renown.

A word by them deriv’d of Avon, which of long

The Britons call’d her by, expressing in their tongue

The full and general name of waters; wherefore she [to be,

Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew

Least things so low and poor, and now quite out of

Should happily impair her dignity and state. [date,

Wherefore from him, her sire, immediately she

hastes;

And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts,

She falleth in her way with Weedon, where, ’tis

said,

Saint Werburg, princely born, a most religious maid,

From those peculiar fields, by prayer, the wild-

geese drove, [rove

Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth

Tow’rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was

Avon call’d,

Resum’d that happy name, as happily install’d

Upon her northern side⁷, where taking in a rill,

Her long impoverish’d banks more plenteously to

fill,

She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;

Where whilst her waters she with wondrous plea-

sure yields, [she takes,

To Wellingborough⁸ comes, whose fountains in

Which quickening her again, immediately she

makes

To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound

From Avondale, t’ express that river’s lowest

ground :

⁷ Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.

⁸ So called of his many wells or fountains.

To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way, Where Welland, hand in hand, goes on with her to sea; [brings,

When Rockingham, the Muse to her fair forest Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she [array’d,

sings.

“O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously

Of all the Dryades known, the most delicious maid,

With all delights adorn’d, that any way besem

A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem

A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers

The fawns and fairies make the longest days but

hours,

And joying in the soil, where thou assum’st thy seat, [await]

Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to

Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely

cleave,

Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty sleeve,

And thrumm’d so thick and deep, that the proud

palmed deer

Forsake the closer woods, and make their quiet leir

In beds of platted fog, so eas’ly there they sit.

A forest and a chase in every thing so fit

This island hardly hath, so near ally’d that be,

Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and

thee.”

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports

to ring, [spring,

The Muse by making on tow’rds Welland’s ominous

With Kelmash⁹ there is caught, for coursing of

the hare, [compare :

Which scorns that any place should with her plaius

Which in the proper terms the Muse doth thus re-

port: [the sport,

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to

The finder¹⁰ sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,

Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,

Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,

Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest,

ground, [in case

The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace;

The finder puts her up, and gives her coursers law.

And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw,

She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she

flew, [hounds view,

Forc’d by some yelping cute¹¹ to give the grey-

Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they

go, [coats¹²,

As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,

When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and

notes, [make ;

Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other

They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will

take,

What’s offer’d by the first, the other good doth

And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,

Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility :

A harden’d ridge or way, when if the hare do win,

Then, as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth

spin, [her,

That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach

This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch her

⁹ A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for coursing with greyhounds.

¹⁰ The hare-finder. ¹¹ A cur.

¹² When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.

To him that comes behind, which seems the hare
to bear;
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear:
Till oft, for want of breath, to fall to ground they
make her, [to take her
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath
Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things
attends, [ends.
And with my course at hare, my canto likewise

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fatal Welland from her springs;
This song to th' isle of Ely brings:
Our ancient English saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The rarities that Rutland shows,
Which with this canto she doth close.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us
led, [head
At Nasby¹ to the north, where from a second
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her course,
But, pliant Muse, proceed, with our new-handled
source,
Of whom, from ages past, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and re-
verence wan) [should see
That she alone should drown all Holland, and
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to be;
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long
enclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept
Of our religious saints, which though they long had
slept, [such fame
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had won
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,
It much her genius griev'd, to have them now
neglected,
Whose piety so much those zealous times respected.
Wherefore she with herself resolved, when that she
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd
to be,
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that town
Which he the great'st of saints doth by his name
renown,
She to his glorious fane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologe
would sing:
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the northward
side, [tains,
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her sus-
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,
Upon her bank by north, against this greater throng,
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,

¹ The fountain of Welland.

And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where she and Nen make show as though they
would embrace;
But only they salute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say:
"I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be
fraught
With miracles by them, but feigned to be wrought,
That they which did their lives so palpably belie,
To times have much impeach'd their holiness
thereby: [tures lay,
Though fools (I say) on them, such poor impos-
Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than
they, [tage got
Which think they have by this so great advan-
Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art
so pure, [dure;
The name of such a saint that no way canst en-
Know in respect of them to recompense that hate,
The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one
death and date:
From all vain worship too, and yet am I as free
As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.
Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despite,
I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight."
This spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,
When she of all her saints, now with that man
begins:
"The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,
(By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,
Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
For that most certain truth, opposing fire and
sword, [then.
By th' Britons murder'd here, so unbelieving
Next holy Joseph came, the mercifull'st of men,
The saviour of mankind in sepulchre that laid,
That to the Britons was th' apostle; in his aid
Saint Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both
which were [here:
His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics
All denizens of ours, to advance the Christian state,
At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.
When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian:
This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led,
(Our proto-martyr call'd) who, strongly disciplined
In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to appease:
His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;
So of that martyr nam'd (which Ver'lam was of
old). [taught,
A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had
Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,
Were slain where Litchfield is, whose name doth
rightly sound, [burying ground.
(There of those Christians slain) Dead-field, or
"Then for the Christian faith, two other here
that stood, [their blood:
And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with
Saint Julius, and with him St. Aaron, have their
room,
At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;
Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that
engag'd,
Saint Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,
At London, of that see, the godly bishop then
In that our infant church, so resolute was he.
A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,

Though it were after long, good Voadine, who re-
prop'd

Proud Vortiger, his king, unlawfully that lov'd
Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial
bed;

For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,
As he a martyr dy'd, is sainted with the rest.

The third saint of that see (though only he confess'd)
Was Guthelm, unto whom those times that re-
verence gave,

As he a place with them eternally shall have.

So Melior may they bring, the duke of Cornwall's
son, [done]

By his false brother's hands, to death who being
In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal lest time
should taint,

As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.

"Those godly Romans then (who as mine au-
thor saith) [tian faith]

Wan good king Lucius first t' embrace the Chris-
Fugatus, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance
here: [confess'd]

As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that
And that most lively faith by their good works
express'd)

Saint Eluan, with his pheere St. Midwin, who, to
win [they had been]

The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd
Converted to the faith their thousands, whose dear
grave, [have.]

That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial
"As they their sacred bones in Britain here
bestow'd,

So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad:
Marsellus, that just man, who having gathered in
The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had
By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan [been]
'This justly named saint, this never-wearied man,
Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of earthly
fear) [vere.]

By his courageous death, he much renown'd Tre-

"Then of our native saints, the first that dy'd
abroad;

Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,

In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those
paynims slew, [ensue]

When greater in their place, though not in faith,
Saint Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd
king, [ring]

Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glorious
To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,

His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.

As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
Here first the Christian church that did to peace
restore,

Whose ever-blessed birth (as by the power divine)
The Roman empire brought into the British line,
Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons'
glory.

So other here we have to furnish up our story,
Saint Melon, well-near when the British church
began,

(Even early in the reign of Rome's Valerian)

Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan
was call'd,

To preach unto the French, where soon he was in-
stall'd

Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is held
at Gaunt.

So others forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,
Saint Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both
allow'd

Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
Of Tawrac, and the last sat on the see of Dole:

Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop
made,

Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade

To keep the Christian faith: so Coluin gave we
thither, [ther.]

Who sainted being there, we set them here toge-

"As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd

Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd:

The finder of the cross queen Helena doth lead,

Who, tho' Rome set a crown on her imperial head,

Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely
here.

Emerita the next, king Lucius' sister dear,

Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;

Bright Ursula the third, who undertook to guide

Th' eleven thousand maids to little Britain sent,

By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:

Of which we find these four have been for saints
preferr'd,

(And with their leader still do live encalender'd)

Saint Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which

With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did
enrich [prest,

At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are ex-
shut,

And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the rest.

"But when it came to pass the Saxon powers had
put [shut]

The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Severn

The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had
alone, [gone]

With those that it receiv'd (from this now England)

Whose Cambro-britons so their saints as duly
brought, [wrought,

T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that
Their David, (one deriv'd of the royal British blood)

Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions
stood,

And turn'd Menenia's name to David's sacred see,

The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be:

With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both
which were [nockshire;

Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the name to Breck-

The first a martyr made, a confessor the other.

So Clintanck, Brecknock's prince, as from one self-
same mother,

A saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,

Whom for the Christian faith a pagan soldier slew.

"So bishops can she bring, of which her saints
shall be,

As Asaph, who first gave that name unto that see;

Of Bangor, and may boast St. David, which her
wan [lean,

Much reverence, and with these Owdoock and Te-

Both bishops of Landaff, and saints in their suc-
cession; [fession,

Two other following these, both in the same pro-

Saint Dubric, whose report old Carleon yet doth
carry,

And Elery, in Northwales, who built a monastery,

In which himself became the abbot, to his praise,

And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of his
days.

" But leaving these divin'd, to Decuman we
come, [martyrdom.
In Northwales who were crown'd with glorious
Justinian, as that man a sainted place deserv'd,
Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body starv'd:
And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
There, by his fellow monks, most cruelly was slain.
So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth
grace [brace
Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd writings we em-
The knowledge of those times; the fruits of whose
just pen, [men.
Shall live for ever fresh, with all truth-searching
" Then other, which for hers old Cambria doth
aver,

Saint Senan, and with him we set St. Deiferre,
Then Tather will we take, and Chyned to the rest,
With Baruk, who so much the isle of Bardsey blest
By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd,
And of all worldly care his zealous soul depriv'd.
Of these, some liv'd not long, some wondrous aged
were, [there.

But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and
O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest
prayers, [stairs
Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty
By which you went to Heaven; and God so clearly
saw, [draw

As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to
Your elevated souls, but once to look so low,
As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings
go. [these men?

What mind doth not admire the knowledge of
But, zealous Muse, return unto thy task again.

" These holy men at home, as here they were
bestow'd,

So Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy, king Gulick's son, of Northwales, who
had seen [had been
The sepulchre three times, and more, seven times
On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
The painful bishop made; by him so place we
here, [sent,

St. Macklove, from Northwales to little Britain
That people to convert, who resolutely bent,
Of Athelney in time the bishop there became
Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper
name.

So she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the best:
St. Keyne, prince Brechan's child, (a man so
highly blest,

That thirty born to him all saints accounted were.)
St. Inthwar so apart shall with these other bear,
Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain;
Then Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth re-
main, [name,

Whose fountain in Northwales entitled by her
For moss, and for the stones that be about the
same, [age,

Is sounded through this isle, and to this latter
Is of our Romists held their latest pilgrimage.

" But when the Saxons here so strongly did
reside,

And surely seated once, as owners to abide;
When nothing in the world to their desire was
wanting, [planting,

Except the Christian faith, for whose substantial
St. Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;
And coming through large France, arriving first
in Kent,

Converted to the faith king Eihelbert, till then
Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish
men,

And of their chiefest town, now Canterbury call'd,
The bishop first was made, and on that see install'd.
Four other, and with him for knowledge great in
name,

That in this mighty work of our conversion came,
Lawrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Ho-
norius, [laborious,

In this great Christian work, all which had been
To venerable age each coming in degree,
Succeded him again in Canterbury see,
As Peter born in France, with these and made our
own, [shown.

And Pauline whose great zeal was by his preaching
The first to abbot's state, wise Ansten did prefer,
And to the latter gave the see of Rochester;
All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they were,
For 'stablishing the faith, which was received here.
Few countries where our Christ had e'er been
preached then,

But sent into this isle some of their godly men.
From Persia led by zeal, so live this island sought,
And near our eastern fens a fit place finding,
taught [name derives,

The faith: which place from him alone the
And of that sainted man since called is St. Ives;
Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan.

" So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,
Who preach'd the Christian faith here nine and
thirty year,

An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,
That in our country two provincial synods call'd,
To reform the church that time with heresies en-
thrall'd.

So Denmark Henry sent to increase our holy store,
Who falling in from thence upon our northern
shore [Tyne,

In th' isle of Cochet² liv'd, near to the mouth of
In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,
That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
And three times in the week himself he silenced,
That in remembrance of this most abstemious
man,

Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,
By him to name their babes, which it so frequent
brings, [kings.

Which name hath honour'd been by many English
" So Burgundy to us three men most reverend
bare, [share,

Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their
Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon
reign,

Converted to the faith king Sigbert: him again
Eusueh Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,
And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many
win, [have

By Henry³ th' empress' son help hither, and to
Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.

" So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfrank
lent, [sent,

For whom into this land king William conqueror
And Canterbury's see to his wise charge assign'd.

" Nor France to these for her's was any whit
behind,

² An islet upon the coast of Scotland in the
German sea.

³ Henry II.

For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,
Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this
shore)

By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade
The Saxons to believe the true and quick'n'ing
word :

So after long again she likewise did afford,
St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,
A bishop once of her's, and in our conquest
known, [came,

When hither to that end their Norman William
Remigius then, whose mind, that work of ours of
fame,

Rich Lincoln minster shews, where be a bishop sat,
Which (it should seem) he built for men to wonder
at. [days,

So potent were the powers of churchmen in those
"Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who
cross'd the seas,

With Stephen earl of Blois his brother, after king,
In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,
He in those troublous times in preaching took such
pain,

As he by them was not canonized in vain.

"As other countries here their holy men be-
stow'd;

So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad,
And into neighbouring France our most religious
went,

St. Clare, that native was of Rochester in Kent,
At Volcasynne came vow'd the French instructing
there,

So early ere the truth amongst them did appear,
That more than half a god they thought that
reverend man. [wan,

Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation
For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led
"At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that being
dead, [dated)

And after threescore years (their latest period
His body taken up, was solemnly translated.
As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot
was, [pass

In his return from Rome, as he through France did
At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,
Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,
The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,
That holy man, whose heart was so with goodness
fill'd

As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
That academy now at Paris, whose foundation
Thro' all the Christian world hath so renown'd that
nation, [to do it,

As well declares his wealth, that had the power
As his most lively zeal, persuading him unto it.
As Simon call'd the saint of Bourdeaux, which so
wrought, [brought

By preaching there the truth, that happily he
The people of those parts from paganism, wherein
Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzzled been.
So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,
Amongst ours that in France dispersed here and
there, [born our own,

Præch'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who
In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,
Where reverenc'd he was long. St. Edmund so
again, [reign,

Who banished from hence in our third Henry's

There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where
before

St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,
Religious Lewis there interr'd with wondrous cost,
Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may
boast. [ours,

Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of
To little Britain sent, employing all his powers
To bring them to the faith, which he so well
effected,

That since he as a saint hath ever been respected.
"As these of ours in France, so had we those
did show

In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
Their faith: in Friezeland first St. Boniface our
best, [possest,

Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat
At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians'
slain,

Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.
So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom
went [tent;

Unto the self same place, as with the same in-
With Egeldon, a man as great with God as he;
As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
Both by Radbodius slain, who rul'd in Frisia then:
So in the sacred roll of our religious men,

In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lallus
read,

Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;
And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat sup-
ply'd,

So holy that him there, they halfy deify'd;
With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme,
holy men,

That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,
In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,
Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
Were at old-Seell enshrind, their obits yearly
kept:

Such as on them have had as many praises heap'd,
That in their lives the truth as constantly confess'd,
As th' other that their faith by martyrdom express'd.

"In Frise, as these of ours, their names did
famous leave, [Cleve;
Again so had we those as much renown'd in
St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which from
hence, [defence

To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's
Paw'd their religious lives, and as they went
together,

So one and self same place allotted was to either:
For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated
were,

St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.

"So Guelderland again shall our most holy
bring,

As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king
Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught
The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period
brought, [gave;

Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour
So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that
country tells.

What nation names a saint for virtue that excels
St. German, who for Christ his bishopric forsook,
And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,
From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,
Of our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal

His doctrine with his blood. In Belgia so abroad,
St. Wynock in like sort, his blessed time best w'd,
Whose relics Wormshaultt (yet) in Flanders hath
reserv'd. [ven] that starv'd:

"Of these, th' rebellious fish (to win them Hea-
St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
A soldier, and the French and German wars had
seen,

A hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
To whom good Arnulph, that most godly emperor
gave

Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage to
set, [wet,

Whose floor when with his tears he many a day had
He for the Christian faith upon the same was
slain:

So did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain
Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first ap-
prov'd,

But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd,
They to Westphalia went, and as they brothers
were, [there,

So they, the Christian faith together preaching
Th' old pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred
deep [doth keep.

To the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen still

"So Adler one of ours, by England set apart
For Germany, and sent that people to convert,
Of Erford bishop made, there also had his end.
St. Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall
lend, [see

Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to
The relics of the saints, supposed there to be,
Returning by the way of Germany, at last,
Preaching the Christian faith, as he through Cam-
bray pass'd, [hath:

The pagan people slew, whose relics Huncourt
These others so we had, which trod the self same
path

In Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd,
St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was
plac'd;

St. Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,
And Burchard English born, the man most great
of name, [rear'd

Of Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that
The monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd.

"So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
And seated him upon her see episcopal,
As two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are
brought; [taught:

Th' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons
At Over-Isell rests, the other did apply
The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd
The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
In their conversion there, which long time him
withstood.

St. Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal
blood,
And son to him whom we the elder Edward style,
Both court and country left, which he esteemed
vile, [led

Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayniard
A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.

"So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,
As well as these before, sent out into the east.
King Inas having done so great and wondrous
things, [kings,

As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry

Erecting beauteous fanes, and monuments so
fair,

As monarchs have not since been able to repair,
Of many that he built, the least, in time when
they [decay:

Have (by weak men's neglect) been fall'n into
This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profess'd,
In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-
ceas'd. [Kent,

As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of
When he his happy days religiously had spent;
And feeling the approach of his declining age,
Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,
Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life,
Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are
rife.

The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,
At fair Mount-fascon still the memory shall be
Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd;
Who sometime to the see of Hereford prefer'd;
Thence travelling to Rome, in his return bereft
His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.

"Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them
That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,
Some coming back thro' thee, and yielding up
their spirits,

On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved
merits.

O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
Tho' to our country's praise, yet to thy greater
glory,

Even to this day the shrines religiously dost keep,
Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth
sleep:

As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,
Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
Canonized her saint; so hast thou glorify'd
St. Gerard, one of ours, (above the former
grac'd)

In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;
At Sancto Padre so, St. Fulke hath ever fame,
Which from that reverend man 't should seem
deriv'd the name,

His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's shrine
Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
For miracles, that there by his strong faith were
wrought. [sought,

'Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that
And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls re-
sign'd,

Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
Until this present time, her patronizing saint.

"So countries more remote, with ours we did
acquaint,

As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,
And for the wondrous things that thro' his prayers
were done,

From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd,
For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to
this land:

St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,
Thro' all the Christian world accounted so divine,
That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,
Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,
(In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to be)
Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was dedi-
cated;

To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,
And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that place;
That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness
fill'd,

A saint amongst the rest deservedly be held.

"Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those
times

Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
They wander'd thro' the world, their countries that
forsook.

So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook
Those pagans wild and rude, of Gothia, to convert,
Who having labour'd long, with danger oft ingirt,
Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,
By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.

To Norway, and to those great north-east countries
far,

So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian war
With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites
that knew.

As Suethia to herself these men most reverend
drew,

St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,
Nor scarcely find we one converting there so many.
And Henry in those days of Oxsto bishop made,
The first that Swethen king, which ever did per-
suade, [sword,

On Finland to make war, to force them by the
When nothing else could serve to hear the power-
ful word; [nation;

With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barbarous
Who on the passion day, there preaching on the
passion, [pain,

T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking
By cruel paynims' hands was in the pulpit slain,
Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,
Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he
won. [parts,

So David drawn from hence into those farther
By preaching, who to pierce those paynims' har-
den'd hearts,

Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry
Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,
So others that were ours courageously pursu'd
The planting of the truth, in zeal three most pro-
found,

The relish of whose names by likeness of sound,
Both in their lives and deaths, a likeness might
show,

As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd
gladly were [patience there.

In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian
"Nor those from us that went, nor those that
hither came

From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,
Than those residing here on many a goodly see,
(Great bishops in account, now greater saints
that be)

Some such selected ones for piety and zeal, [veal,
As to the wretched world more clearly could re-
How much there might of God in mortal man be
In charitable works, or such as did abound, [found
Which by their good success in after times were
blest, [rest.

Were then related saints, as worthier than the

"Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
That first archbishop's see, on which there long
had been

So many men devout, as rais'd that church so
high,

Much reverence, and have won their holy hier-
archy: [flame

Of which he first that did with goodness so in-
The hearts of the devout (that from his proper
name) [to save

As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men
The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.

The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we
take, [make;

Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did
Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
Here by the Muse are plac'd, who spent both night
and day

By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good,
In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening
them that stood.

"Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn
That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents born,
Whose country Denmark was, but in East-England
dwelt)

He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd
long; [strong:

But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing
And as the Christian faith this holy man had
taught,

He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,
To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
There by his power confirm'd, and strongly credit
won, [done.

To many wondrous things which he before had
To whom when (as they say) the Devil once ap-
pear'd,

This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most
great.

As Egelnoth again much grac'd that sacred seat,
Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the
Good, [blood:

Not boasting of his birth, tho' come of royal
For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl
despis'd, [suffic'd,

With winning men to God, who never was
These men before express'd; so Eadsine next en-
sues,

To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;
In Harold's time who liv'd, when William con-
queror came,

For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame,
That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never
knew, [view.

Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his
This man with those before, most worthily related
Arch-saints, as in their sees archbishops con-
secrated. [much hery,

St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so
As to his christen'd name they added Canterbury;
There to whose sumptuous shrine the near succeed-
ing ages, [ages,

So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrim-
Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent
much breath,

And many questions made both of his life and
death:

If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,
Those times were much to blame, that have him
reckon'd so.

"Then these from York ensue, whose lives have
as much grac'd
That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:
St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will
bring, [king,
Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northumbrian
Expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
Then Boso next to him as meek and humble hearted,
As th' other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
And next him followeth John, who likewise bare the
name
Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
Whose vigils had by those devoutest times' bequests
The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.
So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall sainted were,
Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, living
there
The former to that see, from Worcester transferr'd,
Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:
The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,
And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dis-
pose, [train,
As William by descent come of the conqueror's
Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time ordain
Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth fall,
Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepiscopal.
"Next these arch-sees of ours, now London place
doth take, [did make.
Which had those, of whom time saints worthily
As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bi-hop Chad,
At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that
had)
Is sainted for that see amongst our reverend men,
From London tho' at length remov'd to Lestingen,
A monast'ry, which then he richly had begun.
Him Erkenwald ensues, th' East-English Ofa's son,
His father's kingly court who for a crosier fled,
Whose works such fame him won for holiness, that
dead, [see)
Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of that
Which with revenues large, and privileges he
Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so affected,
That he those abbies great, from his own power
erected [long.
At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking famous
So Roger hath a room in these our sainted throng,
Who by his words and works so taught the way to
Heaven,
As that great name to him sure was not vainly
given. [store
"With Winchester again proceed we, which shall
Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)
Of whom we yet have sung: as Heada there we
have,
Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
As teaching that the way to make men to live well,
Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel
Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I say,
Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,
As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,
Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we
Believe those former times, he well might sainted
be.
"So Frithstan for a saint incalendar'd we find,
With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man behind,

Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
To sit upon his see, who likewise dying there,
To Ethelbald again succeeding did appear,
The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.
These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth ensue;
Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath been
told,
That in a time of death his church's plate he sold,
Th' relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth
(quoth he)
May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.
With these before express'd, so Britwald forth she
brought,
By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that
wrought, [hearted;
That snob against the faith, that were most stony-
By his religious life, have lastly been converted.
This man, when as our kings so much decayed
were, [here,
As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extinguish'd
Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all doing
Heaven
The scepter of this land in after-times had given;
Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.
"So other southern sees, here chiter less or
more, [store,
Have likewise had their saints, tho' not alike in
Of Rochester we have St. Ithama, being then
In those first times, first of our native Englishmen
Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,
But singly sainted thus, we have of Chichester,
St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do
stand
Enroll'd amongst the rest of this our mix'd band,
Of whom such wondrous things, for truths deliver'd
are [far,
As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too
"And Cimbet, of a saint had the deserved right,
His yearly obits long, done in the isle of Wight,
A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see
It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
"Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory
shone,
And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,
Whose diocese that time contained Cornwall; these
Had as the rest their saints, deriv'd from their
sees: [the last
The first, her Adelm had, and Hamond, and
Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other pass'd;
That were it fit for us but to examine now
Those former times, these men for saints that did
allow, [well
And from our reading urge, that others might as
Related be for saints, as worthy every deal;
This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world
thereby,
And show it to be void of partiality,
That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd
here, [year.
But such whose lives by death had trial many a
"That see at Norwich now establish'd (long not
stir'd)
At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then transfer'd
Into our bedroll here, her Humbert in doth
bring,
(A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd king
St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then slain.
The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.

"So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,
Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,
Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town which
did subdue,

(O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew,
"So Wor'ster, (as those sees here sung by us be-
fore) [shore:

Hath likewise with her saints, renown'd our native
Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the
other, [mother,
Of whom she may be proud to say she was the
The church's champions both, for her that stoutly
stood. [less good.

"Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor
The first of whom is that most reverend bishop
In those religious times for holiness that had [Chad,
The name above the best that lived in those days,
That stories have been stuff with his abundant
praise ;

Who on the see of York being formerly install'd,
Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-
call'd,

The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
And to the quiet closs of Litchfield him confin'd.

So Sexulf after him, then Owen did supply,
Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.

"As Lincoln to the St. our Robert Grosted
lent,

A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more upright
ways [sperous days,

Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most pro-
Whose life, of that next age the justice well did
show, [know,

Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly
Had Innocent the Fourth the church's suffrage led,
This man could not at Rome have been canonized.

"Her sainted bishop John, so Ely adds to these,
Yet never any one of all our several sees [blest,
Northumberland, like thine, have to these times been
Which sent into this isle so many men profest,
Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's
style,

And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy-isle,
Was then a see before that Durham was so great,
And long ere Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.
Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found,
Northumberland, in thee, even whilst thou didst
abound [king,

With paganism, which them thy Oswin, that good
His people to convert, did in from Scotland bring:
As Etta likewise her's, from Malrose that arose,
Being abbot of that place, whom the Northumbers
chose

The bishopric of Ferne, and Hagustald to hold.
And Cuthbert, of whose life such miracles are told,
As story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the
strain, [must swerve,

To whom since they belong, I from them here
And till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
Proceeding with the rest that on those sees have
shone,

As Edbert after these, born naturally our own.
The next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-
ceed, [homely reed,

His church then built of wood, and thatch'd with
He build'd up of stone, and cover'd fair with lead,
Who in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried, being
dead,

As his sad people he at his departing will'd.
So Higbald after him a saint is likewise held,
Who when his proper see, as all the northern shore,
Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd the
more,

But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
His clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er he
came.

"And Alwyn, who the church at Durham now
begun, [ran
Which place before that time was strangely over-
With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately
ear'd,

Where he that goodly fane to after ages rear'd,
And thither his late seat from Lindisferne⁴ trans-
lated, [crated,

Which his cathedral church by him was conse-
"So Acca we account 'mongst those which have
been call'd [stald,

The saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-
Of which he bishop was, in that good age respected,
In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
Which since would seem to show the bishops as
they came: [do name,

Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolph
At Durham by some men supposed to reside
More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
The first which rul'd that see, which Beauclerk⁵
did prefer,

Much gracing him, who was his only confessor.
Nor were they bishops thus related saints alone ;
Northumberland, but thou (besides) bast many a
one,

Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
Canonized as well as thy great mitred men :
Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these,
Whose abbeyes touch'd the walls of thy two an-
cient seas.

"Thy Roysil, (in his time the tutelage that had
Of Cuthbert, that great saint, whose hopes then
but a lad,

Express'd in ripper years how greatly he might merit)
The man who had from God a prophesying spirit,
Foretelling many things ; and growing to be old,
His very hour of death was by an angel told.

At Malroys this good man his sainting well did earn,
Saint Oswald his again at holy Lindisferne,
With Ivo, a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert likewise
there

His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith) .
So great opinion had of Cuthbert and his faith,
That at one time and place, he with that holy man
Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he wan.

"Our venerable Bede so forth that country
brought,

And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to understand, impartially which, he
Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
Things left so far behind before us still may read,
'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St. Bede.

"A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are
brought, [ing nought.

Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world respect-
Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern, (now Holy-isle)
Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English
mile,

⁴ An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German
ocean, since that called Holy-island.

⁵ Henry I.

Sat in his reverent cell, as, Godfick, thou canst show,
His head and beard as white as swan or driven snow,
At Finchall threescore years, a hermit's life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did Alrick tread,
Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage,
Of Wilgusse, so in thee, Northumberland, we tell,
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boast'st to be of thy most royal strain)

That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemain,
In verse his legend writ, who of our holy-men,
He him the subject chose for his most learned pen.
So Oswyn, one of thy dear country, thou canst show,

To whom, as for the rest for him, we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave,

Whose reliques that great house of Lesting long
To cinders till it sunk : so Benedict by thee,
We have amongst the rest, for saints that reckon'd be,

Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron buried
In that most goodly church, which he himself did rear.

Saint Thomas so to us, Northumberland, thou
Whom up into the south, thou from his country sent'st;

For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
Who since that of his name so many saints there are,

This man from others more, that times might understand,
They to his christen'd name added Northumberland.

"Nor in one country thus our saints confined were,

But through this famous isle dispersed here and
As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,
At Knaresborough most known, whereas he long before

His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as he,
(If credit to those times attributed may be)
Saint Richard with the rest deserving well a room,
Which in that country once, at Hampool, had a tomb.

Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,
The abbot, who to all posterity did leave
The fruits of his stay'd faith, delivered by his pen.
Not of the least desert amongst our boldest men,
One Eusac then we had, but where his life he led,
That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,
And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.

"Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster
so nam'd,

And by that title known, in power and goodness
And meriting as well his sainting, as his seat.

So have we found three Johns, of sundry places here,

Of which (three reverend men) two famous abbots
The first Saint Alban's show'd, the second Lewes had,

Another godly John, we to these former add,
To make them up a trine, (the name of saints that won)

Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Burlington.

"So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest
With the title of a saint, whose ashes long did rest
At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a day;
But of the place he held, books diversely dare say,

As they of Gilbert do, who founded these divines,
Monasticks all that were, of him nam'd Gilbertines:

To which his order here, he thirteen houses built,
When that most thankful time, to show he had not spilt

His wealth on it in vain, a saint hath made him here,
At Sempringham enshrin'd, a town of Lincolnshire.

"Of sainted hermits then, a company we have,
To whom devouter times this veneration gave:

As Gwir in Cornwall kept his solitary cage,
And Neoth, by Hunstock there, his holy hermitage,
As Gutlake, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier long,

Detesting the rude spoils, done by the armed throng,
The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook,
And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
Free from all public crowds; in that low fenny ground.

As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:

Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,

Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.

An hermit Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,

A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,

Time after built a town, where this good man did live,

And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.

These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,

But true professors were of poverty and prayer.

"Amongst these men which times have honour'd
with the style

Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,
Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their blood

That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them
As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his seat,

Tho' in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his neat,
And leaving that his charge, he left the world

withal,
An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd wall,

Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his breath,
But was too soon (alas!) by pagans put to death.

Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman slain

At Eusham, for that he did zealously maintain
The verity of Christ. As Thomas, whom we call

Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr there withal;
For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did with-

stand, [on land,
From ransacking the church, when here they put

By them was done to death, which rather he did
choose, [abuse.

Than see their heathen hands those holy things
"Two boys of tender age, those elder saints ensue,

Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious that abide)

In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd.
Those times would every one should their due ho-

nour have,
His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave.

"So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulfrik
hath

Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,
That sundry ages since, his cell have sought to find,

At Hasselburg, who had his obits him assign'd.

"So had we many kings most holy here at home,
As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that

room:
Northumberland, thy seat with saints did us supply
Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy

Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands en-
thrall'd, [call'd,

Whom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn
Without all mercy slew : but he alone not dy'd
By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet be-
side,

Just Oswald likewise slew, at Oswaldstree, who gave
That name unto that place, as though time meant
to save

His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian kings,
With those that martyrs were, so forth that coun-
try brings

Th' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to enste,
Whom Osway, that brute king of wild Bernitia
slew : [remain'd

Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northumberland
In greatness, were within her larger bounds con-
tain'd ;

This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
As Alkmund one of her's for sanctity renown'd,
King Alfred's christen'd son, a most religious
prince,

Whom, when the heathenish here by no means
could convince,

(Their paganism apace declining to the wane)
At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly fane,
Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Chris-
tians laid. [weigh'd]

What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but rightly
You pious princes then, in godliness so great ;
Why should not full-mouth'd Fame your praises
oft repeat ?

So Ethelwolph, her king, Northumbria notes again,
In martyrdom the next, tho' not the next in reign,
Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did deface
The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to
embrace [spread.

The lively quick'ning faith, which then began to
So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred :
There other holy kings were likewise, who confess'd,
Which those most zealous times have sainted with
the rest : [hold,

King Alfred, that his Christ he might more surely
Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became
encow'd,

At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been king.
So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
To Oswolph, his next heir, his kingdom that re-
sign'd,

And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools
adore :

So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with
the name.

" Nor those Northumbrian kings the only mar-
tyrs were, [bear,
That in this sevenfold rule the sceptres once did
But that the Mercian reign, which pagan princes
long

Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
To the true Christian faith much reverence which
did add

Our martyrologe to help : so happily she had
Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
They had t' embrace the faith, by their most cruel
sire

Were without pity slain, long ere to manhood
grown, [Stone*.

Whose tender bodies had their burying rites at
So Kenelm, that the king of Mercia should have
been,

Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing
old, [bold,

That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would
So long it was ere truth could paganism expel.

" Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times long
did tell

Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
An hermit's life in Wales, where long he did re-
main

In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe
The Christian faith here found : so Ethelred shall
go [confess'd,

With these our martyr'd saints, though only he
Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly bless'd
Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour went,

" Nor our West-saxon reign was any whit behind
Those of the other rules, (their best) whose zeal
we find [safeliest kept ;

Amongst those sainted kings, whose fames are
As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times
have heap'd,

That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd,
Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have
spurn'd,

To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
And in the Christian faith there humbly was hap-
tiz'd. [seat,

So Ethelwolph, who sat on Cedwal's ancient
For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
Two other kings as much our martyrologe may
sted, [red,

Saint Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethel-
By Alfreda, the first, his stepmother, was slain,
That her most loved son, young Ethelbert, might
reign :

The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly
bane ; [inter,

Both which, with wondrous cost, the English did
At Wynburn this first saint, the last at Winchester,
Where that West-saxon prince, good Alfred, buried
was

Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to pass.

" Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon
strain [tain

More studious in those times, or stoutlier did main-
The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the
east, [invest

Their near'st and dear'st allies which strongly did
The island⁷ with their name, of whose most holy
kings,

Which justly have deserv'd their high canonizings,
Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had
crown'd,

And Edmund, in his end, so wondrously renown'd,

* A town in Staffordshire.

⁷ A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to
England, of Angles'-land.

For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-
drowning Dane, [that fane,
To whom those times first built that city^s and
Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory show,
When she will have the world of her past greatness
know.

As Ethelbert again, allur'd with the report
Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian
court, [reign'd;
From the East-angles went, whilst mighty Offa
Wherefore he christen'd was, and christian-like
abstain'd [queen,
To idolatrise with them; fierce Quenred, Offa's
Most treacherously him slew, out of th' inveterate
spleen

She bare unto the faith; whom we a saint adore.
So Edwald, brother to St. Edmund, sung before,
A confessor we call, whom past times did inter
At Dorchester by Thame, (now in our calendar).

"Amongst those kingdoms here, so Kent account
shall yield [field,
Of three of her best blood, who, in this Christian
Were mighty, of the which, king Ethelbert shall
stand [land,

The first; who having brought St. Augustine to
Himself first christen'd was, by whose example then
The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentish-
men.

As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
To Edwald, king of Kent, who natural nephews
were, [places high,
For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them
Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at
Wye.

To these two brothers, so two others come again,
And as of great descent in the South-saxon strain:
Arwaldi of one name, whom, ere king Cedwal knew
The true and lively faith, he tyrannously slew:
Who still amongst the saints have their deserved
right, [Wight.

Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the isle of
Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
As of th' East Saxon line, king Sebba so became
A most religious monk, at London, where he led
A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
That king, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
And with our holiest saints for his endowments
great, [wise seat

Bestow'd upon the church. With him we like-
That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward, from
the rest

Of that renowned name, by confessor express'd.

"To these our sainted kings, remember'd in our
song, [belong,
Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily
Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same
style, [isle,
For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our
As those that forth to France and Germany we
gave,
For holy charges there; but here first let us have
Our maid-made saints at home, as Hilderlie; with/
her [aver,
We Theorid think most fit, for whom those times
A virgin, strictlier vow'd, hath hardly lived here.
Saint Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Bark-
ing were,

^s Saint Edmundsbury.

And reckon'd for the best, which most that house
did grace, [place.
The last of which was long the abbess of that
So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that had
been

A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late
A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:
Of which good Audry was king Ina's daughter
bright,

Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light,
As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,
The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reveal
The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,
By which those eastern shires their privileges^s
have.

Of holy Audrie's too, a sister here we have,
Saint Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave,
At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she
kept, [bewept.

Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was
"And in that isle again, which be- th Ely's
name,

At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became
Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfred is enroll'd,
The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,
A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbess long,
So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among.
With Milburg, Mildred comes, and Milwid, daugh-
ters dear

To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre bear.
At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious maid)
Of which great abbey she the first foundation laid:
And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth
herey

Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.

"Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass
Saint Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter
was [king;

To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd
Who in this place most fit't we with the former
bring,

Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.

"King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may
have [worth gave

With these our maiden-saints, who to her Powls-
Immunities most large, and goodly livings lay'd.
Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
Had founded in that place, with most devout in-
tent. [of Kent,

As Eanswine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings
At Folkstone found a place (given by her father
there)

In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.

"Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several
kings,

Four holy virgins more the Muse in order brings:
Saint Ethelgive, the child to Alfred, which we find
Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury enshrin'd.
Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times did
sway

On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,
As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their
beads. [we here

Saint Cuthburg; and with her St. Quinburg, which
Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,

^s St. Audrie's Liberties.

And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather,
Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their
father,

Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints was
blest,

As after shall be show'd: another virgin vow'd,
And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;
To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburg, who-
for she

(As five related saints of that blest name that be)
Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton styl'd:
Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
Or sanctimonious known? But, Muse, on in our
song, [that sprung

With other princely maids, but first with those
From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy
Tweed,

And Kinisred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
And Eadburg, last, not least, at Godmanchester all
Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,
In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
Amongst which of that house, for saints that
reckon'd be, [she.

Yet never any one more grac'd the same than
Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfed then,
Neice to that mighty king, our English Athelstan,
At Glastenbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,
Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd
to see [known)

The Conqueror enter here, St. Christian, (to us
Whose life by her clear name divinely was fore-
shown.

"For holiness of life, that as renowned were,
And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we here;
Saint Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble
name,

At Strenshalt, took her vow; the other sister came
To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian shore:
Whose relicts many a day the world did there
adore.

And of our sainted maids, the number to supply,
Of Eadburg we allow, sometime at Ailesbury,
To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles born,
A vot'ress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our native
isle, [style

As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did en-
The holiest English maid, whose vigils long were
held

In Lincolnshire; yet not St. Frideswid excell'd,
The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind
The wonder; nor that place could hope the like
to find.

Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'plete,
And worthily made saints; the elder Margarete,
Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,
Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed
At Abington, which first receiv'd their living breath.
Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as
full of faith,

That country sent us in, t' increase our virgin-band,
Fair Elfed, Oswald's child, king of Northumberland,
At Strenshalt that was veil'd. As 'mongst those
many there, [wear,

O Ebba, whose clear fame, time never shall out-
At Coldingham, far hence within that country
plac'd;

The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,

Which else thou fear'st the Danes would ravish,
which possess'd

This isle; first of thyself and then of all the rest,
The nose and upper lip from your fair faces carv'd,
And from pollution so your hallow'd house pre-
serv'd. [deluded,

Which when the Danes perceiv'd, their hopes so far
Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom con-
cluded.

As Leofron, whose faith with others rightly weigh'd,
Shall show her not out-mach'd by any English
maid:

Who likewise when the Dane with persecution
storm'd,

She here a martyr's part most gloriously perform'd.
Two holy maids again at Whitby were renown'd,
Both abbesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
St. Ethelfrid, with her St. Congill, as a pair
Of abbesses therein, the one of which by prayer
The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which
annoy'd, [destroy'd,

By which their grass and grain was many times
Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air can
get

From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.

"As these within this isle in cloisters were
enclos'd:

So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our
own, [known:

Were abbesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France was
And Ercongrate again we likewise thither sent,
(Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of
Kent)

A prioress of that place; Burgundosa bare
At Euxaux the chaste rule; all which renowned are
in France, which as this isle of them may freely
boast. [native coast.

"So Germany some grac'd, from this their
St. Walburg here extract from th' royal English
line,

Was in that country made abbess of Heydentine.
St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:
From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire)
arose

Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.

From thence, two not the least these sacred maids
among,

At Biscopsen, by time encloister'd and became.
St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name

For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin wan,
Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest
man.

Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,
But widow'd queens as well, that being godly wise,
Forsaking second beds, the world with them for-
sook,

To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook
To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.

As when the fates of life king Ethelwold depriv'd,
That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heriswid
his wife,

Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,

Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy veil,
And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.

Then Keneburg in this our sainted front shall stand,
To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumberland,

Daughter to Penda, king of Mercia, who though he
Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age
to see

Four virgins, and this queen, his children, consecrated
Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.

"As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth us store,

Of the Northumbrian line so have we many more ;
Saint Eaufled, widow'd left, by Osway reigning there,

At Strenshalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the pheere
To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possess'd
Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave her breath.

So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
Which had the self-same rule, of Wilton abbess was,
Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall likewise pass,

Which in the self-same house, saint Edeth did succeed,

Saint Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd
King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westsex ; so again
Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his reign)

Then Fadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mother
To two most holy maids, as we before have show'd,
At Wilton (which we say) their happy time bestow'd,

Tho' she of Barking was, a holy nun profess'd,
Who in her husband's time had reigned in the west :
'Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
As Sexburg, sometime queen to Ercombert of Kent,

Tho' Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister known,
Which Ely in those days did for her abbess own.
Nor to St. Osith we less honour ought to give,
King Sethred's widow'd queen, who (when death did deprive

'Th' Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at Chich,
Whose shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.

Two holy Mercian queens so widow'd, saints before sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
King Wulphere's widowed pheere, queen Ermineld, whose life

At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife
To Mermalde reigning there, a saint may safely pass,
Who to three virgin-saints the virtuous mother was,
The remnant of her days, religiously that bare,
Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd the air.

King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint preferr'd,
Queen Agyve, who (they say) at Shipston was interr'd.

So Edward Outlaw's wife, saint Agatha, we bring,
By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king ;
Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar, her dear son,

By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror
Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
A vestal habit took, and gave the false world over.
Saint Maud here not the least, though she be set the last,

And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm, king of Scots,

Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster fled,

And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's

Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages chose,

With whom we at this time our catalogue will
Now Rutland all this time, who held her highly wrong'd

That she should for the saints thus strangely be pro-
As that the Muse such time upon their praise should spend,

Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to attend
At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly overtake,

Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much
For that she was alone the darling and delight

Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be :

Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st shire should see,

The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,

The ever-labouring Muse her beauties thus express'd.

"Love not thyself the less, altho' the least thou
What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth impart

In goodness of thy soil ; and more delicious mould,
Surveying all this isle, the Sun did ne'er behold.

Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare,

But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall
What forest nymph is found, how brave soe'er she be,

But Lyfield shows herself as brave a nymph as she ?
What river ever rose from bank, or swelling rill,

Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater hill ?
Small shire that can produce to thy proportion good,

One vale of special name, one forest, and one
O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and corn,

That Bever ne'er be said thy sisterhood to scorn,
And let thy Oclam boast, to have no little grace,

That her the pleased fates, did in thy bosom place,
And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,
That every forest nymph may praise the sports in thee.

And down to Welland's course, O Wash, run ever
To honour, and to be much honoured by this shire."

And here my canto ends, which kept the Muse
That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tow'rd's Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the fen ;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light we last of all,
Her scite and pleasures to attend,
And with the isle of Axholme end.

Now in upon thy earth, rich Lincolnshire, I strain,
At Deeping, from whose street, the plenteous
ditches drain,

Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do
fall
Together in their course, themselves as emptying
all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern
side [lands,
Th' inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolkcan.
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet
drifted stands, [stay,
Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her
Because to that fair part, a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of
late

Trod with a steady foot, now with a slower gait,
Through quicksands, beach, and guze, the Washes
she must wade,

Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallow-
ing waves, [saves,
From whose impetuous force, that who himself not
By swift and sudden flight, is swallow'd by the
deep, [sweep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide Heaven
before,

And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the
Low, [show

Where Crowland's ruins yet, (tho' almost buried)
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more christian,
She, by the Muse's aid, shall happily reveal [zeal
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance she
Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be
The mistress, and (indeed) to sit without compare,
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth
proceed :

"Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,
Both that which lies within the goodly territory
Of Naples, as that fen Thesposia's earth upon,
Whence that infernal flood, the smutt'd Acheron
Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal
fen,

Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,
In history altho' thou highly seem'st to boast,
That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman host.
I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria shows,
Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,
Or Scythia, on whose face the Sun doth hardly
shine, [mine

Should her Meotis think to match with this of
That cover'd all with snow continually doth stand.
I stinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.
Mareica¹ that wise nymph, to whom great Nep-
tune gave [to save,

The charge of all his shores, from drowning them
Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,
And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the
rest : [peat²,

In summer giving earth from which I square my
And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and
neat.

My various flocks for fowl, O who is he can tell,
The species that in me for multitudes excel !

¹ A nymph supposed to have the charge of the
shore.

² Fuel cut out of the marsh.

The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only
sport,

(Of river-fights the chief, so that all other sort,
They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound,
That you would think they sat upon the very
ground, [quite,

Their numbers being so great, the waters covering
That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with their
flight ; [secure,

Yet still the dangerous dykes, from shot do them
Where they from flash to flash, like the full epicure
Waft, as they lov'd to change their diet every
meal ;

And near to them you see the lesser dabbling teal
In bunches³, with the first that fly from mere to
mere,

As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.
The gossander with them, my goodly fens do show
His head as ebony black, the rest as white as snow,
With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye, the
smeath, [beneath ;

And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds
The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness it
doth bear

Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth wear
Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.

The water-woosell next, all over black as jet,
With various colours, black, green, blue, red,
russet, white,

Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes
they be. [see,

The diving dobchick, here amongst the rest you
Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,
Whether under water most it liveth, or above :
With which last little fowl, (that water may not
lack ; [the brack⁴)

More than the dobchick doth, and more doth love
The puffin we compare, which coming to the dish,
Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.

"But wherefore should I stand upon such toys
as these, [please.

That have so goodly fowls, the wand'ring eye to
Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or milk,
(In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan, the
like,

Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his breath,
(As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)

But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roar,
Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arched
throat, [brim,

And towards this wat'ry kind, about the flashes
Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.

There stalks the stately crane, as tho' he march'd
in war, [car)

By him that hath the hern, which (by the fishy
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush
and reed, [feed :

Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often
And under them again, (that water never take,
But by some ditches' side, or little shallow lake
Lie dabbling night and day) the palate-pleasing
snite, [delight

The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that
Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,
In which these little fowls in summer's time were
bred.

³ The word in falconry for a company of teal.

⁴ Salt-water.

The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hollow
bill,

A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth
fill [bull did roar;

The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a
But scarcely have I yet recited half my store:

And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese come I
then, [fen,

Which look as though alone they peopled all the
Which here in winter time, when all is overflow'd,

And want of solid sward enforceth them abroad,
Th' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do

yield,
That almost through the isle, do pester every field.
The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er they

breed,
On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
Continually they come, and chief abode do make,

And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:
Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine own,

Whose like, I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly known.
For sure, unless in me, no one yet ever saw

The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they draw:
From which to many a one, much profit doth

accrue. [sue;
"Now such as flying feed, next these I must pur-

The sea-mew, sea-pye, gull, and curlew, here do
keep,

As searching every shoal, and watching every deep,
To find their floating fry, with their sharp-piercing

sight, [height.
Which suddenly they take, by stooping from their

The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring
kind)

Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find
The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his wings

at full,
As though he shot himself into the thicken'd skull,
He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,

Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth
choose

The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.
The osprey oft here seen, though seldom here it

breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)

Turning their bellies up, as though their death they
saw,

They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'ous maw.
"The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net:

The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth

stalk;
Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk:

There other with their spades, the peats are squar-
ing out,

And others from their cars, are busily about,
To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover

That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit, [fit,
Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be

stor'd,
Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford:

And for that part of me, which men high Holland
call, [fall,

Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's
I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field

Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
For that of all the seas environing this isle,

Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them
enstyle,

The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
That do upon the same with most advantage lie.

What fish can any shore, or British sea-town,
show,

That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
Abundantly thereon? the herring, king of sea,

The faster-feeding cod, the mackrel brought by
May, [blood;

The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their
The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest food;

The whiting known to all, a general wholesome
dish;

The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty fish;
The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and

strong;
The thornback, and the skate, provocative among:

The weaver, which although his prickles venom be,
By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see:

Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;
The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad;

The sturgeon cut to kegs, (too big to handle
whole)

Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jowl.
Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly chat,

Think not that all betwixt the wherpool, and the
sprat,

I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
Theatomy to tell, or to cast up the sand; [are,

But on the English coast, those most that usual
Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us for

fare;
Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am in,

I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale and
fin: [doth ask,

"The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that
The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus' task,

Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
And that, the same effect which worketh in the

blood, [limb'd:
The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster

The oyster hot as they, the mussel often trimm'd
With orient pearl within, a thereby Nature show'd,

That she some secret good had on that shell be-
stow'd:

The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and limp,
The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle, and the shrimp,

For wanton women's tastes or for weak stomachs
bought." [thought,

When Kestiven this while that certainly had
Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she, "O

how I hate, [prate,
Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude Holland

That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a
coil, [soil,

As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome
For these of which she boasts, the more might

suffer'd be; [to me,
When those her feather'd flocks she sends not out

Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little
brook,

(In which the Sun itself may well be proud to look)
Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined

food, [mud,
From that so rammish taste of her most fulsome

When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen
brings, [things.

The cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury
Besides, what is she else, but a foul woosy marsh,

And that she calls her grass, so blady is, and
harsh,

As cuts the cattle's mouths, constrain'd thereon
to feed, [reed,

So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush and
For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
Doth like the penny grass, or the pure clover show,
Compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,
Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with
store,

Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,
Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than
bestow. [Lincoln strains,

"From Stamford as along my tract toward
What shire is there can show more valuable veins
Of soil than is in me? or where can there be found
So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near so
sound? [breath?

Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter
What country can produce a delicater heath,
Than that which her fair name from Ancaster^b doth
hold? [shall still be told,

Through all the neighbouring shires, whose praise
Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth
adorn,

That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit high,
Yet doth she not alone, allure the wond'ring eye
With prospect from each part, but that her
pleasant ground [and bound:

Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd horse
And from the Britons yet, to show what then I was,
One of the Roman ways near through my midst
did pass: [mould

Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my
Their painted pavements found, and arms of per-
fect gold. [did dwell,

They near the Saxons' reign, that in this tract
All other of this isle, for that they would excel
For churches every where, so rich and goodly
rear'd

In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the
rest, [best,

In which it may be thought, they strove to do their
Of pleasant Grantham is, that pyramis so high,
Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top the sky,
The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to
gaze." [laid,

When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear had
To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was the
earth [birth,

From whom she only had her sweet and season'd
From Wytham^a which that name derived from her
springs,

Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings:
"Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er
you run, [day Sun:

Or tow'rd's the pleasant rise, or tow'rd's the mid-
By which (as some suppose by use that have them
try'd)

Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.
Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
When Neptune shall command the Naiades t' ap-
pear.

^a Ancaster heath.

^b A town so called.

In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without compare.

"From Wytham, mine own town, first water'd
with my source,

As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
Whose swains in shepherds' gray, and girls in
Lincoln⁷ green? [pipes ply,

Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bag-
Dance many a merry round; and many a hydeg-
I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.

"No land floods can me force to over-proud a
height; [straight:

Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too
My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too
broad, [strow'd;

My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are
My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers are
dress'd, [breast"

The higher rising heaths hold distance with my
Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she bare;
"Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare."

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty
scite, [delight

Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful
Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leaving her former course, in which she first set
forth,

Which seem'd to have been directly to the north:
She runs her silver front into the muddy fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey,
when [down,

Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming
Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botolph's⁸ town,
Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's wat'ry
court."

Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talk; when lastly she replies:

"Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states
defies. [south,

Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my
As likewise to the north great Humber's swelling
mouth

Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely lie:
O who can me the best, before them both deny?
Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract can
show,

Whose shore like to the back of a well-bended bow,
The ocean beareth out, and every where so thick,
The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,
That it is very hard for any to define,

Whether upland most I be, or most am maritime.
What is there that complete can any country make,
That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not pat-
take, [pleasant hills,

As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and
All water'd, here and there, with pretty creeping
rills, [can

Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what
Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
As Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,
My Ancut, (only mine) whose fame as far doth fly,

⁷ Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of
England.

⁸ Botolph's town, contractedly Boston.

For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her pike⁹,
Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not
the like. [arrive,

From Razin her clear springs, where first she doth
As in an even course, to Humber forth doth drive,
Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite out-
braves [sternest waves.

Rough Humber, when he strives to show his
"Now for my bounds¹⁰ to speak, few tracts (I
think) there be,

(And search through all this isle) to parallel with
me: [before]

Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said
From whom (even) all along, upon the eastern
shore,

The German ocean lies; and on my southern side,
Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth divide
From Holland; and from thence the Fosdyke is my
bound, [found,

Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where he
Commodities by Trent, from Humber to convey:
So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
Toward me on the west, though farther I extend,
And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend
Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do
enstyle) [isle.

Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make an
"But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I
boast, [most,

When that which Holland seems to vaunt her on the
By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth
breed,

She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,
That physic oft forbids the patient them for food,
But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits and
blood:

For near this batt'ning isle in me is to be seen,
More than on any earth, the plover gray, and
green, [bits,

The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our
The rail, which seldom comes, but upon rich
men's spits:

The puct, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,
The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure:
The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
Of that great king of Danes, his name that still
doth hold,

His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,
For him (as some have said) from Denmark hither
brought

The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,
Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more
can wish;

For as you creep, or cowl, or lie, or stoop, or go,
So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth do,
And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
Till he be in the snare, which men for him have
set. [size,

The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears that
That he against the wind must run, e'er he can
rise: [wings,

The shoulder, which so shakes the air with sailly
That ever as he flies, you still would think he sings.
These fowls, with other soils, although they fre-
quent be,

Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me."

⁹ Wytham eel, and Ancum pike, in all the
world there is none syke.

¹⁰ The bounds of Kestiven.

Thus whilst she seems t¹ extol in her peculiar
praise, [pitch'd lays
The Muse which seem'd too slack, in these too low-
For nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and
casts

A new book to begin, an end of this she hastes.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Three shires at once this song assays,
By various and unusual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin,
Tow'rd Le'ster then her course she holds,
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,
Then shows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood;
Then rouses up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her speak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now scarcely on this tract the Muse had entrance
made,

Inclining to the south, but Bever's batt'ning slade
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too
long [sung.

Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she
"Three shires¹ there are" (quoth she) "in me
their parts that claim, [Nottingham.
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye
But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,
To that my most lov'd shire myself I must apply.

"Not Eusham that proud nymph, although she
still pretend [send
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she
Her awful dread command, that all should tribute
pay [her clay

To her as our great queen; nor White-horse, though
Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Alsbury, whose grass seems given out by tale,
For it so silken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howsoever inclin'd,
Me Bever² shall outbrave, that in my state do
scorn,

By any of them all (once) to be overborne,
With theirs, do but compare the country where I
lie, [eye.

My Hill, and Oulds will say, they are the island's
Consider next my scite, and say it doth excel;
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it
swell [can bring:

With every grass and grain, that Britain forth
I challenge any vale, to show me but that thing
I cannot show to her, (that truly is mine own)
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,

¹ The vale of Bever bordereth upon three shires.

² Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain
than Bever.

As any of them all: the south their names doth sound,

The spacious north doth me, that there is scarcely
A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,

Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain

Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and
Deane,

That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous pa-
From the Leicestrian fields, come on with me
along,

Till both within one bank, they on my north are
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into
Trent"

Hence wand'ring as the Muse delightfully be-
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd
Oulds,

She on the left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,
Until the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,
From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,
Until she come to cease upon the head of Soare,

Where Fosse³, and Watling³ cut each other in
their course

At Sharnford⁴, where at first her soft and gentle
To her but shallow banks, beginneth to repair,
Of all this beauteous isle, the delicatest air;

Whence softly sallying out, as loth the place to
leave,

She Sence a pretty rill doth courteously receive:
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly she
thought

Down to the banks of Trent would safely her have
Because their native springs so nearly were ally'd,
Her sister Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,

And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.
Thus with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth
eas'ly slide

By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
Demolish'd many years, that of the great founda-
tion

Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the sta-
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement
locks

The stones, that they remain like perdur'd
Where whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear
embrace,

Is solacing herself with this delightful place,
The forest⁵, which the name of that brave town
doth bear,

With many a goodly wreath, crowns her dishevell'd
And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows
Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she
flows,

Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
As also how she keeps her fertile purlieus free:
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth
feed,

As having in herself to furnish every need.
But now since gentle Soare such leisure seems to
take,

The Muse in her behalf this strong defence doth
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax
her so,

And her a channel call, because she is so slow.

And her a channel call, because she is so slow.

And her a channel call, because she is so slow.

And her a channel call, because she is so slow.

And her a channel call, because she is so slow.

The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:

For had those (with such speed that forward seem
to press)

So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to
They then would wish themselves to be as slow as
she,

Who well may be compar'd to some young tender
Eat'ring some prince's court, which is for pomp
array'd,

Who led from room to room amazed is to see
The furnitures and statues, which all imbroderies
be,

The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester covering
And various as the sutes, so various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem
to strive,

Of pictures done to life, landscape, and perspec-
Thence goodly gardenes sees, where antique statues
stand

In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more
entices,

Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,
Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past:

So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,
As wond'ring in herself, at many a spacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her
wished sight,

(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and de-
Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to be-
hold

Clear Wreaking coming in, from Waltham on the
Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver
train,

Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the
Here finding her surpris'd with proud Mount-sor-
rel's sight,

By quickening of her course, more easly doth
Her to the goodly Trent, where as she goes along
By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest
sung.

"O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of
The like in any place, what flood hath happ'd to
find?

No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can show a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee:
The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,

Rough hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to
weep,

When thy high-palmed harts, the sport of bows and
By gripple borderers' hands, were banished thy
grounds.

The Diades that were wont about thy lawns to
To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove
to grove,

On Sharpley⁶ that were seen, and Chadman's⁶
Against the rising Sun, to braid their silver locks;
And with the harmless elves, on heathy Bardons'⁷
height,

By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by
Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons
fled,

They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks
[are dead.

They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks

They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks

They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks

³ The two famous ways of England. See the thirteenth song.

⁴ A little village at the rising of Soare.

⁵ Leicester forest.

⁶ Two mighty rocks in the forest.

⁷ A hill in the forest.

Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take
Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are
crown'd [sheep,

With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and
(To him that stands remote) do softly seem to
creep, [grow ;

To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that
Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down
would drop, [prop

Where under growing oaks, on their old shoulders
The others' hoary heads, which still seem to de-
cline,

And in a dunble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-ciel'd bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power ;
As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
Where many of most choice, and wond'ring beau-
ties be :

For stature one doth seem the best away to bear ;
Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare ;
Another for the fine composure of a face :

Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
Before them all prefer'd ; amongst the rest yet
one,

Adjudge'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
For which the other do so severally excel.
My Charnwood like the last, hath in herself alone,
What excellent can be in any forest shown."

On whom when thus the Soare had these high
praises spent,

She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to
leave [receive

Her native country's bounds, and kindly do !
The lesser Thame, and Mess, the Mess a dainty
rill, [fill

Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to
Her banks, which all her course on both sides do
abound [ground,

With heath and finny olds, and often gleebly
Till Croxal's fertile earth doth comfort her at last
When she is entering Trent ; but I was like t' have
past [from hers,

The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far
By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers,
The second of that name, allotted to this shire^a,
A name but hardly found in any place but here ;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.

But Muse return at last, attend the princely
Trent, [flood,

Who straining on in state, the north's imperious
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty
wood

Being crown'd, to Burton comes, to Needwood where
she shows [flows,

Herself in all her pomp ; and as from thence she
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin
clear, [shire ;

Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in Derby-
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.

Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontrol'd
she ranges,

Her often varying form, as variously and changes.

First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends
her in ; [been,

Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud
height, [sight,

So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the
That she from running wild, but hardly can re-
frain, [strain,

To view in how great state, as she along doth
That brave exalted seat beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries
dress'd,

In which she sees herself above her neighbours
bless'd.

As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect
In her peculiar praise, so thus the river sings :
" What should I care at all, from what my
name I take,

That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make ;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat :

Or thirty kinds of fish that in my stream do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number
give. [tune he

What reek I ? let great Thames, since by his for-
is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be ;
From Isis, and old Thame, his pedigree derive :

And for the second place, proud Severn that doth
strive, [mountain sprung,

Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts
to bear, [their.

Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted
Let these imperious floods draw down their long
descent [Trent,

From these so famous stocks, and only say of
That Mooreland's baryen earth me first to light
did bring, [plexion'd spring

Which though she be but brown, my clear com-
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I
first did rise,

The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that doth
abound)

Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round :
And of the British floods, though but the third I
be, [of me,

Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,

That reckoning how these tracts in compass be
extent, [of Trent ;

Men bound them on the north, or on the south
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd
with mine, [shine :

Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles
I throw my chrystal arms along the flowery vallies,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-
allies, [my stream,

Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court
And crown my winding banks with many an ana-
dem : [sweep,

My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep :
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.

The barbel, than which fish a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,

^a Two rivers of one name in one shire.

Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth
[please ;] [pease,
The greling, whose great spawn is big as any
The perch with pricking fins, against the pike
[prepar'd,

As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the
ruffe,

His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin;
The pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his
Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows, [face,
But with such nimble sleight, that ere ye can dis-
close [is shot.

His shape, out of your sight like lightning he
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson
spot,

As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best;
The roach, whose common kind to every flood doth
fall; [call,

The chub, (whose nearer name) which some a chevin
Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
Who for their numerous store he most doth them
devour; [reclaim,

The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's watery
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful
stream,

Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game for-
sakes) [ring,

Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a
Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly
fling, [land,

And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's
hand; [larder,

Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatless inter-
Of many a liquorish lip, what highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry
store, [more

Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the
Should have my beauties grac'd with something
from him sent:

Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Tho' the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames
than me,

The lampry, and his lesse?, in Severn general be;
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers
caught [thought:

Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the
bleake,

Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my
stones,

From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and bream, my other store
among,

To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are
here." [begun,

From Nottingham, near which this river first
This song, she the mean while, by Newark having run,

! The lamparne.

Receiving little Snyte, from Bever's batt'ning
grounds,
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian
bounds.

Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth
flow, [field sends

Her Miden and her Man, she down from Mans-
To Idlle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to
meet, [her feet,

When she tow'rs Humber comes, do humbly kiss,
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her
fall. [doth call;

When Sherwood somewhat back the forward Muse
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her
song [along,

So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no
other lays [and her praise:

But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much
disdain'd, [tain'd

(As one that had both long, and worthily main-
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd

Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts com-
par'd: [nor car'd

Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd
For ought to her night chance, by others' love or
hate,

With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to
range

For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly re-
port: [age to tell,

"The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befall.
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been
laid, [betray'd:

How he hath consen'd them, that him would have
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpris'd.

In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little
John; [done,

And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-
ler's son, [made

Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws and their
trade. [Hood,

An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right
good, [blue,

All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
knew, [shrill,

When setting to their lips their little bugies
The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and
hill: [shoulders cast,

Their bauldries set with studs, athwart their
To which under their arms their sheafs were
buckled fast, [span,

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:

All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
 They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft, [and rove,
 At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,
 Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
 At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin: [feather,
 Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for
 With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
 And shot they with the round, the square, or
 The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
 And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood, [food.
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kindly
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the green-wood tree. [store,
 From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant
 What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
 The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
 Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came, [game:
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the
 Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and daintily braided hair,
 With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
 Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
 Such pleasure, nor such harts as Mariana slew."
 Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
 The song bad scarcely ceas'd, when as the Muse again [setting side
 Wades Erwash¹⁰, (that at hand) on Sherwood's
 The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,
 And northward from her springs, haps Scardale forth to find, [clin'd
 Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally in-
 To thrust forth ragged cleaves, with which she scatter'd lies
 As busy nature here could not herself suffice,
 Of this oft-altering earth the sundry shapes to show,
 That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,
 You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain were [express'd,
 From which it takes the name of Seardale, which
 Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,
 By her which is instyl'd: where Rother from her rist,
 Jbber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist

¹⁰ A river parting the two shires.

Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rd's Yorkshire as she wends, [sends,
 So Scardale tow'rd's the same, that lovely Idlle
 That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to mislay:
 But to th' unwearied Muse the Peak appears the while,
 A wither'd beldám long, with bleared wat'rish eyes,
 With many a bleak storm dimun'd, which often to the skies
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head, [lead,
 Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still with
 Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,
 Which she out of the ore continually refines:
 For she a chymist was, and nature's secrets knew,
 And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,
 And chrystal there coageal'd, (by her instyled flowers) [powers.
 And in all medicines knew their most effectual
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could command and tame, [name:
 And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful
 She mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd picks could get, [to whet.
 And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd tools
 Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,
 Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had told, [fold:
 Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth un-
 "My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight: [her might:
 Great Nature's chiefest work, wherein she show'd
 Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of Hell,
 Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell;
 O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
 Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the troubled air,
 Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care:
 O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance nam'd
 The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham'd,
 Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at all,
 Since from thy horror first men us'd thee so to call: [deem'd
 For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are
 The beautifull'st of them; so are your kind esteem'd [scure,
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and ob-
 (That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
 The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
 That best may ye express, that best doth ye befit:
 For he that will attempt thy black and darksome jaws, [flaws,
 In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy
 Cold dews that overhead from thy foul roof distil,
 And meeteth underfoot with a dead sullen rill,
 That Achezon itself a man would think he were
 Immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there;
 Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, tho' very rough it be [me,
 With often winding turns: then come thou next to
 My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,
 Which by that noble name was happily instyl'd,
 Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in this shire, [here,
 Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw'd

For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth
 place,
 An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :
 Whose entrance tho' depress'd below a mountain
 steep, [creep
 Besides so very straight, that who will see't, must
 Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
 A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
 To raise itself aloft, and who's doth intend
 The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
 On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,
 Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
 Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof
 and floor, [fore.
 As nature show'd in thee, what ne'er was seen be-
 fore Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
 Before the other two, which perpendicular
 Div'st down into the ground, as if an entrance
 were [it here
 Through earth to lead to Hell, ye well might judge
 Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously pro-
 found, [sound,
 As that long line which serves the deepest sea to
 Her bottom never wrought, as tho' the vast de-
 scent, [went
 Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing
 Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy eyes,
 To gloat upon those stars, to us that never rise ;
 That down into this hole if that a stone ye throw,
 An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye
 may go, [ear,
 And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning
 May hear a sound as tho' that stone then falling
 were. [excels,
 " Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not
 But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
 Of Buxton, as I have, that most delicious fount,
 Which men the second bath of England do ac-
 count,
 Which in the primer reigns, when first this well
 began [Anne¹²,
 To have her virtues known unto the blest saint
 Was consecrated then, which the same temper bath,
 As that most dainty spring, which at the famous
 Bath
 Is by the cross instyl'd, whose fame I much prefer,
 In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
 Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
 And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft fre-
 quent ; [ous source.
 Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most deli-
 cious, to this a second fount¹³, that in her natural
 course, [flow.
 As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and
 If some Welsh shires report, that they the like
 can show,
 I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
 So far from any sea, not any of them all.
 My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for
 change,
 A little hill¹⁴ I have, a wonder yet more strange,
 Which though it be of light, and almost dusty
 sand,
 Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand ;
 And running from the top, although it never
 cease,
 Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.

¹² St. Anne of Buxton.¹³ Tideswell.¹⁴ Sandy-hill.

Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,
 As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
 Should by some secret way within itself ascend,
 To feed the falling back ; with this yet doth not
 end [have,
 The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I
 But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave :
 A forest such have I, (of which when any speak
 Of me they it instyle, 'The forest of the Peake')
 Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for
 shrubs and trees,
 To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thickest flees ;
 Like it in all this isle, for sternness there is none,
 Where nature may be said to show you groves of
 stone,
 As she in little there, had curiously compil'd
 The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.
 Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be
 Seven wonders : to myself so have I here in me,
 My seven before rehears'd ; allotted me by fate,
 Her greatness as therein ordain'd to imitate."
 No sooner had the Peake her seven proud won-
 ders sung, [among,
 But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills
 Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envi-
 ous rocks, [goodly flocks
 Comes tripping down tow'rs Trent, and sees the
 Fed by her mother Peake ; and herds, (for horn
 and hair,
 That hardly are put down by those of Lancashire,)
 Which on her mountains' sides, and in her bottoms,
 graze, [to gaze,
 On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge stands
 And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
 He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from the
 set, [away,
 Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far
 Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to
 say : [scite,
 " Fair hill, be not so proud of thy so pleasant
 Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful de-
 light, [Heaven,
 From any mountain near, that glorious name of
 Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness given,
 Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be above :
 For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou
 would'st love
 Her more than any thing, that so doth thee allure ;
 When Darwin that by this her travel could endure,
 Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her great
 sire, [ing gyre.
 Which shows to take her name) with many a wind-
 Then wand'ring through the wilds, at length the
 pretty Wye, [doth ply
 From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course
 Tow'rs Darwin, and along from Bakewell with
 her bringings [springs
 Lathkell, a little brook, and Headford, whose poor
 But hardly them the name of riverets can afford ;
 When Burbrok with the strength, that nature
 hath her stor'd, [stead.
 Although but very small, yet much doth Darwin
 At Worksworth on her way, when from the mines
 of lead, [cast,
 Brown Ecclesbourne comes in, then Amber from the
 Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the
 best,
 (A delicate flood from fountain never flow'd)
 The coming to the town, on which she first be-
 stow'd

Her natural British name¹⁵, her Derby, so again,
 Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly entertain,
 Where Marten-brook, although an easy shallow
 rill, [fill,
 There offereth all she hath, her mistress' banks to
 And all too little thinks that was on Darwin spent;
 From hence as she departs, in travelling to Trent,
 Back goes the active Muse, tow'rs Lancashire
 amain,
 Where matter rests enough her vigour to maintain,
 And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,
 Which now must wholly be the subject of my song.

¹⁵ Darwin, of the British Doure Guin, which is
 white water.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The circuit of this shire express'd,
 Erwell, and Ribble then contest;
 The Muse next to the mosses flies,
 And to fair Wyre herself applies,
 The fishy Lun then doth she bring;
 The praise of Lancashire to sing,
 The isle of Man maintains her plea,
 Then falling eastward from that sea,
 On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,
 Of which this canto lastly tells.

SCARCE could the labouring Muse salute this
 lively shire, [and more,
 But straight such shouts arose from every moss
 And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,
 Upon their pebbly shoals, seem'd to express their
 joys,
 That Mersey (in her course which happily confines
 Brave Chesbire from this tract, two county palat-
 ines) [ran,
 As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole
 That all the shores which lie to the Vergivian¹,
 Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to
 creek,
 So loud the Echoes cry'd, that they were heard to
 shriek
 To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
 Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the out-laid isle
 Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;
 Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance
 shook [people say,
 The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the
 Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)
 Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and there by falling
 fills
 Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
 But whilst the active Muse thus nimbly goes
 about,
 Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,
 The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that
 excel,
 That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;

¹ The Irish sea.

Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode
 With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver
 road,
 In great contention fell, (that mighty difference
 grew)
 Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sovereign
 due;
 So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
 That likely was to rise about their long descent,
 Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they
 mean to plead,
 And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:
 "Ye, lasses," quoth this flood, 'have long and
 blindly err'd,
 That Ribble before me, so falsely have preferr'd,
 That am a native born, and my descent do bring
 From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her
 spring, [rude
 An alien known to be, and from the mountains
 Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares
 intrude [fall,
 Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty
 Is not ashamed herself of Lancashire to call:
 Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
 My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that doth
 transcend [prefer,
 My greatness with her grace, which doth me so
 That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
 For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come
 tripping down,
 And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high
 renown,
 Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
 With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,
 I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for
 note, [float,
 As from my fountain I tow'rs mightier Mersey
 First Roch a dainty rill, from Roch-dale her dear
 dame, [name,
 Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's
 Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to
 get,
 Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,
 As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my
 store, [more,
 And Medlock to their much, by lending somewhat
 At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,
 Where brave I show myself; then with a prouder
 gait, [my fall,
 Tow'rs Mersey making on, great Chatmosse at
 Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
 And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring augers
 found)
 There at the general flood supposed to be drown'd.
 Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I run,
 When in her prosperous course she wat'reth War-
 rington, [lay,
 And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth
 A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.
 Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,
 For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
 Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that
 tread,
 As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings
 tell,
 That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel."
 Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely
 done,
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run

To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,
Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,

That Symond's wood, from whence the flood
assumes her spring,

Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;
And over all the moors with shrill re-echoing sounds, [grounds,

The drooping fogs to drive from those gross wat'ry
Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades do find

Fish living in that earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise shows, [flows,

The like in their like earth, that with like moisture
And that such fish as these, had not been likewise found,

Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
A wonder of this isle, this well might have been thought. [wrought,

But Ribble that this while for her advantage
Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise,
And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus replies:

"With that, whereby the most thou think'st me
to disgrace,

That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,
To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness doth exceed,

A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves (indeed)
And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow

Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;
To Lancaster yet lends me Ribble, from her store,
Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more. [slide,

From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source I
That mountain my proud sire, in height of all his pride, [flood:

Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born
And Ingleborow hill of that Olympian brood,
With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that stand: [land,

So Long-ridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian
Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
As Hodder, that from home attends me from my spring; [doth bring

Then Caldor, coming down from Blackstonedg,
Me easily on my way to Preston, the great'st town, [ing down,

Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my go-
Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,
And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
But Savock to the north, from Longridge making way,

To this my greatness adds, when in my ample bay,
Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her aids, [maids,

Short Tand, and Dartow small, two little country
(In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred,

Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
And cutting in my course, even through the very heart

Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,

As Nature should have said, 'Lo, thus I meant to do;

This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.'
Ye maids, the horn-pipe then, so merrily that tread,

As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red:
In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,

That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel."
Here ended she again, when Merton's moss and mere,

With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,
That all the shores resound the river's good success,
And wondrous joy there was all over Anderness²,
Which straight convey'd the news into the upper land,

Where Pendle³, Penigent³, and Ingleborow³ stand
Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;
Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
To underprop high Heaven, or the wide welkin dar'd, [spar'd;

Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches
That the loud sounds from them down to the forests fell, [as well

To Bowland brave in state, and Wyorsdale which
As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may boast, [coast,

Whose echoes sent the same all round about the
That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
But at their fingers' ends, they Ribble's song could say,

And perfectly the note upon the bag pipe play.

That Wyre, when once she knew how well these
floods had sped, [spread)

(When their report abroad in every place was
It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,
Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to be,
Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,
Before his ample state, with humbleness to show
The wrong she had sustain'd by her-proud sisters' spite, [right;

And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness
Arising but a rill at first from Wyersdale's lap,
Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's pap, [plv.

As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth
Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
From Woolferag's clifty foot, a hill to her at hand, [stand.

By that fair forest known, within her verge to
So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to attend,

As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send
Her child, on Wyersdale's flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,

With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replat:
She in her crooked course to seaward softly slides,
Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on her sides [doth crawl

Their boggy breasts out-lay, and Skipton down
To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:

When whilst each wand'ring flood seem'd settled to
admire,

First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this,
Wyre,

² A part of Lancashire.

³ The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick.
See the twenty-eighth song.

That mighty wagers would have willingly been
laid.
(But that these matters were with much discretion
stay'd) [begun.
Some broils about these brooks had surely been
When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to
shun
All popular applause, who from her chrystal head,
In Wyresdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain
fed, [twin,
That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to
Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin;
Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth
none,
But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone
Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her sound,
Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
She leaps against the tides, and cries to chrystal
Lon, [the shire begun,
The flood that names the town, from whence
Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,
"That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,
These petty brooks would be before her still pre-
fer'd." [ment heard,
Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good advise-
As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland,
where first [nurs'd
Arising from her head, amongst the mountains
By many a pretty sprung, that hourly getting
strength,
Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,
To Lonsdale shows herself, and lovingly doth lay
With her dear daughter Dale, which her frim cheek
doth lay
To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she
traces,
And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,
And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
When I ac the most lov'd child of this delicious
Dale, [spring.
And Wemming on the way, present their either's
Next then she Henbourne hath, and Robourne,
which do bring
Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to prefer,
That she with greater state may come to Lancaster,
Of her which takes the name, which likewise to
the shire,
The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where
To give to this her town, what rightly doth be-
long, [her song,
Of this most famous shire, our Lun thus frames her
"First that most precious thing, and pleasing most
to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this isle
This country hath brought forth, that much doth
grace my style; [knowing were,
Why should those ancients else, which so much
When they the blazons gave to every several shire,
Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
Besides in all this isle, there no such cattle be,
For largeness, horn and hair, as those of Lanca-
shire;
So that from every part of England far and near,
Men haunt her marts for store, as from her race
to breed. [exceed,
And for the third, wherein she doth all shires
Be those great race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd
of all
The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,

Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent
so roar, [they tore
That you would surely think that the firm earth
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds
in sunder, [the thunder,
As tho' by their loud cry they meant to mock
Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem'd,
For bowmen near our best, and ever have been
deem'd
So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
Of them did most consist; but yet 'mongst all
these things,
Even almost ever since the English crown was set
Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
In honour, next the first, our dukedom was
allow'd, [dow'd:
And always with the great'st revenues was en-
And after when it hapt, France-conquering Ed-
ward's blood
Divided in itself, here for the garland stood;
The right Lancasterian line, it from York's issue
bore; [mets wore
The red rose our brave badge, which in their hel-
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Against the house of York, which bore for theirs
the white. [the Wye,
"And for my self there's not the Tivy⁴, nor
Nor any of those nymphs that to the southward lie,
For salmon me excels; and for this name of Lun⁵,
That I am christen'd by, the Britons it begun,
Which fulness doth import, of waters still in-
crease;" [doth cease,
To Neptune lowt'ning low, when chrystal Lun
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly she salute the point of Sunderland⁶,
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and lasses are,
That ever as anon the bag-pipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such
rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty
cheer, [shire;
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his
brother,
That instantly again to tell it to some other:
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep
among, [rung;
With the report thereof each road and harbour
The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coil
do keep,
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the isle of Man,
Who like an empress sits in the Vergivian, [Pyle,
By her that hath the Calf⁷, long Walney, and the
As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do show,
Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:
With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for hers is
good. [berhood)
(That we nor Ireland need, nor scorn her neigh-

⁴ See song sixth.⁵ Lun, in the British, fulness.⁶ A part of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.⁷ The Calf of Man, a little island.

Her midst with mountains set, of which, from
 Scaefel's^a height,
 A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
 (Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)
 The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th' English may
 discern; [brings
 And what an empire can, the same this island
 Her pedigrees to show her right successive kings,
 Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
 And with all foreign parts to have had free com-
 merce;
 Her municipal laws and customs very old,
 Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth
 hold.
 This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,
 As she hath special cause before all other, who
 For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy
 ground,
 And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
 As for the store of oats, which her black glebe
 doth bear,
 In every one of these resembling Lancashire,
 To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,
 And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth
 win.
 But yet this isle of Man more seems not to rejoice
 For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder
 voice [stern face,
 To sound it to the shores; than Furnesse whose
 With mountains set like warts, which nature as a
 grace
 Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look so
 stern, [discern,
 That when the nymphs of sea did first her front
 Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
 Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so
 sour,
 At it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune
 bare, [ful are,
 Whose fells to that grim god, most stern and dread-
 With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about
 are bound,
 Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black beachy
 ground, [take,
 Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally par-
 The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
 Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their stocky
 bough,
 A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-geese
 grow,
 Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly first
 To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
 Still great and greater thrive, until you well may
 see [the tree
 Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping from
 Into the mercy pond, which under them doth lie,
 Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
 Which well our ancients did among our wonders
 place: [grace,
 Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this
 Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse
 well may vaunt) [plant,
 That when the Saxons here their forces first did
 And from the inner land the ancient Britons drave,
 To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
 Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old
 stock yet stores, [shores.
 Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian

^a A mountain in the isle of Man.

What country let's ye see those soils within her seat,
 But she in little hath, what it can show in great?
 As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
 (Yet howsoever expos'd, doth still to her belong)
 And fence her farthest point, from that rough Nep-
 tune's rage,
 The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth
 swage [war,
 His fury when his waves on Furnesse seem to
 Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged
 scarr? [isle
 Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive
 Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,
 Which to assist her hath the Pyle of Fouldra set,
 And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,
 Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse safe to
 keep:
 But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
 Where those two mighty meres, out-stretch'd in
 length do wander,
 The lesser Thurstan nam'd, the famouser Wynan-
 der, [descry,
 So bounded with her rocks, as nature would
 By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.
 To seaward then she hath her sundry sands again,
 As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,
 Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the
 West, [invest
 That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth
 Those sands with her proud style, when Levin from
 the fells, [swells,
 Besides her natural source, with the abundance
 Which those two mighty meres, upon her either side
 Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
 She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself
 doth call,
 Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,
 On them her ancient style she liberally bestows.
 Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty
 shows, [grace,
 From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to
 First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,
 Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,
 Whereas the Muse a while may sit her down to
 breath, [way,
 And after walk along tow'ards Yorkshire on her
 On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

^a A scarr is a rock.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invention hence her compass steers,
 Towards York the most renown'd of shires,
 Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
 Each severally to show their glories.
 Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,
 Doth her duke's title undertake;
 His floods then Humber welcomes in,
 And shows how first he did begin.

THE Muse from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd
 at all, [to fall,
 With sight of the large shire, on which she was

(Whose forest, hills, and floods, then long for her
arrive [trive])

From Lancashire, that look'd her beauties to con-
Doth set herself to sing, of that above the rest
A kingdom that doth seem, a province at the
least [to be ;

To them that think themselves no simple shires
But that wherein the world her greatness most may
see,

And that which doth thisshire before the rest prefer,
Is of so many floods, and great, that rise from her,
Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,
And those are only found upon her setting side.
Else be it noted well, remarkable to all,
That those from her that flow, in her together fall.
Nor can small praise besem so beauteoustbrooks as
these,

For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the orks of sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and wheresoe'er they
come,

The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them pub-
lic room. [to lead,

Now whiles the Muse prepares these floods along
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may
plead [wins,

The right that her belongs, which of the Muse she
When with the course of Don, thus she her tract
begins. [bound my south,

"Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's
mouth, [a spray,

Of yew¹, and climbing elm, that crown'd with many
From thy clear fountain first through many a mead
doth play, [begun,

Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first
At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my
Don, [doth drive,

Which proud of her recourse, tow'rd's Doncaster
Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that doth
derive [on her race,

From Don's near bordering banks, when holding
She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her
bank :

When Sherwood sends her in slow Iddle, that made
rank

With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such
abundance flows,

As that her batt'ning breast, her fatlings sooner
feeds, [needs :

And with more lavish waste, than oft the grazier
Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers
note,

With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth float :
For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
High whilst the floods are high, and when they fall
again,

It falleth : but at last, when as my lively Don,
Along by Marshland's side, her lusty-course hath
run,

The little wand'ring Went, won by the loud re-
port [court,

Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's

Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to
Aire : [should dare

Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none
(Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her
descent,

The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down
doth scud,

And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,
Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose
force, [course ;

As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her
But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth
wax,

And travelling along by heading-Halifax²,
Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's
hair,

(A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree :
The people that would needs it should a relic be,
It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern
tongue,

Is holy hair : but thence as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd she in her course on Kirkbey³ cast her
eye, [lie,

Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth
Beholding fity too before how Wakefield stood,
She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
But of his merry man, the pindar of the town,
Of Wakefield, George-a-Green, whose fames so
far are blown,

For their so valiant fight, that every free man's
song,

Can tell you of the same, quoth she, be-talk'd on
long,

For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days ;
When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her
ways, [rill :

Who likewise to her help, brings Hebden, a small
Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rd's Humber, till
she fill

Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her
afford, [stor'd."

Quoth the West-riding, "Thus with rivers am I
"Next guide I on my Wharfe, the great'st in
her degree,

And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
Who her full fountain takes from my waste western
wild,

(Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are
exil'd) [her race,

On Langstredhdale, and lights at th' entrance of
When keeping on her course, along through Barden
Chase, [bears her name ;

She watereth Wharfdale's breast, which proudly
For by that time she's grown a flood of wondrous
fame, [supply ;

When Washbrook with her wealth her mistress doth
Thus Wharf⁴ in her brave course embracing
Wetherby, [then,

Small Cock, a sullen brook comes to her succour
Whose banks receiv'd the blood of many thousand
men, [call,

On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-field we
Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that
there did fall,

² Beheading, which we call Halifax law,

³ Robin Hood's burying place.

⁴ See to the twenty-second song.

¹ Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.

That Wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then
 was shed,
 The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and
 the Red,
 Well near fifteen fought in England first and last:
 "But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus
 tow'rd's Humber haste, [Nyde,
 From Warnside hill not far, outflows the nimble
 Through Nydersdale along, as neatly she doth
 glide [rill,
 Tow'rd's Knaresburgh on her way, a pretty little
 Call'd Kebeck, stows her stream, her mistress'
 banks to fill, [stands,
 To entertain the Whafe where that brave forest
 Entitled by the town, who-with upreared hands
 Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands
 crown [down
 The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth
 To meet her mistress Ouse, her speedy course doth
 hve;
 Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, so on me set have I,
 Which from their fountains there all out of me do
 flow,
 Yet from my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,
 Because my rising soil doth shut them to the west:
 But for my mountains I will with the isle contest,
 All other of the north in largeness shall exceed,
 That ages long before it finally decreed,
 That Ingleborow hill, Pendle⁶, and Penigent,
 Should named be the high'st betwixt our Tweed
 and Trent. [side, and thou Cam,
 My hills, brave Whelpston then, thou Wharn-
 Since I West-riding still your only mother am;
 All that report can give, and justly is my due,
 I as your natural dam share equally with you;
 And let me see a hill that to the north doth stand,
 The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a
 hand [mount,
 O'er Penigent to peere; not Skidlo that proud
 Although of him so much, rude Cumberland ac-
 count, [boast
 Not Cheviot, of whose height Northumberland doth
 Albania⁷ to survey; nor those from coast to coast
 That well near run in length, that row of moun-
 tains tall, [learned call;
 By th' name of th' English Alps, that our most
 As soon shall those, or these remove out of their
 place,
 As by their lofty looks, my Penigent outface:
 Ye thus behold my hills, my forests, dales, and
 chases [places
 Upon my spacious breast: note too how nature
 Far up into my west, first Langstrehdale doth lie,
 And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon
 by, [hand:
 With Wharfedale hard by her, as taking hand in
 Then lower tow'rd's the sea brave Knarsborough
 doth stand,
 As higher to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,
 And Bishop's-dale above upon my setting side,
 Marshland, and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part
 do bound, [water'd ground:
 And Barnsdale there doth butt on Don's well-
 And to my great disgrace, if any shall object
 That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect

⁵ Knarsborough forest.⁶ Pendle hill is near upon the verge of this tract,
 but standeth in Lancashire.⁷ Scotland.

In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) survey
 My Ribbles's rising banks, their worst, and let
 them say;
 At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,
 That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
 Who sometime was a nymph, and in the moun-
 tains high [sky,
 Of Craven, whose blue heads for cops put on the
 Amongst th' Oreads⁸ there, and sylvans made
 abode,
 (It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod)
 Of all the mountain kind and since she was most
 It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair [fair,
 Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her
 frame,
 And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
 Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth
 fly, [drive;
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they
 To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she
 doth strive, [his rape,
 Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd
 And to the topic gods⁹ by praying to escape,
 They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then did
 pant, [wondrous scant:
 When wearied with her course, her breath grew
 Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short
 did blow, [and flow.
 Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb
 And near the stream of Nyde, another spring
 have I, [supply,
 As well as that, which may a wonder's place
 Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well
 do call,
 Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
 Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
 Which in as little space converteth wood to stone;
 Chevin, and Kilnsey Craggs, were they not here
 in me,
 In any other place, right well might wonders be,
 For their gigantic height, that mountains do tran-
 scend: [an end.
 But such are frequent here," and thus she makes
 When Your¹⁰ thus having heard the genius of this
 Her well-deserved praise so happily to act, [tract,
 This river in herself that was extremely loth,
 The other to defer, since that she was to both
 Indifferent, straightly wills West-riding there to
 cease;
 And having made a sign to all the wat'ry prease
 For silence, which at once, when her command
 had won,
 The proud North-riding thus for her great self
 begun. [thou art bound
 "My sovereign flood," quoth she, "in nature
 T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest
 ground: [sends,
 For note of all those floods, the wild West-riding
 There's scarcely any one thy greatness that attends,
 Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy
 fall;
 And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
 Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy fol-
 lowers be;

⁸ Nymphs of the mountains.⁹ The supposed genius of the place.¹⁰ Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after
 her long course, by the confluence of other floods,
 gets the name of Ouse.

So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings see,
That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes
depend

Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state, [fate
Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when
Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that
stood,

And would have let him starve, like spaniels to him
And with their glavering lips, his very feet to
touch:

So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in
That spring and have their course, (even) given
thy life to thee:

For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there to
make:

Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known to
A term in former times the ancients did bestow
On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater
grace,

These floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
From their first springing founts, beginning with
the Your [the power,
From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with
That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat
more doth fill,

Near Bishop's-dale at hand, when Cover, a clear rill,
Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chase
For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly embrace
Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and
groves,

In Middleham's amorous eye, as wand'ringly she
At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her
again,

Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish
(Near to the town¹¹ so fam'd for colts there to be
bought,

For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are
Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister
Yale

(A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever hath)
For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian
faith,

Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,
In Swale's abundant stream christen'd ten thousand
men,

With women and their babes, a number more beside,
Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with pride)
Which springs not far from whence Your hath her
silver head;

And in her winding banks along my bosom led,
As she goes swooping by, to Swaledale whence she
springs,

That lovely name she leaves, which forth a forest
The vallies' style that bears, a braver sylvan maid
Scarce any shire can show, when to my river's aid,
Come Barney, Arske, and Marske, their sovereign
Swale to guide,

From Applegarth's wide waste, and from New Forest
Whose fountains by the fawns, and satyrs, many a
year,

With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not
But they will serve the Swale, which in her wan-
d'ring course,

A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Risdale, all

¹¹ Rippon fair.

Small though (Got wot) it be, yet from their
southern shore,

With that salute the Swale, as others did before,
At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace
the flood,

For that her precinct long amongst the shires hath
But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to resign.
When passing thence the Swale, this minion flood
of mine.

Next takes into her train, clear Wiske, a wanton
As though her watery path were pav'd with orient
pearl,

So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding
As though she gambolds made, or as she did desire,
Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd trace,
With marvel should amaze, and coming doth in-
brace

North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,
Whose liberties include a county at the least,
To grace the wand'ring Wiske, then well upon her
way,

Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the
When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Colbeck
brings,

And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,
And Bedall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,
Who with these rills enrich'd begins herself to
rouse.

When that great forest-nymph fair Gautress on her
She sees to stand prepar'd, with garlands fresh and
gay

To deck up Ouse, before herself to York she
So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise
flow,

That meeting thee at York, under the city's side,
Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the
By whose embraces York abundantly is blest, [west,

So many rivers I continually maintain,
As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,
Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming
Rye,

Foss, Rycal, Hodbeck, Dow, with Semen, and
Clear Costwy, which herself from Blackmore in
doth bring,

And playing as she slides through shady Pickering,
To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that
divides

The East-riding and me, upon her either sides,
Although that to us both, she most indifferent be,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my division yet her fountain doth derive,
And from my Blackmore here her course doth first
contrive.

Let my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd,
And let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,
How in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'ards the Craven hills, upon my west are
plac'd

New-forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades
And lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods ye
fall,

The goodly Gautress keeps chief of my sylvan kind,
There stony Stanmore view, bleak with the sleet and
wind,

Upon this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,
Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that elves
did keep;

Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all
By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackmore,

Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all
By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackmore,

Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all
By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackmore,

The Cleveland north from these, a state that doth
maintain,

Leaning her lusty side to the great German main,
Which if she were not here confined thus in me,
A shire ever of herself might well be said to be.

"Not less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than
this;

North-Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is;
And Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A county justly call'd, that them accommodate;
So I North-Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,
Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is
crown'd [for we,

The queen of all the shires, on this side Trent,
The Ridings, several parts of her vast greatness be,
In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
Do measure from their sides so many miles of
grounds, [king,

That they are called shires; like to some mighty
May Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any
thing)

Who hath kings that attend, and to his state retain,
And yet so great, that they have under them again
Great princes, that to them be subject, so have we
Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be;
Although these be enough sufficiently to show,
That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
Where Teis first from my bounds rich Dunelm¹²
doth divide,

And you shall see those rills, that with their watery
prease,

Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,
The clear yet lesser Lune, the Bauder, and the
Gret,

All out of me do flow; 'then turn ye from the set,
And look but tow'ards the rise, upon the German
main,

Those rarities, and see, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in Heaven
it stood,

To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin
Hood,

Even to the fall of Teis; let me but see the man,
That in one tract can show the wonders that I can;
Like Whithy's self I think, there's none can show
but I, [geese fly,

O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild
But presently they fall from off their wings to
ground: [found?

If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder
And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more
behold,

That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to
set,

Out of their cranny'd cleves, can give you perfect
jet, [find,

And upon Huntclipnab, you every where may
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a spheric form of sundry mickles fram'd,
That well they globes of stone, or bullets might be
nam'd [blows,

For any ordnance fit: which broke with hammers'
Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds
enclose. [so nice,

Mark Gisborough's gay scite, where nature seems
As in the same she makes a second paradise,

¹² The bishopric of Durham.

Whose soil embroider'd is, with so rare sundry
flowers, [bowers

Her large oaks so long green, as summer there her
Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with albin veins most richly intermin'd.
In other places these might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I esteem as nought.

Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent, who's
not gone [goes;

Far from her pearly springs, but under ground she
As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,
Amongst the cranny'd cleves, that through the
cavern creep, [deep,

And dimbles hid from day, into the earth so
That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,
Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks
call, [set,

Which may for aught I see, be with my wonders
And with much marvel seen: that I am not in
debt [they me lend."

To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can
When Darwent bade her stay, and there her
speech to end, [plead:

For that East-riding call'd, her proper cause to
For Darwent a true nymph, a most impartial maid,
And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should
have [gave,

That privilege, which time to both the former
And wills th' East-riding then, in her own cause
to speak,

Who mildly thus begins; "Although I be but
weak, [want

To those two former parts, yet what I seem to
In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant;
Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;
For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
How in the cast I reign, (of which my name I
take) [lake,

And my broad side do bear up to the German
Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and be-
hold [ous Ould

Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spaci-
Of York that takes the name, that with delighted
eyes,

When he beholds the Sun out of the seas to rise,
With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce
gives place [grace,

To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral
Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my
south, [mouth,

How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's
Rich Holderness I have, excelling for her grain,
By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain
Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,
Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring
towns, [Downs,

Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the
Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her
bank

Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing
rank,

She Beverley salutes, whose beauties so delight
The fair-enamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the
sight, [to view,

That she could ever stay, that gorgeous fane¹³
But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her pursue,

¹³ The church of Beverley.

To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly
 name,
 Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard
 the fame : [mine :
 And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for
 For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do com-
 bine, [twine,
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to
 Gaunst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent
 comes in, [reign,
 From that especial place, great Humber hath his
 Beyond which he's mine own : so I my course
 maintain, [shore,
 From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern
 And laugh at Neptune's rage, when loud'pest he
 doth roar,
 Till Flamborough jut forth into the German sea."
 And as th' East-riding more yet ready was to
 say,
 Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech.
 Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring
 race,
 By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,
 She might for it declaim, but more to honour
 York,
 She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,
 Still to renown those dukes, who strongly did pre-
 tend
 A title to the crown, as those who did descend
 From them that had the right, doth this oration
 make, [spake :
 And to up-hold their claim, thus to the floods she
 " They very idly err, who think that blood then
 spilt,
 In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the guilt
 Of the proud Yorkists' part ; for let them under-
 stand, [martial hand
 That Richard duke of York, whose brave and
 The title undertook, by tyranny and might,
 Sought not t' attain the crown, but from success-
 ful right, [son,
 Which still up-held his claim, by which his valiant
 Great Edward earl of March, the garland after
 won : [slain,
 For Richard duke of York, at Wakefield battle
 Who first that title broach'd, in the sixth Henry's
 reign,
 From Edmond, a fifth son of Edward, did descend,
 That justly he thereby no title could pretend,
 Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all
 to be,
 The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree
 Before him to the crown : but that which did prefer
 His title, was the match with dame Anne Morti-
 mer, [claim,
 Of Roger earl of March the daughter, that his
 From Clarence the third son of great king Edward
 came, [other,
 Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all
 Of the delaps'd crown, from Philip her fair mother,
 Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
 To Edmond earl of March ; this Anne her daughter
 ty'd [right
 In wedlock to the earl of Cambridge, whence the
 Of Richard, as I said, which fell at Wakefield
 fight,
 Descended to his son, brave Edward after king,
 (Henry the Sixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkists
 bring

Their title from a strain, before the line of Gaunt,
 Whose issue they by arms did worthily sup-
 plant."

By this the Ouse perceiv'd great Humber to look
 grim ;

(For evermore she hath a special eye to him)

As tho' he much disdain'd each one should thus
 be heard,

And he their only king until the last deferr'd,

At which he seem'd to frown ; wherefore the Ouse
 off breaks, [speaks :

And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber

" Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their
 several founts, [counts,

For thirty floods of name, to me her king that
 Be much of me belov'd, brave river ; and from
 me, [thee,

Receive those glorious rites that fame can give to
 and thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those that
 repair [Aire,

With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling.

Embodying in one bank : and Wharfe, which by
 thy fall [you all,

Dost much augment my Ouse, let me embrace

My brave West-riding brooks, your king you need
 not scorn, [born ;

Proud Naiades neither ye, North-riders that are
 My yellow-sanded Your, and thou my sister
 Swale, [dale,

That dancing come to Ouse, thro' many a dainty
 Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down

From Cleveland ; and thou Hull, that highly dost
 renown [king,

Th' East-riding by thy rise, do homage to your
 And let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber
 sing ; [tain,

That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court main-
 Which either of themselves, or in their greater's
 train, [name,

Their tribute pay to me ; and for my princely
 From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it
 came ;

So still I stick to him : for from that eastern king
 Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring :

So his great name receives no prejudice thereby ;
 For as he was a king, so know ye all that I
 Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do
 flow ;

Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
 Nor of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder take

Though with her bellowing fall, she violently make,
 The neighbouring people deaf ; nor Ganges so
 much praise, [lays

That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadness
 His bosom ; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
 Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,

Whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,
 That it even Neptune frights ; what flood comes to
 the deep,

Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar ?
 For when my Higre comes¹⁴, I make my either
 shore

Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send."

No sooner of this speech had Humber made an
 end, [shout,

But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a
 That they were easily heard all Holderness about,

¹⁴ The roaring of the waters at the coming in of
 the tide.

Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes
rude,
When the East-riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: "My sisters boast that they have little
shires [theirs;
Their subjects, I can show the like of mine for
My Howdon¹ hath as large a circuit, and as
free,
On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much
graceth me,
My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them
belong, [my coast;
Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon
And for their wondrous things whereof so much
they boast,
Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves this wonder see
they may, [find,
The mullet, and the awke my fowlers there do
Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest
kind, [band,
That building in the rocks, being taken with the
And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a
stone,
But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only by that air, they on their wings were borne.
Then my prophetic spring at Veipsey, I may
show, [doth flow;
That some years is dry'd up, some years again
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate
birth
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth."
Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all made
friends, [ends.
And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto

¹⁵ A liberty in the East-riding.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse the bishopric assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The floods and mountains doth dispose;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying till she come to Tweed.

THE Muse this largest shire of England having
sung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the north, the bishopric¹ and views,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pur-
sues, [divine)
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself
Confining in her course that county Palatine,

¹ The bishopric of Durham.

And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin
To rouse herself: quoth she, "Doth every rillet
win [queen,
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a
With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone
be seen
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?
When as two countries are contending for my
spring: [name,
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,
Will needsly hers should be, for that my spring
doth rise
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wise,
Could tell which of these two, me for her own may
claim. [fame,
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a flood of
But she some valley hath, which her brave name
doth bear: [here,
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise have I
At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly
slide; [side,
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon my setting
Me Lune and Bander lends, as in the song before
Th' industrious Muse hath show'd: my Dunel-
menian shore, [other becks
Sends Huyd to help my course, with some few
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects,
That they are nameless yet; then do I bid adieu,
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I
run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and
raak, [bank,
She chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her
Three black and horrid pits, which for their boil-
ing heat, [phurous sweat)
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sul-
Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very
sight, [fright,
This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a
That with unusual speed, she on her course doth
haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.
In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state."
But whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should
stand, [land
Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and
Wer'd ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, "What
would'st thou say, [a way
Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear
T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means
and might, [height
How would'st thou then exult? O then to what a
Wouldst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but
such a trine
Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
Their springs thee to beget, as those of mine do
me,
In their consenting sounds that do so well agree?
As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her sire,
A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth
require [brings.
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her
Thus from the full conflux of these three several
springs
My greatness is begot, as nature meant to show
My future strength and state; then forward do I flow

Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure
rife,
And Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for
her life : [course,

Comparing of their scites, then casting on my
So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source,
As petty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to
call,

Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
At Auckland, where with force me forward still to
drive,

Clear Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to gad,
And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire :
Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
Now I indent the earth, and then I it engrail
With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up
and down, [town,

Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated
That Dunholme height of yore (even) from a des-
sert won,

Whose first foundation zeal and piety begun,
By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body
brought, [sought

To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword that
Subversion of those things that good and holy were,
With which beloved place, I seem so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should
win

Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,
None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,
But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the
strand, [land,

From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunder-
As far as Wardenlaws² can possibly survey;
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the
sea." [Tyne,

Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly
(Northumberland that parts from this shire Pala-
tine) [Wer

Which patiently had heard, look as before the
Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,
For her so tedious talk, "Good Lord," quoth
she, "had I

No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set out myself, how much (well) could I
say, [way

In mine own proper praise, in this kind every
As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,
Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry
ways, [Tyne,

The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of
As how the prosperous springs of these two floods
of mine [nam'd

Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne
From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of
brass that's fam'd, [sprung

How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-fell
Amongst these English Alps, which as they run
along,

England and Scotland here impartially divide.

How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is
ply'd

With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that
doth strive,

By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to
drive;

How th' Allans, th' East and West, their bounties
to her bring,

Two fair and full-brimm'd floods, how also from her
spring, [in,

My other North-nam'd Tyne, thro' Tindale maketh
Which shefe her hand-maid hath, and as she
hastes to twin [clear Rhead,

With th' other from the south, her sister, how
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to
lead, [then

Through Ridsdale on my way, as far as Exham,
Dowell me homage doth, with blood of English-
men, [war

Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel
Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,
Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wondrously
enrich, [which

As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle,
The honour hath alone to entertain me there,

As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle
nam'd, [fam'd

For which both far and near, that place no less is
Than India for her mines; should I at large de-
clare [spare,

My glories, in which time commands me to be
And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,
As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things
in hand: [stand

For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we
Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never
note,

How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,
With th' honour to them done, take heart and
loudly cry

Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;
And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring,
With sound of things that Forth prepared is to sing:
When once the Muse arrives on the Albanian shore,
And therefore to make up our forces here before
The onset they begin, the battles we have got,
Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant
Scot,

I undertake to tell; then, Muses, I entreat
Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.

"When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent
hand,

(As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,
In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray
then, [men,

This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of
For conquest which that king from Scotland hither
drew,

At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both
were found: [ground,

Slain on that bloody field: so on the English
When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern
son,

Entitled by those times, the earl of Huntingdon,
Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,
Stout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that war-
like work,

² A mountain on that part of the shire.

Ralph (both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop
[then]

Bereaved, that called were the valiant clergymen,
With th' earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peverell,
knights,

And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,
'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,
On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot
Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they
lay to bleed, [Tweed.

Ours follow'd them that fled, beyond our sister
And when Fitz-empres^s next in Normandy, and
here,

And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
William the Scottish king, taking advantage
then,

And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,
As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northum-
brian powers,

His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led.

So Longshanks, Scotland's scourge, him to
that country sped,

Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
And on the borders here such spoil and havoc
made, [me.

That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed and
This most courageous king, from them his own to
free,

Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,
And took it by strong siege, since when that war-
like town

As cautionary long the English after held.

But tell me, all ye floods, when was there such a
field

By any nation yet, as by the English won,
Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon:
Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot-
soldiers more, [gore

Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish
Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's
sight. [nowned knight,

By our third Edward's prowess, that most re-
As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
As that against the French, which he at Cressy
got. [vance

And when that conquering king did afterward ad-
His title, and had past his warlike powers to
France,

And David king of Scots here enter'd to invade,
To which the king of France did that false lord
persuade, [bands,

Against his given faith, from France to draw his
To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
With war in both the realms: was ever such a
loss,

To Scotland yet befell, as that at Nevil's-cross,
Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once
forsook, [soner took

Where stout John Copland then king David pri-
I th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was
seen. [queen,

When English Philip, that brave Amazonian
Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride,
And where our clergy had their ancient valour
try'd: [short.

Thus often coming in, they have gone out too
And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,

Henry II.

When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all
their hire, [fire

Which int' our marches came, and with invasive
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglas came with the Albanian
powers. [gave

At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur
To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
His army, and with shot of our brave English bows
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were
hurt with blows,

Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and
knight, [outright,

Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tivdale o'er-ran.

"Or who a braver field than th' earl of Surrey
wan; [bravely bore,

Where their king James the Fourth himself so
That since, that age wherein he lived, nor those be-
fore,

Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,
Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath
could draw, [strew'd

He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill was
With bodies of his men, well-near to mammoicks
hew'd, [mile,

That on the mountain's side they covered near a
Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and
Argyle, [there,

Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and bishops
Which had put armour on, in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the English fell.

"But now of other fields, it fits the Muse to
tell,

As when the noble duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so
long,

Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,
Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before
The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,
And gathering up his force, before the English fled
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England
sped, [friend,

When that brave hastard son of Dacres, and his
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to
attend, [hundred horse,

With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four
Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish force,
Thence from the field with them, so many prisoners
brought, [caught,

Which in that furious fight were by the English
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had
store, [and more,

Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there
Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a
foughten field,

That James the Fifth to think, that but so very few,
His universal power so strangely should subdue,
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life;
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots
were rife.

"These on the English earth, the Englishmen
did gain; [strain

But when their breach of faith did many times con-

Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in [been,
To Scotland; then behold, what our success hath
Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by

seas, [bear
With his full forces then, O Forth! then didst thou
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught
with fear,

When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty towns
were thrown

Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
As int' Albania when he made a second road,
In our sixth Edward's days, when those two martial
men, [again;

Which conquer'd there before, were thither sent
But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,
The first created duke of Somerset, the last
The earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough field,
Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to

yield, [space
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles'
In length, and four in breadth, the English in the
chase, [ground,

With carcasses of Scots, strew'd all their natural
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand
found, [men.

And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our
"So th' earl of Sussex next to Scotland sent again,
To punish them by war, which on the borders here,
Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants were
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland, who

rose
With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast
Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires
defac'd [worth carrying brought
Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him
To England over Tweed." When now the floods
besought

The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently began
A ramour, which each where through all the coun-
try ran, [among,

Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods
And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly
sung, [Ridsdale ran,

That it thro' Tyndale straight, and quite through
And sounded shriller there, thaa when it first began,
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand
to hand. [it told,

The high-rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond hill
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life
could hold,

To Kembelspeth again, the business but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,
Resounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-squire lastly caught, and it to Ber-
wick sent, [tinent,

That brave and warlike town, from thence incon-
The sound from out the south, into Albania came,
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance
awoke,

And to her native strength her presently betook,

Against the Muse should come to the Albanian
coast. [been lost,

But Pictswall all this while, as though he had
Not mention'd by the Muse, began to fret and
fume, [sume

That every petty brook thus proudly should pre-
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did in-
vent, [ment,

And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monu-
Should thus be over-trod; wherefore his wrong to
wreak, [speak:

In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall
"Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should
not dare [and care

To think himself my match, who with such cost
The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the prowling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to
win,

By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Ed-
wa's fall: [tain.

Long making me they were, and long did me main-
Nor yet that trench which tracts the western Wilt-
shire plain, [me,

Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in
hand,

The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small labours
were. [but now,

That on Newmarket-heath⁴ made up as though
Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,
Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my
man,

And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of stone;
And after many a time, the Britons me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.
Towns stood upon my length, where garrisons were
laid,

Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd,
To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers grac'd
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that went,
By which they in one fort still to another sent,
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd thro':
Upon my thickness three march'd easily breast to
breast,

Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd."
Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing his
plea,

Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a
hand; [stand:

For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to under-
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Caledonian Forth⁵ so highly had displeas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be ap-
pear'd,

⁴ See song 21.

⁵ The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation
made,
In a learned war the foe they would invade,
And like stout floods stand free from this supputed
shame, [name :
Or conquer'd give themselves up to the English
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt
and terror struck, [to look,
Which knew they from the foe for nothing were
But what by skill they got, - and with much care
should keep, [deep,
And therefore they consult by meeting in the
To be deliver'd from the ancient enemies' rage,
That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy-isle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this case :
For many a blessed saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer
Had given up themselves, which in the German
main,
And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy
men,
That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
It Holy-isle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I shall tell you how, and what their number are,
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
As Pont, a peerless brook, brings Blyth, which
putteth in [main,
With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in
her train ;
Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her such a
throng,
As that they seem to threaten the ocean ; for with her
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Usway, which
prefer [fame,
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater
Hath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune should take notice of her
state ; [a gait,
Then Alne by Alawick comes, and with as proud
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to show, that she surpass'd them all)
The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,
And at her coming forth, do kiss her christal hand.
Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage,
proceed, [Tweed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress
Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath
her birth ; [earth,
And though she keep her course upon the English
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland com-
ing in, [win.
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth
Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden
from his height
Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,
Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet
sake sustains,
This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
Of all the English tracts, to consummate the last.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE THIRTIETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Westmoreland the Muse now sings,
And feteing Eden from her springs,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again ;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on, my Muse, no whit at all dis-
may'd, [ful aid
But look aloft tow'rs Heaven, to him whose power-
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sundry
soils, [thy toils
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort
sent,
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose brains are only
slime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus, which (men
say)
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks, and aged trees, to whither he would
please ; [these ;
He might as well have mov'd the universe as
But leave this fry of Hell in their own filth defil'd,
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,
First ceasing in our song, the south part of the shire,
Where Westmoreland to west, by wide Wynander
mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath
scarcely found, [doth stand,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the
land. [train,
Then keeping on her course, though having in her
But Spnt, a little brook, then Winstor doth retain,
Tow'rs the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty falls,
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ
calls)
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbouring
shore,
To which she by the sound apparently doth show,
The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow :
For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest
hear,
They constantly aver the weather will be clear ;
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
To the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
And to these queachy sands, from whence herself
she casts, [she
She likewise leaves her name, as every place where
In her clear course doth come, by her should ho-
nour'd be.

1 See song 27th.

But back into the north from hence our course doth lie,

As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
The source of long-liv'd Lun², I long-liv'd do her call;

[all,
For of the British floods, scarce one amongst them
Such state as to herself, the destinies assign,
By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine;
For Lancaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
And Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun:
Yet tho' she be a flood, such glory that doth gain,
In that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
Yet Westmoreland alone not only boasts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth
Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend
Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
(Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)

By Eden, issuing out of Huscac, Moruill hill,
And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
There sharply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale,

Born to the self-same sire, but with a stronger gale,
Tow'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden making on,

Thro' Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone
In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,
Whom thus the wood-nymph greets: "What passage shalt thou find,

My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked way,"

[strait,
Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged
And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
Besides the northern winds against thy stream so stiff,

[course,
As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy
And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy source.
O my bright lovely Brook, whose name doth bear
the sound

Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell,
O little blessed Brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee! the day cannot suffice
For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes."

This said, the forest rubb'd her rugged front the while;

Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main;
When Below, a bright nymph, from Stanmore
down doth strain

To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in she takes,

And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty
meer

[clear,
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and
And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to meet,
Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress greet:

Quoth she, "Thus for myself I say, that where
I swell

T'p from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same sort,

² See song 27.

The Venedocian³ fount, or the Drina
Or that which the cold Peak doth with a
ders bring,

Why should not Loder thei,
With this, as other floods deli,
When Eden, though she se

haste,
About clear Loder's neck yet
Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she
leaves,

Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her wat'ry hands, to Winfield forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously en-
folds

Clear Eden coming by, with all her wat'ry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to de-
plore.

[dering sands,
But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bor-
Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian
lands,

[fine
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth con-
This meeting there with that, both merely mari-
time,

Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant
gale;

[lass,
As Eske her farth'st, so first, a coy-bred Cumbrian
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-
brimm'd lake,

To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth make)
Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that
keep

In Ravenglass, when soon into the bluish deep
Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest
girl,

[pearl,
Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient
Bred in her shining shells, which to the dead doth
yawn,

[spawn,
Which dead they sucking in, conceive that lusty
Of which when they grow great, and to their ful-
ness swell,

[dearly sell.
They cast, which those at hand there gathering,
This clear pearl-paved Irt, bleng to the harbour
brings,

[sings
From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph, which
Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains,
that derive

[strive:
From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth
"Ye northern Dryades⁴, all adorn'd with moun-
tains steep,

[keep,
Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth
Where often rising hills, deep dales and many
make,

[spread lake,
Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names
bestow

[eas'ly flow;
Upon those humble vales, through which they
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do
frequent

[merriment;
The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous
By moon-shine, many a night, do give each other
chase,

[base,
At hood-wink, barley-break, at tick, or prison-
With tricks, and antique toys, that one another
mock,

[to rock,
That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock

³ See song 5, 10, 27.

⁴ Nymphs of the forest.

of this tract a corner, I would
[doth show
in there be found in Britain, that
austere, more stern from every

it behold, he cannot choose but say,
these grim hills, these dark and
[misty dales, [northern gales,
From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st
Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth
lie, [ply:]

The island's general want, whose plenty might sup-
Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be
From the old Britons brought, for Cop they use to
call

The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.
Then Eskdale, mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,
Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most
fam'd,

With Wasdale walled in, with hills on every side,
How's ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
For th' surface of a soil, 'A Copland, Copland,' cry,
Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply."

Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly
every hill, [lies fill;
Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring val-
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains
threw, [drew,

From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbairase
From whose stone-trophied head, it on to Wen-
dross went,

Which tow'rd's the sea again, resounded it to Dent,
That Brodwater therewith within her banks astound,
In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes
loud and long,

Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.

Whence soon the Muse proceeds, to find out
fresher springs, [that brings,
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale
Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
And with Thurl's mighty meer, between them two
do make [derive,

An island⁶, which the name from Darwent doth
Within whose secret breast nice Nature doth con-
trive [veins,

That mighty copper-mine, which not without its
Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains
Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she doth
call.

Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth
win

Clear Coker, her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her
fall, [withal,

Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there
Runs on her wat'ry race, and for a greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.

When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that
doth show

The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it
far'd,

And all their several tales substantially had heard,

And of the mountain kind, as all other he
Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,
Having a double head, as hath that sacred mount,
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high
account,

Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth display.

"The rough Hibernian sea I proudly overlook,
Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a
nook,

But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
At very sight thereof, immediately I make
Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south
survey:

So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,
Her countries to behold, when Scurfel⁶ from the
sky, [eye,

That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'n-
ing him:

So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,
That Scotland here with us, and England do
divide, [side,

As those, whence we them name upon the other
Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of
ours, [towers,

That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embattel'd
Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in
love,

His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallics
floats.

Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course
pursue.

O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here,
To whom the Romans did those ancient altars rear,
Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
Which they for trophies left of their victorious
spoils, [these dales,

Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and
That with poor shepherds' pipes and harmless herds-
man's tales [night,

Have often pleased been, still guard me day and
And hold me Skidow still, the place of your de-
light." [forth again,

This speech by Skidow spoke, the Muse makes
Tow'rd's where the in-born floods, clear Eden
entertain, [wastes,

To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian
Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,
She with two wood-nymphs meets, the first is great
and wild,

And westward forest height; the other but a child,
Compared with her sphere, and Inglewood is call'd,
Both in their pleasant scotes, most happily install'd.

What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so
coy, [enjoy,

Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not

⁵ The isle of Darwent.

⁶ A hill in Scotland.

And like Diapa's self, truly living chaste?
 For seldom any truce, doth cross their way less
 waste,
 With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres
 below,
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;
 The blushing morn to break but hardly doth begin,
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harm-
 less sheep, [keep,
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath to
 The dales do overspread, by them like motley
 made;
 But westward of the two, by her more widen'd slade,
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those nightly
 mines, [shines,
 Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby she
 Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do
 flow, [her so
 Which in herself she bath, whose banks do bound
 Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be
 Much pleased with their course, and takes delight
 to see
 How Elne upon the south, in sallying to the sea
 Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her
 way,
 Her purlieus wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
 Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.
 No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth win
 Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course
 doth twin [kind;
 With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the wat'ry
 And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's
 mind,
 That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,
 But earnestly proceed in our intended race.
 At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,
 Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills
 among, [where,
 As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every
 Prepare each in their course, to entertain her there,
 From Skidow her tall sire, first Cauda clearly
 brings [springs,
 In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her
 (Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda
 creeps)
 Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,
 To meet that great concourse, which seriously
 attend [doth send
 That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gilsland down
 Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,
 As Irthing coming in from her most pleteous
 source, [to crawl,
 Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd
 Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,
 First Pultrosse is her page, then Gelt she gets her
 guide, [side,
 Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion
 She crooked Cambec calls, to wait on her along,
 And Eden overtakes amongst the wat'ry throng.
 To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscaeth beareth in,
 To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win
 Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her
 state, [dilate.
 And Cumberland's chief town, lo thus she doth
 "What giveth more delight, brave city, to thy
 seat,
 Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,
 With all that Nature can a dainty flood endow,
 That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow

Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far
 Transcending, that oft times they in their amorous
 war,
 Have offered by my course, and beauties to detain
 The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
 That mighty Roman fort, which of the Picts we
 call, [wall,
 But by them near those times was styl'd Severus?
 Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that work
 began,
 Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean, [end
 Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth
 At Boulness, where myself I on the ocean spend.
 And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
 Of all her wat'ry kind) know that she lent relief
 To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons
 they
 For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
 Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed
 from fear,
 And from the British race, residing long time here,
 Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did
 Kimbri name, [came;
 Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first
 And in her praise he't spoke, this soil whose best
 is mine, [southern Tyne,
 That fountain bringeth forth, from which the
 (So nam'd, for that of North another hath that
 style) [mile,
 This to the eastern sea, that makes forth many a
 Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and Alne doth
 lead,
 To wait upon her forth; but farther to transcend
 To these great things of note, which many countries
 call [all,
 Their wonders, there is not a tract amongst them
 Can show the like to mine, at the less Salkeld, near
 To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any where:
 Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a ring,
 Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest
 thing,
 Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
 Within which other stones lie flat, which do en-
 close [say;)
 The bones of men long dead, (as there the people
 So near to Loder's spring, from thence not far away,
 Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
 The victories for which those trophies were begun,
 From dark oblivion thou, O Time, should'st have
 protected; [erected:
 For mighty were their minds, them thus that first
 And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
 A little rising bank, which of the table round,
 Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table
 name." [flame,
 But whilst these more and more, with glory her in-
 Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,
 All her attending floods, fair Eden do entreat,
 To lead them down to sea, when Leven comes
 along, [among,
 And by her double spring, being mighty them,
 There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that doth hie,
 Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
 Down from these western sands into the sea do fall,
 Where I this canto end, as also therewithal
 My England do conclude, for which I undertook
 This strange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth
 book.

ELEGIES UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

OF HIS LADY'S NOT COMING TO LONDON.

THAT ten years travell'd Greek return'd from sea
 Ne'er joy'd so much to see his Ithaca
 As I should you, who are alone to me
 More than wide Greece could to that wanderer be.
 The winter winds still easterly do keep,
 And with keen frosts have chained up the deep;
 The Sun's to us a niggard of his rays,
 But revelleth with our Antipodes;
 And seldom to us when he shows his head,
 Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed.
 In those bleak mountains can you live, where snow
 Maketh the vales up to the hills to grow;
 Whereas men's breaths do instantly congeal,
 And atom'd mists turn instantly to hail.
 Belike you think, from this more temperate coast,
 My sighs may have the power to thaw the frost,
 Which I from hence should swiftly send you thither,
 Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
 How many a time hath Phœbe from her wane,
 With Phœbus' fires fill'd up her horns again?
 She through her orb, still on her course doth range,
 But you keep your's still, nor for me will change.
 The Sun that mounted the stern Lion's back,
 Shall with the Fishes shortly dive the brack,
 But still you keep your station, which confines
 You, nor regard him travelling the signs.
 Those ships which when you went, put out to sea,
 Both to our Greenland, and Virginia,
 Are now return'd, and, custom'd, have their freight,
 Yet you arrive not, nor return me aught.

The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,
 As is my bosom, with the chilly fear
 Of your not coming, which on me doth light,
 As on those climes, where half the world is night.

Of every tedious hour you have made two,
 All this long winter here, by missing you:
 Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,
 A year is ended since the clock struck last,
 When your remembrance puts me on the rack,
 And I should swoon to see an Almanac,
 To read what silent weeks away are slid,
 Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.

I hate him who the first deviser was
 Of this same foolish thing, the hour-glass,
 And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and wheel,
 With their slow strokes, make me too much to feel
 Your slackness hither; O how I do ban
 Him that these dials against walls began,
 Whose snail's motion of the moving hand,
 (Although it go) yet seem to me to stand;
 As though at Adam it had first set out,
 And had been stealing all this while about,
 And when it back to the first point should come,
 It shall be then just at the general doom.

The seas into themselves retract their flows,
 The changing wind from every quarter blows,
 Declining winter in the spring doth call,
 The stars rise to us, as from us they fall;
 Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,
 Again in autumn re-salute our clime.
 Sure, either Nature you from kind hath made,
 Or you delight else to be retrograde.

But I perceive by your attractive powers,
 Like an enchantress you have charm'd the hours

Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,
 So that of us at London, you do lack
 Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun
 There where you live, and autumn almost done.
 With us more eastward, surely you devise,
 By your strong magic, that the Sun shall rise
 Where now it sets, and that in some few years
 You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.

Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love
 To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,
 Now your companions; and that you the while
 (As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,
 To make me write to these, while passers by
 Slightly look in your lovely face, where I
 See beauteous Heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they
 Like laden asses, plod upon their way,
 And wonder not, as you should point a clown
 Up to the guards, or Ariadne's crown;
 Of constellations, and his dulness tell,
 He'd think your words were certainly a spell;
 Or him some piece from Crete, or Marcus show,
 In all his life which till that time ne'er saw
 Painting: except in ale-house or old hall
 Done by some druzzer, of the prodigal.

Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal
 Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal
 From me, I pray you, you have now inur'd
 Me to your absence, and I have endur'd
 Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been
 For your short letters, as you held it sin
 To write to me, that to appease my woe,
 I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago:
 Which are to me, as though they had been made,
 Long time before the first Olympiad.

For thanks and curtsies sell your presence then
 To tattling women, and to things like men,
 And be more foolish than the Indians are
 For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,
 That sell their pearl and gold; but here I stay,
 So would I not have you but come away.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS, TREASURER FOR THE ENGLISH COLONY IN VIRGINIA.

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supply
 You with some strange omitted novelty,
 Which others' letters yet have left untold,
 You take me off, before I can take hold
 Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
 For two months voyage to Virginia,
 With news which now, a little something here,
 But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,
 I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
 Although some men make it their hourly theme,
 And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,
 I may not so; what Spinola intends, [ends;
 Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice
 To other men, although these things be free,
 Yet, George, they must be mysteries to me.

I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead,
 Lest for my lies he should be censured;
 It was my hap before all other men
 To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:
 When king James enter'd; at which joyful time
 I taught his title to this isle in rhyme:
 And to my part did all the Muses win,
 With high-pitch Pæans to applaud him in:

When cowardice had ty'd up every tongue,
And stood all silent, y^t for him I sung;
And when before by danger I was dar'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's scorn,
Me above earth and her afflictions born;
He next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me trodden lower than the dust:
But let this pass; in the extremest ill,
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,
Let pyes, and daws sit dumb before their death;
Only the swan sings at the parting breath.

And (worthy George) by industry and use,
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,
With the first five books; let your numbers run
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,
And do much honour to the English tongue:
Entice the Muses thither to repair,
Entreat them gently, train them to that air,
For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
T'wards the sad time which but too fast doth hie,
For poesy is follow'd with such spite,
By groveling drones that never raught her height,
That she must hence, she may no longer stay:
The dreary fates prefixed have the day
Of her departure, which is now come on,
And they command her straightways to be gone;
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
And to her succour, there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress,
But she must wander in the wilderness,
Like to the woman, which that holy John
Beheld in Pathmos in his vision.

As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck Jews,
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,
And of those men such poor opinions had,
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,
They thought the wizard quite out of his wit,
Such sots they were, as worthily to lie
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity;
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow,
So it hath been, and it will still be so.

That famous Greece where learning flourish'd
Hath of her Muses long since left to boast, [most,
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian trades,
Where Homer sang his lofty Iliads;
And this vast volume of the world hath taught,
Much may to pass in little time be brought.

And if to symptoms we may credit give,
This very time, wherein we two now live,
Shall in the compass, wound the Muses more,
Than all th' old English ignorance before;
Base balladry is so belov'd and sought,
And those brave numbers are put by for naught,
Which rarely read, were able to awake,
Bodies from graves, and to the ground to shake
The wand'ring clouds, and to our men at arms,
'Gainst pikes and muskets were most powerful
That, but I know, ensuing ages shall [charms.
Raise her again, who now is in her fall;
And out of dust reduce our scatter'd rhymes,
Th' rejected jewels of these slothful times,
Who with the Muses would mispend an hour,
But let blind Gothish barbarism devour
These feverous dog-days, blest by no record,
But to be everlastingly abhor'd.

If you vouchsafe rescription, stuff your quill
With natural bounties, and impart your skill

In the description of the place
May become learned in the
Of noble Wyat's health, and
The governor; and how our
Increase and labour, what
Which I confess shall give
But you may save your labour
To write to me aught of
As savage slaves be in Gre
As any one that you can show me there.
And though for this I'll say I do not thirst,
Yet I should like it well to be the first,
Whose numbers hence into Virginia flew,
So (noble Sandys) for this time adieu.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. WILLIAM BROWN, OF THE
EVIL TIME.

DEAR friend, be silent and with patience see,
What this mad time's catastrophe will be;
The world's first wisemen certainly mistook
Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the book,
And that which they have said of God, untrue,
Or else expect strange judgment to ensue.

This isle is a meer Bedlam, and therein,
We all lie raving, mad in every sin,
And him the wisest most men use to call,
Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all;
He whom the master of all wisdom found,
For a mark'd fool, and so did him propound,
The time we live in, to that pass is brought,
That only he a censor now is thought;
And that base villain, (not an age yet gone,) [
Which a good man would not have look'd upon,
Now like a god with divine worship follow'd,
And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.

This world of ours thus runneth upon wheels,
Set on the head, bolt upright with her heels;
Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told
Th' opinion, the Pythagorists up-hold,
That the immortal soul doth transmigrate;
Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
That those which at confused Babel were,
And since that time now many a lingering year,
Through fools, and beasts, and lunatics have past,
Are here embodied in this age at last,
And though so long we from that time be gone,
Yet taste we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now
Knows what t' approve, or what to disallow,
All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,
But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down;
To do in time, is to do out of season, [reason,
And that speeds best, that's done the farth'st from
He's high'st that's low'st, he's surest in that's out,
He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
He getteth up unlike to rise at all,
He slips to ground as much unlike to fall;
Which doth enforce me partly to prefer
The opinion of that mad Philosopher,
Who taught, that those all-framing powers above,
(As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing,
To make them sport with, which they use to bring
As men do monies, puppets, and such tools
Of laughter: so men are but the gods' fools.
Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why;

virtuous man depressed like a stone
 That dull sot to raise himself upon ;
 Who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,
 Never durst look upon his country's foe,
 Nor durst attempt that action which might get
 Him fame with men : or higher might him set
 Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd ;)
 This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares grow
 To any title empire can bestow ;
 For this believe, that impudence is now
 A cardinal virtue, and men it allow
 Reverence, nay more, men study and invent
 New ways, nay glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the Devil lately got,
 And by the moisture doubting much the rot,
 A medicine took to make him purge and cast ;
 Which in short time began to work so fast,
 That he fell to't, and from his backside flew
 A rout of rascal, a rude ribald crew
 Of base plebeians, which no sooner light
 Upon the Earth, but with a sudden flight
 They spread this isle ; and as Deucalion once
 Over his shoulder back by throwing stones,
 They became men, even so these beasts became
 Owners of titles from an obscure name.

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
 Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,
 And into base and wilful beggary run,
 This man as he some glorious act had done,
 With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,
 When he that hath by industry achiev'd
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd,
 In the forlorn hope of the times is plac'd,
 As though that God had carelessly left all
 That being hath on this terrestrial ball,
 To Fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
 With man, nor ought that doth belong him to,
 Or at the least God having given more
 Power to the Devil, than he did of yore,
 Over this world : the fiend as he doth hate
 The virtuous man ; maligning his estate,
 All noble things, and would have by his will,
 To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,
 By his black hellish ministers to vex
 All worthy men, and strangely to perplex
 Their constancy, there by them so to fright,
 That they should yield them wholly to his might.
 But of these things I vainly do but tell,
 Where Hell is Heaven, and Heav'n is now turn'd Hell ;
 Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,
 Now godliness, much less accounted sin ;
 And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
 Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,
 Till that of late I constru'd it, that they
 To present thrift had got the perfect way,
 When I concluded by their odious crimes,
 It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
 Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
 To see them on the sudden stricken sad,
 As in their fancy some strange forms they had,
 Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
 Angry at our capacities so slow,
 That by their count'nance we no sooner learn
 To see the wonder which they so discern :
 So the celestial powers do sit and smile
 At innocent and virtuous men the while ;
 They stand amazed at the world o'ergone,
 So far beyond imagination,

With slavish baseness, that they silent sit
 Pointing like children in describing it.

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
 These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul
 With constant patience : and with thoughts as high
 As these below, and poor, winged to fly
 To that exalted stand, whither yet they
 Are got with pain, that sit out of the way
 Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
 But such as think their black damnation
 To be a trifle ; such, so ill, that when
 They are advanc'd, those few poor honest men
 That yet are living, into search do run
 To find what mischief they have lately done,
 Which so prefers them ; say thou, he doth rise,
 That maketh virtue his chief exercise.
 And in this base world come whosoever shall,
 He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

UPON THE THREE SONS OF THE LORD SHEFFIELD,
 DROWNED IN HUMBER.

LIGHT sonnets hence, and to loose lovers fly,
 And mournful maidens sing an elegy
 On those three Sheffields, over-whelm'd with waves,
 Whose loss the tears of all the Muses craves ;
 A thing so full of pity as this was,
 Methinks for nothing should not slightly pass.
 Treble this loss was, why should it not borrow,
 Through this isle's treble parts, a treble sorrow :
 But fate did this, to let the world to know,
 That sorrows which from common causes grow,
 Are not worth mourning for, the loss to bear,
 But of one only son, 's not worth one tear.
 Some tender-hearted man, as I, may spend
 Some drops (perhaps) for a deceased friend. [true ;
 Some men (perhaps) their wife's late death may
 Or wives their husbands, but such be but few.
 Cares that have us'd the hearts of men to touch
 So oft, and deeply, will not now be such ;
 Who'll care for loss of maintenance, or place,
 Fame, liberty, or of the prince's grace ;
 Or suits in law, by base corruption cross'd,
 When he shall find, that this which he hath lost,
 Alas, is nothing to his, which did lose,
 Three sons at once so excellent as those :
 Nay, it is fear'd that this in time may breed
 Hard hearts in men to their own natural seed ;
 That in respect of this great loss of theirs,
 Men will scarce mourn the death of their own heirs.
 Through all this isle their loss so public is,
 That every man doth take them to be his,
 And as a plague which had beginning there,
 So catching is, and reigning every where,
 That those the farthest off as much do rue them,
 As those the most familiarly that knew them ;
 Children with this disaster are wax'd sage,
 And like to men that stricken are in age,
 Talk what it is three children at one time
 Thus to have drown'd, and in their very prime ;
 Yea, and do learn to act the same so well,
 That than old folk they better can it tell.
 Invention oft that passion us'd to feign,
 In sorrows of themselves but slight, and mean,
 To make them seem great ; here it shall not need,
 For that this subject doth so far exceed
 All forc'd expression, that what poesy shall
 Happily think to grace itself withal,

Falls so below it, that it rather borrows
 Grace from their grief, 'th'n addeth to their sorrows.
 For sad mischance thus in the loss of three,
 To show itself the utmost it could be;
 Exacting also by the selfsame law,
 The utmost tears that sorrow had to draw,
 All future times hath utterly prevented
 Of a more loss, or more to be lamented.

Whilst in fair youth they lively flourish'd here,
 To their kind parents they were only dear:
 But being dead, now every one doth take
 Them for their own, and do like sorrow make,
 As for their own begot, as they pretended
 Hope in the issue, which should have descended
 From them again; nor here doth end our sorrow,
 But those of us, that shall be born to morrow
 Still shall lament them, and when time shall count
 To what vast number passed years shall mount,
 They from their death shall duly reckon so,
 As from the deluge, former us'd to do.

O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,
 I now believe more than I did before
 The British story, whence thy name begun
 Of kindly Humber, an invading Hun,
 By thee devoured, for 'tis likely thou
 With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty till now
 The Ouse, the Done. And thou far clearer Trent,
 To drown these Sheffields as you gave consent,
 Shall curse the time, that e'er you were infus'd,
 Which have your waters basely thus abus'd.
 The groveling boor ye hinder not to go,
 And at his pleasure ferry to and fro;
 The very best part of whose soul, and blood,
 Compared with theirs, is viler than your mud.

But wherefore paper do I idly spend,
 On those deaf waters to so little end?
 And up to starry Heaven do I not look,
 In which, as in an everlasting book,
 Our ends are written? O let times rehearse
 Their fatal loss in their sad anniverse.

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY I. S. OF WORLDFLY
 CROSSES.

MADAM, to show the smoothness of my vein,
 Neither that I would have you entertain
 The time in reading me, which you would spend
 In fair discourse with some known honest friend,
 I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
 My powerful verses strive not to restore
 What time and sickness have in you impair'd,
 To other ends my elegy is squar'd.

Your beauty, sweetness, and your graceful parts
 That have drawn many eyes, won many hearts,
 Of me get little, I am so much man,
 That let them do their utmost that they can,
 I will resist their forces: and they be
 Though great to others, yet not so to me.
 The first time I beheld you, I then saw
 That (in it self) which had the power to draw
 My stay'd affection, and thought to allow
 You some deal of my heart; but you have now
 Got far into it, and you have the skill
 (For aught I see) to win upon me still.

When I do think how bravely you have borne
 Your many crosses, as in fortune's scorn,
 And how neglectful you have seem'd to be,
 Of that which hath seem'd terrible to me;

I thought you stupid, nor that you had felt
 Those griefs which (often) I have seen to melt
 Another woman into sighs and tears,
 A thing but seldom in your sex and years,
 But when in you I have perceiv'd again,
 (Noted by me, more than by other men)
 How feeling and how sensible you are
 Of your friend's sorrows, and with how much care
 You seek to cure them, then myself I blame,
 That I your patience should so much misname,
 Which to my understanding maketh known
 "Who feel's another's grief, can feel their own."
 When straight methinks, I hear your patience say,
 "Are you the man that studied Seneca;
 Pliny's most learned letters; and must I
 Read you a lecture in philosophy,
 To avoid the afflictions that have us'd to reach you;
 I'll learn you more, sir, than your books can teach

Of all your sex, yet never did I know, [you."
 Any that yet so actually could show
 Such rules for patience, such an easy way,
 That who so sees it, shall be forc'd to say,
 "Lo what before seem'd hard to be discern'd,
 Is of this lady, in an instant learn'd."
 It is Heaven's will that you should wronged be
 By the malicious, that the world might see
 Your dove-like meekness; for had the base scum,
 The spawn of fiends, been in your slander dumb,
 Your virtue then had perish'd, never priz'd,
 For that the same you had not exercis'd;
 And you had lost the crown you have, and glory,
 Nor had you been the subject of my story.
 Whilst they feel Hell, being damned in their hate;
 Their thoughts, like devils, them excruciate,
 Which by your noble sufferings do torment
 Them with new pains, and gives you this content
 To see your soul an Innocent, hath suffer'd,
 And up to Heaven before your eyes he offer'd:
 Your like we in a burning glass may see,
 When the Sun's rays therein contracted be
 Bent on some object, which is purely white,
 We find that colour doth dispierce the light,
 And stands untainted: but if it hath got
 Some little sully, or the least small spot,
 Then it soon fires it; so you still remain
 Free, because in you they can find no stain.

God doth not love them least, on whom he lays
 The great'st afflictions; but that he will praise
 Himself most in them, and will make them fit
 Near'st to himself who is the Lamb to sit:
 For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
 Who are not his, until the world denies them.
 And your example may work such effect,
 That it may be the beginning of a sect
 Of patient women; and that many a day
 All husbands may for you their founder pray.

Nor is to me your innocence the less,
 In that I see you strive not to suppress
 Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
 Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,
 With unremoved constancy is still
 The same it was, that of your proper ill,
 The effect proceeds from your own self the cause,
 Like some just prince, who to establish laws
 Suffers the breach at his best lov'd to strike,
 To learn the vulgar to endure the like.
 You are a martyr thus, nor can you be
 Less to the world so valued by me:
 If as you have begun, you still persevere,
 Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

ELEGIES UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

MUST I needs write, who's he that can refuse,
He wants a mind, for her that hath no Muse,
The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,
Next powerful, to those cloven tongues of fire.

Since I knew aught, time never did allow
Me stuff fit for an elegy, till now;
When France and England's Henrys dy'd my quill,
Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.
'Tis more than greatness that my spirit must raise,
To observe custom I use not to praise;
Nor the least thought of mine yet e'er depended
On any one from whom she was descended;
That for their favour I this way should woo,
As some poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;
I gain the end, whereat I only aim,
If by my freedom I may give her fame.

Walking then forth being newly up from bed,
"O sir" (quoth one) "the lady Clifton's dead."
When, but that reason my stern rage withstood,
My hand had sure been guilty of his blood,
"If she be so, must thy rude tongue confess it.
(Quoth I) "And com'st so coldly to express it!
Thou should'st have given a shriek, to make me fear
thee,

That might have slain whatever had been near thee;
Thou should'st have come like Time, with thy scalp
bare,

And in thy hands thou should'st have brought thy
Casting upon me such a dreadful look,
As seen a spirit, or th'adst been thunderstruck,
And gazing on me so a little space, [face,
Thou should'st have shot thine eye-balls in my
Thou falling at my feet, thou should'st have said,
"O she is gone, and Nature with her dead."

With this ill news amaz'd, by chance I pass'd
By that near grove, whereas both first and last
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd;
When (tho' full summer 'gan to veil her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripen'd corn,
Besides advis'd me well,) I durst have sworn
The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,
And the fresh spring had been again return'd,
Her delicacy, loveliness, and grace,
With such a summer bravery deck'd the place:
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaves were shed,
Presenting only sorrow to my sight,
O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.

And sure I think it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by providence was brought,
For that the Fates fore-dooming she should die,
Showed me this wond'rous master-piece, that I
Should sing her funeral, that the world should
know it,

That Heaven did think her worthy of a poet;
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall e'er rase out.
A thousand silken puppets should have died,
And in their fulsome coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines you of their names should hear
To tell the world that such there ever were,
Whose memory shall from the Earth decay,
Before those rags were worn they gave away.
Had I her godlike features never seen,
Poor slight report had told me she had been
A handsome lady, comely, very well,
And so might I have died an infidel,

As many do which never did her see,
Or cannot credit, what she was, by me.

Nature, herself, that before art prefers
To go beyond all our cosmographers,
By charts and maps exactly that have shown
All of this Earth that e'er can be known,
For that she would beyond them all descry
What art could not by any mortal eye;
A map in Heaven by her rare features drew,
And that she did so lively and so true,
That any soul but seeing it, might swear
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.
If ever any painter were so blest, [press'd,
To draw that face, which so much Heav'n ex-
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it never may come in my sight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) lest I
Should to that face commit idolatry. [one,

Death might have tyth'd her sex, but for this
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;
Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,
Cement them up with sluttish Mercury,
Such as undress'd were able to affright
A valiant man approaching him by night;
Death might have taken such, her end deferr'd,
Until the time she had been climacter'd [three,
When she would have been at threescore years and
Such as our best at three-and-twenty be,
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,
When age nor time had power to seize upon her.

But when the unpitying fates her end decreed,
They to the same did instantly proceed,
For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)
As those which hence by natural causes go,
So many prayers, and tears for her had spoken,
As certainly their iron laws had broken, [show'd
And had wak'd Heav'n, who clearly would have
That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;
And that the world still of her end might think,
It would have let some neighbouring mountain
sink;

Or the vast sea it in on us to cast,
As Severn did about some five years past:
Or some stern comet his curl'd top to rear,
Whose length should measure half our hemisphere.
Holding this height, to say some will not stick,
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic:
You, of what sex soe'er you be, you lie,
'Tis thou thyself is lunatic, not I.

I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may conjure you, if you be not stone,
That you no harsh, nor shallow rhymes decline,
Upon that day wherein you shall read mine.
Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,
And will but sit like moths upon her hearse;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor page,
Disturb the room, the whilst my sacred rage
In reading is; but whilst you hear it read,
Suppose, before you, that you see her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournful black,
And nothing of her funeral to lack;
And when this period gives you leave to pause,
Cast up your eyes, and sigh for my applause.

UPON THE NOBLE LADY ASTON'S DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN.

I MANY a time have greatly marvell'd, why
Men say, their friends depart when as they die,

DRAYTON'S POEMS.

How well that word, a dying, doth express,
I did not know (I truly must confess,) ¹
Till her departure for whose missed sight,
I am enforc'd this elegy to write :
But since resistless fate will have it so,
That she from hence must to Iberia go,
And my weak wishes can her not detain,
I will of Heaven in policy complain,
That it so long her travel should adjourn,
Hoping thereby to hasten her return.

Can those of Norway ¹ for their wage procure,
By their black spells, a wind that shall endure
Till from aboard the wished land men see,
And fetch the harbour where they long to be,
Can they by charms do this, and cannot I,
Who am the priest of Phœbus, and so high
Sit in his favour, win the poet's god,
To send swift Hermes with his snaky rod,
To Æolus' cave, commanding him with care,
His prosperous winds that he for her prepare,
And from that hour wherein she takes the seas,
Nature bring on the quiet halcyon days,
And in that hour that bird begin her nest,
Nay, at that very instant, that long rest
May seize on Neptune, who may still repose,
And let that bird ne'er till that hour disclose,
Wherein she landeth, and for all that space
Be not a wrinkle seen on Thetis' face,
Only so much breath with a gentle gale,
As by the easy swelling of her sail,
May at Sebastian's safely set her down,
Where, with her goodness she may bless the town.

If Heaven in justice would have plagu'd by thee

Some pirate, and, grim Neptune, thou should'st be
His executioner ; or what is worse,
The grapple merchant, born to be the curse
Of this brave island ; let them for her sake,
Who to thy safeguard doth herself betake,
Escape undrown'd, unwreck'd ; nay rather let
Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
Where with much profit they may vend their wealth
That they have got by villainy and stealth,
Rather, great Neptune, than when thou dost rave,
Thou once should'st wet her sail but with a wave.

Or if some prowling rover should but dare
To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
Let the fell fishes of the main appear,
And tell those sea-thieves, that once such they were
As they are now, till they assay'd to rape
Grape-crowned Bacchus in a stripling's shape,
That came aboard them, and would fain have sail'd
To vine-spread Naxos ², but that him they fail'd,
Which he perceiving, them so monstrous made,
And warn them how they passengers invade.

Ye south and western winds, now cease to blow,
Autumn is come, there be no flowers to grow,
Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
And to her sails should show yourself but foes,
But Boreas and ye eastern winds, arise,
To send her soon to Spain, but be precise,
That in your aid you seem not still so stern,
As we a summer should no more discern,
For till that here again I may her see,
It will be winter all the year with me.

¹ The witches of the northerly regions sell winds to passengers.

² An isle for the abundance of wine supposed to be the habitation of Bacchus.

Ye swan-begotten ³ lovely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poor mariners,
Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,
Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear
To be her warrant from all future fear.

And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove good,
May never time by worms consume thy wood,
Nor rust thy iron ; may thy tacklings last,
Till they for relics be in temples plac'd ;
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark
Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,
With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,
From ten years' travel brought Ulysses back,
That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,
And in her bottom brought the golden fleece
Under brave Jason ; or that same of Drake,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the world ; or Ca'ndish's that went
As far as his, about the continent.

And ye mild winds, that now I do implore,
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,
Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire :
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it please you, but to do your due,
What for those winds I did, I'll do for you ;
I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,
My pen shall prove you to have deities,
I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,
And tell the stories of your weal and woe,
I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,
And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring ;
I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
O blessed winds ! your will that it may be,
To send health to her, and her home to me.

TO MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND, HENRY REYNOLDS, ESQ. OF POETS AND POESY.

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we,
In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)
To some well chosen place us'd to retire,
And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves, if not
Other men's lines, which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store ;
And I remember you much pleased were,
Of those who lived long ago to hear,
As well as of those, of these latter times,
Who have enrich'd our language with their rhymes,
And in succession how still up they grew,
Which is the subject that I now pursue ;
For from my cradle (you must know that) I
Was still inclin'd to noble poesy,
And when that once pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato construed,
In my small self I greatly marvel'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
" O my dear master ! cannot you " (quoth I)

³ Castor and Pollux.

Take me a poet? Do it, if you can,
 You shall see, I'll quickly be a man."
 "To me thus answer'd, smiling, "Boy," quoth he,
 "If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
 You ply your learning, I will shortly read
 Some poets to you." Phœbus be my speed,
 To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
 And first read to me honest Mantuan,
 Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,
 Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
 And in his full career could make him stop,
 And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
 I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done
 And had for Finis, William Elderton.
 But soft, in sporting with this childish jest,
 I from my subject have too long digress'd,
 Then to the matter that we took in hand,
 Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
 The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,
 And was the first of ows that ever brake
 Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake
 In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
 Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
 And coin for current, and as much as then
 The English language could express to men,
 He made it do; and by his wondrous skill,
 Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,
 Had only sipp'd at Aganippa's brim,
 And though in years this last was him before,
 Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,
 They with the Muses which conversed, were
 That princely Surrey, early in the time
 Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
 Of England's noble youth; with him there came
 Wyat, with reverence whom we still do name
 Amongst our poets; Brian had a share
 With the two former, which accounted are
 That time's best makers, and the authors were
 Of those small poems, which the title bear,
 Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
 On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoigne and Churchyard after them again
 In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
 Accounted were great meterers many a day,
 But not inspired with brave fire, had they
 Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen
 Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,
 Than whom I am persuaded there was none
 Since the blind bard his Iliads up did make,
 Fitter a task like that to undertake,
 To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
 In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,
 That hero for numbers and for prose,
 That thoroughly pac'd our language as to show,
 The plenteous English hand in hand might go
 With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
 Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
 Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
 Playing with words, and idle similies,
 As th' English apes and very zanies be
 Of every thing, that they do hear and see,
 So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
 They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, tho' his lines were not so trimm'd,
 Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd

And neatly jointed, but the critic may
 Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:
 For my old friend, some passages there be
 In him, which I protest have taken me
 With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
 As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs
 Had in him those brave translunary things,
 That the first poets had, his raptures were,
 All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,
 For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a proser were,
 A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,
 Sharply satyric was he, and that way
 He went, since that his being, to this day
 Few have attempted, and I surely think
 These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
 Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he
 Would inflict vengeance; and be it said of thee,
 Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
 Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
 As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
 As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
 May speak of, but to censure do deny,
 Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,
 To be too much historian in verse;
 His rhymes were smooth, his meters well did close,
 But yet his manner better fitted prose:
 Next these, learn'd Jonson, in this list I bring,
 Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
 Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
 And long was lord here of the theatre,
 Who in opinion made our learn'd'st to stick,
 Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
 Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
 Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.
 Others again have lived in my days,
 That have of us deserved no less praise
 For their translations, than the daintiest wit
 That on Parnassus thinks, he high'st doth sit,
 And for a chair may 'mongst the Muses call,
 As the most curious maker of them all;
 As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,
 Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
 Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
 Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
 That were those poets at this day alive,
 To see their books thus with us to survive,
 They would think, having neglected them so long,
 They had been written in the English tongue.

And Silvester who from the French more weak,
 Made Bargas of his six days' labour speak
 In natural English, who, had he there stay'd,
 He had done well, and never had bewray'd
 His own invention to have been so poor,
 Who still wrote less, in striving to write more.

Then dainty Sands, that hath to English done
 Smooth sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
 With so much sweetness and unusual grace,
 As though the neatness of the English pace
 Should tell the jetting Latin that it came.
 But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.

So Scotland sent us hither, for our own
 That man whose name I ever would have known,
 To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
 My Alexander, to whom in his right,
 I want extremely, yet in speaking thus
 I do but show the love, that was 'twixt us,

And not his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind, was his clear poesy.
And my dear Drummond to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poesy, for which two worthy men,
I Menstry still shall love, and Hawthornden.
Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown arose,
My dear companions whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways,
Rightly born poets, and in these last days,
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them; but if you shall
Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
Only myself, to these few men do tie,
Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
To public censure subject have been most;
For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that encloister'd are,
And by transcription daintily must go,
As though the world unworthy were to know,
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wondrous relics in their judgment deep,
And cry them up so, let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I pass not for them, nor do mean to run
In quest of these, that them applause have won,
Upon our stages in these latter days,
That are so many, let them have their bays
That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt
Those public circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,
And so, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

IDEAS.

I.

LIKE an advent'rous sea-farer am I,
Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage been,
And call'd to tell of his discovery,
How far he sail'd, what countries he had seen:
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shows by his compass how his course he steer'd;
When east, when west, when south, and when by
As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd, [north,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulphs and straits that strangely he had past,
Where most becalm'd, where with foul weather
And on what rocks in peril to be cast: [spent,
Thus in my love, time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I;
Who should I think the murder should commit?
Since but yourself there was no creature by,
But only I; guiltless of murthering it.
It slew itself; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not accessory:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
But O! see, see! we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.
By this I see, however things be past,
Yet Heav'n will still have murder out at last.

III.

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my woe
Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
I find, my griefs innumerable grow,
The reckonings rise to millions of despair;
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love, I read, and cross,
Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sorrows,
My joys' arrearage leads me to my loss;
And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,
My heart hath paid such grievous usury,
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV.

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their several places,
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear:
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there,
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me 't that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praise be still made good by you:
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

V.

NOTHING but No and I, and I and No:
"How falls it out so strangely?" you reply.
I tell you, fair, I'll not be answer'd so,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I say, "I love;" you slightly answer I:
I say, "You love;" you peule me out a No:
I say, "I die;" you echo me with I:
"Save me," I cry; you sigh me out a No.
Most Woe and I have nought but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can hate;
Answer no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave:
Let No and I, with I and you be so:
Then answer No and I, and I and No.

VI.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

VII.

Love in a humour play'd the prodigal,
And bade my senses to a solemn feast;
Yet more to grace the company withal,
Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
But precious tears distilling from mine eye,
Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;

Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffin's part,
 And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 * Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest heart :
 A gentle warning, friends, thus may you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

VIII.

THERE'S nothing grieves me, but that age should
 haste,
 That in my days I may not see thee old,
 That where those two clear sparkling eyes are plac'd,
 Only two loop-holes then I might behold.
 That lovely, arched, ivory, polish'd brow,
 Defac'd with wrinkles, that I might but see ;
 Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crisped now,
 Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree ;
 Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean,
 Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
 Thy pearly teeth out of thy head, so clean,
 That when thou feed'st, thy nose shall touch thy
 chin : [delight thee,

These lines that now thou scorn'st, which should
 Then would I make thee read, but to despise thee.

IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
 Why in this sort I wrest invention so.
 And why these giddy metaphors I use,
 Leaving the path the greater part do go ;
 I will resolve you : I am lunatic,
 And ever this in madmen you shall find, [sick,
 What they last thought of when the brain grew
 In most distraction they keep that in mind.
 Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
 Reason and you (you must conceive) are twain,
 'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit,
 Bear with me then, though troubled be my brain :
 With diet and correction men distraught
 (Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,
 Than to the son of some rich penny-father,
 Who having now brought on his end with eare,
 Leaves to his son all he had heap'd together ;
 This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
 To one man gives, doth on another spend,
 Then here he riots, yet amongst the rest,
 Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
 Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
 False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee ;
 Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd,
 Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave
 Only that little which to me was lent, [thee ;
 I give thee back, when all the rest is spent.

XI.

You not alone, when You are still alone,
 O God, from You that I could private be,
 Since You one were, I never since was one,
 Since You in me, myself since out of me,
 Transported from myself into Your being,
 Though either distant, present yet to either,
 Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,
 And only absent when we are together.
 Give Me myself, and take Yourself again,
 Devise some means but how I may forsake You,
 So much is mine that doth with You remain,
 That taking what is mine, with Me I take You ;
 You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,
 From myself You, or from your ownself I.

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XII.

TO THE SOUL.

THAT learned father, which so firmly proves
 Th' soul of man immortal and divine,
 And doth the sev'ral offices define, [moves,
 ANIMA Gives her that name, as she the body
 AMOR Then is she love, embracing charity,
 ANIMUS Moving a will in us, it is the mind,
 MENS Retaining knowledge, still the same in
 MEMORIA As intellectual, it is memory, [kind,
 RATIO In judging, reason only is her name,
 SENSUS In speedy apprehension it is sense,
 CONSCIENTIA In right or wrong, they call her con-
 science, [inflame ;
 SPIRITUS The spirit, when it to God-ward doth
 These of the soul the sev'ral functions be,
 Which my heart lighten'd by thy love doth see.

XIII.

TO THE SHADOW.

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,
 Metals do waste, and fret with canker's rust,
 The diamond shall once consume to dust,
 And freshest colours with foul stains disgraced :
 Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
 To write with blood, of force offends the sight ;
 And if with tears, I find them all too light,
 And sighs and signs a silly hope affords.
 O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn !
 Which still shalt be as long as there is Sun ;
 Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,
 Whilst Moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn :
 That ev'ry thing whence shadow doth proceed,
 May in his shadow my love's story read.

XIV.

If he, from Heav'n that filch'd that living fire,
 Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,
 That far beyond Prometheus did aspire :
 The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
 Which from above he craftily did take,
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
 He did bestow in temper of the mind :
 But you broke into Heav'n's immortal store,
 Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay ;
 Which taking thence, you have escap'd away,
 Yet stand as free as e'er you did before :
 Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his rape :
 Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

XV.

HIS REMEDY FOR LOVE.

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,
 I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,
 The powder of her heart dry'd, when she's dead,
 That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move ;
 Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love cross'd,
 Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,
 Boil'd with her sighs in giving up the ghost,
 That for her late deceased husband dy'd ;
 Into the same then let a woman breathe,
 That being chid, did never word reply,
 With one thrice-married's pray'rs, that did be-
 A legacy to stale virginity : [queath
 If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,
 Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI.

IN ALLUSION TO THE PHENIX.

'MOST of all the creatures in this spacious round,
 Of the birds' kind, the phenix is alone,
 Which best by you of living things is known ;
 None like to that, none like to you is found.

Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous Sun,
The precious spices be your chaste desire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life so like the phenix's begun;
Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the Heav'ns perfuming,
Again increasing, as you are consuming,
Only by dying, born the very same;
And wing'd by fame, you to the stars ascend,
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII.

TO TIME.

STAY, speedy Time, behold before thou pass,
From age to age, what thou hast sought to see,
One, in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom, Heav'n looks itself as in a glass:
Time, look thou too in this tralucient glass,
And thy youth past in this pure mirror see,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,
Yet see thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen,
In perfect human shape, all heav'nly bliss;
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with
That she is gone, her like again to see. [thee,

XVIII.

TO THE CELESTIAL NUMBERS.

To this our world, to learning, and to Heaven,
Three nines there are, to every one a nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my fair Muse, one Muse unto the nine,
And my good angel (in my soul divine)
With one more order these nine orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my worthy, and my angel then,
Makes every one of these three nines a ten.

XIX.

TO HUMOUR.

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would:
But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.
What will you hate? nay, that you will not neither;
Nor love, nor hate, how then? what will you do?
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serves not this: what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coil is here?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there:
Your love and hate is hate, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XX.

An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas! I have been long possess'd,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest:
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity;

Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath:
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel devil.

XXI.

A WITLESS gallant, a young wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move)
Entreated me, as e'er I wish'd his good,
To write him but one sonnet to his love:
When I, as fast as e'er my pen could trot,
Pour'd out what first from quick invention came;
Nor never stood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to use the same:
But with my verses he his mistress won,
Who doted on the dolt beyond all measure,
But see, for you to Heav'n for phrase I run,
And ransack all Apollo's golden treasure;
Yet by my froth this fool his love obtains,
And I lose you for all my wit and pains.

XXII.

TO POLLY.

With fools and children good discretion bears;
Then honest people bear with love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser, made by years,
Amongst the rest of fools and children be:
Love, still a baby, plays with gawdes and toys,
And like a wanton sports with every feather;
And ideots still are running after boys,
Then fools and children fit't to go together:
He still as young as when he first was born,
No wiser I, than when as young as he.
You that behold us, laugh us not to scorn,
Give nature thanks ye are not such as we:
Yet fools and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in show, more fools indeed than they.

XXIII.

Love banish'd Heaven, in Earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus
No marvel then tho' charity grow cold. [bold,

XXIV.

I HEAR some say, "this man is not in love:
Who? can he love? a likely thing," they say;
"Read but his verse, and it will easily prove."
O, judge not rashly (gentle sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile:
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the while.
Ye shallow cens'ers, sometimes see ye not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute? so stands the case with me;
Where other men in depth of passion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

XXV.

Oh, why should nature niggardly restrain,
That foreign nations relish not our tongue !
Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,
And crown the Pyrenes with my living song ;
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades,
There let my verse get glory in the north,
Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas ;
And let the bards within that Irish isle,
To whom my Muse with fiery wings shall pass,
Call back the stiff-neck'd rebels from exile,
And mollify the slaughter'ring Galliglass ;

And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verse.

XXVI.

TO DESPAIR.

I EVER love, where never hope appears,
Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
And my life's hope would die, but for despair.
My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,
Uncertain dread gives wings unto my hope ;
Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,
As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere ;
Tho' fear gives them more than a heav'nly scope,
Yet this large room is bounded with despair,
So my love is still fetter'd with vain hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I imprison'd in the air :

Then, sweet Despair, awhile hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,
And diff'reth it, as do the several nations ?
Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,
Or in this island alt'reth with the fashions ?
Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,
Who had less art them lively to express ?
Is Nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers did she more transgress ?
I'm sure my sighs come from a heart as true,
As any man's that memory can boast,
And my respects and services to you,
Equal with his, that loves his mistress most :
Or Nature must be partial in my cause,
Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII.

To such as say thy love I over-prize,
And do not stick to term my praises folly ;
Against these folk, that think themselves so wise,
I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly :
Though I give more than well affords my state,
In which expense the most suppose me vain,
Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returns me treble gain.
They value not unskilful how to use,
And I give much, because I gain thereby :
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceived then, or I ?
In ev'ry thing I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

XXIX.

TO THE SENSES.

WHEN conquer'ing Love did first my heart assail,
Unto mine aid I summon'd every sense,
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My heart would suffer for mine eyes' offence ;

But he with beauty first corrupted sight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongue's harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My smelling won with her breath's spicery :
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The king of senses, greater than the rest)
He yields Love up the keys unto my heart,
And tells the other how they should be blest :
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for aid,
To cruel Love my soul was first betray'd.

XXX.

TO THE VESTALS.

THOSE priests which first the vestal fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Deviz'd a vessel to receive the sun,
Being stedfastly opposed to the same :
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,
On which the Sun might by reflection beat,
Receiving strength from ev'ry secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestial heat.
Thy blessed eyes, the Sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the vestal flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breasts the vessel which includes the same :
Thou art my Vesta, thou my goddess art,
Thy hallow'd temple only is my heart.

XXXI.

TO THE CRITIC.

METHINKS I see some crooked mimic jeer,
And tax my Muse with this fantastic grace,
Turning my papers, asks, " What have we here ?"
Making withal some filthy antic face.
I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jot of vigour lose ;
Think'st thou my wit shall keep the packhorse way,
That every dudgeon low invention goes ?
Since sonnets thus in bundles are impress'd,
And ev'ry drudge doth dull our satiate ear,
Think'st thou my love shall in those rags be dress'd,
That ev'ry dowdy, ev'ry trull, doth wear ?
Up to my pitch no common judgment flies,
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

XXXII.

TO THE RIVER ANKOR.

Our floods-queen Thames, for ships and swans
is crown'd,
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd,
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd,
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd,
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell,
The Peake her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say, her Medway doth excel,
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame,
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood,
Our western parts extol their Wilis' fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood ;
Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair Idea only lives by thee.

XXXIII.

TO IMAGINATION.

WHILST yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
My woful heart imprison'd in my breast,
Wisheth to be transformed to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking might be blest :

But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the others' happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the others' use to have;
But finding Nature their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave;
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think of that my heart could see.

XXXIV.

TO ADMIRATION.

MARVEL not, Love, tho' I thy pow'r admire,
Ravish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend,
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starv'd in my desire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

XXXV.

TO MIRACLE.

SOME, misbelieving and profane in love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flattered by me,
Who only write my skill in verse to prove;
See miracles, ye unbelieving, see,
A dumb-born Muse made to express the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame, by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee,
Blind were mine eyes till they were seen of thine,
And mine ears deaf, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd by virtues sprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd, which long in grave had lyen:
All unclean thoughts foul spirits cast out in me,
Only by virtue that proceeds from thee.

XXXVI.

CUPID CONJURED.

THOU purblind boy, since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me,
And suffer'd her to glory in my wrack,
Thus to my aid I lastly conjure thee;
By hellish Styx, (by which the thund'rer swears)
By thy fair mother's unavok'd power,
By Hecat's names, by Proserpine's sad tears,
When she was rapt to the infernal bow'r;
By thine own loved Psyche, by the fires
Spent on thine altars, flaming up to Heav'n;
By all true lovers' sighs, vows, and desires,
By all the wounds that ever thou hast given,
I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd,
To make her love, or, Cupid, be thou damn'd.

XXXVII.

DEAR, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep:
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several sight,
The quiet ev'ning yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night!

O, thou that art so courteous else to all!
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That ev'ry creature, to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go away.

XXXVIII.

SIRRIUS alone, Love bids me go and write;
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
Boasting, that she doth still direct the way,
Or else Love were unable to indite.
Love growing angry, vexed at the spleen,
And scorning Reason's maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to invent,
Where she with Love conversing hath not been.
Reason reproached with this coy disdain,
Despiset Love, and laugheth at her folly;
And Love contemning Reason's reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a grain;
Reason put back, doth out of sight remove,
And Love alone picks Reason out of love.

XXXIX.

SOME, when in rhyme they of their loves do tell,
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
Some call on Heaven, some invoke on Hell,
And fates and furies with their woes acquaint.
Elysium is too high a seat for me,
I will not come in Styx or Phlegeton,
The thrice-three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that last, I care not, I will none.
Spiteful Erennis frights me with her looks,
My manhood dares not with foul Ate mell,
I quake to look on Hecat's charming books,
I still fear bugbears in Apollo's cell:
I pass not for Minerva, nor Astrea,
Only I call on my divine Idea.

XL.

My heart the anvil, where my thoughts do beat,
My words the hammers, fash'ning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fuel, which maintains the fire;
My sighs the bellows, which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning,
Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth,
In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning:
My eyes with tears against the fire striving,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with those drops the flame again reviving,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With Sisiphus thus do I roll the stone,
And turn the wheel with damned Ixion.

XLI.

LOVE'S LUNACY.

WHY do I speak of joy, or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my soul the pains of Hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terror?
What should I say? what yet remains to do?
My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
My sighs be spent in utt'ring of my woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my wrong.
But still distracted in love's lunacy,
And bedlam-like thus raving in my grief,
Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye;
Now call her goddess, then I call her thief:
Now I deny her, then I do confess her,
Now do I curse her, then again I bless her.

XLII.

SOME men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the strangeness of my vein :
Some say, I have a passing pleasing strain,
Some say, that in my humour I excel ;
Some, who not kindly relish my conceit,
They say (as poets do) I use to feign,
And in bare words paint out my passion's pain ;
Thus sundry men their sundry minds repeat :
I pass not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends or discommends my verse ;
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
And in my lines, if she my love may see ;
Only my comfort still consists in this,
Writing her praise, I cannot write amiss.

XLIII.

WHY should your fair eyes with such sov'reign
grace,
Disperse their rays on ev'ry vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
Get not one glance to recompense my merit ?
So doth the ploughman gaze the wand'ring star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learn'd what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O, why should beauty (custom to obey)
To their gross sense apply herself so ill !
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill ;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
Heav'n's are not kind to them that know them
most.

XLIV.

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace ;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-out-wearing rhimes,
And mother'st virtue with thy coy disdain :
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save ;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV.

MUSES which sadly sit about my chair,
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines ;
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs,
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,
Wherein the world shall now entomb her name ;
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,
Soft on yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I like Orpheus sing to trees and stones ;
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity mov'd,
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

XLVI.

PLAIN-path'd Experience, the unlearned's guide,
Her simple followers evidently shows
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise reason absolutely knows :

In making trial of a murder wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed,
Oft 't'ath been prov'd, the breathless cors^e will
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed, (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before :
But what of this? Should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the ears of men ;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove :
Where, the full praise I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move,
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause,
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong :
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

XLVIII.

CUPID, I hate thee, which I'd have thee know,
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be,
Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow,
For some few rags, wherewith to cover thee ;
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
Practise thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper ;
Or being blind, (as fittest for the trade)
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy ;
They that are blind, are minstrels often made,
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's joy :
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind son, may'st sit by them and play.

XLIX.

Thou leaden brain, which censor'st what I write,
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not move ;
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love :
But thou, whose pen hath like a packhorse serv'd,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whose senses, like poor pris'ners hunger-starv'd,
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood ;
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry,
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curs'd
thy birth
With thousand plagues more than in purgatory :
Thou, thus whose spirit Love in his fire refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines.

L.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begg'd their art on him to try,
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the
corse ;
And with their balms recure the wounds again ;

Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to show her beauty's sov'reign pow'r.

LL

CALLING to mind since first my love begun,
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course,
How things still unexpectedly have run,
As't please the fates by their resistless force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly have seen
Essex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
The quiet end of that long-living queen,
This king's fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever;
Thus the world doth, and evermore shall reel;
Yet to my goddess am I constant ever,
Howe'er blind Fortune turn her giddy wheel:
Though Heaven and Earth prove both to me un-
Yet am I still inviolate to you. [true,

LII.

WHAT dost thou mean to cheat me of my heart,
To take all mine, and give me none again?
Or have thine eyes such magic, or that art,
That what they get, they ever do retain?
Play not the tyrant, but take some remorse,
Rebate thy spleen, if but for pity's sake;
Or cruel, if thou can'st not, let us scorese,
And for one piece of thine my whole heart take.
But what of pity do I speak to thee,
Whose breast is proof against complaint or prayer,
Or can I think what my reward shall be
From that proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talk I of a heart, when thou hast none?
Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII.

ANOTHER TO THE RIVER ANKOR.

CLEAR Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
My soul-shrin'd saint, my fair Idea lies,
O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
Thy christal stream refined by her eyes,
Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the dainty dew-pearled flowers;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years,
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

LIV.

YET read at last the story of my woe,
The dreary abstracts of my endless cares,
With my life's sorrow interlined so,
Smok'd with my sighs, and blotted with my tears,
The sad memorials of my miseries,
Penn'd in the grief of mine afflicted ghost,
My life's complaint in doleful elegies,
With so pure love, as time could never boast;
Receive the incense which I offer here,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame: [pray'r,
My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praise, my
My soul's oblations to thy sacred name; [raise,
Which name my Muse to highest Heav'n shall
By chaste desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

LV.

My fair, if thou wilt register my love,
A world of volumes shall thereof arise:
Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove
A second flood, down raining from my eyes:
Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
The sun-beams smother'd with immortal smoke;
And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,
They Heaven and Earth to pity shall provoke:
Look thou into my breast, and thou shall see
Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice;
That soul (sweet maid) which so bath honour'd
Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes, [thce,
Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,
When darkness hath obscur'd each other light.

LVI.

AN ALLUSION TO THE EAGLETS.

When like an eglet I first found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know,
Upon the nest I set it forth to prove,
If it were of that kingly kind, or no:
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
To show that I had hatch'd it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
And when the plumes were summ'd with sweet de-
To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies; [sire,
Do what I could, it need'sly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes:
Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

LVII.

You best discern'd of my mind's inward eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly divine,
Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine:
You, in whom Nature chose herself to view,
When she her own perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you;
At whose pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,
Ev'n as a man that in some trance had seen,
More than his wond'ring ut'trance can unfold,
That wrapp'd in spirit, in better worlds hath been,
So much your praise distractedly be told:
Most of all short, when I should show you most,
In your perfections so much am I lost.

LVIII.

In former times, such as had store of coin,
In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;
And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
Till they return'd: home when they never came,
Such as by art to get the same have try'd,
From the strong spirit by no means force the same;
Nearer men come, that further flies away,
Striving to hold it strongly in the deep:
Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone do play
With those rich beauties Heaven gives you to keep:
Pity so left to th' coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX.

TO PROVERBS.

As Love and I late harbour'd in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
"In love there is no lack," thus I begin,
"Fair words make fools," replieth he again;

"Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed" (quoth
 "As well" (saith he) "too forward, as too slow:" [I]
 "Fortune assists the boldest," I reply,
 "A hasty man" (quoth he) "ne'er wanted woe:
 "Labour is light, where love" (quoth I) "doth pay,"
 (Saith he) "Light burthens heavy, if far borne:"
 (Quoth I) "The main lost, cast the by away,"
 "Y' have spun a fair thread," he replies in scorn.
 And having thus a while each other thwarted,
 Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX.

DEFINE my weal, and tell the joys of Heaven,
 Express my woes, and show the pains of Hell,
 Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,
 And ask a world upon my life to dwell,
 Make known the faith that fortune could not move,
 Compare my worth with others' base desert,
 Let virtue be the touchstone of my love,
 So may the Heavens read wonders in my heart;
 Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my sun,
 And view the crosses which my course do let,
 Tell me, that ever since the world begun,
 So fair a rising had so foul a set:
 And see if Time (if he would strive to prove)
 Can show a second to so pure a love.

LXI.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me,
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,
 That we one jot of former love retain;
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
 When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
 over, [cover.
 From death to life thou might'st him yet re-

LXII.

WHEN first I ended, then I first began,
 Then more I travell'd further from my rest,
 Where most I lost, there most of all I wan,
 Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
 Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
 Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
 Ravish'd with joy amidst a Hell of woe,
 What most I seem, that surest am I not,
 I build my hopes a world above the sky,
 Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
 In plenty I am starv'd with penury,
 And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth:
 I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,
 Burn'd in a sea of ice, drown'd 'midst a fire,

LXIII.

TRUCE, gentle Love, a parly now I crave.
 Methinks 'tis long since first these wars begun,
 Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
 Bad is the match, where neither party won.
 I offer free conditions of fair peace,
 My heart for hostage that it shall remain,
 Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,
 So for my pledge thou give me pledge again:
 Or if no thing but death will serve thy turn,
 Still thirsting for subversion of my state;
 Do what thou canst, rase, massacre, and burn,
 Let the world see the utmost of thy hate:

I send defiance, since if overthrown,
 Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own.

THE OWL.

Noctuas Athenas.

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WALTER ASTON, KNT.

For the shrill trumpet, and stern tragic sounds,
 Objects outrageous and so full of fear;
 Our pen late steep'd in English barons' wounds,
 Sent warlike accents to your tuneful ear.
 Our active Muse, to gentler morals dight,
 Her slight conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;
 And with the bird regardless of the light,
 Slowly doth move her late high-mounting wing.
 The wreath is ivy that ingirts our brows,
 Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day:
 We dare not look at other crowning boughs,
 But leave the laurel unto them that may.

Low as the earth, though our invention move;
 High yet as Heaven to you, our spotless love.

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

READER, to him that may (perhaps) say my subject is idle and worthless, I might this answer (if he will see in reading, or read with understanding) that the greatest masters in this art (though myself, not for any affectation of singularity) have written upon as slight matter. As the princes of the Greeks and Latins, the first of the Frogs' War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and Vida very wittily of the Chess-play and Silk-worm; besides many other that I could recite of the like kind. By how much immaterial, so much the more difficult, to handle with any encomiastic defence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong testimony) who can give virtue her due, and by the powerfulness of wit, maintain vice not viciously. Some other likewise in a paradoxical manner, as Isocrates' Oration in praise of Helen, whom all the world dispraiseth: Agrippa's Declamation upon the Vanity of the Sciences; which knowledge all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee favourably to censure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON.

IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

Quæ nova Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
 Quis furor? aligero perstringit corpore Graios,
 Transfixo, Proceres? Posita Præantius ira,
 Contulit Herculæas ad Troica fata Pharetras.
 Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
 Aut tremuit sonitu Phœbæi Cœlifer arcus?
 Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
 Sacrorum exagitat mortalia Pectora: Vatum.

Hinc furor in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
 Hinc saltus nullo signatos tranſite Muſa:
 Hinc & in aëriam libratur machina gentem:
 Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
 Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
 Eia age: dum crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab ictu
 Inimicus ſervus vitii, decedat ab oris
 Anglorum longè: luſtratis lampade ſancta
 Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GRENEWAL.

THE OWL.

WHAT time the Sun by his all-quick'ning power,
 Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,
 The ſtrength and fervour of whoſe pregnant ray
 Buds every branch, and bloſſoms every ſpray;
 As the firm ſap (the yearly courſe aſſign'd)
 From the full root, doth ſwell the plenteous rind:
 The vital ſpirits long nourish'd at the heart,
 Fly with freſh fire to each exterior part:
 Which ſtirs deſire in hot and youthful bloods,
 To breathe their dear thoughts to the liſt'ning
 woods. [quent,

With thoſe light flocks, which the fair fields fre-
 This frolic ſeaſon luckily I went,
 And as the reſt did, did I frankly too,
 "Leaſt is he mark'd, that doth as moſt men do."
 But whether by ſome casual defect,
 All flowers alike the time did not reſpect:
 Some whoſe new roots ne'er ſaw a former May,
 Flourish now fair, thoſe wither'd quite away.
 Into my thoughts that incidently brings
 Th' inſtant paſſage of all worldly things.
 The rareſt work whereat we wonder long,
 Obſcur'd by time that envy could not wrong.
 And what in life can mortal man deſire,
 That ſcarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!
 The monarchies had time to grow to head,
 And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:
 And by their wane thoſe latter kingdoms roſe,
 That had their age to win, their hour to loſe,
 Which with much ſorrow brought into my mind,
 Their wretched ſouls ſo ignorantly blind, [ſtable)
 (When even the great'ſt things in the world un-
 That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.
 Whiſt thus my thoughts were ſtrongly entertain'd,
 The greateſt lamp of Heaven his height had gain'd;
 Seeking ſome ſhade to lend content to me,
 Lo, near at hand, I ſpy'd a goodly tree;
 Under th' extenſure of whoſe lordly arms,
 The ſmall birds warbled their harmonious charms.
 Where ſitting down to cool the burning heat,
 Through the moiſt pores evap'rating by ſweat,
 Yielding my pleaſ'd thought to content (by chance)
 I on a sudden dropt into a trance:
 Wherein methought ſome god or power divine
 Did my clear knowledge wondrously refine.
 For that among thoſe ſundry varying notes,
 Which the birds ſent from their melodious throats,
 Each ſylvan ſound I truly underſtood,
 Become a perfect linguist of the wood:
 Their flight, their ſong, and every other ſign,
 By which the world did anciently divine,
 As the old Tuscans, in that ſkill profound¹,
 Which firſt great Car, and wiſe Tyreſias found,

¹ Divination by birds.

To me bequeath'd their knowledge to deſcry,
 The depth and ſecrets of their augury.

One I could hear appointing with his ſweeting,
 A place convenient for their ſecret meeting:
 Others, when winter ſhortly ſhould decline,
 How they would couple at Saint Valentine²:
 Some other birds that of their loves forſaken,
 To the cloſe deſerts had themſelves betaken,
 And in the dark groves where they made abode,
 Sung many a ſad and mournful palinod.
 And every bird ſhow'd in his proper kind,
 What virtue nature had to him aſſign'd.
 The pretty Turtle, and the kiſſing Dove,
 Their faiths in wedlock, and chaste nuptial love:
 The Hens (to women) ſanctity expreſs,
 Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleaſlineſs,
 Sweetening her neſt, and purging it of dung,
 And every hour is picking of her young.
 The Hern, by ſoaring ſhows tempeſtuous ſhowers,
 The princely Cock diſtinguiſheth the hours.
 The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
 Preſcribes the helm, inſtructing how to ſteer,
 The Crane to labour, fearing ſome rough flaw,
 With ſand and gravel burthening his craw:
 Noted by man, which by the ſame did find
 To ballaſt ſhips for ſteddiſſeſs in wind.
 And by the form and order in his flight,
 To march in war, and how to watch by night.
 The firſt of houſe that ere did groundſel lay,
 Which then was homely, of rude loam and clay,
 Learn'd of the Martin: Philomel in ſpring,
 Teaching by art her little one to ſing;
 By whoſe clear voice ſweet muſic firſt was found,
 Before Amphiſon ever knew a ſound.
 Covering with moſs the dead's uncloſed eye,
 The little Redbreſt teaching charity.
 So many there in ſundry things excell,
 Time ſcarcè could ſerve their properties to tell.

I cannot judge if the place ſhould be,
 That ſhould preſent this pretty dream to me,
 That near the eaves and ſhelter of a ſtack
 (Set to ſupport it) at a beech's back,
 In a ſtubb'd tree with ivy overgrown,
 On whom the Sun had ſcarcely ever ſhone,
 A broad-fac'd creature, hanging of the wing,
 Was ſet to ſleep whiſt every bird did ſing.
 His drowsy head ſtill leaning on his breſt,
 For all the ſweet tunes Philomel expreſs'd:
 No ſign of joy did in his looks appear,
 Or ever mov'd his melancholy cheer.
 Aſcalaphus³, that brought, to my head,
 In Ovid's changes metamorphoſed,
 Or very like: but him I read aright,
 Solemn of looks as he was ſlow of ſight;
 And to aſſure me that it was the ſame;
 The birds about him ſtrangely wond'ring came,
 "Fie," quoth the Linnet, "tripping on the ſpray:
 Rouse thee, thou ſluggiſh bird, this mirthful May,
 For ſhame come forth, and leave thy luſkiſe neſt,
 And haunt theſe foreſts bravely as the beſt.
 Take thy delight in yonder goodly tree,
 Where the ſweet Merle, and warbling Mavis be."
 Next, quoth the Titmouse, which at hand did ſit,
 "Shake off this moody melancholy fit.
 See the ſmall brooks as through theſe groves they
 travel,
 Sporting for joy upon the ſilver gravel,

² The time when birds couple.³ Aſcalaphus in Bubonem.

Mock the sweet notes the neighb'ring Sylvans sing,
With the smooth cadence of their murmuring.
Each bee with honey on her laden thigh,
From palm to palm (as carelessly they fly)
Catch the soft wind, and him his course bereaves,
To stay and dally with th' enamored leaves."
This while the Owl, which well himself could bear,
That to their short speech lent a list'ning ear:
Begins at length to rouse him in the beech,
And to the rest thus frames his reverend speech:

"O all you feather'd choristers of nature,
That power which hath distinguish'd every creature,
Gave several uses unto every one,
As several seeds and things to live upon:
Some, as the Lark, that takes delight to build
Far from resort, amidst the vasty field;
The Pelican in deserts far abroad,
Her dear-lov'd issue safely doth unload;
The Sparrow and the Robinet agen,
To live near to the mansion place of men;
And nature wisely which hath each thing taught,
This place best fitting my content forethought,
For I presume not of the stately trees,
Yet where foresight less threat'ning danger sees,
The tempest thrilling from the troubled air,
Strikes not the shrub, the place of my repair.
The fowlers' snares in ambush are not lay'd
To intrap my steps, which oft have you betray'd.
A silent sleep, my gentle fellow birds,
By day a calm of sweet content affords;
By night I tower the Heaven, devoid of fear,
Nor dread the Gryphon to surprise me there.
And into many a secret place I peep,
And see strange things while you securely sleep.
Wonder not, birds, although my heavy-eyes
By day seem dim to see your vanities,
Happy's that sight the secret'st things can spy,
By seeming purblind to community;
And blest are they that to their own content,
See that by night which some by day repent.
Did not mine eyes seem dim to others' sight,
Without suspect they could not see so right.
Oh! silly creatures, happy is the state,
That weighs not pity, nor respecteth hate:
Better's that place, though homely and obscure,
Where we repose in safety and secure,
Than where great birds with lordly talons seize
Not what they ought, but what their fancies please:
And by their power prevailing in this sort,
To rob the poor, account it but a sport:
Therefore of two, I chose the lesser evil,
Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil."

Thus the poor Owl unhappily could preach;
Some that came near in compass of his reach,
Taking this item, with a general ear
("A guilty conscience feels continual fear")
Soon to their sorrow secretly do find.
"Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind."
And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wisdom not all, in every garish bird,"
Shrewdly suspect, that brevit'ing by night,
Under pretence that he was ill of sight,
Silly had seen which secretly not kept,
Simply they wak'd, he subtly had slept.
The envious Crow, that is so full of spite,
The hateful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,
The greedy Raven, that for death doth call,
Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,

* The Owl's speech to the other birds. † Pliny.

That picketh out the dying creature's eye;
The thievish Daw, and the dissembling Pye,
That only live upon the poorer's spoil,
That feed on dunghills of the loathsome foil:
The Woodpecker, whose hard'ned beak broke,
And pierc'd the heart of many a solid oak:
That where the kingly Eagle wont to prey,
In the calm shade in heat of summer's day:
Of thousands of fair trees there stands not one
For him to perch or set his foot upon.
And now they see they safely had him here,
T'eschew th' effect of every future fear:
Upon the sudden all these murd'rous fowl,
Fasten together on the harmless Owl.
The cruel Kite, because his claws were keen,
Upon his broad face wreaks his angry teen.
His weasant next, the ravenous Raven plies,
The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.
The Crow is digging at his breast amain;
The sharp-neb'd Hecco stabbing at his brain;
That had the Falcon not by chance been near,
That lov'd the Owl⁶, and held him only dear,
Come to his rescue at the present tide,
The honest Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.
And whilst the gentle fowl do yet pursue
The riot done by this rebellious crew,
The lesser birds that keep the lower spring,
Thereat much grieve with woeful murmuring,
Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
Who took their lives restrained not their tongues:
The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentler sort,
Those sweet musicians, with whose shrill report,
The senseless woods, and the obdurate rock,
Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throstle Cock,
The Ousel, and the Nightingale among,
That charms the night calm with her powerful song,
In Phœbus' laurel that do take delight,
Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to
smite.

"Justice," say they, "ah, whether art thou fled?
Or this vile world hast thou abandoned?
O, why, fair Virtue, wert thou made in vain?
Freedom is lost, and liberty is slain:
Whilst some whose power restrained not their rage,
Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,
That rocks for pity did resume them ears,
The earth so wet with plenty of their tears.
But thus it happ'd in heat of all these things,
As kings rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings."

The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,
Was from his court stolen secretly abroad:
And from the covert, closely where he stood,
To find how things were censur'd in the wood;
Far in the thickets might a chatt'ring hear,
To which soon lending an officious ear,
With a still flight his easy course doth make
Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.
At every stroke (with his imperial wings)
The gentle air unto his feathers clings;
And through his soft and callow down doth flow,
As loth so soon his presence to forego,
And being at last arrived at the place,
He found the Owl in miserable case,
(For whom much sorrow everywhere was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpless bird.
But when this princely jovial fowl they saw,
As now deliver'd from their former awe:

⁶ The natural love of the falcon to the owl. Pliny.

Each little creature lifted up a wing,
 With Ave Cæsar, to their sovereign king.
 Who seeing the Owl, thus miserably forlorn,
 Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torn,
 Will'd him his name and quality to show,
 How and wherefore he suffered all this woe:
 Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,
 Though somewhat daunted with his piercing eye,
 (With a deep sigh) "My sovereign liege?", quoth he,
 "Though now thus poor and wretched as you see,
 Athens sometime the Muses' nursery,
 The source of science and philosophy,
 Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,
 Where I was set in the Cecropian towers.
 Armel Bellona (goddess of the field)
 Honour'd my portrait in the warlike shield.
 And for my study (of all other fowl)
 The wise Minerva challenged the Owl:
 For which, those grave and still-authentic sages,
 Which sought for knowledge in those golden ages,
 Of whom we hold the science that we have,
 For wisdom, me their hieroglyphic gave.
 The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,
 The first with sickle crop'd the rip'ned corn,
 She bore the swarthy Acheron, whose birth,
 Scarcely then perfect, loathing of the Earth,
 And flying all community with men,
 Thrust his black head into the Stygian fen;
 Where the nymph Orpheus in th' infernal shade,
 As in his stream she carelessly did wade,
 The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;
 By whom soon after she conceiv'd with child;
 Of her dear son Ascalaphus², whose youth
 So cherish'd justice, and respected truth,
 As to the gods he faithfully did tell,
 The tasted fruit by Proserpine in Hell:
 Which an offence imagin'd so foul,
 Ceres transform'd into the harmless Owl.
 To out-disgrace, though it be urg'd by some,
 Our harmless kind to Crete doth never come;
 The Cretians are still liars, nor come we thither,
 For truth and falsehood cannot live together.
 But those that spurn at our contented state,
 With viperous envy and degenerate hate;
 Strive to produce us from that Lesbian bed,
 Where with blind lust the fleshly litcher led,
 On his own child, unnaturally did pray,
 (For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene³,
 But seldom seen unto the public eye,
 The shrieking Litch-owl that doth never cry,
 But boding death, and quick herself inters
 In darksome graves and hollow sepulchres.
 Thus much, my sovereign, whence my fathers came.
 Now for the cause of this my present shame,
 'Few words may serve a mischief to unfold,
 For, in short speech long sorrow may be told.'
 But for my freedom that I us'd of late,
 To lance th' infection of a poison'd state,
 Wherein my free and uncorrupted tongue,
 Lightly gave taste of their injurious wrong,
 The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,
 That they liege people havoc night and day;
 Rushing upon me, with most foul despite,
 Thus have they drest me in this piteous plight."
 The Eagle now, a serious ear that lent
 To the religious and devout intent

¹ The Owl's speech to the Eagle.

² Ovid's *Metam. Lib. 5.*

³ *Ibid. Lib. 2.*

Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
 Had thus rewarded, doth commiserate
 The poor distressed bird, hoping to hear
 What all the rest through negligence and fear
 Smother'd in silence, and had buried still,
 Covering the sore of many a fester'd ill;
 Not only grants him liberty of speech,
 But further deigning kindly to beseech
 The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:
 Who thus embolden'd by his sovereign,
 At length his silence resolutely brake,
 And thus the Eagle's majesty bespake.

"Mighty¹⁰," said he, "though my plain homely
 words

Have not that grace that elegance affords;
 Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
 Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.
 These hoary plumes like moss upon that oak,
 By seeing much, yet suffering more I took,
 Long have I seen the world's unconstant change,
 Joy moves not me, affliction is not strange,
 I care not for contempt, I seek not fame,
 Knowledge I love, and glory in the same.
 Th' ambitious judgment-seat I never sought,
 Where God is sold for coin, the poor for nought.
 I am a helpless bird, a harmless wretch,
 Wanting the power that needful is to teach.
 Yet care of your great good and general weal,
 Unlocks my tongue, and with a fervent zeal
 Breaks through my lips, which otherwise were pent
 To that severe grave Samnite's¹¹ document.
 I know, before my harmless tale be told,
 The grapple Vulture argues me too bold.
 The Cormorant (whom spoil cannot suffice)
 Sticks not to charge and slander me with lies.
 The Parrot tax me to be vainly proud,
 And all cry shame; the owl should be allow'd.
 Which with this axiom doth them all confute,
 'When kings did speak, what subject can be mute?'

"The latest winter that forewent our prime,
 O mighty prince, upon a certain time
 I got into thy palace on a night,
 There to revive my melancholy spright,
 And there (for darkness) waiting all alone,
 To view (by night) what lords by day look on,
 Where I beheld so many candles' light,
 As they had mock'd the tapers of the night.
 Where, for it grew upon the time of rest,
 And many great sincerity profess'd,
 Expecting prayer should presently proceed,
 To ask forgiveness for the day's misdeed,
 There in soft down the liquorous sparrow sat,
 Pamper'd with meats, full spermat and fat.
 His drugs, his drinks, and sirups doth apply,
 To heat his blood and quicken luxury;
 Which by his billing female was embrac'd,
 Clasp'ing her wings about his wanton waist.
 O God, thought I, what's here by light within,
 Where some in darkness should have fear'd to sin?"

"The Cormorant set closely to devise,
 How he might compass strange monopolies.
 The gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
 My madam Bunting powerful in the state,
 Quickly agreed, and but at little stick,
 To share a thousand for a bishopric,
 And scramble up some feathers from the Lark,
 What though a pastor and a learned clerk?"

¹⁰ The Owl's complaint to the king.

¹¹ Pythagoras.

And for his reverence, though he wear a cowl¹²,
Yet at his entrance he must pay them toll.

"I saw a Buzzard scorning of the black,
That but of late did clothe his needy back,
With ostrich feathers had trick'd up his crest,
As he were bred a Falcon at the least.
Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,
And but for shame he boldly durst presume
With princely eaglets to compare his sight:
Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,
Could with this base Kite equally compare.
What fowl before him stood not humbly bare?
No less than lords attending every beck,
At his command his betters brook his check.
But, O my liege, the birds of noble race
Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,
And inly grieve to see a servile mate,
Crept up by favour, to outbrave a state.
The poor implumed birds that by offence,
Or some disgrace have lost pre-eminence,
Can point and say, 'This feather once was mine.'
Some wink, some wonder, some grieve, and some
repine.

"Besides all this, I saw a bird did scour
A serpent's teeth, that daily did devour
Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian saws
Commend this bird for cleansing serpents' jaws.
For the base Trochyle¹³ thinketh it no pain,
To scour vile carrion for a savoury gain.
When soon I saw about the serpent's nest,
Whilst this base slave his nasty grinders drest,
A thousand thousand silly little birds
Covering the fields, as do the summer's herds;
A thousand larger fowls, that strangely carp,
Did curse the beak that made his gums so sharp.
Yet in this base bird I might well decry
The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.

"Casting mine eye, and looking through a glass,
I saw a Gos-hawk (that in state did pass)
That by fair shows did men's affection feel,
Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.
Whole manors did him reverence as he stay'd,
Whose name (if written) could possession plead
In any lordship that adjoined his:
Law was his vassal, he and purchase kiss.
Zeal was his fool, and Learning was his jester,
Yet Pride his page, and Gluttony his taster.
A thousand suiters waited at his hand,
Some call'd his honour patron of the land;
The sole commander of the common-weal,
And unto him they humbly all appeal.
When in a closet strangely I beheld,
That was adjoining to a pleasant field,
How every suiter, when he was retir'd,
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;
Yet what he won with curses was rewarded,
When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.

"To th' secret of all secrets when I came,
Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and shame:
I tell not how the Vulture sat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,
And by all means his faculties t' apply,
To taint the Phenix by his surquedry,
That of her kind had she been more than one,
(Parent¹⁴ and infant to herself alone)
This heavenly bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purple soiled with their shame.

¹² Mantuan. *Bardocuculatus caput*, &c.

¹³ *Trochylus*. *Avis*. *Plin.*

¹⁴ *Claudian*. *de Phœnice*.

And for the Turtle would not be unchaste,
Her did they banish to the barren waste.
I dare not say how every sort were search'd,
Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd
Under the pillow of the gravest head,
(That freedom with the golden life is dead)
How age had cast off a religious life,
Humour of late become Opinion's wife.
Counsel secure, nor company'd with care,
The wit that woundeth zeal, accounted rare.

"But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?
O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;
And let my barque (by gales of your good grace)
Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.

"Scarce had these words found utterance through
But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips [my lips
About the private lodging of his peers:
His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:
He had a tongue for every language fit,
A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,
Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,
And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:
Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)
I found him knocking at a great man's door;
And where of course the wise were turn'd away,
His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,
But presently conducted (by a light)
Into a chamber very richly dight,
Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:
His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,
His full eye quickly every way he rolls.
Whom when this Parrot stedfastly beheld,
His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;
And to the Vulture openeth where he sat,
(Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)
The state and haviour of each private man,
Laid out for searching avarice to scan.

Where by strict rule and subtleties in art,
Such traps were set, as not a man could start.
And where th' offender's maintenance was great,
Their working heads they busily did beat,
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,
To find him guilty of the breach of laws,
That he this present injury to shift,
To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:
And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,
The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,
That they which thus convicted are apart,
Shall be surpris'd by policy and art.
Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the light,
The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)
That to each private family can pry,
And the least slip can easily descry;
And since his conscience is both loose and large,
Is only set to undergo this charge;
Address'd to drink of every private cup,
And not a word slips but he takes it up,
To minister occasion of discourse,
And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,
To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,
To broach new treasons, and disclose them first,
Whereby himself he clears, and unawares
Intraps the fowl, unskilful of these snares.
And (against law) he bears his lord's protection,
As a fit mean, and by the states' direction.
O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,
And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,
That is occasion of the best's offence,
The brat of riot and of indigence,

The moth and canker of the common-weal,
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.

"Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,
Whither thus fling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,
Return we back unto our former gate,
From which a little we digress'd of late,
And leave this monster beating of his head:
The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.
And forth again the Parrot let us find,
That winning credit so the world doth blind,
Under protection of so dread a hand,
Spoils families, and ransacketh thy land;
The Pelican that by his father's teaching, [ing,
Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome preach-
That rent his bosom, and enforc'd his tongue,
To teach his tender and beloved young:
When now these fautors of all vile abuse,
Have found a stand where they may note his use,
How father-like he gives affliction bread,
Converting souls, by blindfold error led;
The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,
With the poor widow doth bewail her haps;
And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,
But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;
Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,
Closely betrays him that he gives to each:
And for his deeds of charity and grace,
Roots up his godly hospitable place.
Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatras¹⁵,
That beats the air above the liquid glass:
The new-world's bird, that proud imperious fowl,
Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless Owl:
That on the land not only works his wish,
But on the ocean kills the flying fish.
Which, since the Owl has truly done his arrant:
O, princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.

"But if my words thou wilfully impugn,
Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,
Headlong at length shall to confusion run,
As was this great globe ere the world begun,
When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,
This all was shut and nature smother'd was:
And in this lump and chaos out of frame,
The contraries convers'd and one became,
Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd,
That each did other's quality deface,
Beauty was buried, light could find no place.
But when th' all-seeing Sovereign did disperse,
Each to his place upon the universe,
To his own region and his contrary,
Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.
Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion sat,
By that great God to them appropriate.
All was compos'd within this goodly room,
A perfect shape this embryo was become;
Which thus dissever'd by their friendly jars,
Contrive the world's continuance by their wars.
So in confusion members are enclos'd,
To frame a state, if orderly dispos'd:
For to the proud malevolent aspect
Of angry Saturn that would all direct,
The long-exiled, but imperious Jove,
When for his regal sovereignty he strove,
With godlike state and presence of a king,
Calms Saturn's rage, his fury limiting.

"But leave we those unto their own decay,
Other occasions hasten us away:

Let princes view what their poor subjects try;
Blind is that sight, that's with another's eye
It is full time that we should get us hence.

"O mighty sovereign, oceans of offence,
Stand here opposed in my passing by,
When in a chamber near thy majesty,
A jetting Jay accomplished and brave,
That well could speak, well could himself be-
have;

His congées courtly, his demeanour rare,
And strangely fashion'd as the clothes he wear;
Which could each man with compliment salute,
He to the Woodcock fram'd a special suit:
Who him embracing like a brainless fool,
Desir'd him sit, commanding him a stool.
The jolly Jay thus graced by a peer,
Plucks up his spirits, and with a formal cheer
Breaks therewithal into most strange reports,
Of Flemish news, surprising towns and forts;
Of troubles rais'd in France against the king,
Spanish armados and embattling,
Protesting method in intelligence,
To be a thing of mighty consequence;
And pawns his soul, he can devise a way,
Which put in act, the leaguers lose the day,
To frame a bridge of bowstring o'er the Rhine,
Supplant the Alps, and lay them smooth and plain,
And that if the great princes of the north
Will with an army royal set him forth,
Before the year expir'd that is to come,
He will with Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.
Then of his knowledge in the cabalist,
And what pertaineth to an exorcist:
As of phylacters what their uses be,
Homer's nepenthe how in each degree;
Each several use in practice what it is;
How much he wants that doth these secrets miss;
And by some little pillar in that place,
To give some window or some chimney grace,
He to proportion presently doth run,
And talks of the Colossus of the Sun:
Of columns the diameters doth tell,
Even from the base, up to the capital.
And to the roof he something doth allude,
And doth demonstrate of the magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a Starling, that is taught to prate?

"And with a lisping garb this most rare man
Speaks French, Dutch, Spanish and Italian.
No day doth pass, he doth his compass miss,
To send to that lord, or to visit this,
And kissing of his claw, his cockcomb bare,
Is come to see how their good graces fare.
And presently he to their face reports,
Their rare perfections wonder'd at in courts;
Scratching the ideot by his itching ears.
Heaven spit down vengeance, or dissolve in tears,
And send the Ibis¹⁶ to repulse our shame,
To drive these locusts to whence first they came.
Woe to these slaves whose shape the devil took,
To tempt the holy Essay at his book.

"O moral Mantuan, live thy verses long!
Honour attend thee, and thy reverend song!
Who seeks for truth (say'st thou) must tread the
path

Of the sweet private life, which envy's wrath,
Which poison'd tongues, with vain affected praise,
Cannot by scorn suppress, by flattery raise.

¹⁵ The alcatras.

¹⁶ The bird ibis, a destroyer of the locusts. Miny.

For adulation, but if search be made
His daily mansion, his most usual trade,
Is in the monarch's court, in princes' halls,
Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthral,
There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,
And makes a saint of an incarnate devil.
These boldly censure and dare set at nought
The noblest wit, the most heroic thought.

"This carrion Jay, approaching to the spring,
Where the sweet Muses wont to sit and sing,
With filthy ordure so the same defil'd,
As they from thence are utterly exil'd,
Banish'd their issue, from whose sacred rage
Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,
Still with the prophets challenging their parts,
The sweet companions of the liberal arts.
Those rare Promethii, fetching fire from Heaven;
To whom the functions of the gods are given,
Raising frail dust with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame;
Ordain'd by nature (truch-men for the great)
To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.
You sun-bred ayry, whose immortal birth
Bears you aloft beyond the sight of Earth,
The Heaven-touch'd feathers of whose sprightly
wings

Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.
By how much nearer you ascend the sky,
Do lessen still to every mortal eye;
Who in this time contemptful greatness late
Scorn'd and disgrac'd, which erst renown'd her state.
O bastard minds, unto this vileness brought,
To loath the means which first your honours
wrought!

But who their great profession can protect,
That rob themselves of their own due respect?
For they whose minds should be exhal'd and high,
As free and noble as clear poesy,
In the slight favour of some lord to come,
Basely do crouch to his attending groom.
Immortal gift, that art not bought with gold,
That thou to peasants should be basely sold!

"Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aside,
And near at hand I happily espy'd
The Hedge-sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,
(Which simple people call our Lady's-hen)
Out of the way, i'th' bottom of a ditch,
Which tho' the place poor, yet the feeding rich,
For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,
The hip, the haw, the sloe, the bramble-berry;
And as together calmly they were set,
(Where oft before I might perceive they met)
Quoth the Wren, 'Gossip, be you rul'd by me,
And though men say the weaker sex we be,
Whate'er they think, yet gossip, they shall know,
That we were made for something else than show.
Few things shall pass that now in working are,
But you and I therein will have a share:
They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;
Gossip, 'tis true: to you it is confest,
My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease:
He must be quick, his female that will please.
And of all birds although I be the least,
Yet few with me in number have increas'd,
I thank my friend; but let this secret lurk,
And by my Robin, you and I must work;
For when the Eagle shapes him for above,
As oft he useth to confer with Jove,
To have his pions, in sound perfect plight,
When they should fit him for so long a flight,

He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,
From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,
Sees that each one be in due order set:
When as my-fine and nimble Robinet
(Whilst each one seems as busy as a bee,
'T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)
Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
That the small birds, according to their kinds,
Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes:
As he stands proudly rousing up his plumes,
Nor ever dreams what treachery intends,
Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,
And in the deep down closely doth him hide:
For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,
His poor small body not so much as feels;
And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,
And in this sort transported to the spheres,
His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.
And when the wearied Eagle can no more,
Fresh from his back he into Heaven doth soar;
And coming thence, doth all to me relate.
And by this means we two will rule the state.'
King, look to these, that they do not o'erhear
thee.

This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.

"And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,
To neighbour groves inviting my resort,
Where I suppose the solitary Owl
Might live secure unseen of any fowl;
Lo, in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the soft day continual evening sees,
Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,
The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,
I found a poor Craue sitting all alone,
That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan;
Grovl'ing be lay, that sometime stood up-
right;

Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight:
His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,
So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air,
Worn all to rags, and fretted so with rust,
That with his feet he trod it in the dust:
And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
The spiders wove their webs even in his wings:
And in his train their filmy netting cast,
He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.
His wakeful eyes, that in his foes' despite,
Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,
And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
When Heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
Now cover'd over with dim cloudy kels,
And shrunk up into their slimy shells.
Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,
I cannot do thy miseries their right;
Perceiving well, he found me where I stood,
And he alone thus poorly in the wood:
To him I stopt, desiring him to show
The cause of his calamity and woe. [place,
'Night's-bird' (quoth he) 'what mak'st thou in this
To view my wretched miserable case?
Ill orators are aged men at arms,
That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms:
And repetition where there wants relief,
In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.
Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,
Against the Pigmies, in whose batter'd shield,
My prowess stands apparently exprest;
Besides the scars upon my manly breast;
Along the midland coasts my troops I led,
And Afric's pride with fear astonished;

And maim'd I was of this decrepit wing,
When as the fowl from the Propontic spring¹⁷,
Fill'd all th' Egean with their stemming oars;
And made the isles even tremble from the shores.
I saw when from the Adriatic seas,
The cross-adoring fowls, to Europe's praise,
Before Lepanto and Moræa fought,
Where Heaven by wind, Earth's wonder strange-
ly wrought,

Wearied at length, and trusting to my worth,
I took my flight into the happy North:
Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd:
But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,
Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.
Other had got, for which I long did serve;
Still fed with words, whilst I with wants did starve.
Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,
Howe'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,
That small I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age;
Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,
Exult and triumph in my overthrow.
And seeing in vain with misery I strove,
Retir'd me to this solitary grove;
Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the cold arms of death.
Here sank down in a swoon and could no more,
And I return from whence I came before.

"Where by the way the country Rook deplor'd
The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.
The cruel Castrel, which with devilish claws
Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws
Of the poor tenant, to his ruin bent,
Raising new fines, redoubling ancient rent;
And by th' enclosure of old common land,
Racks the dear sweat from his laborious hand,
Whilst he that digs for breath out of the stones,
Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his bones;
Yet forc'd to reap continually with strife,
Snarling contention feeding on his life.
Yet hoping fortune better'd by his heirs,
They are content to part with what is theirs;
Lab'ring to keep him in his quiet state,
When envy doth his gath'ring manors threat:
And being favour'd of some higher peer,
By whom their landlord keeps them still in fear,
They by their clownish industry and art,
Soon to the court reduce him from the cart,
With their provision and defray his charge,
Whilst with his grain he ballasts many a barge,
And so his gripple avarice he serve,
What reck's this rank hind, if his country starve?
Hell on the wealth that's purchased with shame,
Gold in the trunk, and in the grave defame:
Yet his claws blunt, and when he can no more,
The needy Rook is turn'd out of the door:
And lastly doth his wretchedness bewail,
A bond-slave to the miserable jail.

"Thus wearied with the sight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdoms, and the change of times;
I took myself, by searching to espy,
What sins in secret did in cities lie:
For there I deem'd, where law had chiefest force,
Strongly to limit every Jewer course,
Things turn'd to nature, and disdain'd excess,
That plaguy foe to human happiness.

¹⁷ The sea from Hellespont to Bosphorus Thracius.

And as I went (with busy search about)
Casting by cunning how to find them out,
I found the Pheasant that the Hawk doth fear,
Seeking for safety, hid his ayry there,
Yet is accus'd through close informing hate,
By lawless lending to offend the state.
Who being rich, and loving coin and ease,
Still buildeth low, for fear he should displease.
Yet the bald Buzzard being pointed judge,
To this base, muddy, miserable drudge,
A pair of young ones taketh from his nest,
And leaves this fearful recreant the rest,
And gives him thanks his goodness would so do,
That might take th' ayry, and the old one too,
He lived best, that most liv'd out of sight:
I dare not say the birds were all upright;
For some had golden beaks, but brazen claws,
That held the guilds to minister their laws.

"The Castrel for possession of his heir,
Is by the Ringtail offer'd wondrous fare,
To have a match betwixt their goodly breed,
To increase their lands, and raise their happy seed,
But the coy Castrel turns it to a mock,
And scorns to match in his ignoble stock,
For which the Ringtail by a secret plot,
Suborns the Starling, which hath closely got
To be the broker, solely to seduce
The Castrel's heir, by giving thriftless use,
And in strong statutes to enthrall him so,
To lime him sure which way soe'er he go.
For this young fowl (drawn from his father's eye)
Will with the fond world swim in vanity,
The subtil Ringtail never thus doth leave,
Till he the Castrel cunningly deceive,
And catch his young one in the city's snare,
So gets his manors ere he be aware.
'Mongst which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)
Became a clerk amongst the learned tribe;
That being a bankrupt, a dishonest debtor,
Can get his living only by the letter,
Whilst arts go beg, and in a servile weed,
Are made the slaves to penury and need.

"The Goose exiled, humbly doth appeal
To all the birds, professing faith and zeal.
And though he proveth by the Roman book¹⁸,
What care to keep the Capitol he took;
Yet is not heard: the Dove¹⁹ without a gall,
Is left forsaken, and contemn'd of all.
[fusion]
There grows such difference and such strange con-
'twixt old decrees, and later institutions:
Yet being inspir'd, desisteth not to speak,
To edify the conscience that is weak,
And by approved arguments of's own,
By scriptures, fathers, and great writers known,
Discovereth their abominable trade;
So that the Stork their umpire being made,
Judgeth, the Daw should from the church be driven,
To prate in corners, and to preach by even.
And since his art and cunning was so scant,
To have no patron but the ignorant;
And by his doctrine only teaching fools,
To be exil'd, and hiss'd out of the schools.

"Hence like the seed Thebes-builder Cadmus
More armed mischiefs suddenly up-grew: [threw,
The Bittor brings his action 'gainst the Quail,
And on th' arrest allows him hardly bail;
Because he durst presume among the reeds,
To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.

¹⁸ Plutarch.

¹⁹ Columba sine felle.

And mistress Titmouse, a neat merry dame,
 With her friend Wagtail, one of special name,
 Were su'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,
 For him accusing with their slau'drous tongue,
 Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,
 That hath by rote the acts of many a king,
 The laws, the statutes, and decrees assign'd,
 Custom so old, as almost out of mind.
 'A day of hearing, good my lord,' cries he,
 'For master Cuckow that retaineth me;
 Whom the lewd Wagtail basely had abus'd
 In so vile terms, as cannot be excus'd;
 The parties likewise present here in court,
 And 'tis a case that well deserves report:
 For which a jury's summoned with speed,
 And to the trial presently proceed.'
 The brain-bald Coot, a formal witless ass,
 Must now the foreman on this matter pass:
 The sottish Dott'rill, ignorant and dull;
 And next to him the maw-cramm'd gluttonous Gull.
 The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,
 The squealing Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,
 The witless Woodcock, and his neighbour Snite,
 That will be hir'd to pass on every right,
 With all the rest empannelled to wait:
 Which when the jury lastly was complete,
 Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd,
 Upstarts the Peacock, insolent and proud;
 Of goodly stature, and of gracious port,
 In presence of the honourable court,
 And for the plaintiff learnedly began:
 "My lord," saith he, "was never worthy man,
 So nobly bred, and of so high descent,
 Of so fair livelihoood, and so large a rent,
 As is the Cuckow, so abus'd hereby,
 Nor yet so slander'd, as my plea shall try:
 First, for the worth and honour of his name,
 That you may better censure his defame;
 From mighty birds descending every way,
 And by his birth, the messenger to May;
 His house still loyal, and his coat as fair,
 His father's tunes he never did impair.
 His name and nature do so well agree,
 As shows his blood repurify'd to be.
 In fruitful Sparta, it is since now long,
 That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,
 When for her wanton and unchaste desire,
 A thousand ships stuf't with revengeful fire,
 To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,
 Whence sprang those high immortal Iliads.
 And since the Romans from the Asian spoils,
 Return'd with conquest and victorious spoils,
 The Cuci here continually have been,
 As by their ancient evidence is seen,
 Of consul Cuccus, from whose mighty name
 These living Cuccos lineally came.
 To him the ancients temples did erect,
 Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.
 Th' Italians call him Becco, (of a nod)
 With all the reverence that belongs a god.
 What though in love supposed to be us'd,
 What is his virtue need not be excus'd:
 The wiseman tells (if Nature be our guide)
 In following her, we seldom slip aside.
 And in this bird who can her power deny,
 If Nature fram'd him to community?
 Then wisely thus considering his profession,
 You reverend judges of this lawful session:
 As you are patrons of the righteous cause,
 Vouchsafe my client judgment.' Here doth pause.

"Scarce could the Peacock his conclusion make,
 When straight his turn the Turkeycock dothtake,
 A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)
 Of reputation both in court and town:
 And to the bench for audience having cry'd,
 Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:

"Grave reverend fathers of the law," he said,
 'The matter that our adversaries plead,
 Is vain and idle; we the point enforce
 Against the Cuckow and his lawless course.
 The Peacock here a cunning speech hath made,
 To help his client and up-hold his trade;
 But strip this mask that doth conceal the cause,
 Examine each particular and clause
 'Gainst proof so poor, so indigent to truth,
 The bastard Cuckow bringing from his youth:
 First laid and hatch'd up in another's nest,
 Such vileness reign'd in his base parents' breast,
 Who since that time they never sought for shame,
 Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:
 The Hedge-sparrow, this wicked bird that bred,
 That him so long and diligently fed,
 (By her kind tendance) getting strength and power,
 His careful nurse doth cruelly devour:
 Base as his birth, so baser is his trade,
 And to the world a by-word now is made:
 No nation names the Cuckow but in scorn,
 And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:
 No month regards him but lascivious May,
 Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the day,
 His song still tends to vanity and lust,
 Amorous deceits, polygamies unjust.

"But to cut off these tedious allegations,
 The law commands, these public defamations
 Be strictly punish'd in the noblest men:
 Why should you spare the cursed Cuckow then,
 Who all his life to lewdness being bent,
 Rightly deserves the public'st punishment?
 Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,
 As you your safeties carefully respect,
 If Love's sweet music, and his blissful cheer,
 E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;
 Tender the case, and evermore the wed
 Shall praise your conscience both at board and bed.'
 Thus said, he ceas'd, the jurors stept aside,
 Wisely consulting, warily they try'd
 The circumstance of every secret sin;
 Thus they return'd, and brought their verdict in:

"Cast is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,
 And for a fine, for his deserved meed,
 Allows to mistress Titmouse for her charge,
 That she shall after have her tail at large:
 And when she revels, as she did before,
 T'exclude the Cuckow freely out of door:
 And such offenders as they could present,
 Likewise adjudg'd deserved punishment.
 The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the maw,
 The Woodcock gets the swelling of the craw.
 The Crow, with dropsy (whilst yet living) rots:
 The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathsome spots.
 The Buzzard, of the lethargy is sick:
 The Kite, with fevers falleth lunatic.
 The epilepsy grew upon the Jay:
 And of a sweat the Bunting drops away."

But how about my fantasy it brought,
 Now know not I: but suddenly methought
 The princely Eagle out of sight was gone,
 And left the wise and honest bird alone,
 To govern things, both for his proper heal,
 And for the great good of the public weal.

When more the Owl, that with a vigilant eye,
All these dimensions perfectly could try,
Foresaw the peril threat'ned unto all,
Apt by their loose credulity to fall,
And whose prevention if he did foreslow,
Their utter spoil immediately should grow.
"My friends," quoth he, "look warily about,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant oak, wherein so oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your safety may betray.
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,
His trunk bears lime that may entrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,
Things be within, as outwardly they seem;
Headlong run on, and fall into the snare,
And say, a friend once warn'd you to beware."

Thus spake the Owl, whose talk could not be heard,

"So little fools good counsel do regard."
But thinking, frenzy him his wits beguil'd,
The honest bird spitefully revil'd.
But mark their end, who set advice at nought,
"Fools still too dear have found experience bought."
The husbandman surveying of his ground,
'Mongst all the trees this oak had quickly found:
And by all signs and likelihood of trade,
The birds therein their nightly roosting made.
And by the lime that issued from the tree,
They all entangled easily might be.

Taking the same, he spreads it on the sprays.
And through the thicket closely creeps his ways.

When the sad Arndern shutting in the light,
Wan-sighted Cynthia (lady of the night)
Proudly ascending the ethereal state,
Whence the bright Phœbus but dismounted late,
The dull-eyed Evening his moist vapours threw,
Strewing the still earth with sweet showers of dew;
When every bird replenished with food,
Came on his stretch'd wings lively from the wood,
And on each small branch of this large-limb'd oak,
Their pretty lodgings carelessly they took,
No ill suspecting, fondly unawares,
Were all entangled in the fowler's snares:
Whose mournful chirping, and their chattering
Incites the Owl before his hour to rise. [cries,
And hearing from his melancholy seat,
The birds themselves thus wofully to beat,
(The deed discover'd with the morning's light)
Flew from his perch: though grieved at the sight,
Yet with a smile, his wisdom that became,
Which mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their shame,

Quoth he, "You foolish burghers of the field,
That in contempt my counsels lewdly held,
That, whereat late you did but laugh and jeer,
Now to your ruin plainly doth appear,
The greatest thing you lightly are to lose,
Only your plumes that fortune can dispose.
'Tis yet a comfort in the depth of smart;
Envy but seizeth on the outward part.
But present peril in a thing of a price,
Rather craves action, then doth stay advice.
Therefore to help you, I'll my power assay."
Wherewith his wing doth presently display,
And with his claws, the birds of every kind
Plucks from the lime, which left their plumes be-
The little Robin, featherless and free, [hind.
Regrets the Owl with many a cap and knee.

The warbling Mevis mirthful peans sung,
The Nightingale, with her melodious tongue,
Gave him such music (to declare their thanks)
That springs and rivers danc'd above their banks;
That (with the repercussion of the air)
Shook the great Eagle sitting in his chair.
Which from the mountain (with a radiant eye)
Brav'd the bright cressit of the glorious sky;
Moving his princely majesty to see,
Whence this applause so suddenly should be,
Whose sinew'd wings (in their resistless course)
Beat the thin air, with such a violent force,
That the light birds dropt headlong from the skies,
The rocks and forests trembling with the noise,
Somewhat amaz'd at this unusual sight,
To see his people in this piteous plight:
His sovereign's ear doth presently address,
Willing to hear the cause of their distress:
To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)
Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun:

"Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,
Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongst kings;
Here stands an oak well timber'd, largely spread,
That many a day hath borne his curled head
Above his fellows dwelling far and near,
That in the forest never found his peer;
Whose root well fasten'd in the fruitful ground,
His bark so lovely, and his heart so sound,
(Thro' his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,
Because the birds that in his boughs did shroud,
To his high praise continually did sing,
And kept their vigils to the enamour'd spring.
The virgin-huntress sworn to Dian's bow,
Here in this shade her quarries did bestow,
And for their nymphals, building amorous bowers,
Oft drest this tree with anadems of flowers;
And Flora chose her nurs'ry here to shield,
Her tender buds, the infants of the field.
By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,
And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime,
Whose nature and vile quality is such,
Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch;
And not content to minister this mean,
Which in short time might have undone us clean;
But even his boughs the birds have honoured so,
He hath employ'd unto their general woe,
That when thy subjects, dreading no deceit,
Came to this tree, as to their safe retreat,
They were betray'd, and he that sped the best,
Hardly escap'd, with feathers at the least.
Those that I could, as I had power and might,
Though with much pain, I lastly did acquite.
The rest, whose freedom doth exceed my reach,
O king of birds, I humbly thee beseech
In mercy, let thy mightiness purvey,
To ransom from this imminent decay."

When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
And even for sorrow waxing wan and pale;
At which sad sight, this poor implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their sovereign's view;
And having stretch'd his lordly talon forth,
To show th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
"You silly birds, you wretched fowls," quoth he,
"Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our laws admit)
Built where your noble ancestors did sit,
Wisely providing to maintain their state,
Whose names and freedoms you participate,
You had not thus been spoiled of your goods,
For subtilty now dwelleth in the woods.

For if too high and haughtily you soar,
 Those see your falls that hover near the shore.
 If in the cedar you your nests dispose,
 The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth those.
 If in the low earth (in the flattering shade)
 The fowler's snares there secretly are laid.
 Then, my dear subjects, as you wish my good,
 Or have respect to your succeeding brood,
 Let your wise fathers an example give,
 And by their rules learn thrifely to live.
 Let those weak birds, that want wherewith to fight,
 Submit to those that are of grip and might.
 Let those of power the weaker still protect,
 So none shall need his safety to suspect;
 Suppressing those enormities that are,
 Whose cure belongs unto our sovereign care.
 For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,
 And to the great the poor in many bands,
 The pride in court doth make the country lean,
 The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.
 Men's wits employ'd to base and servile shifts,
 And laymen taught by learn'd men's subtil drifts,
 Ill with the state 't must incidently fare.
 For even as from th' infection of the air,
 Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,
 These mischiefs more continually do breed.
 Shun beastly lust, (you young well-feather'd fowl)
 That wounds the body and confounds the soul;
 That, as the subtil'st of the syrens' brood,
 Binds all the spirits, and overcomes the blood;
 Dark'ning the pureness of the inward light,
 Weak'neth the sense, and murdereth reason quite.
 And you that sit as judges of the law,
 Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.
 O! still retain the Ethiopians' guise,
 (As just and upright, as select and wise)
 That in their judgments (sacred and profound)
 Dispos'd them ever meekly on the ground;
 To show the angels (sitting over head)
 Them were to judge, as they had censured."

Thus spake the Eagle, when with mutt'ring noise,
 The rest attentive to his powerful voice,
 Giving a signal of their admiration,
 The Owl this while in serious contemplation,
 Softly replies, "O mighty sovereign!
 With all the synod of thy winged train,
 Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,
 Require more organs than the only tongue.
 O blessed birds! how sweet is your subjection,
 Under the safe and absolute protection
 Of so exact and excellent a king,
 So sole and perfect in his governing:
 The reason this, (my grave selected peers)
 Because 'tis known, that in these latter years,
 The peaceful state prepost'rously disturb'd
 By such, whose power the great have hardly curb'd.
 The jocund Throstle, for his varying note,
 Clad by the Eagle in a speckled coat;
 Because his voice had judgment for the palm,
 Suppos'd himself sole patron of our calm.
 All say, for singing he had never peer:
 But there were some that did his virtue fear.
 Why shouldst thou then ambitiously despise.
 The manly Falcon? on whose courage lies
 The kingdom's safety, which abroad doth roam,
 By foreign wars to keep us safe at home.
 I know, the strain of an alluring tongue
 Can tye the full ear, and detain it long;
 But other fortunes, and the alter'd place,
 Crave new directions, and an active grace.

The former virtue may consist alone,
 But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)
 Experience once (by service in the wars)
 Did quote his strong authorities in scars;
 But in this latter time it hath been said,
 The tongue doth all, condemning th' other's aid.
 Virtue, whose chief praise in the act doth stand,
 Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand.
 But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,
 In him was both the elegance and act.
 O! when that bird was ravish'd from our sight,
 (Entombing him) the world entomb'd its delight.
 Let never mournful accent pass my pen,
 That leaves his fame unregistr'd to men.
 The Muses, veiled with sad cypress-tree,
 Upon his grave shall pour their tears with me.
 O! if the world can weep so many tears
 As his loss craves, or if in Heaven appears
 More plenteous sorrow; let them both agree,
 T' lament that hour that rest the Earth of thee.
 O! thought I not some spirit could give thee more
 Than this small portion of my scantied store!
 I would not leave (I first would leave to live)
 To give thee fame: O who can greater give?"
 This said, he sunk, as growing faint with speaking,
 Sighing withal, as tho' his heart were breaking.
 The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,
 To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;
 The birds applauding with a free consent,
 Follow'd the Eagle (with devout intent)
 To the great mountain, to have all amended.
 Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Of all the tales that ever have been told,
 By homely shepherds lately, or of old,
 The Mooned-man, although the last in place,
 Is not the least; and thus befel the case.

It was the time when (for their good estate)
 The thankful shepherds yearly celebrate
 A feast, and bonfires on the vigils keep,
 To the great Pan, preserver of their sheep:
 Which whilst in high solemnity they spend,
 Lastly the long day grew unto an end:
 When as by night, with a devout intent,
 About the field religiously they went,
 With hallowing charms the warwolf¹ thence to
 That them and theirs awaited to betray. [fray,

And now the Sun near half his course had run
 Under the Earth, when coming every one
 Back to the place where usually they met,
 And on the ground together being set:
 It was agreed, to pass away the time, [rhyme:
 That some one shepherd should rehearse some
 Long as they could their drooping hearts to glad,
 Blame not poor swains, tho' inly they were sad;
 For some amongst them perfectly there knew,
 That the sad times were shortly to ensue,
 When they of all the sorts of men neglected,
 In barren fields should wander unrespected.
 For careful shepherds that do watch by night,
 In the vast air see many a fearful sight:
 From whose observance they do wisely gather
 The change of times, as well as of the weather.

¹ Men by sorcery turning themselves into wolves.

But whilst they strove this story who should tell,
 Amongst the rest to Rowland's lot it fell,
 By general voice, in time that then was grown
 So excellent, that scarce there had been known
 Him that excell'd in piping or in song :
 When not a man the company among
 That was not silent. Now the goodly Moon
 Was in the full, and at her nighted noon,
 Show'd her great glory, shining now so bright,
 Quoth Rowland, " She that gently lends us light,
 Shall be our subject, and her love alone,
 Borne to a shepherd, wise Endymion,
 Sometime on Latmus² that his flock did keep,
 Rapted that was in admiration deep
 Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,
 All the long night contemplating the sky,
 At her high beauties : often of his store,
 As to the god he only did adore,
 And sacrific'd : she perfect in his love,
 For the high gods enthronized above
 From their clear mansions plainly do behold
 All that frail man doth in this grosser mould :
 For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,
 Used oft-times to recreate her there :
 That oft her want unto the world was strange,
 Fearing that Heaven the wonted course would
 change,

And Phœbus, her oft missing did inquire,
 If that elsewhere she borrow'd other fire :
 But let them do to cross her what they could,
 Down unto Latmus every month she would.
 So that in Heaven about it there was odds,
 And as a question troubled all the gods,
 Whether, without their general consent,
 She might depart : but nath'less to prevent
 Her lawless course, they labour'd all in vain,
 Nor could their laws her liberty restrain :
 For of the seven, since she the lowest was,
 Unto the Earth nought hinder'd her to pass :
 Before the rest of which she had the charge,
 No less her power was in the waters large,
 From her deriving naturally their source :
 Besides, she being swiftest in her course
 Of all the planets, therefore him defies,
 That her, her ancient liberty denies.
 That many a time, apparelled in green,
 Arm'd with her dart, she huntress-like was seen :
 Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,
 Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat ;
 A country maiden, then amongst the swains,
 A shepherdess, she kept upon the plains ;
 Yet no disguise her deity could smother,
 So far in beauty she excelled other :
 Such was the virtue of the world, that then
 The gods did use t' accompany with men
 In human shapes, descending from their powers,
 Often were seen in homely shepherds' bowers.
 But he her course that studied still to know,
 Muse not though oft he malcontent did go,
 Seldom in one state that her ever found,
 Horned sometime, now half-fac'd³, and then round ;
 Shining on that part, then another more,
 Then there most darken'd, where most light before ;
 Now all night shining, now a piece, and then
 Observes the day, and in her course agen ;

² A mountain of Ionia; where Endymion is feigned to have enjoyed the Moon.

³ Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras.

Sometime to south, then northward she doth stir,
 Him so amazing, he supposed her
 Vain and inconstant, now herself t' attire,
 And help her beauties with her brother's fire,
 When most of all accomplish'd is her face,
 A sudden darkness doth her quite disgrace.
 For that the Earth, by nature cold and dry,
 Ry the much grossness and obscurity,
 Whose globe exceeds her compass being fixt,
 Her surface⁴ and her brother's beams betwixt :
 Within whose shadow when she haps to fall,
 Forceth her darkness to be general ;
 That he resolv'd she ever would be strange ;
 Yet marking well, he found upon her change,
 If that her brow with bloody red were stain'd,
 Tempests soon after ; and if black, it rain'd :
 By his observance that he well discern'd,
 That from her course things greater might be
 learn'd.

" Whilst that his brain he busied yet doth keep,
 Now from the spleen the melancholy deep
 Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,
 Rudely itself extending through the blood,
 Appals the spirits⁵, denying their defence
 Unto the organs, when as every sense
 Ceaseth the office, then the labouring mind,
 Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind,
 Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,
 Now the Sun's sister, mistress of the night,
 His sad desires long languishing to cheer,
 Thus at the last on Latmus doth appear,
 Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aside,
 Herself for his sake seeming to divide.
 For had she come apparel'd in her light,
 Then should the swain have perish'd in her sight.
 Upon a bull⁶ as white as milk she rode,
 Which like a huntress bravely she bestrode,
 Her brow with beauty gloriously replete,
 Her count'nance lovely ; with a swelling teat
 Gracing her broad breast, curiously encas'd
 With branched veins, all bared to the waist.
 Over the same she wore a vapour flim,
 Thorow the which her clear and dainty skin
 To the beholder amiably did show,
 Like damask roses lightly clad in snow.
 Her bow and quiver at her back behind,
 That eas'ly moving with the wanton wind,
 Made a soft rustling, such as you do hear
 Amongst the reeds some gliding river near,
 When the fierce Boreas thorow them doth ride,
 Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide ;
 Which breath her mantle⁷ amorously did swell,
 From her straight shoulders carelessly that fell.
 Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,
 Of sundry colours, wherein you might view
 A sea, that somewhat strait'n'd by the land,
 Two furious tides raise their ambitious hand,
 One 'gainst the other, warring in their pride,
 Like two fond worldlings that themselves divide
 For some slight trifle, opposite in all,
 Till both together ruined, they fall.
 Some coming in, some out again doth go,
 And the same way, and the same wind doth blow,

⁴ Eclips. Lunæ.

⁵ The depth of contemplation.

⁶ The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore not improperly said to ride upon a bull.

⁷ In this supposed mantle is described the surface of a sea and land in landscape.

Both sails their course each labouring to prefer,
 By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:
 Outragious tempest, shipwrecks overspread
 All the rude Neptune, whilst that pale-fac'd dread
 Seizeth the ship-boy, that his strength doth put
 The anchor'd cable presently to cut.
 All above board, the sturdy Eolus casts
 Into the wide seas, whilst on plauks and masts
 Some 'say to swim: and there you might behold,
 Whilst the rude waters enviously did scold,
 Others upon a promontory high,
 Thrusting his blue top through the bluer sky,
 Looking upon those lost upon the seas;
 Likè worldly rich men that do sit at ease,
 Whilst in this vain world others live in strife,
 Warring with sorrow every where so rife:
 And oft amongst the monsters of the main,
 Their horrid foreheads through the billows strain,
 Into the vast air driving on their breasts
 The troubled water, that so ill digests
 Their sway, that it them enviously assails,
 Hanging with white jaws on their marble scales;
 And in another inland part agen,
 Where springs, lakes, rivers, marishes and fen,
 Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,
 Each in their colours excellently done,
 The greedy sea-maw fishing for the fry;
 The hungry shell-fowl, from whose rape doth fly
 Th' unnumber'd shoals; the mallard there did
 feed;
 The teal and morecoot raking in the weed;
 And in a creek where waters least did stir,
 Set from the rest the nimble divedopper,
 That comes and goes so quickly and so oft,
 As seems at once both under and aloft:
 The jealous swan, there swimming in his pride,
 With his arch'd breast the waters did divide,
 His sailly wings him forward strongly pushing,
 Against the billows with such fury rushing,
 As from the same, a foam so white arose,
 As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppose:
 And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,
 Of scatter'd tufts of bulrushes and reed,
 Sedges, long-leav'd willow, on whose bending
 spray,
 The py'd king'sfisher, having got his prey,
 Sat with the small breath of the water shaken,
 Till he devour'd the fish that he had taken.
 The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the brim,
 And in a gutter, near again to him,
 The bidding snite, the plover on the moor,
 The curlew, scratching in the ouse and ore:
 And there a fowler set his lime and gin,
 Watching the birds unto the same to win;
 Sees in a boat a fisher near at hand,
 Tugging his net full laden to the land,
 Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood
 Chaf'd; from the place where secretly he stood
 Makes signs, and closely beck'eth him away,
 Shaketh his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,
 In the same stained with such natural grace,
 That rage was lively pictured in his face:
 Whilst that the other eagerly that wrought,
 Having his sense still settled on his draught
 More than before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
 Nor but one look, the other can afford.
 Buskins she wore, which of the sea did bear
 The pale green colour, which like waved were
 To that vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,
 Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,

With rocks of crystal lively that were set,
 Covering whose feet with many a curious fret,
 Where groves of coral, which not feeling weather,
 Their limber branches were so lapp'd together,
 As one enamour'd had of other men,
 Jealous the air t' have intercourse between:
 'Mongst which clear amber⁸ jellied seem'd to be,
 Through whose transparence you might easily see
 The beds of pearl⁹ whereon the gum did sleep,
 Cockles, broad scallops, and their kind that keep
 The precious seed which of the waters come,
 Some yet but thriving, when as others some,
 More than the rest that strangely seem to swell,
 With the dear fruit that grew within the shell;
 Others again wide open there did yawn,
 And on the gravel spew'd their orient spawn:
 That he became amazed at her sight,
 Even as a man is troubled at the light,
 Newly awaked, and the white and red,
 With his eyes twinkling, gathered and fled:
 Like as a mirror to the Sun oppos'd,
 Within the margin equally enclos'd,
 That being moved, as the hand directs,
 It at one instant taketh and reflects:
 For the affection by the violent heat,
 Forming it, passion taketh up the seat
 In the full heart, whereby the joy or fear,
 That it receives either by th' eye or ear,
 Still as the object altereth the mood,
 Either attracts, or forceth from the blood:
 That from the chief part violently sent,
 In either kind thereby is vehement.

"Whilst the sad shepherd in this woful plight
 Perplex'd, the goddess with a longing sight
 Him now beheld; for worshipped by men,
 The heavenly powers so likewise love agen
 To show themselves, and make their glories known:
 And one day marking when he was alone,
 Unto him coming, mildly him bespake:
 Quoth she, 'Know, shepherd, only for thy sake,
 I first chose Latmus, as the only place
 Of my abode, and have refus'd to grace
 My Menalus, well known in every coast,
 To be the mount that once I loved most:
 And since alone of wretched mortals, thou
 Hast labour'd first my wand'ring course to know¹⁰;
 To times succeeding thou alone shalt be,
 By whom my motion shall be taught,' quoth she,
 'For those first simple that my face did mark,
 In the full brightness suddenly made dark,
 Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
 To be enchanted long did me suppose:
 With sounding brass and all the while did ply,
 The incantation thereby to untie.

"But to our purpose, when our mother went,
 The bright Latona¹¹, (and her womb distent)
 With the great burden that by Jove she bare¹²,
 Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care:
 Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,
 From jealous Juno hardly could contain:

⁸ Amber found in the Ligustic deeps.

⁹ Pearls bred in shells.

¹⁰ Endymion first found out the course of the Moon.

¹¹ Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vi. Æmi.

¹² Apollo and Phœbe, feigned to be the twins of Jupiter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27. c. 44.

Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
 Cœus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,
 Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,
 Into the world did bring the Sun and me.
 When I was born (as I have heard her say)
 Nature alone did rest her on that day:
 In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,
 To whom he held a sumptuous festival;
 The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,
 Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,
 Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd
 Of th' inward griev'd, and outwardly diseas'd:
 And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,
 Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep;
 And having felt the sweetness of my breath,
 Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.
 I am the rectress of this globe below,
 And with my course the sea doth ebb and flow¹⁵,
 When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,
 Straightways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast;
 Downward again my motion when I make,
 Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth slake;
 Sooner or later shifting of the tide
 As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.

"That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,
 In every creature proves how I do reign
 In fluxive humour, which is ever found,
 As I do wane or wax up to my round;
 Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,
 The palin and olive, still with my increase
 Shoot forth new branches: and to tell my power,
 As my great brother, so have I a flower¹⁴
 To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,
 When as I rise, and when I me repose.
 No less than these that green and living be,
 The precious gems do sympathize with me:
 As most that stone¹⁵ that doth the name derive
 From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,
 Dark'neth and shineth, as I do, her queen,
 And as in these, in beasts my power is seen.
 As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,
 The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears
 A spot that daily changeth as I do.
 And as that creature me affecteth too,
 It whose deep craft scarce any creature can,
 Sceming with reason to divide with man,
 The nimble babion¹⁶ mourning all the time,
 Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
 The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight
 Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,
 My want and fulness in her eye doth find,
 So great am I and powerful in that kind.
 As those great burghers of the forest wild,
 The hart, the goat, and he that slew the child¹⁷
 Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know
 The due observance nature doth me owe.
 And if thou think me heavenly not to be,
 That in my face thou often seem'st to see
 A paleness, where those other in the sky
 Appear so purely glorious in thine eye:
 Those freckles¹⁸ thou supposet me disgrace,
 Are those pure parts that in my lovely face,

By their so much tenuity do slight,
 My brother's beams assisting me with light,
 And keep that clearness as doth me behove,
 Of that pure Heaven me set wherein to move.
 My least spot even unto the Earth so near,
 Wherefore that¹⁹ compass that doth oft appear
 About my body, is the dampy mist,
 From Earth arising, striving to resist
 The rays my full orb plenteously projects
 On the gross cloud, whose thickness it reflects,
 And mine own light about myself doth fling
 In equal parts, in fashion of a ring;
 For near'st to mortals though my state I keep,
 Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,
 Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that rise
 From the dull Earth, me any whit agrieve;
 Whose perfect beauty no way can endure,
 But what like me is excellently pure;
 For moist and cold although I do respire,
 Yet in myself had I not genuine fire²⁰,
 When the gross Earth divided hath the space
 Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,
 Though I confess much lessen'd be my light,
 I should be taken utterly from sight:
 And for I so irregularly go,
 Theirin wise Nature most of all doth show
 Her searchless judgment: for did I in all
 Keep on in that way, which star-gazers call
 The line ecliptic²¹, as my glorious brother
 Doth in his course, one opposite to other;
 Twice every month, th' eclipses of our light
 Poor mortals should prodigiously affright;
 Yet by proportion certainly I move,
 In rule of number, and the most I love
 That which you call full, that most perfect seven
 Of three and four made²², which for odd and even
 Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
 It most mysterious, that as mine I claim;
 Quarter'd thereby, first of which seven my prime,
 The second seven accomplisheth the time
 Unto my fulness, in the third I range
 Less'ning again, the fourth then to my change:
 The which four sevens the eight and twenty²³ make,
 Through the bright circle of the zodiac
 In which I pass, whose quarters²⁴ do appear
 As the four seasons of my brother's year.
 First in my birth am moisten'd as his spring;
 Hot as the summer, he illumining
 My orb, the second; my third quarter dry,
 As is his autumn; when from him I fly,
 Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,
 Lastly, my wane is as his winter cold."

"Whereat she paus'd; who all the while she spake,
 The bustling winds their murmur often brake;
 And being silent seem'd yet to stay,
 To listen if she had ought else to say.
 When now the while much troubled was his thought,
 And her fair speech so craftily had caught
 Him, that the spirits soon shaking off the load
 Of the gross flesh, and hating her abode;

¹¹ Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus bis fluens, bis refluens.

¹⁴ Selenotropium, the flower of the Moon.

¹⁵ The Selenite, of *ελενηνη*.

¹⁶ Cynocephal the babion, or baboon.

¹⁷ Adonis slain by a boar.

¹⁸ Partes Lunæ rariores & proinde minus lucidæ.

¹⁹ The cause of that circle which the philosophers call halo, which we often see about the Moon.

²⁰ Luna lumen habet congenitum.

²¹ The line supposed to divide the zodiac.

²² Numerus impar mea par femina.

²³ The month of the year, of the Moon.

²⁴ The four quarters of the month resemble the four seasons of the year. Macro.

Being thoroughly heated in these amorous fires,
 Wholly transported with the dear desires
 Of her embraces: for the living soul,
 Being individual, uniform and whole,
 By her unwearied faculties doth find
 That which the flesh of duller earth by kind
 Not apprehends, and by her function makes
 Good her own state; Endymion now forsakes
 All the delights that shepherds do prefer,
 And sets his mind so generally on her,
 That all neglected to the groves and springs,
 He follows Phœbe, that him safely brings
 (As their great queen) unto the nymphish bowers,
 Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,
 The silver Naides²⁵ bathe them in the brack,
 Sometime with her the sea-horse he doth back,
 Amongst the blue Nereides²⁶; and when
 Weary of waters, goddess-like agen,
 She the high mountains actively assays,
 And there amongst the light Oriades²⁷,
 That ride the swift roes, Phœbe doth resort;
 Sometime amongst those that with them comport,
 The Hamadriades²⁸, doth the woods frequent;
 And there she stays not; but incontinent,
 Calls down the dragons that her chariot draw,
 And with Endymion pleased that she saw,
 Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
 Stripping the winds, beholding from the sky
 The Earth in roundness of a perfect ball,
 Which as a point but of this mighty all,
 Wise Nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay,
 Whereas the spheres by a diurnal sway
 Of the first Mover, carried are about.
 And how the several elements throughout,
 Strongly infolded, and the vast air spread
 In sundry regions, in the which are bred
 Those strange impressions often that appear
 To fearful mortals, and the causes there,
 And light'ned by her piercing beams, he sees
 The powerful planets, how in their degrees,
 In their due seasons they do fall and rise:
 And how the signs²⁹ in their triplicities
 Be sympathizing in their trine consents,
 With whose inferior forming elements,
 From which our bodies the complexions take,
 Natures and number: strongly and do make
 Our dispositions like them, and on Earth
 The power the Heavens have over mortal birth,
 That their effects which men call fortune, are
 As is that good or inauspicious star,
 Which at the frail nativity doth reign.
 Yet here her love could Phœbe not contain,
 And knowledge him so strongly doth inspire,
 That in most plenty, more he doth desire;
 Raising him up to those excelling sights,
 The glorious Heaven, where all the fixed lights,
 Whose images suppos'd to be therein,
 Are fram'd of stars, whose names did first begin
 By those wise ancients, not to stellify
 The first world's heroes only, but imply
 To teach their courses, for distinguished
 In constellations, a delight first bred

In slothful man, into the same to look,
 That from those figures nominative took,
 Which they resembled her on Earth below,
 And the bright Phœbe subtly doth know
 The heavenly motion in her orb above,
 As well as those that under her do move.
 For with long titles do we her invest,
 So these great three most powerful of the rest,
 Phœbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
 Her sovereignty in Heaven, in Earth and Hell;
 And wise Apollo, that doth likewise send
 Her his pure beams, with them doth likewise send
 His wondrous knowledge, for that god most bright,
 King of the planets, fountain of the light³⁰:
 That seeth all things, will have her to see,
 So far as where the sacred angels be.
 Those hierarchies that Jove's great will supply,
 Whose orders formed in triplicity,
 Holding their places by the treble trine,
 Make up that holy theologic nine³¹:
 Thrones, cherubin, and seraphin³² that rise,
 As the first three, when principalities,
 With dominations, potestates are plac'd
 The second; and the ephonian last,
 Which virtues, angels, and archangels be.

"Thus yonder man that in the moon you see,
 Rapt up from Latmus, thus she doth prefer,
 And goes about continually with her:
 Over the world that every month doth look,
 And in the same there's scarce that secret nook
 That he surveys not, and the places hidden
 Whence simple truth and candle-light forbidden
 Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light;
 Whereas suspicious Policy by night
 Consults with Murder, Baseness at their hand,
 Armed to act whatever they command,
 With guilty conscience and intent so foul,
 That oft they start at whooping of an owl,
 And slyly peering at a little pore,
 See one sanctum's content to keep the door:
 One would not think the bawd that did not know,
 Such a brave body could descend so low.
 And the base churl, the Sun that dare not trust,
 With his old gold, yet smelling it doth rust,
 Lays it abroad, but locks himself within
 Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
 To open his bags, and being sure of all;
 Else, yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall:
 And with a candle in a filthy stick,
 The grease not fully covering the wick,
 Pores o'er his base god, forth a flame that fries,
 Almost as dim as his foul bleated eyes:
 Yet like to a great murderer, that gave
 Some slight reward unto some blowy knave,
 To kill, the second secretly doth slay,
 Fearing lest he the former should betray:
 He the poor candle murdereth ere burnt not,
 Because that he the secrecy doth doubt;
 And oftentimes the Mooned-man outspies
 The eve-dropper, and circumspectly eyes
 The thief and lover, 'specially which two
 With night and darkness have the most to do.
 And not long since, besides this, did behold
 Some of you here, when you should tend your fold,
 A nights were wenching: thus he me doth tell."
 With that, they all in such a laughter fell,

²⁵ The nymphs of the waters.

²⁶ Nymphs of the sea.

²⁷ Nymphs of the mountains.

²⁸ Nymphs of the woods.

²⁹ The signs in their triplicities sympathise with the elements.

³⁰ Sol, fons lucis.

³¹ Nine the most holy number.

³² The nine orders of the angels.

That the field rang : when from a village near
The watchful cock crew, and with notesfull clear
The early lark soon summoned the day,
When they departed every one their way,

ODES;

WITH OTHER LYRIC POESIES.

TO THE WORTHY KNIGHT AND MY NOBLE FRIEND,

SIR HENRY GOODERE,

A GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

THESE lyric pieces, short and few,

Most worthy sir, I send to you,

To read them be not weary:

They may become John Hewes his lyre,

Which oft at Powsworth by the fire

Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick

Of rhyming with invention quick,

That should do lyrics well:

But how I have done in this kind,

Though in myself I cannot find,

Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British bards, upon their harps,

For falling flats, and rising sharps,

That curiously were strung;

To stir their youth to warlike rage,

Or their wild fury to assuage,

In their loose numbers sung.

No more I for fools' censures pass,

Than for the braying of an ass,

Nor once mine ear will lend them:

If you but please to take in gree

These Odes, sufficient 'tis to me;

Your liking can commend them.

Yours,

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

Odes I have called these my few poems; which
how happy soever they prove, yet criticism itself
cannot say, that the name is wrongfully usurped:
for (not to begin with definitions against the rule
of oratory, nor ab ovo, against the prescript rule
of poetry in a poetical argument, but somewhat
only to season thy palate with a slight description)
an ode is known to have been properly a song,
modelled to the ancient harp, and neither too
short breathed, as hasting to the end, nor composed
of the longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns
and lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage
it. They are (as the learned say) divers: Some
transcendently lofty, and far more high than the
epic (commonly called the heroic poem) witness

those of the inimitable Pindar, consecrated to the
glory and renown of such as returned in triumph
from Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like: Others
among the Greeks are amorous, soft, and made
for chambers, as others for theatres; as were
Anacreon's, the very delicacies of the Grecian
Erato, which Muse seemed to have been the minion
of that Teian old man, which composed them: Of a
mixed kind were Horace's, and may truly there-
fore be called his mixed; whatsoever else are
mine, little partaking of the high dialect of the
first:

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar that great Greek.

Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being
amorous, moral, or what else the Muse pleaseth.
To write much in this kind, neither know I how
it will relish, nor in so doing, can I but injuriously
presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee, or draw
censure upon myself, for sinning against the
decorum of a preface, by reading a Lecture, when
it is enough to sum the points. New they are,
and the work of playing hours; but what other
commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in
the subject, must be thine to judge. But to act
the go-between of my poems and thy applause,
is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftener
than once have acknowledged thee kind, and do
not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I
shall not fear thee just: and would at this time
also gladly let thee understand what I think above
the rest, of the last ode of this number, or if thou
wilt, ballad in my book: for both the great master
of Italian rhymes Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and
other of the upper house of the Muses, have
thought their canzons honoured in the title of a
ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly
therein with the old English garb, I hope as able
to justify, as the learned Colin Clout his rounde-
lay. Thus requesting thee in thy better judgment,
to correct such faults as have escaped in the print-
ing, I bid thee farewell.

M. DRAYTON.

ODES.

TO HIMSELF, AND THE HARP.

And why not I, as he
That's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that strive,
Since there so many be)
Th' old lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?

For what is he alone,
That of himself can say,
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,
Forbid no man their shrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Else they be so divine,
They will him not endure.

For they be such coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their springs,
That is not born a poet.

The Phoecean¹ it did prove,
Whom when foul lust did move,
Those maids unchaste to make,
Fell, as with them he strove,
His neck and justly brake.

That instrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the skilful bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernals scar'd,
And made Olympus quake,

As those prophetic strings²
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the best of kings,
That sung the holy ode.

So his³, which women slew,
And it in't Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the stream it went.

That by the tortoise-shell,
To Maya's son⁴ it fell,
The most thereof no doubt
But sure some power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
And air, with rivers t' yield,
Which mov'd: that sturdy glebes,
And massy oaks could wield
To raise the piles of Thebes⁵.

And diversly through strong,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce known,
If first it did belong
To Greece or if our own.

The Druides⁶ imbrued
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar⁷ that great Greek,
To finger it aright,
The soul with power to strike,
His hand retain'd such might.

¹ Pyreneus, king of Phocis, attempting to ravish the Muses.

² Sam. lib. 1. cap. 16.

³ Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebre lyramque exp. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

⁴ Mercury inventor of the Harp, as Horace, Ode 10. lib. 7. curvæq; lyræ parentem.

⁵ Thebes feigned to have been raised by music.

⁶ The ancient British priests, so called from their abode in woods.

⁷ Pindar, prince of the Greek lyric, of whom Horace: Pindarum quisquis studet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

Or him⁸ that Rome did grace,
Whose airs we all embrace,
That scarcely found his peer,
Nor giveth Phœbus place
For strokes divinely clear.

The Irish⁹ I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our music's mother,
And think, till I expire,
Apollo's such another.

As Britons, that so long
Have held this antique song,
And let all our carpers
Forbear their fame to wrong,
Th' are right skilful harpers.

Southern¹⁰, I long thee spare,
Yet wish thee well to fare,
Who me pleas'd'st greatly,
As first, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harp neatly.

To those that with despite
Shall term these numbers slight,
Tell them their judgment's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a noble kind.

Nor is't the verse doth make,
That giveth or doth take,
'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's¹¹ rhyme.

⁸ Horace, first of the Romans in that kind.

⁹ The Irish harp.

¹⁰ Southern, an English lyric.

¹¹ An old English rhymist.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

RICH statue, double-fac'd,
With marble temples grac'd,
To raise thy godhead higher,
In flames where altars shining,
Before thy priests divining,
Do od'rous fumes expire.

Great Janus, I thy pleasure,
With all the Thespian treasure,
Do seriously pursue;
To the pass'd year returning,
As though the old adjourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancient vigils yearly
I have observed clearly,
Thy feasts yet smoking be;
Since all thy store abroad is,
Give something to my goddess,
As hath been us'd by thee.

Give her th' Eoan brightness,
Wing'd with that subtil lightness,
That doth transpierce the air;
The roses of the morning
The rising heav'n adorning,
To mesh with flames of hair.

Those ceaseless sounds, above all,
Made by those orbs that move all,
And every swelling there,
Wrapp'd up in numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing,
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou transport me wholly,
So well her form to vary,
That I aloft may bear her,
Whereas I will insphere her
In regions high and starry.

And in my choice composures
The soft and easy closures
So amorously shall meet;
That ev'ry lively ceasure
Thall tread a perfect measure,
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fertile,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixed bows,
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those beauties most excelling,
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,
Drawn on the face of Heaven,
That curious art supposes,
Direct those gems, whose clearness
Far off amaze by nearness,
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,
By nature made for kisses,
So pure and wondrous clear,
Whereas a thousand graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou self-little blindness,
The kindness of unkindness,
Yet one of those divine;
Thy brands to me were lever,
Thy fascia, and thy quiver,
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon its own self feeding,
Whose wounds still dropping-be;
O love, thyself confounding,
Her coldness so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
I'll leave thee so admired,
To all that shall succeed,
That were they more than many,
'Mongst all, there is not any
That time so oft shall read.

Nor adamant engraved,
That hath been choicely 'st saved,
Idea's name out-wears;
So large a dower as this is,
The greatest, often misses,
The diadem that bears.

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth chuse a make,
This day's St. Valentine's;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be,
That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tow'r,
Gilt by the glitt'ring rise;
O Jove! that in a show'r,
As once that thund'rer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That it the gods might awe,
And pow'rfully transpirece
The globy universe,
Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heav'nly cheek,
Dy'd like the dawning day,
As polish'd ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say;
"O thou bright morning-star,
'Tis I that come so far,
My Valentine to seek.

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth chuse her loved pheer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true,
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

"The sparrow, swan, the dove,
Tho' Venus' birds they be,
Yet are they not for love
So absolute as we:
For reason us doth move;
They but by billing woo:
Then try what we can do,
To whom each sense is free.

"Which we have more than they,
By livelier organs sway'd,
Our appetite each way
More by our sense obey'd:
Our passions to display,
This season us doth fit;
Then let us follow it,
As nature us doth lead.

"One kiss in two let's break,
Confounded with the touch,
But half words let us speak,
Our lips employ'd so much
Until we both grow weak;
With sweetness of thy breath,
O smother me to death:
Long let our joys be such,

" Let's laugh at them that choose
 Their Valentines by lot,
 To wear their names that use,
 Whom idly they have got :
 Such poor choice we refuse,
 Saint Valentine befriend ;
 We thus this morn'g spend,
 Else, Muse, awake her not."

THE HEART.

If thus we needs must go,
 What shall our one heart do,
 This one made of our two ?
 Madam, two hearts we break,
 And from them both did take
 The best, one heart to make.
 Half this is of your heart,
 Mine in the other part,
 Join'd by our equal art.
 Wer't cemented, or sown,
 By shreds or pieces known,
 We each might find our own.
 But 'tis dissolv'd, and fix'd,
 And with such tunning mix'd,
 No difference that betwixt.
 But how shall we agree,
 By whom it kept shall be,
 Whether by you, or me ?
 It cannot two breasts fill,
 One must be heartless still,
 Until the other will.
 It came to me today,
 When I will'd it to say,
 With whether it would stay ?
 It told me, In your breast,
 Where it might hope to rest :
 For if it were my guest,
 For certainty it knew,
 That I would still anew
 Be sending it to you.
 Never, I think, had two
 Such work, so much to do
 A unity to woo.
 Yours was so cold and chaste,
 Whilst mine with zeal did waste,
 Like fire with water plac'd,
 How did my heart entreat,
 How pant, how did it beat,
 Till it could give yours heat !
 Till to that temper brought,
 Through our perfection wrought,
 That blessing either's thought.
 In such a height it lies,
 From this base world's dull eyes,
 That Heaven it not envies.
 All that this Earth can show,
 Our heart shall not once know,
 For it too vile and low.

THE SACRIFICE TO APOLLO.

PRIESTS of Apollo, sacred be the room,
 For this learn'd meeting : let no barbarous groom,

How brave soe'er he be,
 Attempt to enter ;
 But of the Muses free,
 None here may venture ;
 This for the Delphian prophets is prepar'd :
 The profane vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

And since the feast so happily begins,
 Call up those fair Nine, with their violins ;
 They are begot by Jove,
 Then let us place them,
 Where no clown in may shove,
 That may disgrace them :
 But let them near to young Apollo sit ;
 So shall his foot-pace overflow with wit.

Where be the Graces, where be those fair three ?
 In any hand they may not absent be :
 They to the gods are dear,
 And they can humbly
 Teach us ourselves to bear,
 And do things comely :

They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,
 They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling wine)
 Whereon swoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,
 Is graven ; and fill out,
 If well bestowing,
 To ev'ry man about,
 In goblets flowing :

Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound ;
 To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large ; yet therewithal
 See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall :
 Not tending to disgrace,
 But fairly given,
 Becoming well the place,
 Modest and even ;

That they with tickling pleasure may provoke
 Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes, ye rehearse,
 Let them be sung in so well-order'd verse,
 That each word have its weight,
 Yet run with pleasure ;
 Holding one stately height,
 In so brave measure,

That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,
 And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'st doth
 speak.

And if ye list to exercise your rein,
 Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,
 Let art and nature go,
 One with the other ;
 Yet so, that art may show
 Nature her mother ;

The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,
 Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,
 Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd :

From him the Muse we have,
 From him proceedeth
 More than we dare to crave ;
 'Tis he that feedeth

Them, whom the world would starve ; then let
 the lyre
 Sound, whilst his altars endless flame expire.

TO CUPID.

MAIDENS, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind shooter?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor.

Now in the spring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower,
And as the small bee
About flieth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken;
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses unto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
(Saith she, "Right mine own son")
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward,
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set,
The maidens had caught him,
Had she not been near him,*
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

AN AMOURET ANACREONTIC.

Most good, most fair,
Or things as rare,
To call you'st lost;
For all the cost

Words can bestow,
So poorly show
Upon your praise,
That all the ways
Sense hath, come short;
Whereby report
Falls them under;
That when wonder
More hath seized,
Yet not pleased,
That it in kind
Nothing can find,
You to express:
Nevertheless,
As by globes small,
This mighty all
Is show'd, though far
From life, each star
A world being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike,
Straight some mislike
Blotteth mine Ode.
As with the load
The steel we touch,
Forc'd ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

WER'nt granted me to chuse,
How I would end my days;
Since I this life must lose,
It should be in your praise;
For there is no bays
Can be set above you.

S'impossibly I love you
And for you sit so high,
Whence nope may remove you
In my clear poesy,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining still my cause,
Your sex nor to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

Thus still you me pursue,
That no where I can dwell,
By fear made just to you,
Who naturally rebel,
Of you that excel
*That should I still indite,

Yet will you want some rite,
That lost in your high praise
I wander to and fro,
As seeing sundry ways:
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this maze.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.
Go, and subdue,

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vows as strong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature bath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass,
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras,

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that tend,
But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happy'st men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide Heaven,

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel every where,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyage's attend,
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAK.

That while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not sing an ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glow'd,
In this cold air expire?

Long since the Summer laid
Her lusty brav'ry down,
The Autumn half is way'd,
And Boreas 'gins to frown,
Since now I did behold
Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
A while we do remain,
Amongst the mountains bleak
Expos'd to sleet and rain,
No sport our hours shall break,
To exercise our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found;

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swathes,
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale and noble cheer,
T' assuage breem Winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves,
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
Or famous, or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times, and every where,
The Muse is still in ure.

HIS DEFENCE AGAINST THE IDLE CRITIC.

THE rhyme nor mars, nor makes,
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propose;
Things imaginary
Do so strangely vary,
That quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly begot,
As soon again is not,
This do I truly know:
Yea, and what's borne with pain,
That sense doth long'st retain,
Gone with a greater flow.

Yet this critic so stern,
But whom, none must discern,
Nor perfectly have seeing,
Strangely lays about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being.

That I myself betray
To that most public way,
Where the world's old bawd,
Custom, that doth humour,
And by idle rumour,
Her dotages applaud.

That whilst she still prefers
Those that be wholly hers,
Madness and ignorance,
I creep behind the time,
From sportling with their crime,
And glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while,
When the evil most vile
Beareth the fairest face,
And inconstant lightness,
With a scornful slightness,
The best things doth disgrace.

Whilst this strange knowing beast,
Man, of himself the least,
His envy declaring,
Makes virtue to descend,
Her title to defend,
Against him, much preparing.

Yet these me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their resolved hate;
Their vileness that do know,
Which to myself I show,
To keep above my fate.

TO HIS RIVAL.

HER lov'd I most,
By thee that's lost,
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain,
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wreck
In sailing back,
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she lov'd to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;
The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast,
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced:
Once did I wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou hast now,
And glances to discover
Her love to me,
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn,
The wind may come about, sir,
And once again
May bring me in,
And help to bear you out, sir.

A SKELTONIAD.

THE Muse should be sprightly,
Yet not handling lightly
Things grave; as much loth,
Things that be slight, to clothe
Curiously: to retain
The comeliness in main,
Is true knowledge and wit.
Nor me forc'd rage doth fit,
That I thereto should lack
Tobacco, or need sack,
Which to the colder brain
Is the true hippocrene;
Nor did I ever care
For great fools, nor them spare,
Virtue, though neglected,
Is not so dejected,
As vilely to descend
To low baseness their end;
Neither each rhyming slave
Deserves the name to have

Of poet : so the rabble
Of fools, for the table,
That have their jests by heart,
As an actor his part,
Might assume them chairs
Amongst the Muse's heirs.
Parnassus is not clome
By every such monne ;
Up whose steep side who swerves
It behoves t' have strong nerves :
My resolution such,
How well, and not how much
To write, thus do I fare,
Like some, few good that care
(The evil sort among)
How well to live, and not how long.

THE CRYER.

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a cryer ;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes, that pass'd this way.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any man,
In town or country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll please him for his pain ;
And by these marks I will you show,
That only I this heart do owe.
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Ev'ry piece sore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and troth, writ round about it :
It was a tame heart, and a dear,
And never us'd to roam ;
But having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.
For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it back to me.

TO HIS COY LOVE,

A CANZONET.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me :
These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
Was ever man thus served ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.
Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.
Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.

But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

AN HYMN.

TO HIS LADY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

COVENTRY, that dost adorn
The country wherein I was born,
Yet therein lies not thy praise,
Why I should crown thy tow'rs with bays :
'Tis not thy wall¹² me to thee weds,
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,
Not thy trophies of the boar¹³,
But that she which I adore,
Which scarce goodness' self can pair,
First there breathing bless'd thy air.
Idea, in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deify'd,
For what good man's mind can see,
Only her ideas be ;
She, in whom the virtues came
In woman's shape, and took her name,
She so far past imitation,
As but Nature our creation
Could not alter, she had aimed
More then woman to have framed :
She, whose truly written story,
To thy poor name shall add more glory,
Than if it should have been thy chance
T' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.

Had she been born the former age,
That house had been a pilgrimage,
And repated more divine,
Then Walsingham¹⁴ or Becket's¹⁴ shrine.
That princess¹⁵, to whom thou dost owe
Thy freedom, whose clear blushing snow
The envious Sun saw, when as she
Naked rode to make thee free,
Was but her type, as to foretel,
Thou should'st bring forth one, should excel
Her bounty, by whom thou should'st have
More honour than she freedom gave ;
And that great queen¹⁶, which but of late
Ru'd this land in peace and state,
Had not been, but Heaven had sworn,
A maid should reign when she was born.

Of thy streets which thou hold'st best,
And most frequent of the rest,
Happy Mich-Parke¹⁷ of the year,
On the fourth¹⁸ of August there,
Let thy maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintiest flowers
Deck thee up, and from their store,
With brave garlands crown that door.

¹² Coventry finely wailed.

¹³ The shoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigness.

¹⁴ Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk, the other in Kent.

¹⁵ Godiva, duke Leofric's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her husband, by riding through it naked.

¹⁶ Queen Elizabeth.

¹⁷ A noted street in Coventry.

¹⁸ His mistress's birth-day.

The old man passing by that way,
 To his son in time shall say,
 "There was that lady born, which long
 To after-ages shall be sung;"
 Who unawares being passed by,
 Back to that house shall cast his eye,
 Speaking my verses as he goes,
 And with a sigh shut ev'ry close.
 Dear city, travelling, by thee,
 When thy rising spires I see,
 Destined her place of birth;
 Yet methinks the very earth
 Hallowed is, so far as I
 Can thee possibly descry:
 Then thou dwelling in this place,
 Hearing some rude hind disgrace
 Thy city with some scurvy thing,
 Which some jester forth did bring,
 Speak these lines where thou dost come,
 And strike the slave for ever dumb.

TO THE CAMBRIO BRITONS, AND THEIR HARP,
 HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance,
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed king Harry.
 And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort,
 Marcheth towards Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French general lay
 With all his power.
 Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending.
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.
 And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 "Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the Sun
 By fame been raised.
 "And for myself," quoth he,
 "This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er moura for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.
 "Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,

No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies."

The duke of York so dread,
 The eager vaward led,
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his hench-men.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear, was wonder;
 That with cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their billows drew,
 And on the French they flew;
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besrent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,

Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a king Harry!

PASTORALS:

CONTAINING ECLOGUES.

TO THE HONOUR OF MY NOBLE PATRON

SIR WALTER ASTON:

AS OTHER MY POEMS, SO I CONSECRATE THESE MY
PASTORALS POSIES.

M. DRAYTON.

TO

THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be said, by way of general pre-
parative, touching the name and nature of pastoral
poesy, before I give thee my pastorals. Pastorals,
as they are a species of poesy, signify feigned
dialogues, or other speeches in verse, fathered upon
herdsmen, whether apiliones, bubulci, &c. that
is to say, shepherds, neat herds, &c. who are
ordinary persons in this kind of poem, worthily
therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all
other forms of poesy, (excepting, perhaps, the
admirable Latin Piscatories of that noble Nea-
politan Sanazara) hath been received from the
Greeks, and as at the second hand, from the
Romans. The subject of pastorals, as the lan-
guage of it ought to be poor, silly, and of the
coarsest woof in appearance; nevertheless, the
most high, and most noble matters of the world
may be shadowed in them, and for certain some-
times are: but he who hath almost nothing
pastoral in his pastorals, but the name, (which is
my case), deals more plainly, because detracto
velamine, he speaks of most weighty things. The
Greek pastorals of Theocritus have the chief
praise. Whether Virgil in his bucolics hath kept
within pastoral humbleness, let Scaliger, and the
nation of learned censors, dispute: the blessing
which came in them to the testimonial majesty of
the Christian name, out of Sibyls' monuments,
cited before Christ's birth, must ever make Virgil
venerable with me: and in the angels' song to
shepherds at our Saviour's nativity, pastoral poesy
seems consecrated. It is not of this time and
place to show the originals of this invention: let
it here suffice to have pointed out the best, and
them so old, as may serve for prescription. The
chief law of pastorals is the same which is of all
poesy, and of all wise carriage, to wit, decorum, and
that not to be exceeded without leave, or without

at least fair warning. For so did Virgil, when he
wrote,

—Paulò maiora canamus.

Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for
the immortality of his name, had he only given
us his Shepherd's Calendar, a master-piece, if
any. The Colin Clout of Skoggan¹, under king
Henry the Seventh, is pretty: but Barkley's Ship
of Fools hath twenty wiser in it. Spenser is the
prime pastoralist of England. My pastorals, bold
upon a new strain, must speak for themselves, and
the tabor striking up, if thou hast in thee any
country quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the
sport, than hear thereof. Farewell.

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

PHÆBUS full out his yearly course had run,
(The woeful Winter labouring to out-wear)
And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun
To heave himself up to our hemisphere,
For which pleas'd Heaven to see this happy hour,
O'ercome with joy, wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,
Whose tunes express a brother's trait'rous fact,
Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints do ring,
To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.

The jocund mirl, perch'd on the highest spray,
Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning Sun,
Like Iris shows his snudry colour'd coat,
The gloomy shades and enviously doth shun,
Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to roat.

The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,
The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride:
Man, bird, and beast, each tree, and every flood,
Highly rejoicing in this goudly tide:

Save Rowland, leaning on a ranpik² tree,
Wasted with age, furlorn with woe was he.

"Great God," quoth he, (with hands reard to the
"Thou wise Creator of the starry light, [sky]
Whose wondrous works thy essence do imply,
In the dividing of the day and night:

The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,
Which the late Winter low before did bring.

"O thou strong Builder of the firmament,
Who placed'st Phœbus in his fiery car,
And for the planets wisely didst invent
Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,
Appointing Cynthia mistress of the night,
From Titan's flames to fetch her forked light,
"From that bright palace where thou reign'st
alone,

Where floor with stars is gloriously enchas'd;
Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne
Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,
Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend,
Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

¹ Skoggan. Mr. Warton thinks he must mean Skelton. C.

² A tree with age beginning to decay at the top.

"Shepherds' great Sovereign, graciously receive,
Those thoughts to three continually erected,
Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,
Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,
Whose sins, like fogs that over-cloud the air,
Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

"My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,
And but mere shows, disposed me to mock,
Such are exalted basely that can feign,
And none regards just Rowland of the Rock.
To these fat pastures, which flocks healthful keep,
Malice denies me entrance with my sheep.

"Yet will I Nature enviously accuse,
Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make :
What they impose, but vainly we refuse ;
When not our power their punishment can slake ;
Fortune the world that towzes to and fro,
Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

"This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,
And to affliction minister relief,
When as there never shall succeed a morrow,
Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my grief,
Nor in my breast care sit again so deep :
Tying the sad night with distemper'd sleep.

"And when that time expired hath the date,
What wears out all things, lastly perish must,
And that all-searching and impartial Fate
Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,
When every being silently shall cease,
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace."

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,
That summon'd Cythia, to set up her light,
And she the near'st of the celestial frame,
Sat the most glorious on the brow of night ;
When the poor swain, with heaviness oppress'd,
To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

MOTTO.

More my youth's mirth become the aged years,
My gentle shepherd, father of us all,
Wherewith I wanted to delight my pheers,
When to their sports they pleased me to call.

Now would I tune my miskins³ on this green,
And frame my verse, the virtues to unfold
Of that sole phoenix bird, my life's sole queen,
Whose locks do stain the three times burnish'd gold.

But melancholy settled in thy spleen,
My rhymes seem harsh to thy unrelish'd taste,
Thy wits that long replenish'd have not been,
Wanting kind moisture, do unkindly waste.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to scorn,
Nor twit me so, my senses to have lost ;
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn⁴
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boast.

My direful cares been drawn upon my face,
In crooked lines with age's iron pen,
The morpew quite discoloured the place,
Which had the power to attract the eyes of men.

³ A little bagpipe.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawney dye,
And this once crimson; looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath set his foot upon mine eye,
And hath for ever perished my sale.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
A fruitless plot with brambles overgrown :
Of all those joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Those dainty strains of my well-tuned reed,
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,
In me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed,
But tell the errors of my wand'ring years.

Those pois'ning pills been biding at my heart,
Those loathsome drugs unseason'd youth did chaw,
Nor once so sweet, but now they be as tart ;
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even so I ween : for thy old age's fever
Deems sweetest potions bitter as the gall,
And thy cold palate, having lost the savour,
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gamesome boy,
Ill-winter'd now, and aged as you see,
And well I know, thy swallow-winged joy
Quickly shall vanish as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipsed eyes,
Time shall have deeply character'd thy death,
And sun-burnt age thy kindly moisture dries,
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath ;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back
To the sad burthen of thy years shall yield,
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,
Whom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,
That of his branches left by tempest's stroke,
His bark consumes with canker-worms and rust.

And though thou seem'st like to the bragging bryer,
And spread'st thee like the morn-lov'd marygold,
Yet shall thy sap be shortly dry and sear,
Thy gawdy blossoms blemished with cold.

Even such a wanton and unruly swain,
Was little Rowland, when as lately he
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain,
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

Then this great universe no less
Can serve her praises to express :
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,
The host of heavenly beauties move,
Depainted in their proper stories,
As well the fixt as wandering glories,
Which from their proper orbs not go,
Whether they gyre swift or slow :
Where from their lips, when she doth speak,
The music of those spheres do break,
Which their harmonious motion breedeth :
From whose cheerful breath proceedeth
That balmy sweetness that gives birth
To every offspring of the Earth :
The structure of whose gen'ral frame,
And state wherein she moves the same,

Is that proportion, Heaven's best treasure,
Whereby it doth all poise and measure,
So that alone her happy sight
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love ! which so aloft can raise,
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,
And dost inspire us with so glorious praise,
As with the Heavens doth equal man's desire :

What doth not help to deck thy holy shrine,
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree ?
Who will not say that thou art most divine,
At least, confess a deity in thee ?

WINKEN.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repay'd :
For now the wanton pines in endless pain,
And sore repents what he before mis-said.
So may they be, which can so lowly feign.

Now hath this yonker torn his tressed locks,
And broke his pipe which was of sound so sweet,
Forsaking his companions and their flocks,
And casts his garland loosely at his feet.

And being shrouded in a homely coat,
And full of sorrow, (I him sitting by)
He turn'd his rebeck to a mournful note,
And thereto sung this doleful elegy :

" Upon a bank with roses set about,
Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill,
And gentle springs steal softly murmur'ing out,
Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill :
There little Love sore woun'ded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,
Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
Oh, grievous to be spoken !

" Bear him my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
Where sticks the arrow which that heart did kill,
With whose sharp pile, request him, ere he die,
About the same to write his latest will ;
And bid him send it back to me,
At instant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel she, may see,
My faith and her denying.

" His chapel be a mournful cypress' shade,
And for a chantry Philomel's sweet lay,
Where prayers shall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers passing by that way,
With nymphs' and shepherds' yearly moan,
His timeless death beweeeping,
In telling that my heart alone
Hath his last will in keeping."

MOTTO.

Woe's me for him that pineth so in pain,
Alas, poor Rowland, how for him I grieve !
That such a bait should breed so foul a bane,
Yet she not deign his sorrow to relieve.

WINKEN.

Beware by him, thou foolish wanton swain,
By others' harms thus may'st thou learn to heed :
Beauty and wealth been fraught with high disdain,
The night draws on : come, homeward let us speed.

THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

PERKIN.

ROWLAND, for shame, awake thy drowsy Muse,
Time plays the hunt's-up to thy sleepy head ;
Why ly'st thou here, whilst we are ill bested,
Foul idle swain ?

Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,
And now doth hear this scurv'y minstrelsy,
Tending to nought, but beastly ribaldry,
That doth not muse ?

Then slumber not with dull Endymion,
But tune thy reed to dapper verilyes,
And sing awhile of blessed Beta's praise,
Of none but she.

Above the rest so happy may'st thou be,
For learned Colin lays his pipes to gage,
And is to Fayrie gone a pilgrimage,
The more our moan.

ROWLAND.

What, Beta, shepherd ? she is Pan's belov'd,
Fair Beta's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,
A note too high for my poor pipe to reach,
An oaten reed.

The most unfit to speak of worthy's deed,
I'll set my song unto a lower key,
Whereas a horn-pipe I may safely play,
And unprov'd :

With flattery my Muse could never fadge,
Nor could this vain scurrility affect,
From looser youth to win a light respect,
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,
Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice-dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys esteemed often are,
And fashions ever vary with the time,
But since the season doth require some rhyme,
With lusty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,
Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,
When Robin-red-breast, sitting on a brier,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heavy heart,
Yet were not Beta, sure, I would not sing,
Whose praise the echoes cease not yet to ring
Up to the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blythe, good Rowland, then, and clear thine eyes,
And since good Robin to his roost is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To show thy art.

ROWLAND.

" STAY, Thames, to hear my song, thou great and
famous flood,
Beta alone the phenix is of all thy wat'ry brood,
The queen of virgins only she,
The king of floods allotting thee
Of all the rest, be joyful then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay,

FF.

With dainty and delightsome strains of dapper
verilycs: [praise;

Come, lovely shepherds, sit by me, to tell our Beta's
And let us sing so high a verse,
Her sovereign virtues to rehearse, [sing.
That little birds shall silent sit to hear us shepherds
Whilst rivers backward bend their course, and flow
up to their spring.

Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a
rank, [ing bank,

And place them each in their degree upon thy wind-
And let them set together all,
Time keeping with the water's fall:

And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them
with her lay. [our May.

The woodcock and the throstle-cock, chief music of
the strand:

See what a troop of nymphs come leading hand
in hand, [the strand:

In such a number that well-near they take up all
And hark, how merrily they sing,

That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,
And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,
And as the queen of all the rest, doth wear a coronal.

"Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred
tree, [to be,

Whose tutage and especial care I wish her still
That for his darling hath prepar'd

A glorious crown as her reward,
Not such a golden crown as haughty Cæsar wears,
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears.

"Maid, get the choicest flowers, a garland and
entwine, [eglauntine,

Nor pinks, nor pansies, let there want, be sure of
See that there be store of lilies,

(Call'd of shepherds daffadillies) [flower-de-lis,
With roses damask, white, and red, the dearest

The cresset of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise.

"O thou great eye of Heaven, the day's most dearest
light, [night,

With thy bright sister Cynthia, the glory of the
And those that make ye seven,

To us the near'st of Heaven,
And thou, O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,

When she streams forth her rays, then dash'd is all
your pride.

"In thee whilst she beholds (O flood!) her bea-
venly face, [her embrace,

The sea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly
Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,

And Tritons do resound her praise,
Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spa-
cious sea, [holiday.

And thro' all Neptune's court proclaim our Beta's

"O evermore refresh the root of the fat olive tree,
In whose sweet shadow ever may thy banks pre-
With bays that poets do adorn, [served be,

And myrtle of chaste lovers worn,
That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preserv'd by
peace, [cease,

And let the mournful cypress die, and here for ever

"We'll strew the shore with pearl, where Beta
walks alone, [Indian stone,

And we will pave her summer bower with the rich
Perfume the air, and make it sweet,

For such a goddess as is meet,

For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light;
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle
human sight.

"Sound loud your trumpets then from London's
loftiest towers, [raging showers,

To beat the stormy tempests back, and calm the
Set the cornet with the flute,

The orpharion to the lute,
Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the sweet violins,

And mock the thunder in the air with the loud
clarions.

"Beta, long may thine altars smoke with yearly
sacrifice, [solemnize,

And long thy sacred temples may their high days
Thy shepherds watch by day and night,

Thy maids attend thy holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her arms from East
into the West, [ing crest."

And Albion on the Apennines advance her conquer-

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,
And as for Beta, burthen of thy song,

The shepherds' goddess may she flourish long,
And happy be,

And not disdain to be belov'd of thee:
Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,

That hast so long not tasted of annoy,
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes have
Beta shall have the firstling of the fold, [yea'n'd,

Yea, though the horns were of the purest gold,
And the fine fleece, the richest purple grain.

PERKIN.

Believe me, as I am true shepherd swain,
Then for thy love all others I forsake,

And unto thee myself I do betake;
With faith unfeign'd.

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,
As though our store no better us affords?

And in this season, when the stirring swain
Makes the wide fields sound with great thund'ring
words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,
Shepherds of late are waxed wondrous neat.

Though they were richer in the former times,
We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freshly grows again,
Which simply shadow'd the Pierian spring,

Which oft invites the solitary swain
Thither, to hear those sacred virgins sing:

Then if thy Muse have spent her wonted zeal,
With wither'd twists thy forehead shall be bound:

But if with these she dare advance her sail,
Amongst the best then may she be renown'd.

COBBO.

Shepherd, these men at mighty things do aim,
And therefore press into the learned troop,

With filed phrase to dignify their name,
Else with the world shut in this shameful coop.

But such a subject ill besemeth me,
For I must pipe amongst the lowly sort,
Those silly herd-grooms who have laugh'd to see,
When I by moon-shine made the Fairies sport.

Who of the toils of Hercules will treat,
And put his hand to an eternal pen,
In such high labours it behoves he sweat,
To soar beyond the usual pitch of men :

Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,
As have ty'd up the triple-headed hound,
Or of those giants which 'gainst Heaven durst stand,
Whose strength the gods it troubled to confound :

Who listeth with so mighty things to mell,
And dares a task so great to undertake,
Should raise the black inhabitants of Hell,
And stir a tempest on the Stygian lake.

He that to worlds pyramids will build
On those great heroes got by heavenly powers,
Should have a pen most plentifully fill'd
In the full streams of learned Maro's showers.

Who will foretel mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wisely will inquire,
Before should slumber in that shady den,
That often did with prophecy inspire.

Sooth-saying Sybils sleeping long ago,
We have their reed, but few have cou'd their art,
And the Welsh wizard¹ cleaveth to a stone,
No oracles more wonders shall impart.

When him² this found that nearest over ran,
His labouring mother to this light did bring,
The sweat that then from Orpheus' statue ran,
Foretold the prophets had whereon to sing.

When virtue had allotted her a prize,
The oaken garland, and the laurel crown,
Fame then resum'd her lofty wins to rise,
And plumes were honour'd with the purple gown.

When first religion with a golden chain
Men unto fair civility did draw,
Who sent from Heaven brought justice forth again,
To keep the good, the viler sort to awe.

That simple age as simple sung of love,
Till thirst of empire and of earthly sways,
Drew the good shepherd from his lass's glove,
To sing of slaughter, and tumultuous frays.

Then Jove's love-theft was privily descry'd,
How he play'd false play in Amphitrio's bed,
And young Apollo, in the mount of Ide,
Gave Cœnon physic for her maidenhead.

The tender grass was then the softest bed :
The pleasant'st shades esteem'd the stateliest halls,
No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,
Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls.

Then simple love, by simple virtue sway'd,
Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
Kindness again with kindness was repay'd,
And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.

And beauty's self, by herself beautify'd,
Scorn'd painting's pergit, and the borrow'd hair,
Nor monstrous forms deformities did hide,
The foul to varnish with compounded fair.

¹ Merlin.

² Alexander the Great.

The purest fleece then cover'd the pure skin :
For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd ;
Ill-favour'd fashions then were to begin,
Nor wholesome clothes with poison'd liquor stain'd.

But when the bowels of the Earth were sought,
Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,
Into the world all mischief then was brought,
This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our misery.

The lofty pines were presently hew'd down,
And men, sea-monsters, swam the brackish flood,
In wainscot tubs, to seek out worlds unknown,
For certain ill, to leave assured good.

The steed was tam'd and fitted to the field,
That serves a subject to the rider's laws,
He that before ran in the pastures wild,
Felt the stiff curb control his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,
The use thereof in soft'ning metals found,
That did straight limbs in stubborn steel attire,
Forging sharp tools the tender flesh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers,
And laid his wealth within the walled town,
Which afterward in rough and stormy stow'rs
Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the sad beginning of our woe,
That was from Hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
And from this fount did all those mischiefs flow,
Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, shepherd, well, the golden age is gone,
Wishes no way revoke that which is past :
Small wit there were to make two griefs of one ;
And our complaints we vainly should but waste.

Listen to me then, lovely shepherd lad,
And thou shalt hear, attentive if thou be,
A pretty tale I of my grandame had,
One winter's night, when there were none but we.

GORBO.

Shepherd, say on, so may we pass the time,
There is no doubt, it is some worthy rhyme.

MOTTO.

FAR in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, bight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras :

Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free :
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle-work :

And she couth help the priest to say
His mattins on a holyday,
And sing a psalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,

Which seemly was to see ;
 A hood to that so neat and fine,
 In colour like the columbine,
 Ywrought full feuously.
 Her features all as fresh above,
 As is the grass that grows by Dove,
 And lythe as lass of Kent.
 Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
 As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
 Or swan that swims in Trent.
 This maiden in a morn betime,
 Went forth when May was in the prime,
 To get sweet setywall,
 The honey-suckle, the barlock,
 The lily, and the lady-smock,
 To deck her summer hall.
 Thus as she wander'd here and there,
 And picked off the bloomy briar,
 She chanced to espy
 A shepherd sitting on a bank,
 Like Chanty-clear he crowed crank,
 And pip'd full merrily.
 He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
 When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feed about him round :
 Whilst he full many a carrol sang,
 Until the fields and meadows rang,
 And all the woods did sound.
 In favour this same shepherd swain
 Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
 Which held proud kings in awe :
 But meek as any lamb might be ;
 And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd brother slaw.
 The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
 Which was of the finest lock,
 That could be cut with sheer.
 His mittens were of bazon's skin,
 His cockers were of cordwin,
 His hood of miniveer.
 His awl and lingel in a thong,
 His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
 His breech of Cointree blue.
 Full crisp and curled were his locks,
 His brows as white as Albion rocks,
 So like a lover true.
 And piping still he spent the day,
 So merry as the popinjay,
 Which liked Dowsabel ;
 That would she ought, or would she nought,
 This lad would never from her thought,
 She in love-longing fell.
 At length she tucked up her frock,
 White as a lily was her smock,
 She drew the shepherd nigh :
 But then the shepherd pip'd a good,
 That all his sheep forsook their food,
 To hear this melody.
 " Thy sheep," quoth she, " cannot be lean,
 That have a jolly shepherd swain,
 The which can pipe so well :"
 " Yea but," saith he, " their shepherd may,
 If piping thus he pine away,
 In love of Dowsabel."
 " Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
 Quoth she, " look well unto thy sheep,
 Lest they should hap to stray."
 Quoth he, " So had I done full well,
 Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
 Come forth to gather May."

With that she 'gan to vaile¹ her head,
 Her cheeks were like the roses red,
 But not a word she said ;
 With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
 He threw his pretty pipes adown,
 And on the ground him laid.
 Saith she, " I may not stay till night,
 And leave my summer hall undight,
 And all for love of thee."
 " My cote," saith he, " nor yet my fold,
 Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
 Except thou favour me."
 Saith she, " Yet lever I were dead,
 Than I should lose my maidenhead,
 And all for love of men."
 Saith he, " Yet are you too unkind,
 If in your heart you cannot find
 To love us now and then.
 And I to thee will be as kind,
 As Colin was to Rosalind,
 Of courtesy the flower."
 " Then will I be as true," quoth she,
 " As ever maiden yet might be
 Unto her paramour."
 With that she bent her snow-white knee,
 Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
 And him she sweetly kiss'd.
 With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,
 Quoth he, " There's never shepherd's boy
 That ever was so blest."

CORO.

Now by my sheephook, here's a tale alone,
 Learn me the same, and I will give thee hire ;
 'Tis was as good as cards for our Joan,
 When at a night we sitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbø, I'll not stick for that,
 When we shall meet upon some merry day :
 But see, whilst we have set us down to chat,
 Yon tykes of mine begin to steal away.

And if thou please to come unto our green,
 On Lammass day, when as we have our feast,
 Thou shalt sit next unto the shepherds' queen,
 And there shall be the only welcome guest.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

Come, let us frolic merrily, my swain,
 Let's see what spirit there quickens yet in thee,
 If there so much be left but as a grain
 Of the great stock of antique poesy,
 Or living but one slip of Phœbus' sacred tree.
 Or if reserv'd from Time's devouring rage,
 With his sad ruins scorning once to fall,
 Any memorial left thee as a gage :
 Or the delight of simple pastoral,
 May thee revive, whom care seems to appal.
 To Fortune's orphans Nature hath bequeath'd
 What mightiest monarchs seldom have possess'd,
 From highest Heaven this influence is breath'd,
 The most divine impression of the breast,
 And whom th' one pines, the other oft doth feast.

¹ Vaile, not to veil or cover, but, to hang down her head for shame.

Nor doth 't affect this fond gentility,
Whereon the fool world open-mouthed gazes,
Thinking itself of great ability.
That it a great great grandsire's glory blazes,
And paints out fictions in untimely phrases.

Idly we think that honour can inflame
These moving pictures, 'made but for the street,
(We daily find) that over-live their name,
And black oblivion is their winding-sheet,
Their glory trodden under vulgar feet.

Envy discharging all her poison'd darts,
The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
At her fierce loose that weakly never starts,
But, in despite, doth force her to retire,
With careless feet, and spurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

I may not sing of such as fall or climb,
Nor chant of arms, and of heroic deeds,
It fitteth not a shepherd's rural rhyme,
Nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds:
Nor from my song gross flattery proceeds.

On the world's idols I do hate to smile,
Nor shall their names e'er in my page appear,
To bolster baseness I account it vile;
'Tis not their looks, nor greatness, that I fear,
Nor shall 't be known by me, that such there were.

No fatal dreads, nor fruitless vain desires,
Low caps and court'sies to a painted wall,
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needless fires,
Ambitious ways to climb, nor fears to fall,
Nor things so base do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these, may like thy varying quill,
As of too high, or of too low a strain,
That do not aptly parallel thy skill,
Nor well agreeing with a shepherd's vein,
Subjects (suppos'd) ill to besem a swain:

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praise,
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes so may'st thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame:
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel shall be dight,
When as thy Muse got high upon her wing,
With nimble pinions shall direct her flight
To th' place from whence all harmonies do spring,
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, since thou so strongly dost persuade,
And her just worth so amply us affords,
O sacred fury! all my powers invade,
All fulness flows from thy abundant hoards,
Her praise requires the excellentest words.

Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eye,
To it attracting every other sight?
May a poor shepherd's praise aspire so high,
Which if the Sun should give us up to night,
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her state,
There still residing as her proper sphere.
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,
Wonder invites to stand before her there,
Throughout the world the praise thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear Nature's treasury,
Whereas she stores th' abundance of her bliss,
Where of herself she 'acts such usury,
That she's else needy by enwealthying this,
And like a miser her rich chest doth kiss.

Or those pure hands, in whose delicious palms
Love takes delight the palmister to play,
Whose crystal fingers dealing heavenly alms,
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.
O, who of these sufficiently can say!

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,
Where Dian's nuns their goddess do adore,
Before her, ever sacrificing there,
Her hallow'd altars kneeling still before,
Where more they do perform, their zeal the more.

Unconning shepherd of these praise I none,
Although surpassing, yet let I them pass,
Nor in this kind her excellence is shown,
To sing of these not my intent it was,
Our Muse must undergo a weightier mass,

And be directed by a straighter line,
Which me must unto higher regions guide,
That I her virtues rightly may define,
From me myself that's able to divide,
Unless by them my weakness be supply'd.

That be the end whereat I only aim,
Which to perform, I faithfully must strive,
Fair as I can, to build this goodly frame,
And every part so aptly to contrive,
That time from this example may derive.

In whom, as on some well-prepared stage,
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,
Where every scene pronounced by a sage,
Hath the true fulness both of wit and art,
And wisely stealeth the spectator's heart;

That every censure worthily doth brook,
And unto it a great attention draws,
Int' which when wisdom doth severely look,
Often therewith she forced is to pause,
To yield a free and general applause.

Who unto goodness can she not excite,
And in the same not teacheth to be wise,
And deeply seern in each obsequious rite,
Wherein of that some mystery there lies,
Which her sole study is, and only exercise.

But the great'st volume, nor exactest comment,
Wherein art ever absolute'st shin'd,
Nor the small'st letter filling up the margin,
Yet every space with matter interlined,
In th' highest knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but sense effectually could see,
What is in her 't be worthily admired,
How infinite her excellencies be,
The date of which can never be expired,
From her high praise the world could not be hired.

But since that Heaven must only be the mirror,
Wherein the world can her perfections view,
And Fame is stricken silent with the terror,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can give her nothing that is new.

Then since there wants ability in colours,
Nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours, [her:
And in my tears sheest' look herself, and praise
Happy were I, if such a glass might please her.

Go, gentle winds, and whisper in her ear,
And tell Idea, how much I do adore her;
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,
How far she passeth all that went before her,
And as their goddess all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whose pure silver stream
Grow those tall oaks, where I have carv'd her
name,
Convey her praise to Neptune's wat'ry realm,
And bid the Tritons to sound forth her fame,
Until wide Neptune scarce contain the same.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art thou rapt,
Beyond the Moon that strivest thus to strain?
Into what phrenzy lately art thou hapt,
That in this sort intoxicates thy brain,
Much disagreeing from a shepherd's vein?

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me so strangely shouldst thou tempt
Above my strength with th' magic of her style?
The scope of which from limits is exempt,
As be all they that of it do compile,
Able to raise the spirit that is most vile.

Didst thou me first unto her praises stir,
And now at last dost thou again refuse me?
What if, perhaps, with too much love I err,
And that therein the forward Muse abuse me?
The cause thou gav'st is able to excuse me.

MOTTO.

Rowland, then cease, reserve thy plenteous Muse,
Till future time; thy simple oaten reed
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuse,
To sing the glory of some worthy's deed:
For this, I think, but little shall thee steed.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the skies begin to lowr,
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in the west,
Shows us, ere long, that we shall have a shower:
Come, let us home, for I so think it best,
For to their cotes our flocks are gone to rest.

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my poor cote,
Although, God knows, my cheer be very small,
For wealth with me was never yet a-flote:
Yet take in gree whatever do befall,
We'll sit and turn a crab, and tune a madrigal.

THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

CORBO.

Well met, good Winken, whither dost thou wend?
How hast thou far'd, old shepherd, many a year?
His days in darkness thus can Winken spend,
Who I have known for piping had no peer?

Where be those fair flocks thou wert wont to guide?
What, be they dead, or hapt on some mischance?
Or mischief thee, their master, doth betide?
Or lordly love hath cast thee in a trance?

What, man, let's still be merry while we may,
And take a truce with sorrow for a time,
The whilst we pass this weary winter's day,
In reading riddles, or in making rhyme.

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo! mirth is far away,
Nor may it sojourn with sad discontent,
O! blame me not (to see this dismal day)
Then, though my poor heart it in pieces rent.

My tune is turn'd into a swan-like song,
That best becomes me drawing to my death,
Till which, methinks, that every hour is long,
My breast become a prison to my breath.

Nothing more loathsome than the cheerful light,
Com'n is my night, when once appears the day:
The blessed Sun is odious to my sight,
Ner sound me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

CORBO.

What, mayst thou be that old Winken de Word,
That of all shepherds wert the man alone,
Which once with laughter shook'st the shepherds'
board,

With thine own madness lastly overthrow'n?

I think, thou dost in thy declining age,
Or for the looseness of thy youth art sorry,
And therefore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,
To holy Hayle's¹ or Patrick's² purgatory.

Come, sit we down under this hawthorn tree,
The morrow's light shall lend us day enough,
And let us tell of Gawen, or sir Guy,
Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

Or else some romant unto us areed,
By former shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble lords and ladies' gentle deed.
Or of thy love, or of thy lass's truth.

WINKEN.

Shepherd, no, no, that world with me is past,
Merry was it, when we those toys might tell:
But 'tis not now as when thou saw'st me last,
A great mischance me since that time befell.

Elphin is dead, and in his grave is laid,
O! to report it, how my heart it grieveth!
Cruel that fate, that so the time betray'd,
And of our joys untimely us depriveth.

CORBO.

Is it for him thy tender heart doth bleed?
For him that living was the shepherds' pride:
Never did Death so merciless a deed,
Ill hath he done, and ill may him betide:

Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,
Nature is paid the utmost of her due,
Pan hath receiv'd so dearly that him cost:
O Heavens, his virtues did belong to you!

Do not thou then incessantly complain,
Best doth the mean befit the wise in mourning:
And to recall that, labour not in vain,
Which is by fate prohibited returning.

¹ An ancient pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the Holyrood of Hayles.

² That famous cave of Ireland.

WINKEN.

Wer't for the best this present world affords,
Shepherd, our sorrows might be eas'ly tas'
But, oh, his loss requireth more than words,
Nor it so slightly can be over-past.

When his fair flocks he fed upon the downs,
The poorest shepherd suffered not annoy :
Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrouded in the earth,
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,
Wiuter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not Nature lastly call'd to mind
The near approaching of her own decay,
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,
And to the Chaos all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,
And to the deserts sadly them betook,
So much oppress, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay.

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,
That wonted were with roundelay to ring,
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone ?
Living, that was the shepherds' true delight.
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)
Virtue to Heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly,
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should
That should his lasting poesy deny, [bring,
His worth and honour rashly censuring :

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,
And all those sots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,
When their false names are utterly forgotten,
And fame to thee eternity shall give,
When with their bones their sepulchers are rotten.

Nor mournful cypress, nor sad widowing yew,
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,
In spight of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,
To sit and tell full stories of thy praise,
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)
That living yet his virtues do inherit,
Men from base envy and detraction free,
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit :

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,
To drink at Avon driv'st thy sunned sheep,
Good Melibœus, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin : and thou, gentle swain,
That dost thy pipe by silver Doven sound,
Alexis that dost with thy flocks remain,
Far off within the Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that shepherd that is dead :
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,
And sett'st old Winken and his words at nought ;

And like a graceless and untutor'd lad,
Art now departed from my aged sight,
And need'stly to the southern fields wilt gad,
Where thou dost live in thriftless vain delight ;

Thou wanton boy, as thou can'st pipe as well
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,
Still let thy rounds of that good shepherd tell,
To whom thou hast been evermore so dear.

Many, you seeming to excel in fame,
And say as they, that none can pipe so high,
Scorning well-near a shepherd's simple name,
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity :

These, if an aged man may umpire be,
Whose pipes are well near worn out of his hand,
The highest skill, that in their songs I see,
Scarce reach the base whereon his praises stand.

And all those toys that vainly you allure
Shall in the end no other guerdon have,
But living shall you mickle woe procure,
And lastly bring you to an unknown grave.

Then, gentle shepherds, wheresoe'er you rest,
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,
Whether with love or worldly care oppress,
Or be you bond, or happily be free :

The closing evening 'ginning to be dark,
When as the small birds sing the Sun to sleep,
You fold your lambs ; or, with the early lark,
Into the fair fields drive your harmless sheep :

Still let your pipes be busied in his praise,
Until your flocks be learnt his loss to know,
And tattling Echo many sundry ways
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

CORO.

Cease, shepherd, cease, from future complaints refrain,
See but of one, how many do arise,
That by the tempest of my troubled brain,
The floods already swelling up mine eyes.

And now the Sun beginneth to decline :
Whilst we in woe the time away do wear,
See where yon little moping lamb of mine
Itself hath tangled in a crawling briar.

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

BATTLE.

BORRIL, why sit'st thou musing in thy cote,
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowsy cell ?
With too much learning doth the shepherd dote ?
Or art enchanted with some magic spell ?

A hermit's life or mean'st thou to profess,
Or to thy beds fall like an anchoress ?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flowers,
And clothes our groves in gawdy summer's green,
And wanton Ver distills herself in showers
To hasten Ceres, harvest's hallowed queen,

Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,
Crowning full summer with her ripen'd ears.

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets mimsen on the plains,
And at the rivers fishing day by day,
Now who so frolic as the shepherd swains?
Why lig'st thou here then in thy loathsome cave,
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempest standeth free,
When stately towers becn often shak'd with wind:
And wilt thou, Batte, come and sit with me,
The happy life here shalt thou only find,
Free from the world's vile and inconstant qualms,
And herry Pan with orizous and alms,

And scorn the crowd of such as cog for pence,
And waste their wealth in sinful bravery,
Whose gain is loss, whose thrift is lewd expense,
Content to live in golden slavery,
Wond'ring at toys, as foolish worldlings doone,
Like to the dog that barketh at the Moon?

Here may'st thou range the goodly pleasant field,
And search out simples to procure thy heale,
What sundry virtues, sundry herbs do yield,
'Gainst grief which may thy sheep or thee assail:
Here may'st thou hunt the little harmless hare,
Or laugh t' intrap false Reynard in a snare.

Or if thee please in antique romants read
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,
And been renown'd from east to western shore,
Or shepherds' skill i'th' course of Heaven to know
When this star falls, when that itself doth show.

BATTE.

Shepherd, these things been all too coy for me,
Whose youth is spent in jollity and mirth,
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,
Whose days are fast declining to the earth:
May'st thou suppose that I shall e'er endure
To follow that no pleasure can procure?

These been for such them votaries do make,
And do accept the mantle and the ring,
And the long night continually do wake,
Masing, themselves how they to Heaven may bring,
That whisper still of sorrow in their bed,
And do despise both love and lusty-head.

Like to the cur with anger well-near wood,
Who makes his kennel in the ox's stall,
And snarleth when he seeth him take his food,
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all:
Borril, even so it with thy state doth fare,
And with all those that such-like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn soon I perceive by thee,
Bitter the blossom when the fruit is sour,
And early crook'd that will a canoc be;
Loud is the wind before a stormy shower:
Pity thy wit should be so much misled,
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, foolish elf, I at thy madness grieve,
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-sick will,
Those hidden baits that canst not yet perceive,
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,

Thou think'st all gold, that hath a golden show,
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,
Who is so crowde and gamesome with the flame,
Till with her bus'ness and her nicety,
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same:
Then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,
And in the fire doth singe her mousing coat.

BATTE.

Alas, good man, thou now beginn'st to rave,
Thy wits do err and miss the cushion quite,
Because thy head is gray, and words be grave,
Thou think'st thereby to draw me from delight;
Tush, I am young, nor sadly can I sit,
But must do all that youth and love besit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
Whilst I am swift and nimble as the roe;
Thou, like a bird, art shut up in a cage,
And in the fields I wander to and fro:
Thou must do penance for thy old misdeeds,
On the world's joys the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let;
For why, my fancy straineth me so sore,
That day and night my mind is wholly set,
How to enjoy, and please my paramour:
Only on love I set my whole delight,
The summer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,
Whose imp'd wings with speckled plumes are dight,
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,
Roving at random with his feather'd flight:
Whilst lovely Venus stands to give the aim,
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my staff his statue will I carve,
His bow and quiver on his winged back;
His forked hearts for such as them deserve,
And not of his one implement shall lack,
And in her coach fair Cypria set above,
Drawn with a swan, a sparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thisbe of Babylon,
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town;
Whoe ever held god Cupid's laws so dear,
To whom we offer sacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,
Such as the saint, such is the servitor.
Then of this love wilt please thee hear a song,
That's to the purpose, though it be not long?

BATTE.

Borril, sing on, I pray thee, let us hear,
That I may laugh to see thee shake thy beard;
But take heed, shepherd, that thy voice be clear,
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid;
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our flocks,
When they shall hear thee bark so like a fox.

BORRIL.

"Now, fie upon thee, wayward Love,
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,
Heaven and Earth thy plagues do prove,
Gods and men have cause to curse thee!"

What art thou but th' extremest madness,
 Nature's first and only error,
 That consum'st our days in sadness,
 By the mind's continual terror:
 Walking in Cimmerian blindness,
 In thy courses void of reason,
 Sharp reproof thy only kindness,
 In thy trust the highest treason?
 Both the nymph and ruder swain
 Vexing with continual anguish,
 Which dost make the old complain,
 And the young to pine and languish;
 Who thee keeps his care doth nurse,
 That seducest all to folly,
 Blessing, bitterly dost curse,
 Tending to destruction wholly,
 Thus of thee as I began,
 So again, I make an end:
 Neither god, neither man,
 Neither fairy, neither fiend."

BATTE.

Now surely, shepherd, here's a goodly song,
 Upon my word, I never heard a worse,
 Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,
 I would thy clap were shut up in my purse,
 It is thy life, if thou may'st scold and brawl,
 Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love hast done,
 I will revenge it, and defer no time,
 And in this manner as thou hast begun,
 I will recite thee a substantial rhyme;
 That to thy teeth sufficiently shall prove,
 There is no power to be compar'd to love.

BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,
 Much will be said, and ne'er a wit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the desire
 Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
 A holy and resistless fire,
 Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,
 Which not Heaven hath power to let,
 Nor wise Nature cannot smother.
 Whereby Phœbus doth beget
 On the universal ether,
 That the everlasting chain,
 Which together all things ty'd,
 And unmov'd doth them retain,
 And by which they shall abide:
 That consent we, clearly find,
 Which doth things together draw,
 And so strong in every kind,
 Subjects them to Nature's law,
 Whose high virtue number teaches,
 In which every thing doth move,
 From the lowest depth that reaches,
 To the height of Heaven above:
 Harmony that wisely found,
 When the cunning hand doth strike,
 Whereas every amorous sound
 Sweetly marries with the like.
 The tender cattle scarcely take
 From their dams the fields to prove,
 But each seeketh out a mate;
 Nothing lives that doth not love:

Not so much as but the plant,
 As Nature every thing doth pair,
 But if it the male do want,
 Doth dislike and will not bear.
 Nothing then is like to love,
 In the which all creatures be,
 From it ne'er let me remove,
 Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,
 Too soon shalt thou be weary of thy guest:
 For where he rules, no reason can be had,
 That is an open enemy to rest:
 I grieve to think, ere many years be spent,
 How much thou shalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,
 For all thy jests, and all thy merry bourds,
 Upon thy judgment much I shall rely,
 Because I find such wisdom in thy words:
 Would I might watch, whenever thou dost ward,
 So much thy love and friendship I regard.

THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

PERKIN.

In joys me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,
 'Tis many a month since I the shepherd saw,
 Methinks thou look'st as thou wert much aghast,
 What is't so much that should thy courage awe?
 What, man! have patience, wealth will come and
 And to the end the world shall ebb and flow. [go,

The valiant man, whose thoughts be firmly plac'd,
 And sees sometime how Fortune lists to rage:
 That by her frowns he would not be disgrac'd,
 By wisdom his straight actions so doth gage,
 That when she fawns, and turns her squinting
 He laughs to scorn her loose inconstancy. [eye,

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,
 That like the swine on draff sets his desire,
 Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down,
 Whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire:
 Yet tasting weal, the beast will quickly bray,
 But feeling woe, as soon consumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,
 And know who well hath learn'd her sacred ways,
 The storms of Fortune not so eas'ly move,
 With her high precepts arm'd at all assays,
 When other folk her force may not endure,
 Because they want that medicine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,
 Though often I, and worthily admire
 Wise men disgraced, and the barbarous ass
 Unto high place and dignity aspire:
 What should I say, that Fortune is to blame?
 Or unto what should I impute the shame?

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below,
 That at her pleasure all things doth dispose,
 And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow,
 Yet where she raises, still she overthrows:

Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel, [reel.
From whose high top the high'st soon'st downward

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and wise,
She would confirm this worldly state so sure,
That very babes her godhead would despise,
Nor longer here her government endure :
Best she may give from whom she ever takes,
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem,
And not how other basely her regard :
For howsoever disgraced she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
And none are so essentially high,
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where been they,
That as a god did Virtue so adore ?
And for her imps did with such care purvey ?
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet :
And she, I think, is buried at their feet.

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, Virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that waned here,
But to a nymph for succour she is fled,
Which her doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,
In her sweet bosom she hath built her nest,
And from the world, there doth she live at rest.

This is that nymph, on that great western waste
Her flocks far whiter than the driven snow,
Fair shepherdess, clear Willy's¹ banks that grac'd,
Yet she them both for pureness doth out-go :
To whom all shepherds dedicate their lays,
And on her altars offer up their bays.

Sister sometime she to that shepherd was,
That yet for piping never had his peer,
Elphin, that did all other swains surpass,
To whom she was of living things most dear,
And on his death-bed by his latest will,
To her bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

CORBO.

May we yet hope then in their weaker kind,
That there be some, poor shepherds that respect :
The world else universally inclin'd
To such an inconsiderate neglect,
And the rude times their ord'rous matter fling
Into the sacred and once hallow'd spring.

Women be weak, and subject most to change,
Nor long to any can they stedfast be,
And as their eyes, their minds do ever range,
With every object varying that they see :
Think'st thou in them that possibly can live,
Which Nature most denieth them to give ?

No other is the steadfastness of those
On whom even Nature wills us to rely,
F frail is it that the elements compose,
Such is the state of all mortality,
That as the humour in the blood doth move,
Lastly do hate, what lately they did love.

¹ A river running by Wilton, near to the plain of Salisbury.

So did great Olcon, which a Phœbus seem'd,
Whom all good shepherds gladly flock'd about,
And, as a god, of Rowland was esteem'd,
Which to his praise drew all the rural rout :
For, after Rowland, as it had been Pan,
Only to Olcon every shepherd ran.

But he forsakes the herd'sgroom and his flocks,
Nof of his bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
But to the stern wolf and deceitful fox
Leaves the poor snepherd and his harmless sheep,
And all those rhymes that he of Olcon sung;
The swain disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Then since the world's distemp'rature is such,
And man made blind by her deceitful show,
Small virtue in their weaker sex is much,
And to it in them much the Muses owe,
And praising some may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the same.

As those two sisters most discreetly wise,
That virtue's hests religious obey,
Whose praise my skill is wanting to comprise,
Th' eld'st of which is that good Panape,
In shady Arden² her dear flock that keeps,
Where mournful Ankor for her sickness weeps.

The younger then, her sister not less good,
Bred where the other lastly doth abide,
Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,
That Rowland hath so highly deify'd :
Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily pre'er,
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful Mene³,
Which daily looks upon the lovely Stowre,
Near to that vale⁴, which of all vales is queen,
Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r :
And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear,
Which now is proud, because she lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the best alive,
That once in Moreland⁵ by the silver Trent,
Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,
But now allured to the fields of Kent :
The faithfull'st nymph wherever that she won,
That at this day doth live under the Sun.

Near Ravensburn⁶ in cottage low she lies,
There now content her calm repose to take,
The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes
Hath oft enforc'd the shepherds to forsake
Their flocks, and folds, and on her set their keep,
Yet her chaste thoughts still settled on her sheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the Muses joys,
That in wild Charnwood⁷ with her flocks doth go,
Mirtilla, sister to those hopeful boys,
My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmeo:
That oft to Soar⁸ the southern shepherds bring,
Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

² A river in the confines of Warwick and Leicestershire, in some parts dividing the shires.

³ A mountain near Cotswold.

⁴ The vale of Eusham.

⁵ A part of Staffordshire, famous for breeding cattle.

⁶ A river falling at Dartford into the Thames.

⁷ A forest in Leicestershire.

⁸ A river under the same forest.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a sister unto them, but she,
To them for wit few like, I dare will say:
In them as Nature truly meant to show,
How near the first, she in the last could go.

CORBO.

Shepherd, their praise thou dost so clearly sing,
That even when groves their nightingales shall
Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring: [want,
And every where when shepherds shall be scant;
Their names shall live from memory unraz'd;
Of many a nymph and gentle shepherd prais'd.

THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

LATE 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,
In the full compass of the passed year,
The season well by skilful shepherds known,
That them provide immediately to shear.
Their lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,
That time did them their mothers' teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the same grass that the greater did.
When not a shepherd any thing that could,
But greas'd his start-ups black as autumn's sloe,
And for the better credit of the wold,
In their fresh russets every one doth go.

Who now a posy pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldrick-wise doth wear?
Some, of such flowers as to his hand doth hap;
Others, such as a secret meaning bear:

He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Showing her love, and doth requital crave;
Him rosemary his sweet heart, whose intent
Is that he her should live in remembrance have.
Roses, his youth and strong desire express;
Her sage, doth show his sov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleness; [call:
Thyme, truth; the pansy, heart's-ease maidens
In cotes such simples, simply in request,
Wherewith proud courts in greatness scorn to mell,
For country toys become the country best,
And please poor shepherds, and become them well.
When the new-wash'd flock from the river's side,
Coming as white as January's snow,
The ram with nosegays bears his horns in pride,
And no less brave the bell-wether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a lusty rout,
Came the gay swains with bag-pipes strongly blown,
And busied, though this solemn sport about,
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient statutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring,
(As it fell out then, Rowland's charge to yield)
Always for that year was the shepherds' king.

And soon preparing for the shepherds' board,
Upon a green that curiously was squar'd,
With country eates be'ng plentifully stor'd:
And 'gainst their coming handsomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the clearest stream,
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of
feast, [cream,

Fresh cheese, and dowsets, curds, and clouted
Spic'd syllibubs, and cyder of the best:

And to the same down solemnly they sit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer bowers,
With sunny sweets then every way to fit,
The neighbouring vale despoiled of her flowers.

And whilst together merry thus they make,
The Sun to west a little 'gan to lean,
Which the late fervour soon again did slake,
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place, as Cotswold, such doth yield,
Some of it native, some for love I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Rosalynd, that scarcely brook'd compare,
The moorland-maiden, so admir'd of men,
Bright Goldy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnell, pretty lovely peats,
Cusse of the fold, the virgin of the well,
Fair Ambry with the alabaster teats,
And more, whose names were here too long to tell,

Which now came forward following their sheep,
Their batt'ning flocks on grassy leas to hold,
Thereby from skathe and peril them to keep,
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at last, as lik'd the shepherds' king,
(At whose command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the roundelay should sing,
And who again the under-song should bear.

The first whereof he Batte doth bequeath,
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found;
Gorbo, the man, that him should sing beneath,
Which his loud bag-pipe skilfully could sound.

Who, amongst all the nymphs that were in sight,
Batte his daintie Daffadil there miss'd,
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,
Him his companion kindly doth assist.

BATTE.

GORBO, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou, through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phcebus' paramours.

CORBO, Thou well describ'st the daffadil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

BATTE. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffadil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

CORBO. I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

BATTE. Yet, Corbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffadil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lilly is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

CORBO. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffadil:

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffadil.

CORBO. I, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That she alone, kind shepherd boy;
Let us to Daffadil.

The easy turns and quaintness of the song,
And slight occasion whereupon 'twas rais'd,
Not one this jolly company among,
(As most could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

When Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The moorland-maiden Sylvia that epy'd,
From th' other nymphs a little that was set,
In a near valley by a river's side.

Whose sov'reign flowers her sweetness well express'd,
And honour'd sight a little not them mov'd:
To whom their song they reverently address'd,
Both as her loving, both of her belov'd.

MOTTO. "Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain,
Who's yonder in the valley set?

PERKIN. O! it is she, whose sweets do stain
The lilly, rose, the violet.

MOTTO. "Why doth the Sun against his kind,
Stay his bright chariot in the skies?

PERKIN. He pauseth, almost stricken blind,
With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

MOTTO. "Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime was their chief delight?

PERKIN. Because they need no other good,
That live in presence of her sight.

MOTTO. "How come those flowers to flourish still,
Not withering with sharp winter's breath?

PERKIN. She hath robb'd Nature of her skill,
And comforts all things with her breath.

MOTTO. "Whyslide these brooks so slow away,
As swift as the wild roe that were?

PERKIN. O! muse not shepherd that they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

MOTTO. "From whence come all those goodly
swains,

And lovely girls attir'd in green?

PERKIN. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl: our shepherds' queen.

MOTTO. The Sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witness bear.

PERKIN. These shepherds, and these nymphs do
Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair. [know,

Lastly, it came unto the clownish king,
Who, to conclude this shepherds' yearly feast,
Bound as the rest, his roundelay to sing,
As all the other him were to assist.

When she (whom then they little did expect,
The fairest nymph that ever kept in field)
Idea did her sober pace direct
Towards them, with joy that every one beheld,

And whereas other drave their careful keep,
Hers did her follow duly at her will,
For, through her patience she had learnt her sheep,
Where'er she went, to wait upon her still.

A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,
So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,
About whose neck was in a collar wrought,
"Only like me, my mistress hath no gall."

To whom her swain (unworthy though he were)
Thus unto her his roundelay applies,
To whom the rest the under part did bear,
Casting upon her their still longing eyes.

ROWLAND. Of her pure eyes (that now is seen,)

CHORUS. Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains.

ROWLAND. O! she alone the shepherds' queen,

CHORUS. Her flock that leads,

The goddess of these meads,

The mountains and these plains,

ROWLAND. Those eyes of hers that are more clear,

CHORUS. Than can poor shepherds' songs express:

ROWLAND. They be his beams that rules the year,

CHORUS. Fie on that praise,

In striving things to raise:

That doth but make them less.

ROWLAND. That do the flow'ry spring prolong,

CHORUS. So all things in her sight do joy,

ROWLAND. And keeps the plentiful summer

CHORUS. And do assuage [young:

The wrathful winter's rage,

That would our flocks annoy.

ROWLAND. Jove saw her breast that naked lay,

CHORUS. A sight most fit for Jove to see:

ROWLAND. And swore it was the Milky Way,

CHORUS. Of all most pure,

The path (we us assure)

To his bright court to be.

ROWLAND. He saw her tresses hanging down,

CHORUS. That moved with the gentle air,

ROWLAND. And said that Ariadne's crown

CHORUS. With those compar'd,

The gods should not regard,

Nor Berenice's hair.

ROWLAND. When she hath watch'd my flocks by
night,

CHORUS. O happy flocks that she did keep,

ROWLAND. They never needed Cynthia's light,

CHORUS. That soon gave place,

Amazed with her grace,

That did attend thy sheep.

ROWLAND. Above, where Heaven's high glories are,

CHORUS. When she is placed in the skies,

ROWLAND. She shall be call'd the Shepherds' star.

CHORUS. And evermore,

We shepherds will adore

Her setting and her rise.

THE TENTH ECGLOGUE.

What time the weary weather-beaten sheep,
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
And the poor herds that lately did them keep,
Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold :

The groves of their late summer pride forlorn,
In mossy mantles sadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd
To wash his chariot in the western stream,
In night's black shade, when Rowland all alone,
Thus him complains his fellow shepherd's gone.

"You Flames," quoth he, "wherewith thou Heaven
art dight,

That me (alive) the wofull'st creature view,
You, whose aspects have wrought me this despite,
And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue,

For whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

"Yearly my vows, O Heavens, have I not paid,
Of the best fruits, and firstlings of my flock ?
And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd
Gainst them that you profanely dar'd to mock ?

O, who shall ever give what is your due,
If mortal man be uprighter than you ?

"If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress,
For whose complaints, tears never could suffice,

Have not the power your deities to move,
Who shall e'er look for succour from above ?

"O Night, how still obsequious have I been,
To thy slow silence whispering in thine ear,
That thy pale sovereign often hath been seen
Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,

Whilst the slow minutes duly I have told,
With watchful eyes attending on my fold.

"How oft by thee the solitary swain,
Breathing his passion to the early spring,
Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
Pleasing his thoughts alone to bear me sing !

The nymphs forsook their places of abode,
To hear the sounds that from my music flow'd.

"To purge their springs, and sanctify their grounds,
The simple shepherds learned I the mean,
And sov'reign simples to their use I found,
Their teeming ewes to help when they did yearn :

Which when again in summer time they share,
Their wealthy fleeces my cunning did declare.

"In their warm cotes, whilst they have soundly slept,
And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bower,
On the bleak mountains I their flocks have kept,
And bid the brunt of many a cruel shower,

Warring with beasts, in safety mine to keep ;
So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

"Fortune and Time, why tempted you me forth,
With those your flattering promises of grace,
Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,
And now to fly me, whom I did embrace ?

Both that at first encourag'd my desire,
Lastly against me lowly do conspire.

"Or Nature, did'st thou prodigally waste
Thy gifts on me unfortunatest swain,
Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd ?
Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain ?

If to the world predestined a prey,
Thou wert too good to have been cast away.

"There's not a grove that wond'ring not my woe,
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)
Resound my grief though every hill and dale ;
That birds and beasts yet in their simple kind
Lament for me, no pity else that find.

"None else there is gives comfort to my grief,
Nor my mishaps amended with my moan,
When Heaven and Earth have shut up all relief,
Nor care avails what cureless now is grown :
And tears I find do bring no other good,
But as new showers increase the rising flood."

When on an old tree, under which ere now
He many a merry roundelay had sung,
Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough
His well tun'd bag-pipe carelessly he hung :
And by the same, his sheep-hook, once of price,
That had been carv'd with many a rare device.

He call'd his dog, (that sometime had the praise)
Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain,
That many a wolf had worried in his days,
A better cur there never followed swain ;
Which, though as he his master's sorrows knew,
Wagg'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

"Poor cur," quoth he, and him therewith did
"Go to our cote, and there thyself repose, [stroke ;
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.
Be gone, ere death my restless eyes do close,
The time is come thou must thy master leave,
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive."

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,
And as a stone, already seemed dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereft :
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend.

THE MUSES' ELYSIUM,

LATELY DISCOVERED,

BY A NEW WAY OVER PARNASSUS.

THE PASSAGES THERIN, BEING THE SUBJECT OF TEN
SUNDRY NYMPHALS, LEADING THREE DIVINE POEMS :

NOAH'S FLOOD.

MOSES, HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES,
DAVID AND GOLIAH.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE CARTER, OF HIS
MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL, AND LORD CHAMBERLAIN
TO HER MAJESTY,

MY MOST HONOURED LORD.

I HAVE ever found that constancy in your favours,
since your first acknowledging of me, that their
durableness have now made me one of your family,
and I am become happy in the title to be called
yours: that for retribution, could I have found a
fitter way to publish your bounties, my thankful-

ness before this might have found it out; I crave of your lordship the patronage of my Elysium, which, if the Muse fail me not, shall not be altogether unworthy of your protection. I have often adventured upon desperate untrodden ways, which hath drawn some severe censures upon many of my labours; but that neither hath, nor can ever trouble me. The Divine Poems in this small volume inserted, I consecrate to your religious countess, my most worthy lady. And so I rest

The honourer of you, and
your noble family,

M. DRAYTON.

THE DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

A PARADISE on Earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it Elysium hight.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough tempest makes to reel,
Nor their strait bodies bows,
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows;

In groves that evermore are green,
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

The merl upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curl'd birch
Those notes redoubled rings.

There daisies damask every place,
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face
Themselves they scorn to close.

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness do contend,

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loth
To judge it; but replies, for smell
That it excels them both.

Wherewith displeas'd they hang their heads,
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen,
The primrose, that puts on the spring,
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sov'reignty contend,
And so abundant be,
That to the very earth they lend,
And bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank,
In wild meanders strajn,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to their fountains none retires,
Nor on their course will go.

Those brooks with lillies bravely deck'd,
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they staid.

Fair Flora in her state to view
Which through those lillies looks,
For as those lillies leav'd to show
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phœbus in his lofty race
Off lays aside his beams,
And comes to cool his glowing face
In these delicious streams.

Of spreading vines climb up the cleaves,
Whose ripen'd clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year:

Those cleaves whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
Even bending with their fruits,

Some rip'ning, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room:

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade,
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three Virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound
Whilst the three comely Graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows;
So still their strength renew'th.

The poets' Paradise this is,
To which but few can come;
The Muses' only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elysium.

Here happy souls, (their blessed bowers,
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elysian plains
Apollo doth invite you,
Where he provides with pastoral strains,
In Nymphals to delight you.

THE MUSES' ELYSIUM.

THE FIRST NYMPHAL.

RODOPE, DORIDA.

This Nymphal of delights doth treat,
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,
Of curious shapes and dainty features
Describ'd in two most perfect creatures.

WHEN Phœbus with a face of mirth
Had flung abroad his beams,
To blanch the bosom of the earth,
And glaze the gliding streams;
Within a goodly myrtle grove,
Upon that hallow'd day
The nymphs to that bright queen of love
Their vows us'd to pay.
Fair Rodope and Dorida
Met in those sacred shades,
Than whom the Sun in all his way
Ne'er saw two daintier maids.
And through the thickest thrill'd his fires,
Supposing to have seen
The sovereign goddess of desires,
Or Jove's imperious queen:
Both of so wond'rous beauties were,
In shape both so excel,
That to be parallel'd elsewhere,
No judging eye could tell.
And their affections to surpass,
As well it might be deem'd,
That th' one of them the other was,
And but themselves they seem'd.
And whilst the nymphs that near this place
Disposed were to play
At barley-break and prison-base,
Do pass the time away:
This peerless pair together set,
The other at their sport,
None near their free discourse to let,
Each other thus they court.

DORIDA. My sweet, my sovereign Rodope,
My dear delight, my love,
That lock of hair thou sent'st to me,
I to this bracelet wove;
Which brighter every day doth grow
The longer it is worn,
As its delicious fellows do,
Thy temples that adorn.

RODOPE. Nay had I thine, my Dorida,
I would them so bestow,
As that the wind upon my way
Might backward make them flow,
So should it in its great'st excess
Turn to becalmed air,
And quite forget all boisterousness
To play with every hair.

DORIDA. To me like thine had Nature given
A brow, so arch'd, so clear,
A front, wherein so much of Heaven
Doth to each eye appear;
The world should see, I would strike dead
The Milky-way that's now,
And say that nectar Hebe shed
Fell all upon my brow.

RODOPE. O had I eyes like Dorida's,
I would enchant the day,
And make the Sun to stand at gaze,
Till he forgot his way:
And cause his sister, queen of streams,
When so I list by night,
Ry her much blushing at my beams
T' eclipse her borrow'd light.

DORIDA. Had I a cheek like Rodope's,
In midst of which doth stand
A grove of roses, such as these,
In such a snowy land:
I would make the lily which we now
So much for whiteness name,
As drooping down the head to bow,
And die for very shame.

RODOPE. Had I a bosom like to thine,
When I it pleas'd to show,
T' what part o' th' sky I would incline
I would make the etherial bow;
My swanish breast branch'd all with blue,
In bravery like the spring;
In winter to the general view
Full summer forth should bring.

DORIDA. Had I a body like my dear,
Were I so straight, so tall,
O, if so broad my shoulders were,
Had I waist so small;
I would challenge the proud queen of love
To yield to me for shape,
And I should fear that Mars or Jove
Would venture for my rape.

RODOPE. Had I a hand like thee, my girl,
(This hand O let me kiss!)
These ivory arrows pil'd with pearl,
Had I a hand like this;
I would not doubt at all to make
Each finger of my hand
To task swift Mercury to take
With his enchanting wand.

DORIDA. Had I a thigh like Rodope's;
Which 'twas my chance to view,
When lying on yon bank at ease
The wind thy skirt up blew;
I would say it were a column wrought
To some intent divine,
And for our chaste Diana sought
A pillar for her shrine.

RODOPE. Had I a leg but like to thine,
That were so neat, so clean,
A swelling calf, a small so fine,
An ancle round and lean;
I would tell Nature she doth miss
Her old skill; and maintain,
She showed her master-piece in this,
Not to be done again.

DORIDA. Had I that foot hid in those shoes,
 (Proportion'd to my height)
 Short heel, thin instep, even toes,
 A sole so wond'rous strait ;
 The foresters and nymphs at this
 Amazed all should stand,
 And kneeling down should meekly kiss
 The print left in the sand.

By this the nymphs came from their sport,
 All pleased wondrous well,
 And to those maidens make report
 What lately them befel :
 One said the dainty Lelipa
 Did all the rest outgo,
 Another would a wager lay
 She would outstrip a roe ;
 Says one, " How like ye Florimel ?
 There is your dainty face !"
 A fourth reply'd, she lik'd that well,
 Yet better lik'd her grace :
 " She's counted, I confess," quoth she,
 " To be our only pearl,
 Yet have I heard her oft to be
 A melancholy girl."
 Another said she quite mistook,
 That only was her art,
 When melancholy had her look,
 Then mirth was in her heart.
 " And hath she then that pretty trick ?"
 Another doth reply :
 " I thought no nymph could have been sick
 Of that disease but I."
 " I know you can dissemble well,"
 Quoth one, " to give you due ;
 But here be some (who I'll not tell)
 Can do't as well as you."
 Who thus replies, " I know that too,
 We have it from our mother ;
 Yet there be some this thing can do
 More cunningly than other :
 If maidens but dissemble can
 Their sorrow and their joy,
 Their poor dissimulation then
 Is but a very toy."

THE SECOND NYMPHAL.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muse new courtship doth devise,
 By nature's strange varieties,
 Whose rarities she here relates,
 And gives you pastoral delicacies.

LALUS, a jolly youthful lad,
 With Cleon, no less crown'd
 With virtues ; both their beings had
 On the Elysium ground.
 Both having parts so excellent,
 That it a question was,
 Which should be the most eminent,
 Or did in aught surpass.
 This Cleon was a mountaineer,
 And of the wilder kind,
 And from his birth had many a year
 Been nurst up by a hind :
 And as the sequel well did show,
 It very well might be ;
 For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,
 Were half so swift as he.

But Lalus in the vale was bred
 Amongst the sheep and neat,
 And by those pygmies there choicely fed
 With honey, milk, and wheat ;
 Of stature goodly, fair of speech,
 And of behaviour mild,
 Like those there in the valley rich,
 That bred him of a child,
 Of falconry they had the skill,
 Their hawks to feed and fly,
 No better hunters e'er clome hill,
 Nor halloo'd to a cry.
 In dingles deep, and mountains hoar ;
 Oft with the bearded spear
 They combated the tusky boar,
 And slew the angry bear.
 In music they were wondrous quaint,
 Fine airs they could devise ;
 They very curiously could paint,
 And neatly poetise ;
 That wagers many times were laid
 On questions that arose,
 Which song the witty Lalus made,
 Which Cleon should compose.
 The stately steed they manag'd well,
 Of fence the art they knew,
 For dancing they did all excel
 The girls that to them drew ;
 To throw the sledge, to pitch the bar,
 To wrestle, and to run,
 They all the youth excell'd so far,
 That still the prize they won.
 These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
 Call'd Lirope the Bright,
 In the whole world there scarcely was
 So delicate a wight.
 There was no beauty so divine
 That ever nymph did grace,
 But it beyond itself did shine
 In her more heavenly face :
 What form she pleas'd each thing would take
 That e'er she did behold,
 Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
 Gross iron turn to gold :
 Such power there with her presence came,
 Stern tempests she allay'd,
 The cruel tiger she could tame,
 She raging torrents stay'd.
 She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
 Again she made to die,
 She rais'd a war, appeas'd a strife,
 With turning of her eye.
 Some said a god did her beget,
 But much deceiv'd were they,
 Her father was a Rivulet,
 Her mother was a Fay.
 Her lineaments so fine that were,
 She from the fairy took,
 Her beauties and complexion clear,
 By nature from the brook.
 These rivals waiting for the hour
 (The weather calm and fair)
 When as she us'd to leave her bower,
 To take the pleasant air :
 Accosting her, their compliment
 To her their goddess done ;
 By gifts they tempt her to consent,
 When Lalus thus began :

LALUS. Sweet Lirope, I have a lamb
 Newly weaned from the dam,

Of the right kind, it is nodd¹,
Naturally with purple spotted,
Into laughter it will put you,
To see how prettily 'twill butt you;
When on sporting it is set,
It will beat you a curvet,
And at every nimble bound
Turn itself above the ground;
When 'tis hungry it will bleat,
From your hand to have its meat,
And when it hath fully fed,
It will fetch jumps about your head,
As innocently to express
Its silly sheepish thankfulness;
When you bid it, it will play,
Be it either night or day:
This, Lirope, I have for thee,
So thou alone wilt live with me.

CLEON. From him O turn thine ear away,
And hear me, my lov'd Lirope,
I have a kid as white as milk,
His skin as soft as Naples silk,
His horns in length are wondrous even,
And curiously by Nature writen;
It is of th' Arcadian kind,
There's not the like 'twixt either Ind;
If you walk, 'twill walk you by,
If you sit down, it down will lie,
It with gesture will you woo,
And counterfeit those things you do;
O'er each hillock it will vault,
And nimbly do the summersault,
Upon the hinder legs 'twill go,
And follow you a furlong so;
And if by chance a tune you rote,
'Twill foot it finely to your note;
Seek the world and you may miss
To find out such a thing as this:
This my love I have for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,
And you offer wondrous fair,
Lalus for lamb, Cleon for kid,
'Tis hard to judge which most doth bid:
And have you two such things in store,
And I ne'er knew of them before?
Well yet I dare a wager lay
That Brag my little dog shall play
As dainty tricks when I shall bid,
As Lalus' lamb, or Cleon's kid.
But 't may fall out that I may need them;
Till when ye may do well to feed them;
Your goat and mutton pretty be,
But, youths, these are no baits for me:
Alas, good men, in vain ye woo,
'Tis not your lamb nor kid will do.

LALUS. I have two sparrows white as snow,
Whose pretty eyes like sparks do show;
In her bosom Venus hatch'd them,
Where her little Cupid watch'd them,
Till they too sledge their nests forsook,
Themselves and to the fields betook,
Where by chance a fowler caught them,
Of whom I full dearly bought them;
They'll fetch you conserve from the hip²,
And lay it softly on your lip,

¹ Without horns.

² The red fruit of the smooth bramble.

Through their nibbling bills they'll chirp;
And fluttering feed you with the sirup,
And if thence you put them by,
They to your white neck will fly,
And if you expulse them there,
They'll hang upon your braided hair;
You so long shall see 'em prattle
Till at length they'll fall to battle;
And when they have fought their fill,
You will smile to see them bill:
These birds my Lirope's shall be,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

CLEON. His sparrows are not worth a rush,
I'll find as good in every bush;
Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which when you please to take the air,
About your head shall gently hover,
Your clear brow from the Sun to cover,
And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat shall tan you.
And like umbrellas with their feathers
Shield you in all sorts of weathers:
They be most dainty colour'd things,
They have damask backs and chequer'd wings;
Their necks more various colours show
Than there be mixed in the bow;
Venus saw the jesser dove,
And therewith was far in love,
Offering for't her golden ball,
For her son to play withal:
These my Lirope's shall be
So she'll leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Then for sparrows, and for doves,
I am fitted 'twixt my loves;
But, Lalus, I take no delight
In sparrows, for they'll scratch and bite;
And though join'd, they are ever wooing,
Always billing if not doing;
'Twixt Venus' breasts if they have lien,
I much fear they'll infect mine:
Cleon, your doves are very dainty,
Tame pigeons else you know are plenty,
These may win some of your marrows,
I am not caught with doves nor sparrows.
I thank ye kindly for your cost;
Yet your labour is but lost.

LALUS. With full-leaf'd lilies I will stick
Thy braded hair all o'er so thick,
That from it a light shall throw
Like the Sun's upon the snow.
Thy mantle shall be violet leaves,
With the fin'st the silk worm weaves,
As finely woven, whose rich smell
The air about thee so shall swell
That it shall have no power to move.
A ruff of pinks thy robe above
About thy neck so neatly set
That art it cannot counterfeit,
Which still shall look so fresh and new,
As if upon their roots they grew:
And for thy head I'll have a tire
Of netting, made of strawberry wire;
And in each knot that doth compose
A mesh, shall stick a half-blown rose,
Red, damask white, in order set
About the sides, shall run a fret
Of primroses, the tire throughout
With thrift and daisies fring'd about;

All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

CLEON. These be but weeds and trash he brings,
I'll give thee solid costly things,
His will wither and be gone
Before thou well can'st put them on;
With coral I will have thee crown'd,
Whose branches intricately wound
Shall girt thy temples every way;
And on the top of every spray
Shall stick a pearl orient and great,
Which so the wand'ring birds shall cheat,
That some shall stoop to look for cherries,
As other for translucent berries.
And wand'ring, caught ere they be ware
In the curl'd tammels of thy hair:
And for thy neck a crystal chain,
Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,
Upon thy panting breast depending,
Shall seem as they were still descending;
And as thy breath doth come and go,
So seeming still to ebb and flow:
With amber bracelets cut like bees,
Whose strange transparency who sees,
With silk small as the spider's twist
Doubled so oft about thy wrist,
Would surely think alive they were,
From lilies gathering honey there.
Thy buskins ivory, carv'd like shells
Of scollop, which as little bells
Made hollow, with the air shall chime;
And to thy steps shall keep the time:
Leave Lalus, Lirope, for me,
And these shall thy rich dowry be.

LIROPE. Lalus for flowers, Cleon for gems,
For garlands, and for diadems
I shall be sped; why this is brave:
What nymph can choicer presents have?
With dressing, braiding, frouncing, flow'ring,
All your jewels on me pouring,
In this bravery being drest,
To the ground I shall be prest,
That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,
Nor will venture to come near me;
Never lady of the May
To this hour was half so gay;
All in flowers, all so sweet,
From the crown beneath the feet,
Amber, coral, ivory, pearl;
If this cannot win a girl,
There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.
Give me your hands, and trust ye to me;
(Yet to tell ye I am loth)
That I'll have neither of you both.

LALUS. When thou shalt please to stem the flood,
(As thou art of the wat'ry brood)
I'll have twelve swans more white than snow,
Yok'd for the purpose, two and two,
To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed
So well, that it nought else shall need.
The traces by which they shall hail
Thy barge, shall be the winding trail
Of woodbine, whose brave tassell'd flowers
(The sweetness of the wood-nymphs' bowers)
Shall be the trappings to adorn
The swans, by which the barge is borne;
Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,
Of water-cans and king-cups rank,

To be the covering of thy boat;
And on the stream as thou dost float,
The Naiades that haunt the deep,
Themselves about thy barge shall keep,
Recording most delightful lays,
By sea-gods written in thy praise.
And in what place thou hpp'st to land,
There the gentle silvery sand
Shall soften, curled with the air,
As sensible of thy repair:
This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

CLEON. Tush, nymph, his swans will prove but
geese,
His barge drinks water like a fleece;
A boat is base; I'll thee provide
A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,
In which when bravely thou art borne,
Thou shalt look like the glorious morn
Ushering the Sun, and such a one,
As to this day was never known;
Of the rarest Indian gums,
More precious than your balsamums,
Which I by art have made so hard,
That they with tools may well be carv'd
To make a coach of; which shall be
Materials of this one for thee,
And of thy chariot, each small piece
Shall inlaid be with ambergrease,
And gilded with the yellow ore
Produc'd from Tagus' wealthy shore;
In which along the pleasant lawn,
With twelve white stags thou shalt be drawn,
Whose branch'd palms, of a stately height,
With several nosegays shall be dight;
And as thou rid'st thy coach about,
For thy strong guard shall run a rout.
Of ostriches, whose curled plumes,
'Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,
The scent into the air shall throw,
Whose naked thighs shall grace the show;
Whilst the wood-nymphs, and these bred
Upon the mountains, o'er thy head
Shall bear a canopy of flowers,
Tinsell'd with drops of April showers,
Which shall make more glorious shows
Than spangles, or your silver oars:
This, bright nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,
Wouldn't be received what you have offer'd,
Ye greater honour cannot do me,
If not building altars to me:
Both by water, and by land,
Barge and chariot at command;
Swans upon the streams to tow me,
Stags upon the land to draw me;
In all this pomp should I be seen,
What a poor thing were a queen!
All delights in such excess,
As but ye, who can express:
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,
All the troop would follow me,
Thinking by this state that I
Would assume a deity.
There be some in love have been,
And I may commit that sin;
And if e'er I be in love,
With one of you I fear I will prove;

But with which I cannot tell,
So my gallant youths farewell.

THE THIRD NYMPHAL.

DORON, NAIS, CLORIS, CLARA. DORILUS, CLOS,

MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

With nymphs and foresters.

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,
With which Apollo his inspires,
This Nymphal gives you; and withal
Observes the Muses' festival.

AMONGST th' Elysians' many mirthful feasts,
At which the Muses are the certain guests,
Th' observe one day with most imperial state,
To wise Apollo which they dedicate,
The poets' god, and to his altars bring
Th' enamel'd bravery of the beauteous spring,
And strew their bowers with every precious sweet,
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet;
With most choice flowers each nymph doth braid
her hair,

And not the mean'st but bauldric wise doth wear
Some goodly garland, and the most renown'd
With curious roseate anadems are crown'd.
These being come into the place where they
Yearly observe the orgies to that day,
The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimful mazers to the feasting bring:
When with deep draughts out of those plenteous
bowls,

The jocund youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,
They fall enraged with a sacred heat,
And when their brains do once begin to sweat,
They into brave and stately numbers break,
And not a word that any one can speak
But 'tis prophetic; and so strangely far
In their high fury they transported are,
As there's not one, on any thing can strain,
But by another answered is again
In the same rapture, which all sit to hear;
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains
As ever kept on the Elysian plains,
First by their signs attention having won,
Thus they the revels frolicly begun.

DORON. Come Dorilus, let us be brave,
In lofty numbers let us rave,
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

DORILUS. Content, say I, then bid the base,
Our wits shall run the wildgoose-chace,
Spru up; or I will switch thee.

DORON. The Sun out of the east doth peep,
And now the day begins to creep
Upon the world at leisure.

DORILUS. The air enamour'd with the greaves,
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,
And kisses them at pleasure.

DORON. The spinners' webs 'twixt spray and spray
The top of every bush make gay,
By filmy cords there dangling.

DORILUS. For now the last day's evening dew
Even to the full itself doth shew,
Each bough with pearl bespangling.

DORON. O boy, how thy abundant vein,
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,
Nor can thy Muse be gaged.

DORILUS. Why Nature forth did never bring
A man that like to me can sing,
If once I be enraged.

DORON. Why, Dorilus, I in my skill
Can make the swiftest stream stand still,
Nay, bear back to his springing.

DORILUS. And I into a trance most deep
Can cast the birds, that they shall sleep
When fain'st they would be singing.

DORON. Why, Dorilus, thou mak'st me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But sure I know not whither.

DORILUS. O, Doron, let me hug thee then,
There never was two madder men,
Then let us on together.

DORON. Hermes the winged horse bestrid,
And thorow thick and thin he rid,
And flounder'd through the fountain.

DORILUS. He spur'd the tit until he bled,
So that at last he run his head
Against the forked mountain.

DORON. How say'st thou, but py'd Iris got
Into great Juno's chariot,
I spake with one that saw her,

DORILUS. And there the pert and saucy elf
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's self,
And made the peacocks draw her.

DORON. I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my plough.

DORILUS. O thou most perfect frantic man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
I'll be as mad as thou.

DORON. I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boon.

DORILUS. To swerve up one of Cynthia's beams,
And there to bathe thee in the streams,
Discover'd in the Moon.

DORON. Come, frolic youth, and follow me,
My frantic boy, and I'll show thee
The country of the fairies.

DORILUS. The fleshy mandrake where 't doth grow,
In moonshade of the misletoe,
And where the phenix aries.

DORON. Nay more, the swallow's winter bed,
The caverns where the winds are bred,
Since thou talk'st of showing.

DORILUS. And to those indraughts I'll thee bring
That wondrous and eternal spring
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

DORON. We'll down to the dark house of sleep,
Where snoring Morpheus doth keep,
And wake the drowsy groom.

DORILUS. Down shall the floors and windows go,
The stools upon the floor we'll throw,
And roar about the room.

The Muses here commanded them to stay,
 Commending much the carriage of their lay;
 As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout,
 To hear how bravely they had borne it out
 From first to last, of which they were right glad,
 By this they found that Helicon still had
 That virtue it did anciently retain
 When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Ascrean swain
 Took lusty rouses, which hath made their rhymes
 To last so long to all succeeding times.
 And now amongst this beauteous bevy here,
 Two wanton nymphs, tho' dainty ones they were,
 Naiis and Cloe in their female fits,
 Longing to show the sharpness of their wits,
 Of the nine sisters special leave do crave
 That the next bout they two might freely have;
 Who having got the suffrages of all,
 Thus to their rhyming instantly they fall,

NAIIS. Amongst you all let us see
 Who is't opposes me,
 Come on the proudest she
 To answer any ditty.

CLOE. Why, Naiis, that am I,
 Who dares thy pride defy;
 And that we soon shall try
 Though thou be witty.

NAIIS. Cloe, I scorn my rhyme
 Should observe feet or time,
 Now I fall, then I climb,
 What is't I dare not.

CLOE. Give thy invention wing,
 And let her flirt and fling,
 Till down the rock she ding,
 For that I care not.

NAIIS. This presence delights me,
 My freedom invites me,
 The season excites me
 In rhyme to be merry.

CLOE. And I beyond measure,
 Am ravish'd with pleasure,
 To answer each ceasure,
 Until thou be'st weary.

NAIIS. Behold the rosy dawn,
 Rises in tinsel'd lawn,
 And smiling seems to fawn
 Upon the mountains.

CLOE. Awaked from her dreams
 Shooting forth golden beams,
 Dancing upon the streams
 Courting the fountains.

NAIIS. These more than sweet showrets,
 Entice up these flowrets,
 To trim up our bowrets,
 Perfuming our coats.

CLOE. Whilst the birds billing
 Each one with his dilling,
 The thickets still filling
 With amorous notes.

NAIIS. The bees up in honey roll'd
 More than their thighs can hold,
 Lapp'd in their liquid gold,
 Their treasure us bringing.

CLOE. To these rillets purling,
 Upon the stones curling,
 And oft about whirling,
 Dance tow'rd their springing.

NAIIS. The wood-nymphs sit singing,
 Each grove with notes ringing,
 Whilst fresh Ver is flinging
 Her bounties abroad.

CLOE. So much as the turtle
 Upon the low myrtle,
 To the meads fertile,
 Her cares doth unload.

NAIIS. Nay, 'tis a world to see
 In every bush and tree,
 The birds with mirth and glee
 Woo'd as they woo.

CLOE. The robin and the wren,
 Every cock with his hen,
 Why should not we and men
 Do as they do.

NAIIS. The fairies are hopping,
 The small flowers cropping,
 And with dew dropping,
 Skip thorow the greaves.

CLOE. At barley-break they play
 Merrily all the day,
 At night themselves they lay
 Upon the soft leaves.

NAIIS. The gentle winds sally
 Upon every valley,
 And many times dally
 And wantonly sport.

CLOE. About the fields tracing,
 Each other in chasing,
 And often embracing,
 In amorous sort.

NAIIS. And Echo oft doth tell
 Wondrous things from her cell,
 As her what chance befel,
 Learning to prattle.

CLOE. And now she sits and mocks
 The shepherds and their flocks,
 And the herds from the rocks
 Keeping their cattle.

When to these maids the Muses silence cry,
 For 'twas th' opinion of the company,
 That were not these two taken off, that they
 Would in their conflict wholly spend the day.
 When as the turn to Florimel next came,
 A nymph for beauty of especial name,
 Yet was she not so jolly as the rest;
 And though she were by her companions prest,
 Yet she by no entreaty would be wrought
 To sing, as by th' Elysian laws she ought:
 When two bright nymphs that her companions
 And of all other only held her dear, [were,
 Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair speech,
 Their most beloved Florimel beseech,
 To observe the Muses, and the more to woo her,
 They take their turns, and thus they sing unto her.

CLORIS. Sing, Florimel, O sing, and we
 Our whole wealth will give to thee,

We'll rob the brim of every fountain,
Strip the sweets from every mountain,
We will sweep the curled valleys,
Brush the banks that mound our allies,
We will muster Nature's dainties,
When she wallows in her plenties,
The luscious smell of every flower,
New wash'd by an April shower,
The mistress of her store we'll make thee,
That she for herself shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing,
That's not 'hine, if thou wilt sing?

MERTILLA. When the dew in May distilleth,
And the Earth's rich bosom filleth,
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dress thee,
And of all their spoils possess thee,
With all the beauties Zephyr brings,
Breathing on the yearly springs,
The gaudy blooms of every tree
In their most beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleasure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine, if thou wilt sing?

But Florimel still sullenly replies,
"I will not sing at all, let that suffice:"
When as a nymph, one of the merry gins,
Seeing she no way could be won to sing;
"Come, come," quoth she, "ye utterly undo her
With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;
Far praise nor prayers she careth not a pin;
They that our froward Florimel would win,
Must work another way: let me come to her,
Either I'll make her sing, or I'll undo her."

CLAIA. Florimel, I thus conjure thee,
Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
By stamp'd garlic that doth stink
Worse than common sewer or sink;
By henbane, dogshane, wolfsbane, sweet
As any clown's or carrier's feet;
By stinking nettles, pricking teasels,
Raising blisters like the measles;
By the rough burbreeding docks,
Ranker than the oldest fox;
By filthy hemlock, poisoning more
Than any ulcer or old sore;
By the cockle in the corn,
That smells far worse than doth burnt horn;
By hemp in water that hath lain,
By whose stench the fish are slain;
By toadflax which your nose may taste,
If you have a mind to cast;
May all filthy stinking weeds
That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had seeds;
Florimel, be given to thee,
If thou'lt not sing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,
Amongst the rest the beauteous Florimel,
(Pleas'd with the spell from Claia that came,
A mirthful girl, and given to sport and game)
As gamesome grows as any of them all,
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

FLORIMEL. How in my thoughts shall I con-
The image I am framing, {trive
Which is so far superlative,
As 'tis beyond all naming?

I would Jove of my counsel make,
And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt he would mistake
How rightly to begin it:
It must be builded in the air,
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,
And only they must be the stair
From earth to mount me to it:
For of my sex I frame my lay,
Each hour ourselves forsaking,
How should I then find out the way,
To this my undertaking?
When our weak fancies working still,
Yet changing every minute,
Will show that it requires some skill,
Such difficulty's in it.
We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted:
Our joys and hopes such shadows are,
As with our motions vary,
Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,
With us they never tarry:
Some worldly cross doth still attend
What long we have been spinning,
And ere we fully get the end,
We lose of our beginning.
Our policies so peevish are,
That with themselves they wrangle,
And many times become the snare,
That soonest us entangle;
For that the love we bear our friends,
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottom sounded:
Our own well wishing making it
A pardonable treason;
For that it is deriv'd from wit,
And underpropp'd with reason.
For our dear selves' beloved sake,
(Even in the depth of passion)
Our centre though ourselves we make,
Yet is not that our station;
For whilst our brows ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,
It is a pretty thing to see
How finely beauty cheats us.
And whilst with time we trifling stand
To practise antique graces,
Age, with a pale and wither'd hand,
Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which so desirous were before
To hear her sing; desirous are far more
To have her cease; and call to have her staid,
For she too much already had bewray'd,
And as the thrice three sisters thus had grac'd
Their celebration, and themselves had plac'd
Upon a violet bank, in order all
Where they at will might view the festival,
The nymphs and all the lusty youth that were
At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there,
To gratify the heavenly girls again,
Lastly prepare in state to entertain
Those sacred sisters, fairly and confer,
On each of them their praise particular.
And thus the nymphs to the nine Muses sang.
When as the youth and foresters among,

That well prepared for this business were,
Become the Chorus, and thus sing they there.

NYMPHS. Clio, thou first of those celestial name
That daily offer to the sacred shrine
Of wise Apollo; queen of stories,
Thou that vindicat'st the glories
Of past ages, and renew'st
Their acts, which every day thou view'st,
And from a lethargy dost keep
Old nodding Time, else prone to sleep.

CHORUS. Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,
Next, to wise Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,
In buskins that dost stride the stage,
And in thy deep distracted rage,
In bloodshed that dost take delight,
Thy object the most fearful sight,
That lov'st the sighs, the shrieks, and sounds
Of horror, that arise from wounds.

CHORUS. Sad Muse, O crave of Phœbus to in-
Us for his altars with his holiest fire, [spire
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and birth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,
Thou mirthful maiden, only that in glee
And love's deceits thy pleasure tak'st,
Of which thy varying scotte that mak'st,
And in thy nimble sock dost stir
Loud laughter through the theatre,
That with the peasant mak'st thee sport,
As well as with the better sort.

CHORUS. Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Euterpe, next to thee we will proceed,
That first found'st out the music on the reed,
With breath and fingers giving life
To the shrill cornet and the pipe,
Teaching every stop and key
To those upon the pipe that play,
Those which wind-instruments we call,
Or soft, or loud, or great, or small.

CHORUS. Euterpe, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Terpsichore, thou of the lute and lyre,
And instruments that sound with cords and wire,
That art the mistress to command
The touch of the most curious hand,
When every quaver doth embrace
His like, in a true diapase;
And every string his sound doth fill,
Touch'd with the finger or the quill.

CHORUS. Terpsichore, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Thou, Erato, wise Muse, on thee we
In lines to us that dost demonstrate all, [call

Which, neatly, with thy staff and bow,
Dost measure, and proportion show;
Motion and gesture that dost teach,
That every height and depth can't reach;
And dost demonstrate by thy art
What nature else would not impart.

CHORUS. Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. To thee, thou brave Calliope, we come,
Thou that maintain'st the trumpet and the drum,
The neighing steeds that lov'st to hear,
Clasbing of arms doth please thine ear;
In lofty lines that dost rehearse
Things worthy of a thund'ring verse,
And at no time art heard to strain
On aught that suits a common vein.

CHORUS. Calliope, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Thou, Polyhymnia, most delicious maid,
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;
In tropes and figures richly drest,
The filed phrase that lovest best,
That art all elocution, and
The first that gav'st to understand
The force of words, in order plac'd,
And with a sweet delivery grac'd.

CHORUS. Sweet Muse, persuade our Phœbus to
Us for his altars with his holiest fire, [inspire
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,
To whom the Heavens for ever open'd be,
Thou th' asterisms by name dost call,
And show'st when they do rise and fall;
Each planet's force, and dost divine
His working, seated in his sign;
And how the starry frame still rolls
Between the fixed steadfast poles.

CHORUS. Urania, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

THE FOURTH NYMPH.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames
Of the Felician frantic dames;
Mertilla strives t' appease her woe,
To golden wishes then they go.

MERTILLA. Why, how now Cloris, what, thy
Bound with forsaken willow? [head
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The grass become thy pillow?
O let not those life-lightning eyes
In this sad veil be shrouded,
Which into mourning puts the skies,
To see them over-clouded.

CLORIS. O, my Mertilla, do not praise
These lamps, so dimly burning,
Such sad and sullen lights as these
Were only made for mourning :
Their objects are the barren rocks
With aged moss o'ershadéd ;
Now, whilst the Spring lays forth her locks,
With blossoms bravely braded.

MERTILLA. O, Clóris, can there be a spring,
O my dear nymph, there may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which Nature cannot :
Say what it is that troubleth thee,
Increas'd by thy concealing,
Speak, sorrows many times we see
Are lessen'd by revealing.

CLORIS. Being of late too vainly bent,
And but at too much leisure,
Nor with our groves and downs content,
But surfeiting in pleasure ;
Felicía's fields I would go see,
Where fame to me reported,
The choice nymphs of the world to be
From meaner beauties sortéd ;
Hoping that I from them might draw
Some graces to delight me,
But there such monstrous shapes I saw,
That to this hour affright me.
Thro' the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,
Their eyes upon me stared,
Like to those raging frantic froes
For Bacchus' feasts prepared ;
Their bodies, although straight by kind,
Yet they so monstrous make them,
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,
You very well may take them.
Their bowels in their elbows are,
Whereon depend their paunches,
And their deformed arms, by far,
Made larger than their haunches :
For their behaviour and their grace,
Which likewise should have priz'd them,
Their manners were as beastly base.
As th' rags that so disguis'd them ;
All antics, all so impudent,
So fashion'd out of fashion,
As black Cocytus up had sent
Her fry into this nation,
Whose monstrousness doth so perplex,
Of reason and deprives me,
That, for their sakes, I loath my sex,
Which to this sadness drives me.

MERTILLA. O, my dear Clóris, be not sad,
Nor with these furies daunted,
But let these female fools be mad
With hellish pride enchanted ;
Let not thy noble thoughts descend
So low as their affections,
Whom neither counsel can amend,
Nor yet the gods' corrections ;
Such mad folks ne'er let us bentoan,
But rather scorn their folly,
And since we two are here alone,
To banish melancholy,
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,
Not worthy admiration,
And in a brave and lofty strain
Let's exercise our passion,

With wishes of each other's good,
From our abundant treasures,
And, in this jocund sprightly mood
Thus after we our measures.

MERTILLA. O I could wish this place were strew'd
with roses, ^{[grass}
And that this bank were thickly thumb'd with
As soft as sleeve or saracenet ever was,
Whereon my Clóris her sweet self reposes.

CLORIS. O that these dews rose-water were for
these,
These mists perfumes that hang upon these thicks,
And that the winds were all aromatics, ^{[be.}
Which if my wish could make them, they should

MERTILLA. O that my bottle one whole diamond
So fill'd with nectar that a fly might sup, ^{[were,}
And at one draught that thou might'st drink it up,
Yet a carouse not good enough I fear.

CLORIS. That all the pearl, the seas or Indias
have,
Were well dissolv'd, and thereof made a lake,
Thou there in bathing, and I by to take
Pleasure to see thee clearer than the wave.

MERTILLA. O that the horns of all the herds we
Were of fine gold, or else that every horn ^{[see}
Were like to that one of the unicorn,
And of all these, not one but were thy fee.

CLORIS. O that their hoofs were ivory, or some
thing
Than the pur'st ivory far more crystalline,
Fill'd with the food wherewith the gods do dine,
To keep thy youth in a continual spring.

MERTILLA. O that the sweets of all the flowers
that grow
The labouring air would gather into one,
In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,
And all their sweetness upon thee would throw.

CLORIS. Nay that those sweet harmonious strains
we hear,
Amongst the lively birds' melodious lays,
As they recording sit upon the sprays,
Were hovering still for music at thine ears.

MERTILLA. O that thy name were carv'd on every
tree,
That as these plants still great, and greater grow,
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged so,
That every grove and coppice might speak thee.

CLORIS. Nay would thy name upon their rinds
were set,
And by the nymphs so oft and loudly spoken,
As that the echoes to that language broken
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

MERTILLA. O let the Spring still put stern Winter
And in rich damask let her revel still, ^{[by}
As it should do if I might have my will,
That thou might'st still walk on her tapestry ;
And thus since fate no longer time allows
Under this broad and shady sycamore,
Where now we sit, as we have oft before,
Those yet unborn shall offer up their vows.

THE FIFTH NYMPHAL.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX A HERMIT.

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
This Nymphal nought but sweetness breathes,
Presents you with delicious posies,
And with powerful simples closes.

CLAIA. See where old Clarinax is set,
His sundry simples sorting,
From whose experience we may get
What worthy is reporting;
Then, Lelipa, let us draw near,
Whilst he his weeds is weathering,
I see some powerful simples there
That he hath late been gathering.
Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee speed,
And have thee in his keeping,
And ever help thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or sleeping.

CLARINAX. Ye pair of most celestial lights,
O beauties three times burnish'd,
Who could expect such heavenly wights
With angels' features furnish'd?
What god doth guide you to this place,
To bless my homely bower?
It cannot be but this high grace
Proceeds from some high power;
The hours like handmaids still attend,
Disposed at your pleasure,
Ordained to no other end
But to await your leisure;
The dews drawn up into the air,
And by your breaths perfumed,
In little clouds do hover there
As loth to be consumed;
The air moves not but as you please,
So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you,
The winds do cast them to their ease,
And amorously enclose you.

LELIPA. Be not too lavish of thy praise,
Thou good Elysian hermit,
Lest some to hear such words as these,
Perhaps may flattery term it;
But of your simples something say,
Which may discourse afoyd us,
We know your knowledge lies that way,
With subjects you have stor'd us.

CLAIA. We know for physic yours you get,
Which thus you here are sorting,
And upon garlands we are set,
With wreaths and posies sporting:
Each garden great abundance yields,
Whose flowers invite us thither;
But you abroad in groves and fields
Your med'cinal simples gather.

LELIPA. The chaplet and the anadem,
The curled tresses crowning,
We looser nymphs delight in them,
Not in your wreaths renowning.

CLARINAX. The garland long ago was worn,
As time pleas'd to bestow it,
The laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The palm his due, who, uncontroul'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.

Most worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him esteemed,
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.
About his temples grass they tie,
Himself that so behaved
In some strong siege by th' enemy
A city that hath saved.
A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed.
The sign of peace who first displays,
The olive wreath possesses:
The lover with the myrtle sprays
Adorns his crisped tresses
In love the sad forsaken wight
The willow garland weareth:
The funeral man, befitting night,
The baleful cypress beareth.
To Pan we dedicate the pine,
Whose slips the shepherd graceth:
Again, the ivy and the vine
On his swoln Bacchus placeth.

CLAIA. The boughs and sprays, of which you tell,
By you are rightly named:
But we with those of precious smell
And colours are enflamed;
The noble ancients to excite
Men to do things worth crowning,
Not unperformed left a rite
To heighten their renowning;
But they that those rewards devis'd,
And those brave wights that wore them,
By these base times tho' poorly priz'd,
Yet, hermit, we adore them.
The store of every fruitful field,
We nymphs at will possessing,
From that variety they yield
Get flowers for every dressing:
Of which a garland I'll compose,
Then busily attend me,
These flowers I for that purpose chose,
But where I miss amend me.

CLARINAX. Well, Claia, on with your intent,
Let's see how you will weave it;
Which done, here for a monument,
I hope, with me you'll leave it.

CLAIA. Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread,
My chiefest flower this make I;
Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty pansy then I'll tye
Like stones some chain incasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.
The curious choice clove july-flower,
Whose kinds hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power
Shall help my wreath to fashion;
Whose sundry colours, of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind,
My garland so contrived:

A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
 And here and there (tho' sparsely)
 The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
 Like pearls, which will show rarely:
 Then with these marygolds I'll make
 My garland somewhat swelling,
 These honeysuckles then I'll take,
 Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
 The lily and the flower-de-lis,
 For colour much contenting,
 For that, I them do only prize,
 They are but poor in scenting:
 The daffadil most dainty is
 To match with these in meanness;
 The columbine compar'd to this,
 All much alike for sweetness;
 These in their natures o'ly are
 Fit to emboss the border,
 Ther-fore I'll take especial care
 To place them in their order:
 Sweet-williams, camions, sops-in-wine
 One by another neatly:
 Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
 And finished it featly.

LELIPA. Your garland thus you finish'd have;
 Then as we have attended
 Your leisure, likewise let me crave
 I may the like be friended.
 Those gaudy garish flowers you chuse,
 In which our nymphs are flouting,
 Which they at feasts and bridal-uses,
 The sight and smell enchanting:
 A chaplet me of herbs I'll make,
 Than which though yours be braver,
 Yet this of mine I'll undertake
 Shall not be short in savour:
 With basil then I will begin;
 Whose scent is wondrous pleasing;
 This eglantine I'll next put in,
 The sense with sweetness seizing,
 Then in my lavender I'll lay,
 Muscado put among it,
 And here and there a leaf of bay,
 Which still shall run along it.
 Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
 Which used are for strewing,
 With hyssop, as an herb most prime,
 Here in my wreath bestowing,
 Then balm and mint helps to make up
 My chaplet, and for trial,
 Costmary that so likes the cup,
 And next it pennyroyal:
 Then burnet shall bear up with this,
 Whose leaf I greatly fancy,
 Some camomile doth not amiss,
 With savory and some tansy;
 Then here and there I'll put a sprig
 Of rosemary into it:
 Thus not too little nor too big,
 'Tis done if I can do it.

CLARINAX. Claia, your garland is most gay,
 Compos'd of curious flowers,
 And so, most lovely Lelipa,
 This chaplet is of yours:
 In goodly gardens yours you get,
 Where you your laps have laded;
 My simples are by nature set
 In groves and fields untreaded.

Your flowers most curiously you twine,
 Each one his place supplying,
 But these rough harsher herbs of mine,
 About me rudely lying;
 Of which some dwarfish weeds there be,
 Some of a larger stature,
 Some by experience, as we see,
 Whose names express their nature.
 Here is my moly of much fame,
 In magics often used,
 Mugwort and night-shade for the same,
 But not by me abused;
 Here henbane, poppy, hemlock here,
 Procuring deadly sleeping,
 Which I do minister with fear,
 Not fit for each man's keeping:
 Here holy vervane, and here dill,
 'Gainst witchcraft much availing,
 Here horehound 'gainst the mad dog's ill
 By biting, never failing.
 Here mandrake that procureth love,
 In poisoning filters mixed,
 And makes the barren fruitful prove,
 The root about them fixed;
 Enchanting lunary here lies,
 In sorceries excelling.
 And this is dictam, which we prize,
 Shot shafts and darts expelling;
 Here saxifrage against the stone
 That powerful is approved,
 Here dodder, by whose help alone
 Old agues are removed;
 Here mercury, here hellebore,
 Old ulcers mundifying,
 And shepherd's-purse, the flux most sore
 That helps by the applying;
 Here wholesome plantane, that the pain
 Of eyes and ears appeases;
 Here cooling sorrel that again
 We use in hot diseases:
 The med'cinable mallow here,
 Assuaging sudden tumours.
 The jagged polypodium there,
 To purge old rotten humours;
 Next these here egermony is,
 That helps the serpent's biting,
 The blessed betony by this,
 Whose cures deserve writing:
 This all heal, and so nam'd of right,
 New wounds so quickly healing;
 A thousand more I could recite,
 Most worthy of revealing,
 But that I hinder'd am by fate,
 And business doth prevent me,
 To cure a madman which of late
 Is from Felicia sent me.

CLAIA. Nay, then thou hast enough to do,
 We pity thy enduring,
 For they are there infected so,
 That they are past thy curing.

THE SIXTH NYMPHAL.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fisher, and a swain
 This Nymphal through with mirth maintain;

Whose pleadings so the nymph do please,
That presently they give them bays.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd Heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.
The rills that on the pebbles play'd
Might now be heard at will;
This world they only music made,
Else every thing was still.
The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,
Look'd as they much desir'd,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was ty'd;
And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it receiv'd too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.
When the Elysian youth were met,
That were of most account,
And to disport themselves were set
Upon an easy mount:
Near which, of stately fir and pine
There grew abundant store,
The tree that weepeth turpentine,
And shady sycamore.
Amongst this merry youthful train
A forester they had,
A fisher, and a shepherd swain,
A lively country lad:
Betwixt which three a question grew,
Who should the worthiest be,
Which violently they pursue,
Nor stickled would they be:
That it the company doth please
This civil strife to stay,
Freely to hear what each of these
For his brave self could say.
When first this forester, of all
That Silvius had to name,
To whom the lot being cast doth fall,
Doth thus begin the game.

SILVIUS. For my profession then, and for the life I
All others to excel, thus for myself I plead; [lead,
I am the prince of sports, the forest is my fee,
He's not upon the Earth, for pleasure lives like me;
The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodious birds from every bush and brier
Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual choir;
The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with the
Sun,
Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that run,
In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,
That it the longer might their lusciousness embrace.
I am clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,
My silken bauldric bears my bugle or my horn;
Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill,
As makes the echoes shout from every neighbouring
hill:

My dog-hook at my belt, to which my lyam's ty'd,
My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my side,
My cross-bow in my hand, my gaffe or my rack
To bend it when I please, or if I list to slack,

My hound then in my lyam, I by the woodman's
art

Forecast where I may lodge the goodly high-pain'd
To view the grazing herds, so sundry times I use,
Where by the loftiest head I know my deer to chode,
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
Upon my well-breath'd nag, to cheer my earning
hound.

Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
Sometime I like the cry, the deep-mouth'd kenfrel
make.

Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to
And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.
The sylvans are to me true subjects, I their king,
The stately hart his hind doth to my presence bring.
The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate,
Before me to my bower, whereas I sit in state.
The dryads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fawns,
Oft play at hide and seek before me on the lawns;
The frisking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia shines,
Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines;
The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild forests
haunt,

Theirsylvan songs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt;
The shades like ample shields, defend me from the
Sun,

Through which me to refresh the gentle rivulets
No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
I th' morn I climb the hills, where wholesome winds
do blow,

At noon-tide to the vales, and shady groves below;
Towards evening I again the crystal floods frequent,
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
Have in the forests here, my hall and gallery
The tall and stately woods, which underneath are
plain;

The groves my gardens are, the heath and downs
My wide and spacious walks. Then say all what ye
The forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,
But him they load with praise,
The nymphs most highly him commend,
And vow to give him bays:
He's now cry'd up of every one,
And who but only he?

The forester's the man alone,
The worthiest of the three.
When some than th' other far more staid,
Will'd them a while to pause,
For there was more yet to be said,
That might deserve applause.
When Halcus his turn next plies,
And silence having won,
Room for the fisherman he cries,
And thus his plea begun.

HALCUS. No, forester, it so must not be borne
away,

But hear what for himself the fisher first can say;
The crystal current streams continually I keep,
Where every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-ey'd
deep,

With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me; like a prince myself in state I steer,
Now up, now down the stream, now am I here, now
there,

The pilot and the fraught myself; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please;
The silver-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,
As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
Near to the shady bank where slender sallies grow,
And willows their shag'd tops down t'wards the
waters bow,

I shove in with my boat to shield me from the heat,
Where choosing from my bag some prov'd especial
bait,

The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him
play

Till by my hand I find he well-near weary'd be,
When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.
The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,
Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds
doth fetch,

And by his very strength my line so far doth stretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And wresting of my rod, doth make my boat turn
round.

I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,
With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
And with my draught-net then, I sweep the stream-
ing flood,

And to my trammel next, and cast-net from the mud,
I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.
The Naiades and nymphs that in the rivers keep,
Which take into their care the store of every deep,
Amongst the flowery flags, the bullrushes and reed,
That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to
breed),

Well mounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend
To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,
And dance upon the waves, before me (for my sake)
To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth
make.

And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of seas
From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,
Which from his brackly realm upon the billows ride,
And bear the rivers back with every streaming tide.
Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with delight-
ful gales,

Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labouring
oars,

As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the
shores:

The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,
Your noble fisher is your only man, say I.

This speech of Halcins turn'd the tide,
And brought it so about,
That all upon the fisher cry'd,
That he would bear it out;
Him for the speech he made, to clap
Who lent him not a hand?
And said 't would be the waters' hap,
Quite to put down the land.
This while Melanthus silent sits,
(For so the shepherd height)
And having heard these dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right;

To hear them honour'd in this wise,
His patience doth provoke,
When "For a shepherd room," he cries,
And for himself thus spoke:

MELANTHUS. Well fisher you have done, and
forester for you [due.

Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give you
And now my turn comes next, then hear a shepherd
speak;

My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave to
break

But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath injur'd me,
I to my bottle straight soundly baste my throat,
Which done, some comely song or roundelay I roat
So merrily; that to the music that I make,
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake;
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my sheephook leaps, now th' one, now th'
other way,

Then on his hinder feet he doth his himself advance,
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance;
Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-holes
fall,

At dust-point, or at quoits, else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating games, we shepherds are
debarr'd;

Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or crook
I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal;
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep:
Those that are bigg'st of bone, I still reserve for
breed,

My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe
take,

And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,
That they forbear to feed; then me a king you see,
I playing go before, my subjects follow me;
My bell-wether most brave, before the rest doth
stalk,

The father of the flock, and after him doth walk:
My withren-headed ram, with posies crown'd in
pride,

Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd;
And at our shepherds' board that's cut out of the
groined,

My fellow swains and I together at it round
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns and
custards stor'd,

Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord:
When sheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleasure thus I
thrive) [day,

Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,
That is the handling feels as soft as any cleave;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaued hath that
year,

About her new shorn neck a chaplet then doth wear,
My tar-box, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My sheep-hook in my hand, what can I say I lack?
He that a scepter sway'd, a sheephook in his hand
Hath not disdain'd to have; for shepherds then I
stand.

Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife,
I say your shepherd leads you only merry life.

They had not cry'd the forester,
And fisher up before,
So much: but now the nymphs prefer
The shepherd ten times more,
And all the gins goes on his side,
Their minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
And all his party take;
Till some in their discretion cast,
Since first the strife begun;
In all that from them there had past
None absolutely won;
That equal honour they should share;
And their deserts to show,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them bestow,
Of all the choicest flowers that were
Which purposely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came first together.

THE SEVENTH NYMPHAL.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CODRUS A FERRYMAN.

The nymphs the queen of love pursue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view:
But lastly from th' Elysian nation
She banish'd is by proclamation.

FLORIMEL.

DEAR Lelipa, where hast thou been so long?
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,
To rob me of thyself, but with more spite
To take my Nais from me, my delight?
Ye lazy girls, your needs where have ye laid,
Whilst Venus here her antic pranks hath play'd?

LELIPA. Nay, Florimel, we should of you en-
The only maiden, whom we all admire [quire,
For beauty, wit, and chastity, that you
Amongst the rest of all our virgin crew,
In quest of her, that you so slack should be,
And leave the charge to Nais and to me.

FLORIMEL. Y'are much mistaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,
Of all the nymphs, that first did her desery,
At our great hunting, when as in the chase
Amongst the rest, methought I saw one face
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,
That I that face not possibly could own,
And in the course, so goddess-like a gait,
Each step so full of majesty and state;
That with myself, I thus resolv'd; that she
Less than a goddess, surely, could not be.
Thus as Idalia stedfastly I ey'd,
A little nymph, that kept close by her side,
I noted, as unknown as was the other,
Which Cupid was disguis'd so by his mother.
The little purblind rogue, if you had seen,
You would have thought he verily had been
One of Diana's votaries, so clad,
He every thing so like a huntress had:
And she had put false eyes into his head,
That very well he might us all have sped.
And still they kept together in the rear,
But as the boy should have shot at the deer,

He shot amongst the nymphs, which when I saw,
Closer unto them I began to draw;
And fell to hearken, when they nought suspecting,
Because I saw them utterly neglecting,
I heard her say, "My little Cupid, to't,
Now, boy, or never, at the bevy shoot."
"Have at them, Venus," quoth the boy anon,
"I'll pierce the proud'st, had she a heart of stone:"
With that I cry'd out, "Treason, treason;" when
The nymphs, that were before, turning agen
To understand the meaning of this cry,
They out of sight were banish'd presently.
Thus but for me, the mother and the son,
Here; in Elysium, had us all undone.

NAIIS. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well,
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,
She to Felicia goes, still to be near
Th' Elysian nymphs. for at us is her aim,
The fond Felicians are her common game.
I upon pleasure idly wand'ring thither,
Something worth laughter from those fools to gather,
Found her, who thus had lately been surpris'd,
Fearing the like, had her fair self disguis'd
Like an old witch, and gave out to have skill
In telling fortunes, either good or ill;
And that more neatly she with them might close,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies' toes;
She gave them physic either to cool or move them,
And powders too to make their sweethearts love
And her son Cupid as her zany went, {them:
Carrying her boxes, whom she often sent
To know of her fair patients how they slept,
By which means she and the blind archer crept
Into their favours, who would often toy,
And took delight in sporting with the boy;
Which many times, amongst his waggish tricks,
These wanton wenches in the bosom pricks;
That they before which had some frantic fits,
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits,
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me still
She some impostor was, and that this skill
Was counterfeit, and had some other end:
For which discovery, as I did attend,
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer skin
Thro' the thick rivels perfectly to shine;
When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,
As that so clouded, I began to pry
A little nearer, when I chanc'd to spy
That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when
I saw; surveying every part agen,
Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar
Which she received in the Trojan war:
Which when I found, I could not choose but smile;
She, who again had noted me the while,
And, by my carriage, found I had deserv'd her,
Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her,

LELIPA. Nay then, my dainty girls, I make no
But I myself as strangely found her out [doubt
As either of you both; in field and town,
When like a pedlar she went up and down:
For she had got a pretty handsome pack,
Which she had fardled neatly at her back:
And opening it, she had the perfect cry.
"Come, my fair girls, let's see, what will you buy?
Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,
To supple wrinkles, and to smoothe the skin:

Here's crystal, coral, buble, jet, in beads,
 Cornelian bracelets, for my dainty maids :"
 Then perriwigs and scarcloth gloves doth show,
 To make their hands as white as swan or snow ;
 Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,
 Which was not open'd but by double locks,
 Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,
 In which was painting both for white and red ;
 And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies
 For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes :
 And all the while she's opening of her pack,
 Cupid, with's wings bound close down to his back,
 Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,
 And shows the ladies many pretty feats.
 I seeing behind him that he had such things,
 For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
 I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me
 Less than a goddess said she could not be :
 With that, quoth I to her, " The other day,
 As you do now, so one that came this way,
 Show'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,
 How Mars and Venus were together caught
 By pott-foot Vulcan in an iron net ;
 It griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let
 It go from me ;" whereat waxing red,
 Into her hamper she hung down her head,
 As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek :
 When she her trinkets trusseth up anon,
 Ere we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

FLOR. But hark you, nymphs, amongst our idle
 'Tis current news through the Elysian state, [prate,
 That Venus and her son were lately seen
 Here in Elysium, whence they oft have been
 Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry
 Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,
 Where, as 'tis said, the ferryman and she
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,
 Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's bow.

NATIS. And what it was, that easily you may know,
 Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

LELIPA. Codrus, come hither, let your wherry stand,
 I hope upon you ye will take no state,
 Because two gods have grac'd your boat of late ;
 Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear
 What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they were.

CODRUS. Why thus, fair nymphs,
 As I a fare had lately past,
 And thought that side to ply,
 I heard one, as it were in haste,
 " A boat, a boat," to cry ;
 Which as I was about to bring,
 And came to view my freight,
 Thought I, " What more than heavenly thing
 Hath fortune hither brought !"
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
 Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
 " Sirrah ! look to your rudder there,
 Why look'st thou thus at me ?"
 And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,
 With her a little lad
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,
 That bow and shafts he had,
 And two wings to his shoulders fixt,
 Which stood like little sails,
 With far more various colours mixt
 Than be your peacocks' tails :

I seeing this little dapper elf
 Such arms as these to bear,
 Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
 " What strange thing have we here ?
 I never saw the like," thought I,
 " 'Tis more than strange to me,
 To have a child have wings to fly,
 And yet want eyes to see ;
 Sure this is some devised toy,
 Or it transform'd hath been,
 For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
 I think was never seen :"
 And in my boat I turn'd about,
 And wistly view'd the lad,
 And clearly saw his eyes were out,
 Though bow and shafts he had.
 As wistly she did me behold,
 " How lik'st thou him ?" quoth she.
 " Why well," quoth I, " and better should,
 Had he but eyes to see."
 " How say'st thou ? honest friend," quoth
 she,
 " Wilt thou a 'prentice take ?
 I think, in time, though blind he be,
 A ferryman he'll make."
 " To guide my passage boat," quoth I,
 " His fine hands were not made,
 He hath been bred too wantonly
 To undertake my trade."
 " Why help him to a master then ;"
 Quoth she, " such youths be scant,
 It cannot be but there be men
 That such a boy do want."
 Quoth I, " When you your best have done,
 No better way you'll find,
 Than to a harper bind your son,
 Since most of them are blind."
 The lovely mother, and the boy,
 Laugh'd heartily thereat,
 As at some nimble jest or toy,
 To hear my homely chat.
 Quoth I, " I pray you let me know,
 Came he thus first to light,
 Or by some sickness, hurt, or blow,
 Deprived of his sight ?"
 " Nay, sure," quoth she, " he thus was
 born."
 " 'Tis strange ! born blind !" quoth I ;
 " I fear you put this as a scorn
 On my simplicity."
 Quoth she, " Thus blind I did him bear."
 Quoth I, " 'If 't be no lie,
 Then he's the first blind man I'll swear,
 E'er practis'd archery."
 " A man !" quoth she, " nay there you miss,
 He's still a boy as now,
 Nor to be elder than he is
 The gods will him allow."
 " To be no elder than he is !
 Then sure he is some sprite,"
 I strait reply'd. Again at this
 The goddess laugh'd outright.
 " It is a mystery to me,
 An archer, and yet blind !"
 Quoth I again, " How can it be,
 That he his mark should find ?"
 " The gods," quoth she, " whose will it was
 That he should want his sight,
 That he in something should surpass,
 To recompense their spite,

Gave him this gift, though at his game
He still shot in the dark,
That he should have so certain aim,
As not to miss his mark."
By this time we were come ashore,
When me my fare she pay'd,
But not a word she utter'd more,
Nor had I her beway'd.
Of Venus nor of Cupid I
Before did never hear,
But that a fisher coming by
Then told me who they were.

FLORINEL. Well; against them then proceed
As before we have decreed,
That the goddess, and her child,
Be for ever hence exil'd,
Which, Lelipa, you shall proclaim
In our wise Apollo's name.

LELIPA. To all th' Elysian nymphish nation,
Thus we make our proclamation,
Against Venus and her son
For the mischiefs they have done:
After the next last of May,
The fix'd and peremptory day,
If she or Cupid shall be found
Upon our Elysian ground,
Our edict mere rogues shall make them,
And as such, whoe'er shall take them,
Them shall into prison put;
Cupid's wings shall then be cut,
His bow broken, and his arrows
Given to boys to shoot at sparrows,
And this vagabond be sent,
Having had due punishment,
To mount Cytheron, which first fed him,
Where his wanton mother bred him,
And there out of her protection,
Daily to receive correction;
Then her passport shall be made,
And to Cyprus isle convey'd,
And at Paphos in her shame,
Where she hath been held divine,
For her offences found contrite,
There to live an anchorite.

THE EIGHTH NYMPHAI.

MERTILLA, CLAIÀ, CLORIS.

A nymph is married to a fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

MERTILLA. But will our Tita wed this fay?
CLAIÀ. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

MERTILLA. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

CLAIÀ. Why by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, she's dext and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name.

But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won:

CLORIS. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

MERTILLA. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear)
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupid's I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

CLAIÀ. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distill,
The limbec was a phenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

CLORIS. For jewels for her ears she's sped;
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tyre,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth enclose,
Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

MERTILLA. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

CLAIÀ. Of papey, pink, and pimpernee leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaces:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun;
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her thine.

Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The Sun shall it like tinsel show.

CLORIS. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mix'd with the plume of (so high price)
The precious bird of paradise.
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head (by our inquiry)
By elfs, the fittest of the fairy.

MERTILLA. But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

CLAIA. We had, for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow:
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strew'd with spots of black;
Which as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

CLORIS. But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

MERTILLA. The nightingale of birds most choice
To do her best shall strain her voice;
And to this bird to make a set,
The mavis, merl, and robinet:
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And like those upon ropes that walk
On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding day.

CLAIA. But for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

CLORIS. Of leaves of roses white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed:
The curtains, vallens, tester, all,
Shall be the flower imperial:
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung:
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuff of the butter-fly.

MERTILLA. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest,
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise then to sing it
Ere we before th' assembly bring it;
We in dialogue must do it,
Then my dainty girls set to it.

CLAIA. This day must Tita married be,
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

MERTILLA. But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble fay?

CLORIS. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies:

Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair.

CLAIA. For our Tita is this day
MERTILLA. To be married to a fay.

CLAIA. By whom then shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

MERTILLA. Only by yourself and I,
Who that roomth should else supply?

CLORIS. Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your off'rings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLAIA. Married to a noble fay.

CLAIA. Whose lot will't be the way to strow,
On which to church our bride must go?

MERTILLA. That I think as fitt'st of all,
To lively Lelipa must fall.

CLORIS. Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair;
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
Strongly stifling one another;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

MERTILLA. By whom must Tita married be,
Tis fit we all to that should see?

CLAIA. The priest he purposely doth come,
Th' arch-flamen of Elysium.

CLORIS. With tapers let the temples shine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;
Load the altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice,
With your censers sling aloof
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

MERTILLA. But coming back when she is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head?

CLAIA. That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest;
And our Tita is the smallest.

CLORIS. Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble-hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumming tabour:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
Till the swelling leather crack.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

CLAIA. But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

MERTILLA. The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

CLORIS. Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
The respas, and Elysium cherry:

The virgin honey from the flowers.
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers:
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLARA. Married to a noble Fay.

CLARA. But when night comes, and she must go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

MERTILLA. In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

CLORIS. In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night:
When about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble:
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day

CLARA. Married to a noble Fay.

THE NINTH NYMPH.

MUSES AND NYMPHS.

The Muses spend their lofty lays,
Upon Apollo and his praise;
The Nymphs with gems his altars build,
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A temple of exceeding state,
The Nymphs and Muses rearing,
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,
Elysium ever cheering:
These Muses and these Nymphs contend
This fane to Phœbus offering,
Which side the other should transcend,
These praise, those prizes proffering.
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largess bringing,
Those nine fair sisters led the way
Thus to Apollo singing.

THE MUSES. Thou youthful god that guid'st the
The Muses thus implore thee, [hours,
By all those names, due to thy powers,
By which we still adore thee.
Sol, Titan, Delius, Cynthius, stiles,
Much reverence that have won thee,
Deriv'd from mountains as from isles,
Where worship first was done thee.
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,
Thy mother thither driven:
At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,
Thy oracles were given;
In thy swift course from east to west,
The minutes miss to find thee,
That bear'st the morning on thy breast,
And leav'st the night behind thee
Up to Olympus' top so steep,
Thy startling coursers currying;
Thence down to Neptune's vasty deep
Thy flaming chariot hurrying.
Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois¹, proud,
Their lightning manes advancing,
Breathing forth fire on every cloud,
Upon their journey prancing:

¹ The horses drawing the chariot of the Sun.

Whose sparkling hoofs with gold for speed
Are shod, to 'scape all dangers,
Where they upon ambrosia feed
In their celestial mangers.
Bright Colatina², that of hills
Is goddess, and bath keeping
Her nymphs, the clear Oreades wills
T' attend thee from thy sleeping.
Great Demogorgon³ feels thy might,
His mines about him heating;
Who through his bosom dar'st thy light,
Within the center sweating.
If thou but touch the golden lyre,
Thou Minos⁴ mov'st to hear thee;
The rocks feel in themselves a fire,
And rise up to come near thee.
⁵ Tis thou that physics didst devise,
Herbs by their natures calling;
Of which some opening at thy rise,
And closing at thy falling.
Fair Hyacinth, thy most lov'd lad,
That with the sledge thou slewest,
Hath in a flower the life he had,
Whose root thou still renewest;
Thy Daphne, thy beloved tree,
That scorns thy father's thunder,
And thy dear Clitia⁶ yet we see,
Not time can from thee sunder;
From thy bright bow that arrow flew
(Snatch'd from thy golden quiver)
Which that fell serpent Python slew,
Renewing thee for ever.
The Actian⁶ and the Pythian games
Devised were to praise thee,
With all th' Apollinary names.
That th' ancients' thought could raise thee,
A shrine upon this mountain high
To thee we'll have erected,
Which thou the god of poetry
Must care to have protected:
With thy lov'd Cynthus that shall share,
With all his shady bowers.
Nor Lycia's Cragus shall compare
With this, for thee of ours.

Thus having sung, the nymphish crew
Thrust in amongst them thronging,
Desiring they might have the due
That was to them belonging.
Quoth they, "Ye Muses, as divine,
Are in his glories graced,
But it is we must build the shrine
Wherein they must be placed:
Which of those precious gems we'll make
That nature can afford us,
Which from that plenty we will take,
Wherewith we here have stor'd us:
O glorious Phœbus! most divine!
Thine altars then we hallow,
And with those stones we build a shrine
To thee our wise Apollo."

² The mountains first saluting the Sun at his rising.

³ Supposed the god of Earth.

⁴ One of the judges of Hell.

⁵ A nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed into a flower.

⁶ Plays or games in honour of Apollo.

THE NYMPHS. No gem from rocks, seas, running streams,
 (Their numbers let us muster)
 But hath from thy most perfect beams
 The virtue and the lustre.
 The diamond, the king of gems,
 The first is to be placed,
 That glory is of diadems,
 Them gracing, by them graced:
 In whom thy power the most is seen,
 The raging fire refelling,
 The emerald then, most deeply green,
 For beauty most excelling,
 Resisting poison often prov'd
 By those about that wear it.
 The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd,
 That doth revive the spirit,
 Whose kind to large extensure grown
 The colour so enflamed,
 Is that adured mighty stone
 The carbuncle that's named,
 Which from it such a flaming light
 And radiance ejecteth,
 That in the very darkest night
 The eye to it directeth.
 The yellow jacinth, strength'ning sense,
 Of which who hath the keeping,
 No thunder burts not pestilence,
 And much provoketh sleeping.
 The chrysolite that doth resist
 Thirst, proved never-failing:
 The purple-colour'd amethyst,
 'Gainst strength of wine prevailing:
 The verdant gay green smaragdus,
 Most so'reign over passion:
 The sardonix, approv'd by us
 To master incantation.
 Then that celestial colour'd stone
 The sapphire, heavenly wholly,
 Which worn, there weariness is none,
 And cureth melancholy:
 The lazulus whose pleasant blue
 With golden veins is graced;
 The jaspis of so various hue,
 Amongst our other placed.
 The onyx from the ancients brought,
 Of wondrous estimation,
 Shall in amongst the rest be wrought
 Our sacred shrine to fashion.
 The topaz we'll stick here and there,
 And sea-green colour'd beryl,
 And turkesse, which who haps to bear
 Is often kept from peril.
 The selenite, of Cynthia's light
 So nam'd, with her still ranging,
 Which as she wanes or waxeth bright
 Its colours so are changing.
 With opals more than any one
 We'll deck thine altar fuller,
 For that of every precious stone
 It doth retain some colour.
 With bunches of pearl paragon,
 Thine altar underpropping,
 Whose base is the cornelian,
 Strong bleeding often stopping:
 With th' agate very oft that is
 Cut strangely in the quarry,
 As nature meant to show in this,
 How she herself can vary:

With worlds of gems from mines and seas
 Elysium well might store us,
 But we content ourselves with these
 That readiest lie before us:
 And thus, O Phœbus! most divine,
 Thine altars still we hallow,
 And to thy godhead rear this shrine,
 Our only wise Apollo.

THE TENTH NYMPHAL.

NAILS, CLAIÀ, CORBILUS, SATYR.

A satyr on Elysium lights,
 Whose ugly shape the nymphs affrights,
 Yet when they hear his just complaint,
 They make him an Elysian saint.

CORBILUS.

WHAT! breathless, nymphs? bright virgins, let me know

What sudden cause constrains ye to this haste?
 What have ye seen that should affright you so?
 What might it be from which ye fly so fast?
 I see your faces full of pallid fear,
 As though some peril follow'd on your flight;
 Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear
 Into what danger ye have lately light.

NAILS. Never were poor distressed girls so glad,
 As when kind, loved Corbilus we saw,
 When our much haste us so much weak'n'd had,
 That scarcely we our wearied breaths could draw.
 In this next grove under an aged tree,
 So fell a monster lying there we found,
 As till this day, our eyes did never see,
 Nor ever came on the Elysian ground.
 Half man, half goat, he seem'd to us in show,
 His upper parts our human shape doth bear,
 But he's a very perfect goat below,
 His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

CLAIÀ. Thro' his lean chops a chattering he doth make,
 Which stirs us staring beastly driv'd beard,
 And his sharp horns he seem'd at us to shake;
 Canst thou then blame us through we were afraid.

CORBILUS. Surely it seems some satyr this should
 Come and go back and guide me to the place, [be,
 Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me,
 Silly and harmless be their sylvan race.

CLAIÀ. How, Corbilus; a satyr do you say?
 How should he over high Parnassus hit?
 Since to these fields there's none can find the way,
 But only those the Muses will permit.

CORBILUS. 'Tis true; but oft the sacred sisters
 The silly satyr, by whose plainness they [grace
 Are taught the world's enormities to trace,
 By beastly men's abominable way;
 Besides he may be banish'd his own home
 By this base time, or be so much distressed,
 That he the craggy by cliff hill hath clome,
 To find out these more pleasant fields of rest.

NAILS. Yonder he sits, and seems himself to bow [him?
 At our approach; what, doth our presence awe
 Methinks he seems not half so ugly now,
 As at the first, when I and Claià saw him.

CORBILUS. Tis an old satyr, nymph, I now dis-
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame, [cern,
His looks would say, that we may eas'ly learn
How, and from whence, he to Elysium came.
Satyr, these fields how cam'st thou first to find?
What fate first show'd thee this most happy shore?
When never any of thy sylvan kind
Set foot on the Elysian earth before?

SATYR. O never ask, how I came to this place,
What cannot strong necessity find out?
Rather bemoan my miserable case,
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,
In forests I, at liberty and free,
Liv'd in such pleasure as the world ne'er knew,
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,
Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
That all those great and goodly woods destroy'd,
Whose growth their grandsires with such sufferance
sought,

That fair Felicia which was but of late
Earth's paradise, that never had her peer,
Stands now in that most lamentable state,
That not a silvan will inhabit there;
Where in the soft and most delicious shade,
In heat of summer we were wont to play,
When the long day too short for us was made,
The sliding hours so slyly stole away;
By Cynthia's light, and on the pleasant lawn,
The wanton fairy we were wont to chase,
Which to the nimble cloven-footed fawn,
Upon the plain durst boldly bid the base.
The sportive nymphs, with shouts and laughter
shook

The hills and valleys in their wanton play,
Waking the echoes, their last words that took,
Till at the last they louder were than they.
The lofty high wood, and the lower spring,
Sheltering the deer, in many a sudden shower;
Where choirs of birds oft wonted were to sing,
The flaming furnace wholly doth devour.
Once fair Felicia, but now quite defac'd,
Those braveries gone wherein she did abound,
With dainty groves, when she was highly grac'd
With goodly oak, ash, elm, and beeches crown'd:
But that from Heaven their judgment blinded is,
In human reason it could never be,
But that they might have clearly seen by this,
Those plagues their next posterity shall see.
The little infant on the mother's lap
For want of fire shall be so sore distress,
That whilst it draws the lank and empty papp,
The tender lips shall freeze unto the breast.
The quaking cattle which their warm stall want,
And with bleak winter's northern wind oppress,
Their brows and stouter waxing thin and scant,
The hungry crows shall with their carrion feast.
Men wanting timber wherewith they should build,
And not a forest in Felicia found,
Shall be enforce'd upon the open field
To dig them caves for houses in the ground.
The land thus robb'd of all her rich attire,
Naked and bare herself to Heaven doth show,
Pegging from thence that Jove would dart his fire
Upon those wretches that disrob'd her so.
This beastly brood by no means may abide
The name of their brave ancestors to hear,
By whom their sordid slavery is describ'd,
So unlike them as though not theirs they were.

Nor yet they sense, or understanding have,
Of those brave Muses that their country song;
But with false lips ignobly do deprave
The right and honour that to them belong.
This cruel kind thus viper-like devour
That fruitful soil which them too fully fed;
The earth doth curse the age and every hour
Again, that it these viperous monsters bred.
I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come
Upon this people, clearly them forsook:
And thus am light into Elysium,
To whose straight search I wholly me betook.

NATIS. Poor silly creature, come along with us,
Thou shalt be free of the Elysian fields:
Be not dismay'd, nor inly grieved thus,
This place content in all abundance yields.
We to the cheerful presence will thee bring
Of Jove's dear daughters, where in shades they sit,
Where thou shalt hear those sacred sisters sing
Most heavenly hymns, the strength and life of wit.

CLARA. Where to the Delphian god upon their lyres
His priests seem ravish'd in his height of praise:
Whilst he is crowning his harmonious choirs
With circling garlands of immortal bays.

CORBILUS. Here live in bliss, till thou shalt see
those slaves
Who thus set virtue and desert at nought,
Some sacrific'd upon their grandsires' graves,
And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.
Of fools and madmen leave thou then the care,
That have no understanding of their state: [pare,
From whom high Heaven doth so just plagues pre-
That they to pity shall convert thy hate.
And to Elysium be thou welcome then,
Until those base Felicians thou shalt hear,
By that vile nation captiv'd again,
That many a glorious age their captives were.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE, RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS
LADY MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET;

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever
given to the most renowned of her sex; and of me
most deservedly to be honoured. To her fame and
memory I consecrate these my Divine Poems, with
all the wishes of a grateful heart, for the preserva-
tion of her, and her children, the succeeding hopes
of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

Her servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

ETERNAL and all-working God, which wast
Before the world, whose frame by thee was cast,
And beautify'd with beamful lamps above,
By thy great wisdom set how they shall move
To guide the seasons, equally to all,
Which come and go as they do rise and fall.

My mighty Maker, O do thou infuse
Such life and spirit into my labouring Muse,
That I may sing (what but from Noah thou hid'st)
The greatest thing that ever yet thou didst
Since the creation; that the world may see
The Muse is heav'nly, and deriv'd¹ from thee.

O let that glorious angel which since kept
That gorgeous Eden, where once Adam slept,
When tempting Eve was taken from his side,
Let him, great God, not only be my guide,
But with his fiery fancheon still be nigh,
To keep affliction far from me, that I
With a free soul thy wondrous works may show,
Then like that deluge shall thy numbers flow,
Telling the state wherein this Earth then stood,
The giant race, the universal flood.

The fruitful Earth being lusty then and strong,
Like to a woman, fit for love, and young,
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
Issu'd from her, but a continual spring
Had to increase it, and to make it flourish,
For in herself she had that power to nourish
Her procreation, that her children then
Were at the instant of their birth, half men.*
Men then begot so soon, and got so long,
That scarcely one a thousand men among,
But he ten thousand in his time might see,
That from his loins deriv'd their pedigree.
The full-womb'd women very hardly went
Out their nine months, abundant Nature lent
Their fruit such thriving, as that once wax'd quick,
The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor sick,
Hasted her hour by her abundant health,
Nature so play'd the unthrift with her wealth,
So prodigally lavishing her store
Upon the teeming Earth, then wasting more
Than it had need of: not the smallest weed²
Known in that first age, but the natural seed
Made it a plant, to these now since the flood,
So that each garden look'd then like a wood:
Beside, in medicinal simples had that power,
That none need then the planetary hour
To help their working, they so juicy were,
The winter and the spring-time of the year
Seem'd all one season: that most stately tree
Of Libanus, which many times we see
Mention'd for tallness in the holy writ,
Whose tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,
Were shrubs to those then on the Earth that grew,
Nor the most sturdy storm that ever blew
Their big-grown bodies to the earth e'er shook,
Their mighty roots so certain fast'ning took;
Cover'd with grass more soft than any silk;
The trees dropt honey, and the springs gush'd milk:
The flower-deec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,
Which should smell sweetest in their bravestrove;
No little shrub but it some gum let fall,
To make the clear air aromatical:
Whilst to the little birds' melodious strains
The trembling rivers tripp'd along the plains.
Shades serv'd for houses, neither heat nor cold
Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:
The batt'ning Earth all plenty did afford,
And without tilling, of her own accord;
That living idly without taking pain,
(Like to the first) made every man a Cain.

¹ A Jove Musa.

² The fruitfulness and bravery of the earth before the flood.

Seven hundred years a man's age scarcely then,
Of mighty size so were these long-liv'd men,
The flesh of lions, and of bulls, they tore,
Whose skins those grants for their garments wore.
Yet not ferm'd giants only, for that they
Excell'd men since, in bigness every way:
Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,
But that the race wherewith the Earth was mann'd,
So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,
Not dreading God³, nor yet respecting men,
For they knew neither magistrate nor law,
Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe:
For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their
thought,

They set th' eternal living God at nought.
Mankind increasing greatly every day,
Their sins increase in numbers more than they.
Seven ages had past Adam, when men prone
To tyranny, and no man knew his own:
His sensual will then followed, and his lust
His only law, in those times to be just
Was to be wicked; God so quite forgot,
As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
With one another's flesh themselves they fill'd,
And drank the blood of those whom they had kill'd.
They dar'd to do what none should dare to name,
They never heard of such a thing as shame.
Man mix'd with man, and daughter, sister,
Were to these wicked men as any other⁴. [mother,
To rip their women's wombs, they would not stick,
When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;
Feeding on that from their own loins that sprung;
Such wickedness these monsters was among,
That they us'd beasts, digressing from all kind:
That the Almighty pond'ring in his mind
Their beastliness, (from his intent) began
To repent himself that he created man.
Their sins ascending the Almighty's seat,
Th' eternal throne with horror seem'd to threat;
Still daring God a war with them to make,
And of his power no knowledge seem'd to take:
So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,
Which he revealed only to just Noy.
For but that man, none worthy was to know,
Nor he the manner to none else would show.
For since with stars he first high Heaven enchas'd,
And Adam first in Paradise had plac'd,
Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,
He not a man so just as Noah had found.
For which he gave him charge an ark to build,
And by those workmen which were deepest skill'd
In architecture, to begin the frame,
And thus th' Almighty taught just Noah the same.
Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,
Fifty the breadth, the height (least of the three)
Full thirty cubits; only with one light
A cubit broad, and just so much in height:
And in three stories bade him to divide
The inner room, and in the vessel's side
To place a do, commanding Noah to take
Great care thereof: and this his ark to make
Of Gopher wood, which some will needsly have
To be the pine-tree, and commandment gave
That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,
When they by art should curiously be clos'd,
Should with bitumen both within and out
Be deeply pitch'd, the vessel round about,

³ Josephus.

⁴ Berosus cited by Plerius.

⁵ The structure of the ark.

So strong a glew as could not off be worn,
The rage of winds and waters that doth scorn;
Like to a chest or coffer it was fram'd,
For which an ark most fitly it was nam'd;
Not like a ship, for that a ship below
Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow
Wider and wider: but this mighty bark,
Built by just Noah, this universal ark,
Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,
That when this frame upon the flood should move,
On the fall'n waters it should float secure,
As it did first the falling shower endure:
And close above, so to bear out the weather
For forty days when it should rain together.

A hundred years the ark in building was,
So long a time ere he could bring to pass
This work intended; all which time just Noy
Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world destroy:
And as this good man used many a day
To walk abroad, his building to survey,
These cruel giants coming in to see.
(In their thoughts wond'ring what this work should
be)

He with erected hands to them doth cry,
"Either repent ye, or ye all must die.
Your blasphemies, your beastliness, your wrongs,
Are heard to Heaven, and with a thousand tongues
Shoot in the ears of the almighty Lord;
So that your sins no leisure him afford
To think on mercy, they so thickly throng,
That when he would your punishment prolong,
Their horror hales him on, that from remorse
In his own nature, you do him enforce,
Nay, wrest plagues from him upon human kind,
Who else to mercy wholly is inclin'd.
From Seth, which God to Eva gave in lieu
Of her son Abel, whom his brother slew,
That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty bless'd
The seed of Adam, though he so transgress'd,
In Enos, by whose godliness men came
At first to call on the Almighty name;
And Enoch, whose integrity was such,
In whom the Lord delighted was so much,
As in his years he suffer'd no decay,
But God to Heaven took bodily away;
With long life blessing all that goodly stem,
From the first man down to Methusalem;
Now from the loins of Lamech sendeth me,
(Unworthy his ambassador to be)
To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
He will lay by his wrathful punishment.
That God, who was so merciful before
To our forefathers, likewise hath in store
Mercy for us, their nephews, if we fall
With tears before him, and he will recal
His wrath sent out already; therefore fly
To him for mercy; yet that threat'ning sky
Pauses, ere it the deluge down will pour,
For every tear you shed, he'll stop a shower;
Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,
He'll leave to punish, if you leave to sin;
That God eternal, which old Adam cast
Out of that earthly Heaven, where he had plac'd
That first-made man, for his forbidden deed
From thence for ever banishing his seed,
In us his sinful children doth provide,
Ad with abundance hath us still supply'd;

Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the
world; with his earnest of repentance.

And can his blessings, who respects you thus,
Make you most wicked, most rebellious?
Still is your stubborn obstinacy such?
Have ye no mercy, and your God so much?
Your God! said I, O wherefore said I so?
Your words deny him, and your words say no.
O! see the day doth but too fast approach,
Wherein Heaven's Maker means to set abroad
That world of water, which shall overflow
Those mighty mountains whereon now ye go.
The dropsied clouds, see, your destruction threat,
The Sun and Moon both in their course are set
To war by water, and do all they can
To bring destruction upon sinful man;
And every thing shall suffer for your sake,
For the whole Earth shall be but one whole lake.
O cry for mercy, leave your wicked ways,
And God from time shall separate those days
Of vengeance coming, and he shall disperse
Those clouds now threat'ning the whole universe,
And save the world, which else he will destroy."

But this good man, this terrour-preaching Noy,
The bears and tigers might have taught as well,
They laugh'd to hear this godly man to tell
That God would drown the world; they thought
him mad,

For their great Maker they forgotten had. [they,
They knew none such, "Th' Almighty God," say
"What might he be? and when shall be the day
Thou talk'st of to us? canst thou think that we
Can but suppose that such a thing can be?
What can he do that we cannot defeat?
Whose brazen fists to very dust can heat
The solid'st rock, and with our breasts can bear
The strong'st stream backward? dost thou think to
Us with these dreams of deluges? to make
Us our own ways and courses to forsake?
Let us but see that God who dares to stand
To what thou speak'st, that with his furious hand
Dare say he'll drown us, and we will defy
Him to his teeth; and if he keep the sky,
We'll dare him thence, and if he then come down,
And challenge us that he the world will drown,
We'll follow him until his threats he stints,
Or we will batter his blue house with fints."

The ark is finish'd, and the Lord is wrath,
To aid just Noah, and he provided hath
His blessed angels, bidding them to bring
The male and female of each living thing
Into the ark, by whom he had decreed
To renew the world, and by their fruitful seed
To fill it as before, and is precise
For food for men, and for his sacrifice,
That seven just pairs, of birds, and beasts that
were

Made clean by him, should happily repair
To the great ark: the other made unclean,
Of male and female only should come twain:
Which by the angels every where were sought,
And thither by their ministry were brought.
When Noah sets ope the ark, and doth begin
To take his freight, his mighty lading in,
And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravin, as that chew the cud;
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow;
The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way;

The wreath'd-horn'd ram his safety doth pursue,
 And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe;
 The brisly boar, who with his snout up plough'd
 The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud,
 Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,
 Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
 Noah's new built ark, in with his sow doth come,
 And sty'e themselves up in a little room;
 The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,
 Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
 Along with them; and from the mountain steep
 The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep
 Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
 To this great ark find out the ready way;
 Th' unweildy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
 Throngs with the rest t' attain this wooden roof;
 The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close
 There sets him down by the rhinoceros;
 The elephant there coming to embark,
 And as he softly getteth up the ark,
 Feeling by his great weight his body sunk;
 Holds by his huge tooth and his nerry trunk;
 The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,
 Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck;
 The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
 Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
 But having got them once into his power,
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh devour;
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
 And waxing counteons, doth become their guide,
 And brings into the universal shop
 The ounce, the tiger, and the antilop;
 By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay,
 And was his care, which lately was his prey;
 The ass upon the lion leand his head,
 And to the cat the mouse for succour fled;
 The silly hare doth cast aside her fear,
 And forms herself fast by the ugly bear,
 At whom the watchful dog did never bark,
 When he espy'd him clamb'ring up the ark;
 The fox got in, his stratagies hath left,
 And as ashamed of his former theft,
 Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,
 And in the ark became an innocent;
 The fine-furr'd ermin, marten, and the cat
 That voideth civet, there together sat
 By the shrewd monkey, babian, and the ape,
 With the hyæna, much their like in shape,
 Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
 Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;
 The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
 That leap'd so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
 Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
 As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast;
 The porcupine into the ark doth make,
 Nor his sharp quills, tho' angry, once doth shake;
 The sharp fang'd beaver, whose wide gaping jaw
 Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,
 Whose body poised, weigheth such a mass,
 As though his bowels were of lead or brass,
 His cruel chaps though breathless he doth close,
 As with the rest into the ark he goes;
 Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whose eye-pleasing skin
 The case to many a curious thing hath been,
 Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes
 Wrought in the earth, and tho' but halting, makes
 Up to the ark; the otter then that keeps
 In the wild rivers, in their banks and sleeps,
 And feeds on fish, which under water still,
 He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;

The other two into the ark do follow,
 Tho' his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;
 The tortoise and the hedgehog both so slow,
 As in their motion scarce discern'd to go,
 Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,
 Lest from the rest they should be left behind;
 The rooting mole, as to foretel the flood,
 Comes out o'th' earth, and clambers up the wood;
 The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
 And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;
 With many other, which were common then,
 Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men:
 For there was none that Adam e'er did name,
 But to the ark from every quarter came;
 By two and two the male and female beast,
 From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least;
 And as within the strong pale of a park,
 So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beasts had given in charge
 To take the ark, themselves so to embarge,
 He bids the fowl: the eagle in his flight,
 Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;
 Nor are his eyes so piercing to controul
 His lowly subjects, the farciesser fowl,
 But the Almighty, who all creatures fram'd,
 And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,
 Had given courage fast by him to sit,
 Nor at his sharp sight are amaz'd one whit;
 The swan by his great Maker taught this good,
 T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
 His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,
 And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail
 Against the rain, which likely was to fall,
 Each drop so great, that like a pond'rous ball
 Might sink him under water, and might drown
 Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,
 Whose voice the trumpet is, that thro' the air
 Doth summon all the other to repair
 To the new ark; when with his mooned train,
 The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,
 Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry
 Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh;
 The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs
 Resembling man's, fearing the low'ring skies,
 Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,
 That to the village lately was the clock,
 Comes to roost by him, with his hen, foreshewing
 The shower would quickly fall, that then was brew-

ing;
 The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as it flies,
 With the fleet martlet thrilling thro' the skies,
 As at their pasture sportively they were,
 Feeling th' unusual moisture of the air,
 Their fathers flag, into the ark they come,
 As to some rock or building, their own home;
 The airy lark his hallelujah sung,
 Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue,
 By the much moisture, and the welkin dark,
 Drops with his female down into the ark;
 The soaring kite there scanted his large wings,
 And to the ark the hovering castil brings;
 The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call
 The carrion crow, and she again doth bawl,
 Foretelling rain: by these there likewise sat
 The careful stork, since Adam wander'd at
 For thankfulness, to those where he doth breed,
 That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,

The stork, used to build upon houses, leaveth
 ever one behind him for the owner.

In filial duty as instructing man ;
 By them there sat the loving pellican,
 Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
 With her own blood to life again doth bring ;
 The constant turtle up her lodging took
 By these good birds ; and in a little nook
 The nightingale, with her melodious tongue,
 Sadly there sits, as she had never sung ;
 The merl and mavis on the highest spray,
 Who with their music wak'd the early day,
 From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
 As tho' forewarn'd, that God the world would
 The prating parrot comes to them aboard, [drown ;
 And is not heard to counterfeit a word ;
 The falcon and the dove sit there together,
 And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather ;
 The goss-hawk and the pheasant there do twin,
 And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin ;
 The partridge on the spar-hawk there doth tend,
 Who entertains her as a loving friend ;
 The ravenous vulture feels the small birds sit
 Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit ;
 Amongst the thickest of these several fowl
 With open eyes still sat the broad-fac'd owl ;
 And not a small bird as they wouted were,
 Either persuade or wond'ring at her there.
 No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor moor,
 But in by couples sent some of their store ;
 The ospray, and the cormorant forbear
 To fish, and thither with the rest repair :
 The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,
 And brings the snyte and plover in with him ;
 There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
 When she her nest upon the water lays ;
 The goose, which doth for watchfulness excel,
 Came for the rest to be the sentinel ;
 The charitable robinet in came,
 Whose nature taught the others to be tame ;
 All feather'd things yet ever known to men,
 From the huge ruck^a, unto the little wren ;
 From forests, fields, from rivers and from ponds,
 All that have webs, or cloven-footed ones ;
 To the grand ark together friendly came,
 Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angels brought,
 Noah found his ark not fully yet was fraught,
 To shut it up for as he did begin,
 He still saw serpents^b, and their like, come in ;
 The salamander to the ark retires ;
 To fly the flood, it doth forsake the fires ;
 The strange camelion, comes t' augment the crew,
 Yet in the ark doth never change her hue ;
 To these poor silly few of harmless things,
 So were there serpents, with their teeth and stings
 Hurtful to man, yet will th' Almighty have,
 That Noah their seed upon the Earth should save ;
 The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
 But, lull'd with murmur, gently falls to sleep ;
 The cruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,
 And meeting with the greedy crocodile,
 Into the ark together meekly go,
 And like kind mates themselves they there bestow ;
 The dart and dipsas, to the ark com'n in,
 Enfold each other as they were a twin ;
 The cockatrice there kills not with his sight,
 But in his object joys, and in the light ;

^a The mighty Indian bird.

^b Creeping things, in the sixth of Gen. the 20th verse.

The deadly killing aspic¹⁰ when he seeth,
 This world of creatures sheaths his poison'd teeth,
 And with the adder and the speckled snake,
 Them to a corner harmlessly betake ;
 The lizard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes,
 Amongst these serpents, and there sadly lies ;
 The small-ey'd slow-worm held of many blind,
 Yet this great ark it quickly out could find,
 And as the ark it was about to climb,
 Out of its teeth shoots the invenom'd slime ;
 These viler creatures on the earth that creep,
 And with their bellies the cold dew do sweep ;
 All these base groveling, and ground-licking sute,
 From the large boar¹¹, to the little newt ;
 As well as birds, or the four-footed beasts,
 Came to the ark their hostry as Noah's guests.

Thus fully furnish'd, Noah need not to cark
 For storage, for provision for the ark :
 For that wise God, who first direction gave,
 How he the structure of the ark would have,
 And for his servant could provide this fraught,
 Which thither he miraculously brought,
 And did the food for every thing survey,
 Taught him on lefts it orderly to lay :
 On flesh some feed, as others fish do eat,
 Various the kind, so various was the meat :
 Some on fine grass, as some on grosser weeds,
 As some on fruits, so other some on seeds,
 To serve for food for one whole year for all,
 Until the flood, which presently should fall
 On the whole world, his hand again should drain,
 Which under water should that while remain.
 Th' Almighty measur'd the proportion such,
 As should not be too little, nor too much :
 For he that breath to every thing did give,
 Could not that God them likewise make to live,
 But with a little, and therewith to thrive,
 Who at his pleasure all things can contrive ?

Now some there be, too curious at this day,
 That from their reason dare not stick to say,
 The flood a thing fictitious is, and vain,
 Nor that the ark could possibly contain
 Those sundry creatures, from whose being came
 All living things man possibly could name.
 I say it was not, and I thus oppose
 Them by my reason, strong enough for those :
 My instance is a mighty argosie,
 That in it bears, besides th' artillery,
 Of fourscore pieces of a mighty bore,
 A thousand soldiers, (many times and more)
 Besides the sails, and arms for every one,
 Cordage, and anchors, and provision,
 The large spread sails, the masts both big and tall,
 Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,
 Within the same eight persons only were :
 If such a ship can such a burthen bear,
 What might the ark do, which doth so excel
 That ship, as that ship doth a cockle-shell ;
 Being so capacious for this mighty load,
 So long, so high, and every where so broad ;
 Besides three lifts just of one perfect strength,
 And bearing out proportionably in length,
 So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,
 There was not one inch in the ark was void.
 Beside. I'll charge their reason to allow
 The cubits doubled to what they are now :

¹⁰ The aspic hath a kell of skin which covereth his teeth until it be angry.

¹¹ A serpent of an incredible bigness.

We are but pigmies (even our tallest men)
To the huge giants that were living then :
For but th' Almighty, which to this intent
Ordain'd the ark, ^{knew} it sufficient,
He in his wisdom (had he thought it meet)
Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,
And many creatures on the Earth since grown
Before the flood that were to Noah unknown :
For though the mule begotten on the mare,
By the dull ass, is said doth never pair,
Yet sundry others naturally have mix'd ¹²,
And those that have been gotten them betwixt
Others begot, on others from their kind.
In sundry climates, sundry beasts we find,
That what they were, are nothing now the same,
From one self-strain, tho' at the first they came,
But by the soil they often alter'd be,
In shape and colour, as we daily see.

Now Noah's three sons all busy that had been
To place these creatures as they still came in :
Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their wives ¹³ assign'd
To be the parents of all human kind :

Seeing the ark thus plentifully stor'd,
The wondrous work of the Almighty Lord,
Behold their father looking every hour,
For this all-drowning earth-destroying shower,
When Noah their faith thus lastly to awake,
To his lov'd wife, and their six children, spake :

" The mighty hand of God do you not see,
In these his creatures, that so well agree ?
Which were they not thus master'd by his power,
Us silly eight would greedily devour :
And with their hoofs and paws to splinters rend
This only ark, in which God doth intend
We from the flood that remnant shall remain,
T' restore the world, in aged Adam's strain :
Ye seven, with sad astonishment then see
The wondrous things the Lord hath wrought for
me !

What have I done, so gracious in his sight,
Frail wretched man, but that I justly might
Have with the Earth's abominable brood
Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood ?
But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,
That from my loins by your successful seed,
The Earth shall be replenish'd agen,
And the Almighty be at peace with men.
A hundred years are past (as well you know)
Since the Almighty God, his power to show,
Taught me the model of this mighty frame,
And it the ark commanded me to name.
Be strong in faith, for now the time is nigh,
That from the conduits of the lofty sky,
The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear
This ark we are in up into the air,
Where it shall float, and further in the end,
Shall fifteen cubits the high'st hills transcend.
Then bid the goodly fruitful Earth adieu,
For the next time it shall be seen of you,
It with an ill complexion shall appear,
The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer :
Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar
Of the wide waters when they charge the shore,

¹² The opinions of the best naturalists that have written.

¹³ The names of the women were Tita, Pandora, Noella, and Noegta, as some of the most ancient write; but Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to be Barthenon.

Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel
Th' unwieldy ark from wave to wave to reel ;
Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by
On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,
' O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in !
For we are guilty, and confess our sin."

Thus whilst he spake, the skies grew thick and dark,
And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark ;
Venus and Mars ¹⁴, God puts this work upon,
Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction
I' th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
Luna disposed generally to wet,
The Hyades and Pleiades put too
Their helps ; Orion doth what he can ^{do}.
No star so small, but some one drop let down,
And all conspire the wicked world to drown :
On the wide Heaven there was not any sign,
To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.

Now some will ask, When th' Almighty God (but
And his) by waters did the world destroy, [Noy
Whether those seven then in ark were good,
And just as he (reserved from the flood) ?
Or that th' Almighty for his only sake,
Did on the other such compassion take ?
'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,
That God did with his secret judgments trust
From the whole world ; one that so long had known
That living Lord, would likewise teach his own
To know him too, who by this mean might b :
As well within the covenant as he.

By this the Sun had suck'd up the vast deep ¹⁵,
And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep ;
The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,
By their conjunctions waters to beget,
Had wrought their utmost, and even now began
Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man :
From every several quarter of the sky,
The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly
One at another, and together dash,
Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,
Heaven's lights look sad, as they would melt away,
The night is come i' th' morning of the day :
The card'nal winds he makes at once to blow,
Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go,
That they themselves into the centre shot
Into the bowels of the Earth and got,
Being condens'd ¹⁶ and strongly stiff'ned there,
In such strange manner multiply'd the air,
Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the springs
To that abundance, that the Earth forth brings
Water to drown herself, should Heaven deny
With one small drop the deluge to supply,
That through her pores, the soft and spongy Earth,
As in a drosy, or unkindly birth,
A woman, swol'n, sends from her fluxive womb
Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room
For the waste waters which came in so fast,
As though the Earth her entrails up would cast.
But these seem'd yet but easily let go,
And from some sluice came softly in, and slow,
Till God's great hand so squeez'd the boisterous
clouds, [shrouds,
That from the spouts of Heaven's embattl'd
Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height,
Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight

¹⁴ God makes the stars his instruments to punish the wicked.

¹⁵ A description of the tempest, at the falling of the deluge. ¹⁶ Water is but air condens'd,

As that th' fierceness of the hurrying flood,
Remov'd huge rocks, and ramn'd them into mud :
Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,
As that the first shock of this drowning shower
Furrow'd the Earth's late plump and cheerful face
Like an old woman that in little space
With livel'd cheeks, and with blear'd blubber'd
She vastly look'd upon the troubled seas. [eyes,
Up to some mountain as the people make,
Driving their cattle till the shower should slake ;
The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep
Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep.
Down through a valley as one stream doth come,
Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring echo
dumb,

Another meets it, and whilst there they strive,
Which of them two the other back should drive,
Their dreadful currents they tug their dash,
So that their waves like furious tides do wash
The head of some near hill, which falleth down
For very fear, as it itself would drown.
Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out,
But by the flood encompassed about,
Are overwhelm'd ; some clamber up to towers ;
But these and them the deluge soon devours :
Some to the top of pines and cedars get,
Thinking themselves there safely there should set ;
But the rude flood that over all doth sway,
Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.
The roe's¹⁷ much swiftness doth no more avail,
Nor help him now, then if he were a snail :
The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,
The fleetest bird, and the most lagging fowl,
Are at one pass, the flood so high hath come,
There was no ground to set a foot upon :
Those fowl that follow'd moistness, now it fly,
And leave the wet land, to find out the dry ;
But by the mighty tempest beaten down,
On the blank water they do lie and drown.
The strong-built tower is quickly overborne,
The o'er-grown oak out of the earth is torn :
The subtle shower the earth hath soft'ned so,
And with the waves, the trees tost to and fro,
That the roots loosen, and the tops down sway,
So that whole forests quickly swim away.
Th' off-nded Heaven bid shut up all her lights,
The Sun nor Moon make up their days nor nights,
The waters so exceedingly abound,
That in short time the sea itself is drown'd,
That by the freshness of the falling rain,
Neptune no more his saltness doth retain ;
So that those scaly creatures us'd to keep
The mighty wastes of the unmeasur'd deep,
Finding the general and their natural brack,
The taste and colour every where to lack,
Forsake those seas wherein they swam before,
Strangely oppress'd with their wat'ry store.
The crooked dolphin on those mountains plays,
Whereas before that time, not many days,
The goat was grazing ; and the mighty whale
Upon a rock out of his way doth fall,
From whence before one easily might have seen
The wand'ring clouds far nnder to have been.
The grampus, and the whirlpool, as they rove,
Lighting by chance upon a foity grove
Under this world of waters, are so much
Pleas'd with their wounds each tender branch to
touch,

¹⁷ The roe deer, the swiftest beast known.

That they leave slime upon the curled sprays,
On which the birds sung their harmonious lays,
As huge as hills still waves are wallowing in,
Which from the world so wondrously do win,
That the tall mountains which on tiptoe stood,
As though they scorn'd the force of any flood,
No eye of Heaven of their proud tops could see
One foot, from this great inundation free.
As in the chaos ere the frame was fix'd,
The air and water were so strongly mix'd,
And such a bulk of grossness do compose¹⁸,
As in those thick clouds which the globe enclose,
Th' all-working Spirit were yet again to wade,
And Heaven and Earth again were to be made.
Meanwhile the great and universal ark,
Like one by night were groping in the dark,
Now by one billow, then another rock'd,
Within whose boards all living things were lock'd ;
Yet Noah his safety not at all doth fear,
For still the angels his blest barge do steer :
But now the shower continued had so long,
The inundation wax'd so wondrous strong,
That fifteen cubits caus'd the ark to move
The highest part of any hill above :
And the gross earth so violently binds,
That in their coats it had enclos'd the winds ;
So that the whole wide surface of the flood,
As in the whole height of the tide it stood,
Was then as sleek and even as the seas
In the more still and calmest halcyon days.
The birds, the beasts, and serpents, safe on board,
With admiration look upon their lord,
The righteous Noah ; and with submissive fear
Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,
When to his household (during their abode)
He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.
" Dear wife and children¹⁹," quoth this goodly

Noah,
" Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy
The wicked world, a hundred years are past,
And see, he hath performed it at last ;
In us poor few the world counts alone,
And besides us there not remaineth one,
But from our seed the emptied Earth again
Must be re-peopled with the race of men ;
Then since thus far his covenant is true,
Build ye your faith on that which shall ensue ;
Such is our God, who thus did us embark,
(As his select) to save us by the ark,
And only he whose angels guard our boat,
Knows over what strange region now we float,
Or we from hence that very place can sound,
From which the ark was lifted first from ground :
He that can span the world, and with a grip
Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
This mass of waters, whose abundant birth
Almost to Heaven thus drowneth up the Earth ;
He can remove this round, if he shall please,
And with these waters can sup up the seas,
Can cause the stars out of their spheres to fall,
And on the winds can toss this earthly ball ;
He can wrest drops from the Sun's radiant beams,
And can force fire from the most liquid streams,
He cur's the waves with whirlwinds, and doth make
The solid centre fearfully to shake ;
He can stir up the elements to wars,
And at his pleasure can compose their jars ;

¹⁸ A simile of the grossness of the deluge.

¹⁹ Noah preaching faith to his family.

The sands serve not his wondrous works to cease,
Yet doth his mercy all his works surmount;
His rule and power eternally endures.
He was your fathers' God, he's mine, he's yours:
In him, dear wife and children, put your trust,
He only is almighty, only just."

But on the Earth the waters were so strong;
And now the flood confined had so long,
That the let year²⁰ foreslow'd about to bring
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring;
The gyring planets, with their starry train,
Down to the south had sunk, and rose again
Up towards the north, whilst the terrestrial globe
Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.
During which season every twinkling light
In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,
By their complexion a distraction show'd,
Looking like embers that through ashes glow'd.
When righteous Noah remembereth at the last,
The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,
After a hundred fifty days were gone,
Which to their period then were drawing on,
The flood should somewhat slack, God promis'd so,
On which relying, the just godly Noah,
To try if then but one poor foot of ground,
Free from the flood, might any where be found,
Lets forth a raven, which straight cuts the sky,
And wondrous proud his rested wings to try,
In a large circle girdeth in the air,
First to the east, then to the south doth hear,
Follows the Sun, then towards his going forth,
And then runs up into the rising north,
Thence climbs the clouds, to prove if his sharp eye
From that proud pitch could possibly descry
Of some tall rock-crown'd mountain, a small stone,
A minute's space to set his foot upon,
But finding his long labour but in vain,
Returneth wearied to the ark again;
By which Noah knew he longer yet must stay,
For the whole Earth still under water lay.

Seven days he rests, but yet he would not
cease,

(For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)
But as the raven late, he next sends out
The damask-colour'd dove, his nimble scout,
Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,
That like to lightning, gliding through the skies,
His sundry colour'd feathers by the Sun,
As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,
Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
Like that we call the shooting of a star;
But finding yet that labour lost had been,
Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests awhile, but meaning still to prove
A second search, again sends out the dove,
After other seven, some better news to bring,
Which by the strength of his unwearied wing
Finds out at last a place for his abode,
When the glad bird stays all the day abroad,
And wondrous proud that he a place had found,
Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,
Draws in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,
Spreadeth his tail, and swelleth up his crest,
And turning round and round with entry-coo,
As when the female pigeon and he woo;
Bathing himself, which long he had not done,
And dries his feathers in the welcome Sun,

²⁰ The revolution of the year by a short periphrasis.

Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill,
And going back, he beareth in his bill
An olive leaf; by which Noah understood
Th' great decrease and waning of the flood;
For that on mountains olives seldom grow,
But in flat vallies, and in places low;
Never such comfort came to mortal man,
Never such joy was since the world began,
As in the ark, when Noah and his behold
The olive leaf, which certainly them told
The flood decreas'd and they such comfort take,
That with their mirth the birds and beasts they
make

Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise,
As said they were partakers of their joys,
The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
Lest he thereby the lesser beast should fear;
The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh,
The stag, the buck, and shag-hair'd goat do bray,
The bear doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came,
As though for very joy he seem'd to weep;
The ape and monkey such a chattering keep
With their thin lips, which they so well ex-
press'd,

As they would say, "We hope to be releas'd;"
The silly ass set open such a throat,
That all the ark resounded with the note;
The watchful dog doth play, and skip, and bark,
And leaps upon his masters in the ark;
The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,
The pye doth chatter, and the partridge call,
The junc'd cock crows as he claps his wings,
The merl doth whistle, and the mavis sings,
The nightingale strains her melodious throat,
Which of the small birds being heard to roat,
They soon set to her, each a part doth take,
As by their music up a choir to make;
The parrot, lately sail'd, then talks and jeers,
And counterfeiteth every sound he hears;
The purblind owl, which heareth all this do,
To express her gladness, cries too-whit too-whoo.
No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noy,
But in their kind express'd some sign of joy;
When that just man, who did himself apply
Still to his dear and godly family,
Thus to them spake, and with erected hands
The like obedience from the rest demands.

"The world's foundation is not half so sure
As is God's promise, nor is heaven so pure
As is his word, to me most sinful man;
To take the ark who when I first began,
Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day
I should perceive the deluge to decay;
And 'tis most certain, as you well may know,
Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth show.
He that so long could make the waters stand
Above the Earth, see how his powerful hand
Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drive
The big-swoll'n billows, that they seem to strive
Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,
Whence first they came to execute his wrath;
The Sun which melted every cloud to rain,
He makes it now to sup it up again;
The wind by which he brought it on before,
In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:
The tongues of angels serve not to express,
Neither his merry, nor his mightiness.
Be joyful then in our great God," (saith he)
"For we the parents of mankind shall be,

From us poor few, his pleasure that attend,
Shall all the nations of the Earth descend."

When righteous Noah, desirous still to hear
In what estate th' unwieldy waters were,
Sends forth the dove as he had done before,
But it found dry land, and came back no more ;
Whereby this man precisely understood
The great decrease of this world-drowning flood.
Thus as the ark is floating on the main,
As when the flood rose, in the fall again,
With currents still encountered every where,
Forward and backward which it still do bear,
As the stream strait'neth, by the rising clives
Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which oft it drives,
Until at length, by God's almighty hand,
It on the hills of Ararat ²¹ doth land.
When those within it felt the ark to strike
On the firm ground, was ever comfort like
To theirs, which felt it fixed there to stay,
And foud the waters went so fast away,
That Noah set up the covering of the ark,
That those which long had sitten in the dark,
Might be saluted with the cheerful light,
(O since the world, was ever such a sight!)
That creeping things, as well as bird or beast,
Their several comforts sundry ways express?
His wife and children then ascend to see
What place it was so happy that should be
For th' ark to rest on, where they saw a plain,
A mountain's top which seemed to contain,
On which they might discern within their ken,
The carcasses of birds, of beasts, and men,
Chok'd by the deluge, when Noah spake them thus:

"Behold th' Almighty's mercy show'd to us,
That through the waves our way not only wrought,
But to these mountains safely hath us brought,
Whose dainty tops all earthly pleasures crown,
And on the green-sward sets us safely down.
Had our most gracious God not been our guide,
The ark had fall'n upon some mountain side,
And with a rush removing of our freight,
Might well have turn'd it backward with the weight,
Or by these billows lastly overborne,
Or on some rock her ribs might have been torn.
But see, except these here, each living thing
That crept, or went, or kept the air with wing,
Lay here before us to manure the land ;
Such is the power of God's all-working hand."

In the six hundredth year of that just man,
The second month ²², the seventeenth day, began
That horrid deluge, when Heaven's windows were
At once all open'd, then did first appear
Th' Almighty's wrath, when for full forty days
There rain'd from Heaven not showers, but mighty
seas,

A hundred fifty days that so prevail'd,
Above the mountains till the great ark sail'd,
In the seventh month ²³, upon the seventeenth day,
Like a ship fall'n into a quiet bay,
It on the hills of Ararat doth light :
But Noah deny'd yet to discharge the freight,
For that the mountains clearly were not seen,
Till the first day of the tenth month, when green
Smil'd on the blue skies, when the Earth began
To look up cheerly, yet the waters ran

²¹ Mountains of a wondrous height, either within,
or bordering upon Armenia.

²² In May, according to the expositors.

²³ Part of September and part of October.

Still through the vallics, till the month ²⁴ again
In which before it first began to rain ;
Of which, the seven and twentieth day expir'd,
Quite from the Earth the waters were retir'd :
When the Almighty God bade Noah to set
Open the ark, at liberty to let [came
The beasts, the birds, and creeping things, which
Like as when first they went into the same ;
Each male comes down, his female by his side,
As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,
Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,
For a whole year that there had been bestow'd,
(Since first that forty days' still falling rain
That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)
Which with much gladness do salute the ground,
The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,
The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
That they such ease by their enlargement had ;
The creeping things together fall to play ;
Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day,
The birds let from this cage, do mount the sky,
To show they yet had not forgot to fly,
And sporting them upon the airy plain,
Yet to their master Noah they stoop again,
To leave his presence and do still forbear,
Till they from him of their release might hear ;
The beasts each other woo, the birds they bill,
As they would say to Noah, they meant to fill
The roomy Earth, then altogether void,
And make, what late the deluge had destroy'd.
When righteous Noah, who ever had regard
To serve his God, immediately prepar'd
To sacrifice, and of the cleanest beasts
That in the ark this while had been his guests,
He seizeth, (yet obedient to his will)
And of them he for sacrifice doth kill :
Which he and his religiously attend,
And with the smoke their rows and thanks ascend ;
Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd then,
Never by flood to drown the world again ;
And that mankind his covenant might know,
He in the clouds left the celestial bow.

When to these living things quoth righteous
"Now take you all free liberty to go, [Noah,
And every way do you yourselves disperse,
Till you have fill'd this globy universe
With your increase ; let every soil be yours,
He, that hath sav'd ye, faithfully assures
Your propagation : and, dear wife," quoth he,
"And you, my children, let your trust still be
In your Preserver, and on him rely,
Whose promise is, that we shall multiply,
Till in our days, of nations we shall hear,
From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."
To make a new world, thus works every one,
The deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.

²⁴ In the same month the flood began, it ceased,
which made up the year.

TO THIS POEM.

SEE how ingrate forgetfulness
Circles us round with dangers,
That all the saints whom God doth highly bless,
To us are strangers.
Now Heaven into our souls inspires
No true celestial motions :
Lust's ardent flame hath dimm'd the holy fires
Of our devotions.

While 'gainst blasphemers' general sight
 Our painful author striveth,
 And happy spirits which live in heavenly light
 On Earth reviveth.
 Thou patriarch great, who with mild looks
 His lab'ring Muse beholdest,
 Reach him those leaves where thou in sacred books
 All truth unfoldest :
 And guide (like Israel) poets' hands
 From Egypt, from vain stories,
 Only to sing of the fair promis'd lands,
 And all their glories.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

AD MICHAELM DRAYTONEM.

Dum reluctantem Pharium Jehovahae
 Drayton, & fractum canis, & rubentes
 Dividis fluctus, equites reducta &
 Obruis unda ;
 Instruis quanto monumenta nisu ?
 Quam sacra nomen tibi crescit aede ?
 Pyramis cedit peritura : cedit
 Totaque Memphis.
 Cedit, & quicquid posuere reges
 Molibus fsi nimum superbis.
 O sacer vasis labor ! a rapaci

Tempore tutus.

BEALE SAPPERTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Thy noble Muse already hath been spread
 Through Europe, and the sun-scorch'd southern
 climes,
 That isle where Saturn's royal son was bred,
 Hath been enrich'd with thy immortal rhymes :
 Even to the burnt line have thy poems flown,
 And gain'd high fame in the declining west,
 And o'er that cold sea shall thy name be blown,
 That icy mountains rolleth on her breast :
 Her soaring henge so far made me admire,
 Whither at length thy worthy Muse would fly,
 Borne through the tender air with wings of fire,
 Able to lift her to the starry sky : [replete
 This work resolv'd my doubts, when th' Earth's
 With her fair fruit, in Heaven she'll take her seat.

THOMAS ANDREWE.

Ex arduis æternitas.

MOSES HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

This canto our attracted Muse
 The prophet's glorious birth pursues
 The various changes of his fate,
 From humbleness to high estate,
 His beauty more than mortal shape,
 From Egypt how he doth escape,
 By his fair bearing in his flight,
 Obtains the lovely Midianite,

Where God unto the Hebrew spake,
 Appearing from the burning brake,
 And back doth him to Egypt send,
 That mighty things doth here intend.

Girt in bright flames, rapt from celestial fire,
 That our unwearied faculties refine,
 By zeal transported boldly we aspire
 To sing a subject gloriously divine :
 Him that of mortals only had the grace,
 (On whom the spirit did in such power descend)
 To talk with God face opposite to face,
 Even as a man with his familiar friend.
 Muse, I invoke the utmost of thy might,
 That with an armed and auspicious wing,
 Thou be obsequious in his doubtless right
 'Gainst the vile atheist's vituperous sting :
 Where thou that gate industriously may'st fly,
 Which nature strives but feignedly to go,
 Berne by a power so eminent and high,
 As in his course leaves reason far below,
 To show how poesy (simply hath her praise)
 That from full Jove takes her celestial birth,
 And quick as fire, her glorious self can raise
 Above this base abominable Earth.

O if that time have happily reserv'd,
 (Besides that sacred and canonic writ,
 What once in slates and barks of trees was carv'd)
 Things that our Muse's gravity may fit,
 Unclasp the world's great register to me,
 That smoky rust hath very near defac'd,
 That I in those dim characters may see
 From common eyes that hath aside been cast,
 And thou translator of that faithful Muse
 This All's creation that divinely song,
 From courtly French (no travel dost refuse)
 To make him master of thy genuine tongue,
 Salust, to thee, and Silvester thy friend,
 Comes my high poem peaceably and chaste
 Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend,
 That wreckful Time shall not have power to waste.

A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
 Amram, a levite honourably bred,
 Of the same offspring won a beauteous wife,
 And no less virtuous, goodly Jacobed :
 So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)
 Even of the wise it hardly could be said
 Which of the two was most preheminent,
 Or he more honour'd, or she more obey'd.
 In both was found that livelihood and meanness,
 By which affection any way was mov'd :
 In him that shape, in her there was that sweetness,
 Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd :
 As this commixtion, so their married mind
 Their good corrected, or their ill reliev'd,
 As truly loving as discreetly kind,
 Mutually joy'd, as mutually griev'd :
 Their nuptial bed by abstinence maintain'd,
 Yet still gave fuel to love's sacred fire,
 And when fruition plentifullest gain'd
 Yet were they chaste in fullness of desire.

Now grieved Israel many a woeful day,
 That at their vile servility repin'd,
 Press'd with the burthens of rude boist'rous clay,
 By stern Egyptian tyranny assign'd :
 Yet still the more the Hebrews are oppress'd
 Like to firm seed they fructify the more,
 That by th' eternal providence fore-blest,
 Goshen gives roomth but scantily to their store.

And the wise midwives in their natural need,
That the fair males immediately should kill,
Hating s' abhor'd and heathenish a deed,
(Check his harsh bruteness and rebellious will.
That small effect perceiving by the same,
Bids the men-children (greatly that abound)
After that day into the world that came,
Upon their birth should instantly be drown'd.
And now the time came had been long foretold,
He should be born unto the Hebrews' joy,
Whose puissant hand such fatal power should hold,
As in short time all Egypt should destroy.
The execution which more strongly forc'd,
And every where so generally done,
As in small time unaturally divorce'd
Many a dear mother and as dear a son.
Though her chaste bosom that fair altar were,
Where love's pure vows he dutifully paid,
His arms to her a sanctuary dear,
Yet they so much his tyranny obey'd,
By free consent to separate their bed,
Better at all no children yet to have,
Than their dear love should procreate the dead,
Untimely issue for a timeless grave.
When in a vision whilst he slept by night,
God bids him so not Jacobed to leave,
The man¹ that Egypt did so much affright,
Her pregnant womb should happily conceive.
Soon after finding that she was with child,
The same conceals by all the means she can,
Lest by th' appearance she might be beguill'd,
If in the birth it prov'd to be a man.
The time she goes till her account was nigh,
Her swelling belly no conception shows,
Nor at the time of her delivery,
As other women panged in her throes.
When lo the fair fruit of that prospering womb
Wounds the kind parents in the prime of joy,
Whose birth pronounceth his too timeless doom,
Accus'd by nature forming it a boy:
Yet 'tis so sweet, so amiably fair,
That their pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,
The glad sad parents full of joy and care
Fain would reserve their infant if they could;
And still they tempt the sundry varying hours,
Hopes and despairs together strangely mixt,
Distasting sweets with many cordial soures,
Opposed interchangeably betwixt,
If ought it ail'd or haplessly it cry'd,
Unheard of any that she might it keep.
With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
And in a moment she did sing and weep.
Three lab'ring months then flatterer-like beguill'd,
And danger still redoubling as it lasts,
Suspecting most the safety of the child,
Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts:
(For at three months a scrutiny was held,
And searchers then sent every where about,
That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out]
They should make proof and straightly bring them.
To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,
And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
And to the flood determines it should go,
Yet ere it went she'll drown it with her tears.
This afternoon love bids a little stay,
And yet these pauses do but lengthen sorrow,
But for one night although she make delay,
She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.

Joseph.

The morning comes, it is too early yet,
The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,
The gloomy evening murder best doth fit,
The evening comes, and then it is too late,
Her pretty infant lying on her lap
With his sweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,
For yet he plays and dallies with his pap,
To mock her sorrows with his am'rous smiles,
And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and spread the pretty
hands,

When her full heart was at the point to break,
(This little creature yet not understands
The woeful language mother's tears did speak.)
Wherewith surpris'd, and with a parent's love
From his fair eyes she doth fresh courage take;
And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove
The frail edicts that mortal princes make.
It shall not die, she'll keep her child unknown,
And come the worst in spite of Pharaoh's rage,
As it is here, she will dispose her own,
And if't must, it must die at riper age.
And thus revolving of her frailties care,
A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled
mind,

Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.
But it must die, and better yet to part,
Since pre-ordin'd to his disastrous fate,
His want will sit the nearer to the heart
In riper and more flourishing estate.
The perfect husband whose impressive soul
Took true proportion of each pensive throe,
Yet had such power his passion to controul,
As not the same immediately to show;
With carriage full of comeliness and grace,
As grief not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lack,
Courage and fear so temper'd in his face,
Thus his beloved Jacobed bespake:
"Dear heart be patient, stay these timeless tears,
Death of thy son shall never quite bereave thee,
My soul with thine that equal burthen bears,
As what he takes, my love again shall give thee:
For Israel's sin if Israel's seed must suffer,
And we of mere necessity must leave him,
Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
Give him to me by whom thou did'st conceive him.
So though thou with so dear a jewel part,
This yet remaineth lastly to relieve thee,
Thou hast impos'd this hindrance on my heart,
Another's loss shall need the less to grieve thee;
Nor are we Hebrews object by our name,
Though thus in Egypt hatefully despis'd,
That we that blessing fruitlessly should claim
Once in that holy covenant compris'd,
It is not fit mortality should know
What his eternal providence decreed,
That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow
In happy Sarah and her hallow'd seed.
Nor shall the wrong to godly Joseph done
In his remembrance ever be enroll'd,
By Jacob's sighs for his lost little son
A captiv'd slave to the Egyptians sold:
Reason sets limits to the longest grief,
Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning.
He sends affliction that can lend relief,
Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning."
Lost in herself, her spirits are so distracted,
All hopes dissolv'd might fortify her further,
Her mind seems now of misery compacted,
That must consent unto so dear a murder.

Of slime and twigs she makes a simple shroud
 (The poor last duty to her child she owes,
 This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)
 Wherein she doth this living cypse enclose:
 And means to bear it presently away,
 And in some water secretly bestow it,
 But yet a while bethinks herself to stay,
 Some little kindness she doth further owe it;
 Nor will she in this cruelty persevere,
 That by her means his timeless blood be spilt,
 If of her own she doth herself deliver,
 Let other hands be 'nnoent of the guilt:
 Yet if she keep it from the ruthless flood
 That is by Pharaoh's tyranny assign'd it,
 What boots that wretched miserable good,
 If so dispos'd where none do come to find it;
 For better yet the homicide should kill it,
 Or by some beast in pieces to be rent,
 Than lingering famine cruelly should spill it,
 That it endure a double languishment:
 And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,
 She knows a place that near the river side
 Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.
 Thither she hastes but with a painful speed
 The nearest way she possibly could get,
 And by the clear brim 'mongst the flags and reed,
 Her little coffin carefully she set;
 Her little girl (her mother following near)
 As of her brother that her leave would take,
 Which the sad woman unexpected there,
 Yet it to help her kindly thus bespake:
 Quoth she, "Sweet Miriam, secretly attend,
 And for his death see who approacheth hither,
 That once for all assured of his end,
 His days and mine be consummate together;
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)
 To have some friend or kind alliance by,
 To be officious at the parting breath."
 Thus she departs, oft stays, oft turneth back,
 Looking about lest any one espy'd her,
 Fain would she leave, that leaving she doth lack,
 That in this sort so strangely doth divide her.
 Unto what dame (participating kind)
 My verse her sad perplexity shall show,
 That in a soft'ned and relenting mind
 Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,
 (Poor little brat incapable of care)
 Which by that powerful Providence is kept,
 Who doth this child for better days prepare.
 See here an object utterly forlorn,
 Left to destruction as a violent prey,
 Whom man might judge accursed to be born,
 To dark oblivion moulded up in clay,
 That man of might in after-times should be
 (The bounds of frail mortality that brake)
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,
 When he in thunder on mount Sinai spake. [fair,
 Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termyth, young and
 With such choice maidens as she favour'd most,
 Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,
 Whilst the rich year his braveries seem'd to boast;
 Softly she walks down to the secret flood,
 Through the calm shades most peaceable and quiet,
 In the cool streams to check the pamper'd blood,
 Stir'd with strong youth and their delicious diet;
 Such as the princess, such the day address,
 As though provided equally to pair her,

Either in other fortunately blest,
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
 Both in the height and fulness of their pleasure,
 As to them both some future good divine,
 Holding a steady and accomplish'd measure,
 This in her perfect clearness, that in shining;
 The very air to emulate her meekness,
 Strove to be bright and peaceable as she,
 That it grew jealous of that sudden sleekness,
 Fearing it offer otherwise might be.
 And if the fleet wind by some vigorous gale
 Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,
 It was as angry with her lawny veil,
 That from her sight it enviously should hide her:
 And now approaching to the flowery mead
 Where the rich summer curiously had dight her,
 Which seem'd in all her jollity arrayd,
 With nature's cost and pleasures to delight her:
 See this most blessed! this unusual hap!
 She the small basket sooner should espy,
 That the child wak'd, and missing of his pap,
 As for her succour instantly did cry;
 Forth of the flags she caus'd it to be taken,
 Calling her maids this orphanet to see,
 Much did she joy an innocent forsaken
 By her from peril privileg'd might be:
 This most sweet princess, pitiful and mild,
 Soon on her knee unsweathes it as her own,
 Found for a man, so beautiful a child,
 Might for an Hebrew easily be known:
 Noting the care in dressing it bestow'd,
 Each thing that fitted gentleness to wear,
 Judg'd the sad parents this lost infant ow'd,
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.
 Saith she, "My mind not any way suggests
 An unchaste womb these lineaments hath bred,
 For thy fair brow apparently contests
 The current stamp of a clean nuptial bed:"
 She nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell
 (For names do many mysteries expound)
 When it was young the chance that it befel,
 How by the water strangely it was found.
 Calling milch-women that Egyptians were,
 Once to the tent his lips he would not lay,
 As though offend with her sullied lear,
 Seeming as still to turn his head away.
 The little girl that near at hand did lurk,
 (Thinking this while she tarried but too long)
 Finding these things so happily to work,
 Kindly being crafty, wise as she was young,
 "Madam," saith she, "will't please you I provide
 A nurse to breed the infant you did find,
 There is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
 I know can do it fitly to your mind:
 For a right Hebrew if the infant be,
 (As well produce you instances I can,
 And by this child as partly you may see)
 It will not suck of an Egyptian."
 The courteous princess offer'd now so fair,
 That which before she earnestly desir'd,
 That of her foundling had a special care,
 The girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.
 Away the girl goes, doth her mother tell
 What favour God hath to her brother shown,
 And what else in this accident befel,
 That she might now be nurse unto her own.
 Little it boots to bid the wench to ply her,
 Nor the kind mother hearken to her son,
 Nor to provoke her to the place to his her,
 Which seem'd not now on earthly feet to run:

Slow to herself yet hasting as she flew;
 (So fast affection forward did her bear)
 As though forewafted with the breath she drew,
 Borne by the force of nature and of fear,
 Little the time, and little is the way,
 And for her business either's speed doth crave,
 Yet in her haste bethinks her what to say,
 And how herself in presence to behave:
 Slack she'll not seem, lest to another's trust
 Her hopeful charge were happily directed,
 Nor yet too forward show herself she must,
 Lest her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected:
 Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
 And every joint incessantly doth tremble,
 Gladness and fear each other so confound,
 So hard a thing for mothers to dissemble.
 Saith this sweet Termuth, "Well I like thy beauty,
 Nurse me this child (if it thy state behove)
 Although a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,
 But pay thy labour, and reward thy love:
 Though even as God's, is Pharaoh's high command,
 And as strong nature so precise and strict,
 There rests that power yet in a princess' hand,
 To free one Hebrew from this strong edict:
 That shall in rich habiliments be dight,
 Deck'd in the gems that admirablist shine,
 Wearing our own robe gracious in our sight,
 Free in our court, and nourished for mine:
 Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own;
 Good nurse, be careful of my little boy,
 In this to us thy kindness may be shown,
 Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy."

This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,
 With admiration as transpierced stood,
 One bursting joy doth so confound another,
 Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,
 Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,
 As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
 And being inforc'd from bashfulness and fear,
 Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.
 Thus she departs her husband to content,
 With this dear present back to him she brought,
 Making the time short, telling each event,
 In all shapes joy presented to her thought.
 Yet still his manly modesty was such,
 (That his affections strongly so control'd)
 As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
 It was her joy and gladness to behold;
 When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whiles,
 In his grave face such constancy appears,
 As now scarce showing comfort in his smiles,
 Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears:
 Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
 Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,
 More in his looks in fulness there did lie,
 Than all their words could any way express.

In time the princess playing with the child²,
 In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,
 With whom she oft the weary time beguill'd,
 That as her own did of this Hebrew make:
 It so fell out as Pharaoh was in place,
 Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,
 To please the princess, and to do it grace,
 Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy:
 Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,
 With much content his princely eye that fed,
 Giving to please it any thing it would,
 Set his own crown upon the infant's head,

Which this weak child regarding not at all
 (As such a baby carelessly is meet)
 Unto the ground the diadem let fall,
 Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.
 Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,
 (That else had pass'd unnoted as a toy)
 As from their skill report unto the king,
 This was the man that Egypt should destroy.
 Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,
 Which might full well the jealous king inflame,
 Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies
 That might give credit eas'lier to the same.
 She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,
 With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,
 By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,
 Shows to the king the weakness of the child:
 Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,
 Which he to handle simply doth not stick,
 This little fool, this reckless innocent
 The burning glee with his soft tongue doth lick:
 Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,
 His babish imbecility to see,
 To the child's speech impediment it brought,
 From which he never after could be free.

The child grew up, when in his manly face
 Beauty was seen in an unusual cheer,
 Such mixtures sweet of comeliness and grace,
 Likely apparel'd in complexion clear.
 The part of Earth contends with that of Heaven,
 Both in their proper purity excelling,
 To whether more preheminnence was given,
 Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.
 Men's usual stature he did far exceed,
 And every part proportioned so well,
 The more the eye upon his shape did feed,
 The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:
 Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,
 That curious judgment taking any limb,
 Searching might miss to match it any where,
 Nature so fail'd in parallelling him:
 His hair bright yellow, on an arched brow
 Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,
 And did them there so orderly bestow,
 As such a seat of majesty became.
 As time made perfect each exterior part,
 So still his honour with his years increas'd,
 That he sat lord in many a tender heart:
 With such high favours his fair youth was bless'd.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,
 Invading Egypt with their armed powers,
 And taking spoils, the country over-ran
 To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;
 Wherefore they with their oracles confer
 About th' event, which do this answer make:
 That if they would transport this civil war,
 They to their captain must an Hebrew take.
 And for fair Moses happily was grown
 Of so great towardness and especial hope,
 Him they do choose as absolute know,
 To lead their power against the Æthiope.
 Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,
 Though on their altars by their gods they vow
 Him to deliver safe to her again,
 (Once the war ended) safe as he was now.
 Who for the way the army was to pass,
 That by th' Egyptians only was intended,
 Most part by water, more prolixious was
 Than present peril any whit commended:
 To intercept the Æthiopians wrought
 A way far nearer who their legions led,

² Josephus. Pet. Comestor.

Which till that time impassable was thought,
 Such store of serpents in that place was bred :
 Devis'd by birds this danger to eschew,
 Whereof in Egypt be exceeding store,
 The stork, and ibis, which he wisely knew,
 All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.
 Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,
 Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,
 And where incampeth sets them forth to feed,
 Which drive the serpents presently away.
 Thus them preventing by this subtle course,
 That all their succour suddenly bereft,
 When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,
 Shut up in Saba their last refuge left. [long,
 Which whilst with strait siege they beleagu'd
 The king's fair daughter haps him to behold³,
 And became fetter'd with affection strong,
 Which in short time could hardly be control'd.
 Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
 That they to Egypt tributary were,
 When the old king decrepit now with age,
 She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.
 Up to his tower where she the camp might see,
 To look her new love every day she went,
 And when he happen'd from the field to be,
 She thought her blest beholding but his tent ;
 And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh
 'Gainst him the city wall'd first about,
 That the strong sight should churlishly deny
 Him to come in, or her for passing out,
 Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast
 (That to behold her loved enemy stands)
 He had ere this of Saba been possess'd,
 And therein planted the Egyptian bands :
 Oft from a place as secretly she might
 (That from her palace look'd unto his tent)
 When she came forth appearing in his sight,
 Showing by signs the love to him she meant.
 For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,
 After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise :
 He was the bravest, the most goodly sight
 That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.
 And finding means to parley from a place
 By night, her passion doth to him discover,
 To yield the city if he would embrace
 Her a true princess, as a faithful lover.
 The features of so delicate a dame
 Motives sufficient to his youth had been,
 But to be lord of kingdoms by the same,
 And of so great and absolute a queen,
 Soon gently stole him from himself away,
 That doth to him such rarities partake,
 Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,
 Loving the treason for the traitor's sake.

But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,
 Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,
 That all this while in Egypt did remain,
 Virtue and grace o'er coming youth and love.
 And though God knows unwilling to depart,
 From so high empire wherein now he stood,
 And her that sat so near unto his heart,
 Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,
 By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
 As he was learn'd and trad'd in the stars,
 Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught,
 That were the first, the best astronomers,
 Two sundry figures makes⁴, whereof the one
 Cause them that wear it all things past forget,

³ Comester.⁴ Comester ex vet. script.

As th' other of all accidents foregone
 The memory as eagerly do whet,
 Which he insculped in two likely stones,
 For rareness of invaluable price,
 And cunningly contriv'd them for the nonce
 In likely rings of excellent device :
 That of oblivion giving to his queen,
 Which soon made show the violent effect,
 Forgot him straight as he had never been,
 And did her former kindnesses neglect.
 The other (that doth memory assist)
 Him with the love of Israel doth enslave ;
 Departing thence not how the princess wist,
 In peace he leaves her as in war he came.
 But all the pleases of the Egyptian court
 Had not such power upon his springing years,
 As had the sad and tragical report
 Of the rude burdens captiv'd Israel bears :
 Nor what regards he to be grac'd of kings ?
 Or flatter'd greatness idly to await ?
 Or what respects he the negotiating
 Matters comporting emperie and state ?
 The bondage and servility that lay
 On buried Israel (sunk in odorous slime)
 His griev'd spirit down heavily doth weigh,
 That to lean care oft lent the prosperous time.
 A wretched Hebrew happen'd to behold,
 Bruis'd with sad burdens without all remorse,
 By an Egyptian barb'rously control'd,
 Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse,
 Which he beholding vexed as he stood,
 His fair veins swelling with impatient fire,
 Pity and rage so wrestled in his blood
 To get free passage to conceived ire,
 Rescuing the man th' Egyptian doth resist :
 (Which from his vile hands forcibly he took) ,
 And by a strong blow with his valiant fist,
 His hateful breath out of his nostrils struck,
 Which though his courage boldly dare aver,
 In the proud power of his imperious hand,
 Yet from high honour deigneth to inter
 The wretched carcase in the smould'ring sand ;
 Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
 Yet still hath envy such a jealous eye,
 As forth the same incontinent it sought,
 And to the king deliver'd by and by,
 Which soon gave vent to Pharaoh's cover'd wrath,
 Which till this instant reason did confine,
 Opening a straight way, and apparent path
 Unto that great and terrible design :
 Most for his safety forcing his retreat
 When now affliction every day did breed,
 And when revengeful tyranny did threaten
 The greatest horreur to the Hebrew seed ;
 To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
 Midian Earth's only paradise for pleasures,
 Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
 Thro' the sweet vallies trip in wanton measures,
 Where as the curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields
 To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
 More true delight and choice contentment yields
 Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet :
 And wandering long he happen'd on a well,
 Which he by paths frequented might espy,
 Border'd with trees where pleasure seem'd to dwell,
 Where to repose him, eas'ly down doth lie :
 Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
 In the cool arbores Nature there had made,
 Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
 Thro' the calm cincture of the am'rous shade :



